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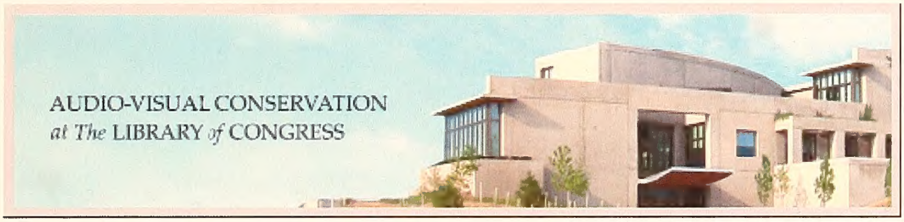
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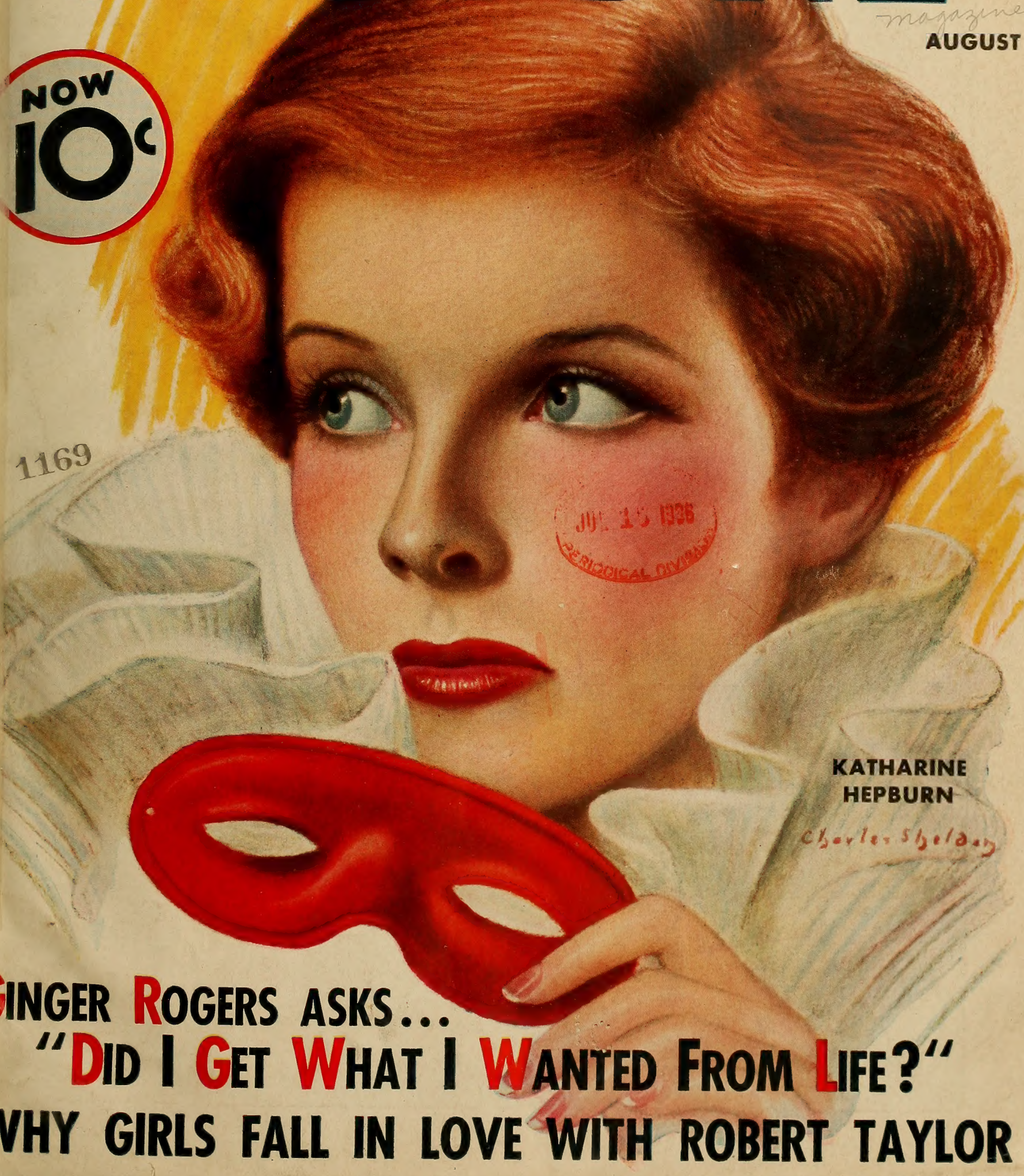

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Charles Sheldon

1169

JUL 15 1936 PERIODICAL DIVISION

GINGER ROGERS ASKS...
"DID I GET WHAT I WANTED FROM LIFE?"

WHY GIRLS FALL IN LOVE WITH ROBERT TAYLOR

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FRANCHOT TONE

"I'm Terry. I should have known that slinky dame spelled DANGER. And then Suzy walked out on me, too..."

CARY GRANT

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JEAN HARLOW
IN
Suzy
FRANCHOT TONE · CARY GRANT
LEWIS STONE · BENITA HUME
Directed by George Fitzmaurice
•
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

"Did I Remember?"

Here Jean is singing the tune that's sweeping the country. Incidentally, watch for the Parisian cabaret scenes where Suzy struggles to earn a living.

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MOTION PICTURE

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor-in-Chief

LAURENCE REID
Editor

AUGUST, 1936

Volume LII, No. 1 Twenty-fifth Year

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JOHN SCHWARZKOPF, WESTERN EDITOR

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT BING CROSBY

His voice has brought him a fortune...his hobbies are his family and his horses...he gets 10,000 fan letters a month ...he's the head of his own enterprises...radio contracts, phonograph recordings, picture producing, song publishing...with all his varied interests he finds time to relax and play...his next venture is to breed horses...these are a few of the interesting highlights in the career of Bing Crosby ...as told in the September issue of MOTION PICTURE

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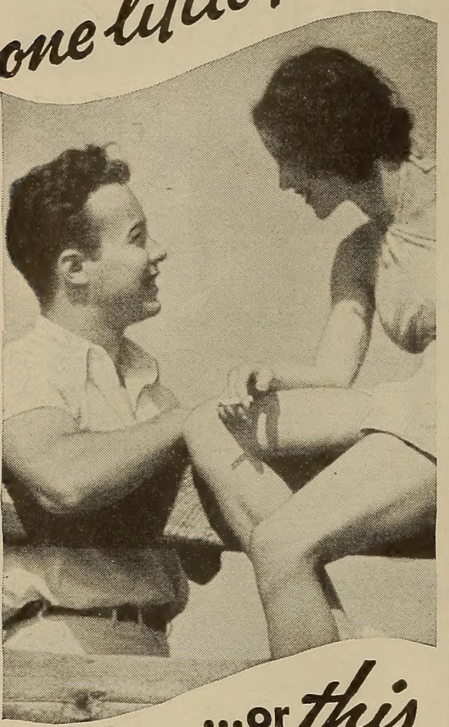

...or *this*

may not come true!

ON your vacation you want to be at the top of your stride. You want to be at the peak of your form.

But it isn't always easy. For, as you know, a vacation means a change of diet, change of water, travel . . . and you'll often find that you need a laxative.

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WINNERS of the PICKFORD-LASKY TRADEMARK CONTEST Announced

By JACK SMALLEY

Winner is Reed Williams, Glendale, Cal.

TWENTY thousand and more entries to the Pickford-Lasky Productions contest in search for a trademark have at last been sifted by executives of that company and Motion Picture Magazine, and the winners have been named. A thousand dollars in cash have been sent the lucky contestants.

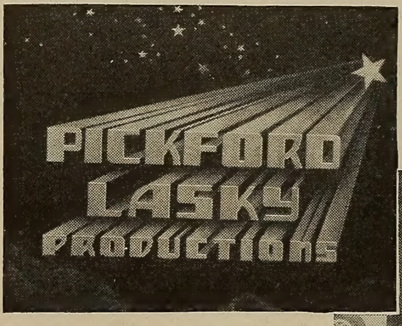
And the winner of the grand prize of $500 was a Motion Picture Magazine reader!

To Reed Williams, Glendale, Calif., goes the distinction of devising the trademark which will go on future Pickford-Lasky productions, and a total of six hundred dollars. His entry won the $100 offered to the reader of Motion Picture who submitted one of the five best designs, plus the grand prize of $500.

Mr. Williams created a trademark which will, indeed, typify the product of the new producing company formed by Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky. From a heaven filled with stars, letters take form from the light of one large star and grow larger, while clouds drift across the bottom of the film.

Miss Pickford and Mr. Lasky were elated with the results of the contest when the final selections were placed before them by the special committee appointed from the studio and the Fawcett Publications. They hope to have the trademark "animated" in time to use on the picture, *The Gay Desperado,* which is now in course of production. It will star that great singer and dramatic actor, Nino Martini, with a great cast including the girl who was such a hit in their first film, *One Rainy Afternoon.* So once more, Ida Lupino will bear the Pickford-Lasky standards, this time with Martini. Teamed with Francis Lederer in the first picture, she turned out one of the finest performances of the year.

Below is the complete list of winners.



Here is the winning trademark that brought $600 first prize

Jesse L. Lasky and Mary Pickford, executives, judged thousands of entries to find the trademark for their product

Trademark Contest Entries

WINNERS

1. Reed Williams, 1221 N. Brand Blvd., Glendale, Calif. (Motion Picture Magazine), $600.00.
2. Alice Kirkpatrick, 456 Eustis St., Huntsville, Ala. (Hollywood Magazine), $100.00.
3. Shinkichi Hanagata, 4-1-F Hamamatsu-Cho, Shibaku, Tokyo, Japan (Screen Book Magazine), $100.00.
4. Edward Crane Denton, Peel, Denton, Palmer & Hanscom, Inc., 12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass. (Movie Classic Magazine), $100.00.
5. J. C. Claudis, Route 1, Box 45, Farmingdale, N. J. (Screen Play Magazine), $100.00.

HONORABLE MENTION

(Each to receive autographed photo from Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky)

Maurice Anthoni, 2000 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Theodore Braasch, 5660 Fair Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.
Edward Czarnecki, 14202 Cedar Grove, Detroit, Michigan.
Pauline Gale, 1831½ Grace Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Ruth V. Keller, 360 Bryan Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.
M. M. McGowan, 59 Dundurn St., N. Hamilton, Ontario, Can.
Julius Pardi, 108 Ravine Rd., Schenectady, New York.
Ralph E. Patten, 5169 Marathon St., Hollywood, Calif.
C. Reinhardt, Jr., 1711 N. 19th St., Sheboygan, Wisconsin.
King Richardson, 811 S. Orange Grove Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Eldon Dunbar Skolil, 1536 S. Gaffey St., San Pedro, Calif.
Sam S. Tigner, 524 Turney St., Sausalito, Calif.
Alicia Alma Will, 8-115th St., North Troy, New York.
Minnetta Wilson, 3240½ Descanso Dr., Los Angeles, Calif.

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Marlene Dietrich

UNDER THE SPELL OF THE DESERT

You can't blame Marlene for being happy under the spell of the desert since color captures both the star and the sands in the most pleasing tints—as you'll discover in *The Garden of Allah.* Here is a picture made entirely in natural color—with vivid sand dunes forming a background for lovers as well as camel trains

BEAU BRUMMEL *and* MADEMOISELLE CHIC *in Hollywood*

FAY WRAY is doing her "faywrayest" to make Hollywood chiffon-conscious. Going in for the filmy stuff in a big way, Fay has more than half a hundred costume accessories of chiffon. In every possible color she has chiffon belts, pocket hankies, kerchief scarfs and other gadgets. She wears some chiffon piece with virtually every outfit she dons—even to setting off slacks-and-sweater-combinations and other sports outfits with the stuff. But she hasn't tried it in a bathing suit yet.

NEW gag for inveterate string-savers: Madge Evans is having all her friends collect odd pieces of colored twine and cord and string for her, and she's having them woven into a beach cape.

DARK-skinned Lina Basquette threw a new thrill into the novelty hunters with a pair of trick gloves—gauntlets, rather—that instead of flaring out at the wrist, close in tight with elastic bands that look like the old sleeve-bands dad used to wear. They fit tight around the wrist like a row of bracelets.

THE parade of "back-to-brown" continues among the former blondes. Latest gal to shun the platinum and taffy stuff is Lili Damita, whose hair is back to very dark brown. Hubby Errol Flynn likes it that way, too.

TINIEST watch in Hollywood is the one June Knight has been sporting around. Smaller even than the watches that used to be worn in jacket-lapels or purse-flaps, this one of June's is so small that it's mounted like a gem on a *finger-ring!*

BELIEVE it or not, but the other morning on the Malibu Beach, where the movie folk have their beach houses and are just filling them up as the hot weather begins, we actually saw a beautiful blonde parading the beach wearing only a diaphanous nightgown with a Japanese robe thrown over it. BUT—by the time we'd gotten our binoculars out of the side-pocket of the car, she was gone, and so we can't tell who she was!

BEACH-TALKING the newest head-dress gag for the beach and play is a peasant-type kerchief, bright colored, tied tight around the locks and bow-tied under the chin. Betty Furness showed them how to wear 'em at the Newport Beach regatta the other week-end.

TALKING of clothes, Joan Crawford is going to introduce something new. She tried to keep it a secret, but it leaked out when Adrian, New York bound, admitted Joan had given him instructions to buy her six yards of silk—"opalescent so that it will show color changes under the light."

ROCHELLE HUDSON is going to start something. For a scene in *Poppy*, she wore a dress of the 1880's. She liked it, and it was so pretty and in accord with present fashion trends that she bought it, and wears it as a party dress! Hurry to grandma's trunk in the attic, girls; maybe you'll find your new summer clothes there!

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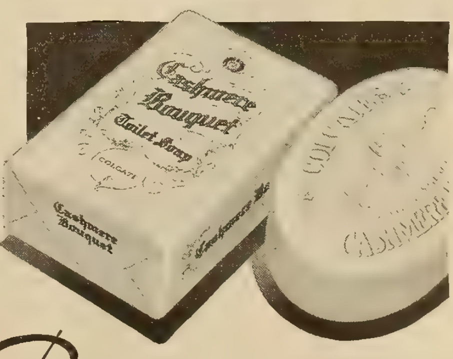

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● *Lashtint*, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn't crack, stiffen, weep or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your KURLASH. In black, brown, green and blue. . . . $1

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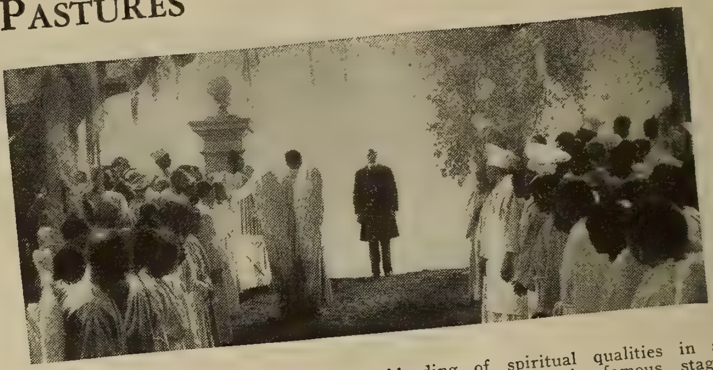
The Picture Parade

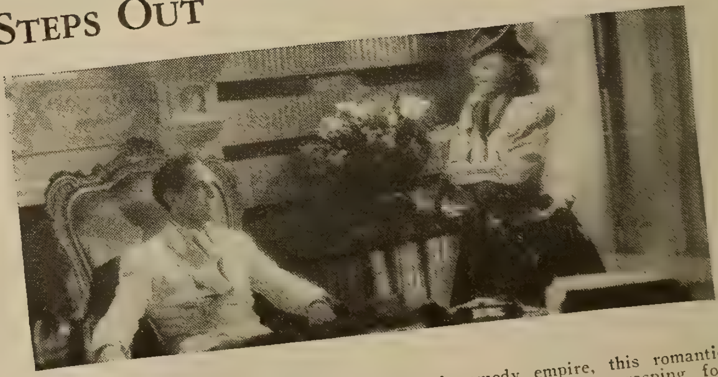
CARD INDEX OF THE LATEST MOVIES

THE GREEN PASTURES —AAAA—



Elaborately staged, this picture is a blending of spiritual qualities in a strange mixture with heavenly comedy. Marc Connelly's famous stage production has been brought to the screen without losing one particle of its powerful appeal. For those unfamiliar with the story it is the plantation Negro's conception of God and creation. *De Lawd* is played with astonishing simplicity and power by Rex Ingram who also portrays *Adam* and *Hezdrel*. Myrtle Anderson, as *Eve*, and the all-Negro cast are excellently chosen. The famous Hall Johnson Choir of Spiritual Singers furnish the musical background. Since the cast credits are not given until the film is over, you will be anxious to learn that *Gabriel* is played by Oscar Polk and *Noah* by Eddie Anderson. The strangeness of this picture provides an interesting and amazing appeal for all theatregoers.—*Warner Bros.*

THE KING STEPS OUT —AAAA—



With Grace Moore as Princess of a musical comedy empire, this romantic musical (with gorgeous music by Fritz Kreisler) leaves one gasping for adjectives to praise it. The story concerns Grace Moore as *Cissy*, daughter of *Max* of Bavaria (Walter Connolly) and sister of *Helena* (Elisabeth Risdon). The *Emperor* (Franchot Tone) sends for *Helena* to be his bride. *Helena* has never seen the *Emperor* and is in love with another. Although she must obey the command she enlists *Cissy's* aid. *Cissy* makes the journey in disguise, bent on preventing the marriage. Max accompanies *Cissy*, incognito. There is rare comedy with such able players as Herman Bing, Raymond Walburn and Walter Connolly. Grace Moore's voice was never more entrancing and in this picture she reaches perfection as a beautiful, capable and lovable star. It's swell!—And tops anything that Grace Moore has done in the past.—*Columbia.*

[*Continued on page* 12]

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

HEART-THUMPINGEST party of the month in Hollywood was the affair staged at the outdoor eatery of Riverside Drive Breakfast Club. No whoopee, this; no jazz, cocktails, hey-hey. Instead, with curvescent beauties from filmusicals serving ham and eggs, more than a score of old-time biggies of the films got together in one grand pow-wow and reminisced about Silent Days. The list of invitees included Flora Finch, Ben Turpin, William S. Hart, King Baggott, Clara Kimball Young, Charles Ray, Anita Stewart, Juanita Hansen, Mary Miles Minter, Alice Lake, Kenneth Harlan, Billie Dove, Priscilla Dean, Theda Bara, Lila Lee, Kathlyn Williams, Dorothy Mackaill—and all the others whose names used to be pasted up on the billboards.

AND now, who says Culture and Erudition and Book-L'arnin' ain't *au fait* in Hollywood? Why, look at the Intellectual Party thrown the other evening by Virginia Bruce! Brucey-Wucey (that's what Director Richard Boleslawski calls her when he directs her, and she calls him Boley-Woley!) lined up her guests along two sides of a great big room. There were lots of stars and featured players there. Then she pitted one row against the other in an old-fashioned *spelling bee!* You'd be surprised how many of the famous ones (that's why your observer isn't telling any names) flopped on simple words. But they could all spell "paycheck."

TONGUE-WAGGERS thrilled at the double birthday party thrown at the Trocadero the other night. Guests of honor—who shared the birth date, as well as many other matters—were Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan. Added as a cause of celebration was the desplinting of Margaret's broken arm. (However, it didn't mean that she was cured, because before she can work in films, Margaret has to go east for specialized treatments to restore the arm to "pre-break" condition.)

TRUST Hollywood not to do the conventional, but to twist the conventional like an inside-out-umbrella. And so, instead of giving a baby-shower to the soon-to-be-a-mama *Mrs.* Donald Woods, a gang of the boys threw the baby shower for Donald *himself!* It was a stag affair. And so, some of the gifties that were brought for the baby-to-come were amazing, astounding, to say the least. It'll be fully fifteen years or more before the baby can use *some* of the things. The party was at the home of Donald's friend, Warren Hull, and those who helped gag it were Lyle Talbot, Bryan Foy, Otto Kruger, Ralph Morgan, Erik Rhodes and others.

TWO stars' mothers were guests of honor at a huge dinner given by Jean Howard and Hubby, Charlie Feldman, the other night. They were Mme. Jeanne Colbert, Claudette's mama, and Mme. Louise Boyer, mother of Charles Boyer. Because Mme. Louise speaks no English, the guests had to speak French throughout the party.

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4131 Commerce St.
WICHITA, KAN.
Broadway at William St.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
207 St. Charles St.
TULSA, OKLA.
319 S. Cincinnati
ST. LOUIS, MO.
700 N. Broadway
17th & Olive Sts.
25 South Sixth St.
WINDSOR, ONT., CAN.
11 Wyandotte St., East

CHICAGO, ILL.
35 W. Van Buren St.
DETROIT, MICH.
235 Bagley Ave.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
1821 E. Ninth St.
WILKES-BARRE, PA.
237 Old River Road
WASHINGTON, D. C.
12th St. & New York Av.
BOSTON, MASS.
10 Park Square
NEW YORK, N. Y.
111 W. 46th St.
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As one Woman to another

A frank intimate chat

BY

MARY PAULINE CALLENDER

authority on feminine hygiene

Let me tell you about these personal hygiene accessories, especially welcome during hot summer months. You have my word that they warrant your complete confidence.

For Utmost Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c. "Cheap" belts can't compare, because inferior grades of elastic fray and wear out—make for the discomfort every woman dreads.

For Personal Daintiness

What relief, in broiling weather, to know that Quest, the *positive* deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness! And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and for use on sanitary napkins. It soothes—doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. Buy Quest and you'll agree with me that 35c is indeed a small price for the personal daintiness every woman treasures.

For the Last Days

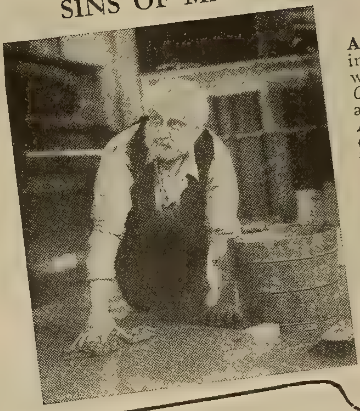
Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may conveniently be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25c.

Three Gifts for You! One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room 1401, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

The Picture Parade

[*Continued from page* 10]

SINS OF MAN

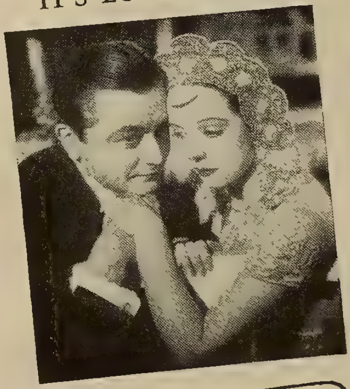


AAA½—A powerful drama with Jean Hersholt in the rôle of sexton in an Austrian Tyrol church, who clashes with his son *Carl* (Don Ameche). *Carl* leaves home and goes to America to take up aviation. Hersholt later forgives him and goes to America to arrange a cure for his younger son *Gabriel* (Don Ameche), born deaf. *Carl* is killed in an airplane crash. The World War breaks out in the Tyrolian village where *Gabriel* supposedly is killed, but it turns out that he escaped and the bombardment restored his hearing. He was cared for by an Italian family, who gave him a musical education, and reunited with Hersholt while on a concert tour in America. Hersholt's performance is the finest of his career and Don Ameche, in the dual rôle of both sons, does a splendid job. *—20th Century-Fox.*

BULLETS OR BALLOTS

AAA½—An up to date crime picture dealing with the exposure of rackets that have flourished since the repeal of prohibition, with Edward G. Robinson, as a fearless detective, assigned to break up the big city's widespread rackets. At the risk of his own life, Robinson crosses the gang's desperate leaders (Barton McLane and Humphrey Bogart) and after a gun battle in which Bogart is killed and Robinson mortally wounded, with his life ebbing fast, he leads the Commissioner (Joseph King) and the police to the headquarters of Henry Kolker, who controls the rackets. There is plenty of action and Robinson, who tops all his previous performances, deserves the usual high praise. A slight romantic thread involving Robinson and Joan Blondell gives the latter an opportunity to demonstrate her dramatic abilities. *—Warner Bros.*

IT'S LOVE AGAIN



AAA½—The effervescent, fast-stepping and wholly appealing Jessie Matthews takes the lead in this picture which has as its background a story of light and completely entertaining humor that becomes a hilarious smash-comedy in its final sequences. Miss Matthews, as an unknown girl, tries to break into London show business. When a society columnist (Robert Young) and his pal (Sonnie Hale) invent a sensational and colorful character in order to cope with opposition, Miss Matthews impersonates the fictional lady, as a big game hunter from India, and plenty of complications follow. The finale finds her just inside the portals of stardom without the benefit of her fictitious name, and in love with Young. Genuinely tuneful melodies afford Miss Matthews, who can dance and sing with the best of them, an opportunity to score, and she never misses.*—Gaumont-British.*

FATAL LADY

AAA—A successful combination of murder mystery and music. Mary Ellis, superb in her rôle, becomes known as the *Fatal Lady* as, one by one, her suitors die under mysterious circumstances. The picture opens with the death of a former suitor, and though the singer is exonerated, she loses her voice temporarily. While traveling through South America she meets Norman Foster who falls in love with her, and is killed. A wealthy South American, capably played by Alan Mowbray, meets a similar fate, while John Halliday turns in a fine characterization as another admirer and chief murder suspect. Foster's brother (Walter Pidgeon), determined to solve the mystery, fakes an infatuation for Miss Ellis, which turns into real love. His life is threatened and the real murderer discovered. The dramatic situations are interspersed with grand comedy supplied by Edgar Kennedy and Ruth Donnelly. *—Walter Wanger-Paramount.*

[*Continued on page* 14]

FUTURE FAVORITES
EVALYN KNAPP

BY JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

EVALYN KNAPP Has Become a Favorite Because she has personality, appeal and talent. Evalyn . . . spell it with an "A" . . . Knapp . . . a Missouri gal . . . born in good old Kansas City . . . the "show me" town of the "show me" State. . . . Her blue eyes . . . natural blond hair . . . betray her Swedish-American ancestry. . . . Her brother is Orville Knapp . . . crack orchestra leader, now playing at New York's Waldorf-Astoria. . . . Evalyn is a girl of contradictions. . . . Likes to watch prize-fights, but never swoons at knock-outs . . . loves to write poetry. . . . Favorite dishes are corned beef and cabbage . . . and *filet mignon* with mushrooms . . . wants a gila monster as a pet . . . no less . . . but can't stand the sight of a spider, especially a black "widder." . . . Walked in her sleep when a child . . . walks plenty now when she's awake . . . daily . . . for health and beauty, but never entered any bunion derby. . . . Is said to have the smallest waist-line of any Hollywood actress . . . and her mouth has been voted the most perfectly formed of any screen player . . . a real Cupid's bow. . . . Prefers sport clothes to fancy or frilly things. . . . Her pet aversions are . . . (1) going to a dentist . . . (2) spinach (ah there, Baby Leroy!) . . . (3) microscopic mustaches on men. . . . Her first ambition was to be a ballet dancer . . . and still believes she'd like that profession if she ever leaves the screen. . . . Is not temperamental . . . doesn't believe in dieting . . . but swears that a combination of four apples a day . . . walking . . . and singing in her bathtub . . . keep her healthy . . . and her figure in fine shape. . . . But four apples a day didn't keep the doctor away. . . . For Evalyn recently was married to Doctor George A. Snyder, Hollywood physician . . . and sportsman. . . . She has now taken up the big outdoors with a vengeance. . . . She shoots . . . rides . . . swims and fishes . . . and recently landed a 195-pound Marlin swordfish unaided . . . from the deck of her own yacht . . . the "Cielito Lindo." . . . Evalyn came to the screen via the stage . . . chronologically, her biography is as follows . . . dancing lessons . . . going to New York . . . where she made her stage debut . . . signing a film contract and coming to California . . . success . . . with not many obstacles to hurdle . . . happy marriage . . . and, finally, the resumption of her screen career.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Kay Francis dislikes jewelry and never wears anything but a wrist watch for adornment?

Your Favorite Star was Once an Amateur
JOAN BENNETT
A Beautiful
Walter Wanger Star

★ HOLD·BOB'S SECOND SEARCH FOR TALENT

Offers You a Chance for Film Fame

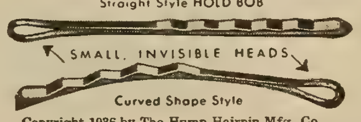
We hope to discover several talented women to develop into future movie stars!! The Second "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines, gives you this opportunity. There will be a winner selected every month who will receive a FREE screen test and $50.00 in cash!! At least one of these monthly winners will actually make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studios in Hollywood!!

You may enter as often as you wish. The "Search for Talent" closes December 31, 1936. All you need do to enter is to fill out the entry blank on the back of a HOLD-BOB Card or facsimile of same (HOLD-BOB bob pins are sold everywhere)... attach your photo and send to the "Search for Talent" Headquarters.

When you are reading the full details on the back of the HOLD-BOB card notice the many outstanding features of HOLD-BOBS; the small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. Use HOLD-BOBS once and you'll understand why Hollywood uses these famous bob pins almost exclusively.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-86, Chicago, Ill.

Robert Taylor dancing with Margaret Hehn, one of the recent "Search for Talent" winners, at the famous Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles.



Copyright 1936 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

The seven lovely winners of HOLD-BOB'S First "Search for Talent" being welcomed by Mary Pickford, Jesse Lasky and Nino Martini at the premier of the Pickford-Lasky Picture "One Rainy Afternoon."

Has Mae West Reformed?

● When Mae West turned "evangelist" in her latest film, *Klondike Annie*, did the transformation really mean something in her life? Astonishingly enough, it did! You can find out the whole amazing story in August HOLLYWOOD, on sale July 10 at your favorite newsstand!

The truth about W. C. Fields' illness, a revealing, stirring story about Rochelle Hudson—these and countless other features will make the next issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine stimulating, breezy and ultra-informational. Don't miss it!

Hollywood

WHY MERLE OBERON'S WRIST WATCH
Hollywood
5¢
HAS MAE WEST REFORMED?

Now
on
Sale
5c

The Picture Parade

[Continued from page 12]

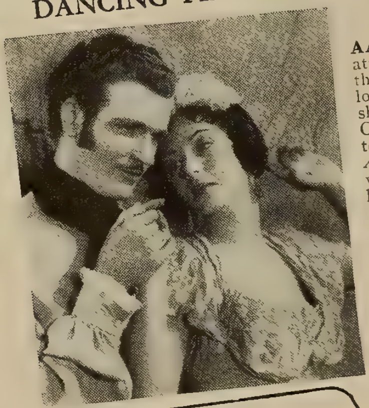
FURY

AAA—In this powerful drama, revealing mob rule and lynching in a small middle-west town, Spencer Tracy, in the rôle of a kidnaper suspect, and Sylvia Sidney, as the girl he is to marry, are given the opportunity to display their superb talent. The tender love scenes between Tracy and Miss Sidney will hold your interest in the beginning of the picture until the story builds up to an exciting climax when the capture and lynching of the kidnaper suspect by the outraged citizenry of the village takes place. Walter Abel, who plays the short but impressive part of the prosecuting attorney, gives his best performance to date. The suspense will keep you on the edge of your seat and hold your interest to the finish.
—M-G-M.

PRIVATE NUMBER

AAA—This is the story of the rich young scion, Richard Winfield (Robert Taylor), who marries the lady's maid (Loretta Young) in the house of Winfield, and things begin to happen. After a romantic summer at their summer home in the Maine woods, Miss Young discovers that she is going to become a mother. In the midst of scheming servants, with Basil Rathbone, perfectly cast as the beastly butler, complications begin to multiply. Rathbone is the instigator of scandal which causes the family to discharge Miss Young and start annulment proceedings. But, to protect her baby's name, Miss Young fights the case in court, which is a scene with a surprise punch. The picture ends with the couple finding happiness in the usual fashion. Patsy Kelly, as the assistant maid, supplies the humor.
—20th Century-Fox.

DANCING PIRATE



AA½—This Technicolor production is chock-full of atmosphere with a background of colorful scenes that are beautiful, Spanish dancing, pirates and love. Charles Collins, as a dancing master, is shanghaied aboard a pirate ship. Escaping in California, he is seized by the villagers and rushed to the gallows. Steffi Duna, as the daughter of *Alcaldo* (Frank Morgan)—the mayor to you, prevents the hanging in order to have Collins teach her the waltz. A love affair develops. Although Collins' acting is not impressive, his dancing is effective and gay. The vivid Steffi Duna handles her rôle with delicacy and charm. Frank Morgan, as her father, with a characteristic comedy rôle, is the bright spot in the show. At the start color is served in tantalizing small dishes, but builds up to brilliant hues to emphasize the climax.
—R-K-O.

THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES

AA½—With Madeleine Carroll, as the young and beautiful mother, who, wrongfully accused of murder, fights for the love and custody of her child, this picture is a little different from the usual story. As *Hope Ames*, Miss Carroll shows herself a fighter with a temper to be reckoned with and with a dislike for her opposition. George Brent, as deputy District Attorney, who at first is against the misjudged *Mrs. Ames*, turns in one of his best performances. Arthur Treacher, a butler as usual, is also as funny as usual. The story? Well . . . if you don't care what liberties are taken with the customary court procedure, you'll find it good entertainment. But, if you resent action so exaggerated as to lose all appearances of truth, then you may find this picture something of a *mistrial*.
—Paramount.

FUTURE FAVORITES
ONSLOW STEVENS

BY JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

ONSLOW STEVENS has become a favorite because he registers a genuineness, on or off the screen. . . . You can't help liking a guy like that. . . . He's 6 feet, 2 inches tall . . . weighs 175 pounds . . . has the face of an artist, or a scientist . . . but packs a punch like Joe Louis. . . . Those who know him don't pick arguments and lead with their chins. . . . He swears proficiently in Chinese . . . when he really gets his dander up . . . that's Onslow Stevens for you. . . . Don't let those dreamy eyes and that soft brown hair fool you. . . . For he's been places and done things . . . and knows when to lead with his left and how to cross a devastating right hand. . . . He learned all that in the U. S. Army . . . in which he enlisted when he was fourteen . . . and from which he received honorable discharge at the age of eighteen. . . . He's a bit shy . . . reticent . . . and has a low, cultured voice. . . . His shyness and low voice add to his charm. . . . At swimming . . . boxing . . . fencing . . . tennis . . . or riding . . . he's plenty good. . . . Had not The Theatre been bred in his bone, undoubtedly he'd have been a modern soldier of fortune. . . . But parents were theatrical . . . and Onslow's first appearance before any audience was in girl's clothes at the tender age of three . . . in the title rôle of *The Littlest Girl* . . . in a road-show supporting his parents. . . . He owes his screen career to being a good fellow . . . obliged Gloria Stuart by appearing with her in a screen test . . . a film contract unexpectedly followed. . . . Onslow can't entirely down that nomadic spirit . . . keeps bags packed for sudden and unpremeditated trips . . . anywhere his fancy calls him . . . recently became a benedict, marrying Anne Buchanan . . . who also enjoys flitting, here and there, with her always-on-the-move husband. . . . Onslow has appeared in over 250 plays at the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse. . . . And now alternates between stage and screen. . . . His full name is Onslow Ford Stevenson. . . . The studios chopped off the final syllable. . . . His grandfather was Frederick Stevenson, the noted composer . . . and a great-uncle was Edward Onslow Ford, the celebrated sculptor . . . both Britishers . . . rawther . . . father is Houseley Stevenson, popular English actor . . . and Onslow's carrying on nobly . . . with everything a bit of all right.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Perc Westmore, who makes up the stars, considers Olivia de Havilland the most beautiful girl in Hollywood?

To always look your best go to your BEAUTY SHOP every week. It also helps—especially to keep your facial muscles young—to enjoy DOUBLE MINT gum daily.
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
Q-347 · PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIETTE LASSERRE, PARIS

Win a Picture Contract in the New Search for Talent Contest!

Seven winners of the first Search for Talent visit Wanger studios to watch the making of *Spendthrift,* with Joel McCrea. You can pick out Halliwell Hobbes, Pat Paterson, George Barbier, Edward Brophy

By Jack Smalley

NOW you can win a studio contract and work in a big studio production! And all you have to do, to be eligible for a screen test and a contract, is send in your photo. It's that simple.

So successful was the first Search for Talent contest, that the makers of Hold Bob pins joined with MOTION PICTURE Magazine for another scouting expedition to locate new faces for the films. Seven girls were selected from hundreds of screen tests and given a grand vacation in Hollywood, with sound tests made at Universal Studios under the direction of Dan Kelly, the casting director. The tests are now being viewed by several studios and two of the winners are highly regarded as possibilities for contracts.

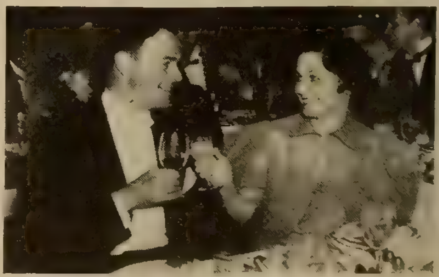
In this new Search for Talent, screen tests will be made each month in the city nearest the girl who is selected. The tests will be shipped to Hollywood for judging, and one will be awarded a contract with Walter Wanger, to play in one of his big productions. Wanger Pictures star Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda, Joel McCrea, Sylvia Sidney and a host of great stars who are under contract to Mr. Wanger.

Recently Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Sam Goldwyn and other members of the United Artists group persuaded him to join them to make pictures on the United Artists lot, and doubtless this is where our contest winner will have her first experience before the camera in an actual production. Besides, she will, of course, enjoy a vacation in Hollywood that will be long remembered, with trips to studios, luncheons with the stars, and generally storing up precious memories and mementoes.

All this is made possible by the manufacturers of Hold Bobs, the "invisible" hairpins considered so essential by Hollywood stars. Thousands of their retail stores will feature the new Search for Talent with window displays, and detailed information may be obtained wherever Hold Bobs are sold, together with convenient entry blanks.

To enter, merely fill out (or copy) one of the entry blanks found on the back of each of the Hold Bob cards of pins, attach your photo, and mail to I. R. Green, Director, Search for Talent, 1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill. All entries will clear through Mr. Green who also directed the original Search last year. Do not send your photos to this magazine, and remember that each photo must be attached to an entry blank.

Send in your photo today! Or if you have some friend whom you believe has talent, get an entry blank and send it in with her photo. This happened to one of the winners of the last Search, and you may well imagine her surprise to be summoned to Hollywood for a sound test!



Clark Williams, Universal player dines with Margaret Hehn, a Hold-Bob winner

MOTION PICTURE and Hold Bobs offer this new opportunity—a screen test each month and a part in a Wanger picture!

THIS SUMMER

A DOLLAR

takes you

MORE MILES

than ever before!

GREYHOUND offers a dozen fine features that no other form of transportation can match . . . but overshadowing all else today, are the amazingly low rates in effect to almost every part of America—deep reductions that make possible more miles-per-dollar than ever before in travel history.

Big, smooth-riding coaches are kept in spic-and-span condition, mechanically perfect, safe and dependable. Individual chairs are truly restful—reclining to any desired position. Drivers among the very best on American highways.

Where can you go by Greyhound? To almost any major city or vacation area in the United States—many in Canada. For all information, call upon or phone the nearest Greyhound office—or mail this coupon.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . 400 N. RAMPART STREET
CINCINNATI, OHIO . . . . 630 WALNUT STREET
LEXINGTON, KY. . . . . . 801 NORTH LIMESTONE
RICHMOND, VA. . . . . . 412 EAST BROAD STREET
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GREYHOUND Lines

MAIL FOR NEW LOW FARES, PICTORIAL FOLDERS

Send this coupon to nearest Greyhound information office listed above, for rates, suggested routes, and pictorial folder on any trip you may plan.

Information on trip to ____________

Name ____________

Address ____________ FW-8

RULES

1. Any woman 16 years or over who is a resident of the United States may enter the "Search for Talent." Girls from the ages of 16 to 18 years must have the consent of guardian. It is not necessary to purchase any article to enter.

2. The "Search for Talent" opens May 1st, 1936 and closes at midnight December 31st, 1936, unless extended by announcement in Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines. This program will consist of eight monthly contests.

3. Each photograph must be attached to an official entry blank or facsimile.

4. Each month three persons will be selected and their photographs will be published in Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines. At least one of these girls will be selected by the judges to receive a free screen test at some convenient place and time to be selected by the judges, plus $50.00 in cash. This screen test will be submitted to the officials of the Walter Wanger Productions at the United Artists Studios. If this screen test is acceptable, this person will be brought to Hollywood immediately for motion picture work in a Walter Wanger production.

5. At the conclusion of the entire program, we guarantee at least one of the winners of the monthly contests will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for motion picture work in a Walter Wanger production.

6. Entries for each monthly contest will close at midnight of the last day of the month. Entries received post-marked after that date will be put into the following month's competition.

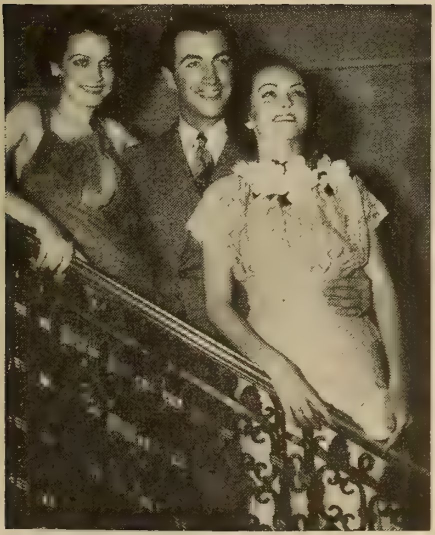
7. Entries may submit as many photographs in each monthly contest as desired and may enter as many monthly contests as they wish but each photograph must be accompanied by an official entry blank or facsimile.

8. Photographs cannot be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

9. Judges of these contests will be executives of the Walter Wanger Productions at the United Artists Studios, The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. and Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines. Their decisions will be final.

10. Contestants agree to abide by the decisions of the judges and any entrant must by her signature to an entry blank agree to permit the publications of her photograph in connection with advertising and publicity concerned with the "Search for Talent." Contestants must agree to give Walter Wanger Productions first option on motion picture services and if an offer from any other studio is made after a contestant is selected, contestant must give Walter Wanger Productions an option on services for the same amount as offered.

11. Employees of Walter Wanger Productions, United Artists Studios, The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., Motion Picture Publications and Fawcett Publications and their families are not eligible to compete in these contests.



Imagine going to a supper party with Bob Taylor! That's what happened to the winners. Here are Margaret Hehn, Caroline Oliver and Bob, their host

HOW TO AVOID PAYING FOR WASTED ELECTRICITY

When you are offered lamp bulbs of unknown make, remember that you are going to pay for electricity as well as the bulbs themselves. A poorly made bulb is costly at any price. It may blacken or burn out too soon. It may get dimmer and dimmer the longer you use it. It may use electricity wastefully without an adequate return in light. Your safest course is to insist on lamps that bear the trade-mark of a reputable manufacturer. The General Electric monogram (GE) on the end of the bulb is your assurance of good light at low cost.

They stay brighter longer

only **15¢**
15-25-40-60
WATT SIZES

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL (GE) ELECTRIC

G-E MAKES A 10 CENT LAMP! It is the best lamp quality you can buy at the price . . . 7½, 15, 30 and 60 watt. Each dime lamp is marked . . . GE

WHAT TO DO IF YOU ARE Weak, Rundown Nervous Skinny!

Get Kelpamalt's Natural Iodine into Your Blood and Glands—Then . . . These Results Quick or Your Money Back!

NOW IS THE BEST TIME TO START KELPAMALT
1. Improved Appetite.
2. Add at least 5 lbs. of Good Solid Flesh.
3. Strengthen Nerves.
4. Ordinary Stomach Trouble Banished.
5. Sounder Sleep.
6. New Strength, Energy and Endurance.

If you are weak, skinny and run down—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to one of the real causes of these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands control this body building process—glands which require a regular ration of NATURAL IODINE (not the ordinary toxic chemical iodine, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities, in spinach, lettuce, etc.). The simplest and quickest way to get this precious needed substance is Seedol Kelpamalt, the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. Seedol Kelpamalt is 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source. With Seedol Kelpamalt's iodine you quickly normalize your weight and strength-building glands, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring strength. Seedol Kelpamalt, too, contains twelve other precious, vitally needed body minerals without which good digestion is impossible.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves, color comes back into your cheeks. And if it doesn't add 5 lbs. of good solid flesh the first week, if it doesn't relieve ordinary stomach trouble, and give you calm nerves, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER
Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation, Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 901, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Your Witness ON THE STAND

with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. What stars own ranches? And what kind of ranches?

A. Joel McCrea, cattle ranch; Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak, rabbits and one cow; Paul Muni, walnut; Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, oranges; Gary Cooper—two, one in Wyoming and one in California; Richard Dix, chickens and fruit; Hugh Herbert, goats and turkeys; and others, who said their ranches are just ranches are Spencer Tracy, Paul Kelly, Edward Everett Horton, Jackie Cooper, Robert Montgomery, Warren William, and, of course, Buck Jones and Ken Maynard.

Q. How long do the stars rehearse for their radio broadcasts?

A. They have only one or two very short rehearsals—not over half an hour—before the broadcast.

Q. What is Hollywood life like?

A. It's the same as it is anywhere else, only in Hollywood there's more glamour and more sunshine.

Q. What training does a star's secretary need?

A. She needs training that would automatically make her eligible for diplomatic service in any country in the world. A secretary who would have the following qualifications—and the secretary of a Hollywood star should have them all—would be a paragon: She should be an expert hairdresser, masseuse, personal maid (in case of an emergency), chauffeur, body guard, discreet shopper, and, incidentally, stenographer and a bookkeeper equal to calculus; she should have a nice telephone manner, a not so nice telephone manner, and a downright squelching telephone manner; the ability to pour oil instantly on any kind of troubled water; a great love for dogs or children (as the case may be); a profound capacity for loyalty and a bottomless ear for gossip; she must be good at all sports, cards, games; a charming hostess and an expert bartender, in case the star can't attend her own party; she must be able to handle servants and executives; etc. etc. etc. . . . If you are thinking of becoming one,—DON'T

Q. Do the stars like themselves on the screen?

A. I have never talked to a single star who was ever satisfied with any performance he ever gave on the screen. Most of them have the attitude that "Well, I'd never write myself a fan letter!"

Q. What is a star's dressing room like?

A. It depends on the star. All of them are comfortable. Some resemble miniature apartments; some are quite elaborate. All of them have showers; kitchens, built-in electric ice boxes. The majority could be lived in indefinitely, quite comfortably. Grace Moore's dressing-room is a suite decorated in aquamarine and ashes of roses. The suite consists of a spacious living room, furnished in fruit wood with specially constructed modern furniture; an adjoining dressing room completely panelled in mirrors behind which are cedar-lined closets. The kitchen contains enough cooking utensils to stock a good sized hotel, and all the linen and silver are monogrammed. Janet Gaynor has a complete bungalow on the Fox lot, and Ronald Colman's dressing room is stunning. Abstract paintings hang on the walls of the living room, and thick pastel-green carpets cover the floor. The whole thing is most elegant. Dolores Del Rio's dressing room was designed and decorated by her husband, Cedric Gibbons, so you can imagine!

Q. Do movie stars drive their own automobiles?

A. Oh, they take turns with their chauffeurs. By the way, did you know that Shirley Temple has a miniature gasoline automobile? Bill Robinson gave it to her. It makes twenty miles an hour.

Among the stars who own their own ranches are Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler. They grow oranges

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD;
AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

Secret Agent—AAA—A swiftly-paced tale of espionage and love in war-time Europe with most of its action in Switzerland and Bulgaria. An English author is publicly reported dead and sent to Switzerland under an assumed name to track down a German Agent. Peter Lorre accompanies him and finds Madeleine Carroll, who poses as his wife to quiet suspicion. She meets and is taken with Robert Young, apparently an American traveler. The complications that follow which cause the death of the wrong man and the eventual death of Young by Lorre's hand, lead to the real marriage of Lorre and Carroll.—*Gaumont-British.*

Let's Sing Again—AAA—An appealing heart-interest story in which Bobby Breen, the eight-year-old songster, known to millions as "Eddie Cantor's adopted son," sings several songs with his usual effectiveness. Bobby is separated from his parents at an early age and assigned to an orphanage. He makes his escape when a traveling circus passes through the village. The manager of the show, Henry Armetta, who has been a famous tenor in his day, takes pity on Bobby, takes him under his wing and teaches him to sing. The dramatic reunion with his father several years later, after many adventures on the road, is brought about by the prima donna of the show, Vivienne Osborne.—*RKO-Radio.*

Two Against the World—AA½—A stark melodrama with Robert Middlemass, radio station owner, money and power mad, resurrecting the details of a forgotten murder, which leads to the suicide of Helen MacKellar and her husband, Henry O'Neill, and the unhappiness of their daughter, Linda Perry, who is about to wed Carlyle Moore. Revengeful, Miss Perry is about to kill Middlemass but is prevented by Moore.—*Warner Bros.*

The Three Wise Guys—AA½—A comedy with a flair—with Robert Young and Betty Furness furnishing the romance. Young, playboy son of a wealthy man, marries Miss Furness, reformed member of a gang of crooks. Being cut off by his father, Young lands a $25-a-week job that involves him in a safe robbery and arrest. In an effort to escape, the crooks stumble on Miss Furness in a barn in the pangs of childbirth. Her Christmas eve plea for her husband leads to the crooks returning the bonds and Young's freedom. Raymond Walburn, Donald Meek and Herman Bing supply the comedy.—*M-G-M.*

And So They Married—AA½—A light comedy with Mary Astor, an embittered divorcee, and Melvyn Douglas, a widower, who are thrown together at a snowbound mountain resort during the Christmas holidays. They eventually overcome a mutual dislike and a romance develops which is upset by the silly pranks of their children—Edith Fellows, Miss Astor's daughter, and Jackie Moran, the son of Douglas. How the children bring about their parent's reconciliation furnishes the uproarious laughter.—*Columbia.*

[*Continued on page* 21]

THIS LETTER from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:

"Frequently I am faced with the problem of going out to evening social functions with little time to rest beforehand. However, I usually allow myself an hour in which to bathe and dress and so I decide to indulge in a little rejuvenating beauty treatment, in which Linit plays a dual role. First, I make a thin paste of Linit, mixed with orange water. This is generously spread over the face, neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, the bath water is running and to this I add a half package or more of Linit. While I lie in the soothing bath of milky Linit water, I feel the beauty masque of Linit slowly lift the tired facial muscles. Then, a cool shower removes the masque easily and I step out of the tub refreshed and eager to face the long evening."

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
LINIT FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth

FOR FINE LAUNDERING

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package... recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

The TALKIE TOWN *Tattler*

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

BY HARRY LANG

Acting like a pair of picnickers on a Sunday outing after eating home-made sandwiches, are Robert Young and Betty Furness—featured in *Three Wise Guys*

THERE was no surprise for Hollywood in the Ginger Rogers-Lew Ayres bust-up. It's been in the wind for a long time, now, but they haven't made it public before. Now that it's out and done, though, Ginger is a new gal. Maybe, too, her re-contract with RKO, getting her own way, adds to her renaissance of happiness. Anyway, with her life—both in and out the studio—re-ordered, Ginger has bounced 'way up in pep, fun, jollity again, after a long time of quietude and obvious dissatisfaction. And, apparently, Ginger's going into circulation again. Only the other night, she was whooping it up at the ice-skating rink with Jimmy Stewart. And a couple of nights later at the Cocoanut Grove with Harry Crocker, scion of San Francisco's top "400" family.

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DOUG FAIRBANKS, Junior, isn't going to let Papa steal all the romance-spotlight in the family. With Hollywood a-jitter about Doug, Senior, bringing Mrs. Doug, Lady Sylvia Ashley, to Santa Monica to live, Junior plunges head first into a torrid sequence with fascinating Miriam Hopkins, now abroad to make movies. They'd make a swell pair—both ultra-sophisticates, worldly, individualistic. Miriam's gone so beeg for young Doug that she's even forgotten to *adopt* a new baby, which she was talking about just before sailing!

ONCE married, Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant are now romancing on two different sides of the Atlantic. Virginia, who used to be engaged to quite a few folk before she entered that short-lived marriage with Cary, is pit-a-patting, feverishly, with one Lord Jersey, young British nobleman, in London, and the London know-it-alls say that it'll be wedding bells for them—as soon as the Lord gets his divorce, that is. And in Hollywood, Mary Brian, recently back from that London, has moved into Cary's heart and how! They're together at all the parties and night places. Mary, whose romantic excursions have been equally as numerous and publicized as Virginia's, will be Mrs. Cary Grant soon, say the Hollywood predicters. However, Cary, point-blank with the matter, evades with: "Hasty marriages lead to divorce," and adds that he doesn't think he'll marry for another five years yet. Soooooo . . . . . . ! Write your own ticket!

● ● ●

TWOSOMES that are still calorically surviving the Hollywood whirl include Fred MacMurray and his dress-model sweetheart, Lillian Lamont, and nobody'd be surprised if they marry tomorrow or the tomorrow after that. Pasquale de Cicco, who used to be husband of the ill-fated Thelma Todd, is still squiring Margaret Lindsay, of the synthetic English accent. Frances Langford and Tony Martin are still thata-way. Cecilia Parker seems to have found, in schoolboyish Tom Brown, the light o' life, and they hold hands even at such hotcha diversion spots as the Trocadero.

● ● ●

ADD to Hollywood's "off-again-on-again" romances the Hoot Gibson-June Gale goings-on. At the moment, they've kissed and made up, and the twosome, once colder than yesterday's fried egg, is steaming again. But they answer neither yes or no to wedding-bell queries.

● ● ●

[*Continued on page 22*]

Out where the wet begins—where women are swimmin' and men are uneasy, Kay Linaker is sure to excite attention in her one-piece Catalina swim suit—a suit that looks as if it will have plenty of floating power. Kay is sunlight-hearted about it all

Tip Offs On the Talkies

[*Continued from page* 19]

Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in a romantic interlude from *The Princess Comes Across*. Read the revue below.

The Case of the Velvet Claws—AA½—A murder mystery with a flair for comedy. Warren William, criminal lawyer, and Claire Dodd, newlyweds, are delayed in their honeymoon devotions by the murder of Joseph King, secret owner of a blackmailing scandal sheet. William's meddling in the case and his means of getting a confession from the murderer supply amusing entertainment. *—Warner Bros.*

Times Square Playboy—AA½—Hilarious comedy with Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, a couple from Big Bend who come to New York to attend the wedding of their best friend, Warren William. Anxious for excitement, and dissatisfied with purely minor squabbles, Gene starts trouble by warning William that his financee, June Travis, is a gold-digger, her brother a confidence man, her father a rummy and her mother a fortune hunter. The contempt of the innocent family and William bring about a public apology by Gene which he presents in a hilarious manner.—*Warner Bros.*

The Princess Comes Across—AA½—The nonsense of Carole Lombard, a phony princess, and Fred MacMurray, who makes her heart jump in leaps and bounds, furnishes delightful entertainment that suddenly has you racking your brain to solve a murder mystery. As usual, you'll enjoy this team, and the laughs they can give you.—*Paramount.*

The Last Outlaw—AA½—An interesting comparison between the modern gangsters and the old-time desperados is shown in this pleasing production with Harry Carey as the principal character who is released from prison after serving twenty-five years for bank robbery. When he returns home he looks up the sheriff, Henry B. Walthall, and with the assistance of Hoot Gibson, the trio pursue the gangsters who have robbed the town bank and taken Margaret Callahan, Carey's daughter, with them as a hostage. Carey's knowledge of the hideouts enable the trio to capture the bandits despite the efforts of Russell Hopton, criminologist, to pin the crime on Carey. A romance between Miss Callahan and Gibson is cleverly built up for the climax.—*RKO-Radio.*

Don't Gamble With Love—AA½—A marital drama with complications other than the usual triangle makes this unusual entertainment. Bruce Cabat, deeply in love with his wife, Ann Sothern, turns to gambling to make money fast, but runs into opposition from his wife who thinks it is not the proper influence for their young son. She arranges with other gambling operators to have Cabot run out of business which results in an attempt to kill Cabot and Miss Sothern being shot. The complications that arise to cure Cabot of gambling and the reconciliation with his wife climax the story.—*Columbia.*

For the complete fiction stories of *next month's* movies see the magazine, ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, on sale July 10.

This magazine prints the complete fiction stories of motion pictures before they are shown in any theatre. The current issue contains fictionizations of *The Gorgeous Hussy*, featuring Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor; *Two In A Crowd*, with Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett; *Marry the Girl*, with Gene Raymond and Barbara Stanwyck—and many more coming movies. This magazine is at all newsstands and sells for ten cents.

[*Continued on page* 23]

A TRUE *Mystery* STORY

THE *Case* OF THE

Anxious Bride

"Do me this favor" ***she besought the best man . . .*** "but HE mustn't know . . ."

"I LOVE him so," she pleaded. "I don't want *anything* to spoil our happiness. Please, *please* tell him . . ."

"I did as she asked," the best man relates. "Tactfully I pointed out that even a hint of 'B. O.' may spoil the companionship of wedded life. I gave him my cake of Lifebuoy to try and I saw that Lifebuoy went in his suit case for their honeymoon.

"Later they both wrote me. 'Thank you,' said her letter—and under the words she had drawn a tiny cake of Lifebuoy. It spoke volumes. I *knew* then he was taking no chances with 'B.O.' "

Letters by the thousands

These are real people. This incident actually happened. And it is just one of *thousands* of letters that have come to the makers of Lifebuoy telling True "B.O." Experiences.

How plainly these letters show that "B.O." (*body odor*) spares no one! *No one* can afford to take chances, especially now when the weather is hot and muggy . . . when we're perspiring more freely. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy—you'll be fresh, refreshed and *safe!*

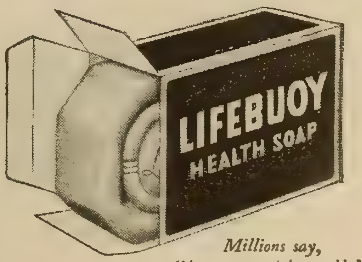
For there's a special purifying ingredient present in Lifebuoy's creamy lather which rids the pores of the *cause* of "B.O."

This special ingredient—*not present in ordinary toilet soap*—is also responsible for Lifebuoy's super-mild, extra-gentle action on the skin.

Beautifies complexions, too!

This smooth, caressing lather does wonders for your complexion . . . gives it that fresh, healthy radiance men adore. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is actually more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Lifebuoy lathers richly in hardest water—its clean scent rinses away.



Millions say, "it agrees with my skin"

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page* 20]

Rosalind Marquis has wandered too far from the boardwalk with her roller-skates. In her Catalina swim-suit she's searching for a life-guard to join her

CHIEF tongue-exercise of Hollywood's whispering know-it-alls, over the early warm days, has been chattering estranged couples together again. Trouble is, that in most cases, the wish seems to be father to the thought, and as a matter of fact, the broken romances really aren't mending at all. For instance, ever since Carole Lombard and Bill Powell were cast together in *My Man Godfrey,* they've been trying in Hollywood's gossiperies, to reunite them. But that's all just the malarkey, because believe you us, Bill Powell's heart is out of Carole's hands and utterly in Jean Harlow's. (And incidentally, Jean is selling her home, and so does that mean that, maybe, Mrs. Powell will move in to the Powell bachelor hall pretty soon?) Meantime, Carole Lombard, topping Hollywood's list of eligible beauties, is continuing to knock the skids out from under Hollywood's most-desired bachelor—Clark Gable. It started pretty much as a publicity stunt, by MGM, linking these two. They both entered the idea in a spirit of fun—but it's beginning to look as though it's really "taking." However, Clark's divorce isn't final by quite a ways—and so, raise an eyebrow when you hear anyone say that Carole and Clark are going to wed.

• • •

ANOTHER ex-marriage that's rumored "hottening up" again is the Margaret Sullavan-Henry Fonda business. Both of them have denied that re-marriage is in the offing—yet, neither can deny that they're seeing as much of each other as any engaged couple could possibly be. Meantime, Director William Wyler, recently divorced from Margaret Sullavan (whom he married after *she'd* divorced Fonda) is being seen places with Luise Rainer, MGM's luscious importee. Luise, canny, insists there's no romance, but a bee-oo-ti-ful friendship!

• • •

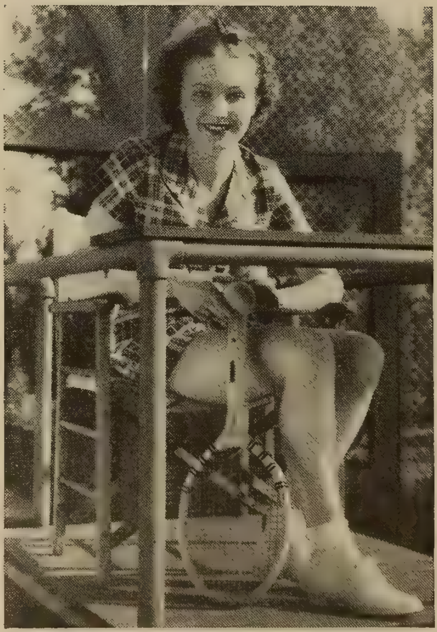
ADRIENNE AMES, too, is joining the ex-wives-with-hubbies contingent by still prancing about with Bruce Cabot. They're having a swell time together, but both continue to poo-poo the remarriage rumors. Also among the estranged-about-to-be reuniteds are Margot Grahame and ex-hubby, Francis Lister.

• • •

THE End of the Love Trail has apparently been reached by several Hollywood romancers. Looks like fee-nee for Constance Talmadge and Townsend Netcher, for instance. And ditto for Steffi Duna and John Carroll. Certainly a coupla dittos for Steffi and Francis Lederer.

• • •

HERE are some more Hollywood hand-holdings and moonlight-babblings that are flourishing at the moment—Cesar Romero and Betty Furness, as handsome a pair as ever graced a dance floor. Howard (Millionaire Aviator) Hughes, who has a new gal every few weeks, and Frances Drake. Grace Bradley and Frank Prince, to whom the studio's given the new film name of Fred Lawrence. Dick Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson dancing together regularly. Marian Marsh and Al Scott, who used to be Mister Colleen Moore. Lina Basquette and Lyle Talbot. On the other side of the fence seem to be Anita Louise and Ross Alexander, whose romance, once hotter than a California summer midday, is now in cold storage.



June Lang, one of the up-coming stars you'll see in *The Road to Glory,* judges a tennis match before she plays herself

• • •

G-MEN may be hot stuff when it comes to standing up under gangsters' fire, but they can't take the gunning of Hollywood's beauties. And so Melvin Purvis, the G-man who got Dillinger, has been Trocadero-ing it with red-headed Nancy Carroll, these evenings!

Claire Trevor is decked out in a cool outfit to play tennis, before the camera calls her to work in *To Mary—With Love*

THE Joan Blondell-Dick Powell romance is still on the fire, and so well cooked that it burns Joan up to watch Dick going through his stuff for *Stage Struck,* which brings him back to the screen after his several-months' layoff to protect his voice. You see, in the picture, Dick has to make violent, kissy love to Jeanne Madden, and Joan, on the sidelines, watches and simmers!

• • •

OH, YES—when Sylvia Sidney choo-chooed off to London, B. P. Schulberg waved a mess of bye-de-bye-byes to her at the depot. But ex-hubby, Bennett Cerf, wasn't within thousands of miles!

[*Continued on page* 24]

Tip Offs On the Talkies

[*Continued from page 21*]

Frances Langford and David Niven in a scene from *Palm Springs,* which is reviewed below

Palm Springs—AA½—Three smash hit songs and Frances Langford give this musical comedy its background. Frances, the daughter of an impoverished Englishman, who unaware of his financial embarrassment, follows him to Palm Springs where she finds him running a gambling table. She decides to help her father by marrying a millionaire, but—there is a cowboy. It builds up a swell comedy situation at the end.—*Walter Wanger-Paramount.*

Dracula's Daughter—AA½—A mystery thriller that will keep you on the edge of your seat. Otto Kruger, as a psychiatrist, with the aid of Edward Van Sloan and Scotland Yard, uncovers Gloria Holden, Dracula's daughter, who creates terror by emerging at night and leaving a trail of dead. Miss Holden and her assistant, Irving Pichel, are effectively destroyed at the end with a romantic thread linking Kruger and his secretary, Marguerite Churchill.—*Universal.*

Frankie and Johnnie—AA—With Helen Morgan as the mistreated Frankie and Chester Norris as the unfaithful Johnnie, who, ultimately, paid the price for his weakness. The late Lilyan Tashman's portrayal of the wicked Nellie Bly, the cause of Frankie's unhappiness, and Johnnie's premature ending, is deserving of commendation. —*Republic.*

Champagne Charlie—AA—An insidious gambler, Paul Cavanagh, heavily involved in debt, is persuaded to woo a susceptible heiress, Helen Wood, which proves to be too successful for his own good. Subsequently, Miss Wood, completely over her infatuation for Cavanagh and married to Thomas Beck, is mixed up in a murder committed aboard ship. Cavanagh's suicide, to save Miss Wood from the clutches of his partners in crime, is the exciting climax of this melodrama.—*20th Century-Fox.*

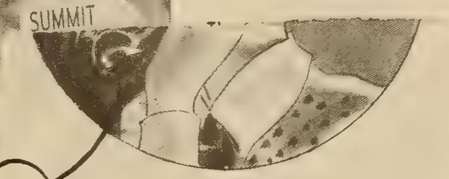
Don't Miss

the following big pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine:—*Show Boat,* a swelegant musical with Irene Dunne, Paul Robeson and Helen Morgan. . . . *Under Two Flags,* a spectacle-drama of the Foreign Legion with Ronald Colman, Claudette Colbert and Victor McLaglen; *The Great Ziegfeld,* a gorgeous spectacle with music and William Powell glorifying the great glorifier. . . . *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in a serious comedy that brings tears, laughs and riots. . . . *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford,* a very entertaining comedy with William Powell and Jean Arthur. . . . *One Rainy Afternoon,* a comedy of errors with Francis Lederer, Ida Lupino and that very funnyman, Hugh Herbert. . . . *Things to Come,* a splendid picture of H. G. Wells' idea of the future. . . . *The Moon's Our Home,* delightful madness with Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda. . . . *Modern Times,* with Charles Chaplin—and, that's all we need say about this. . . . *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,* a beautiful Technicolor film with Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda and Fred Stone. . . . *The Country Doctor,* starring the Dionne Quintuplets, which makes this a five star picture.

Especially in Summer

COMFORT DEMANDS A NAPKIN THAT CAN'T CHAFE!

KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

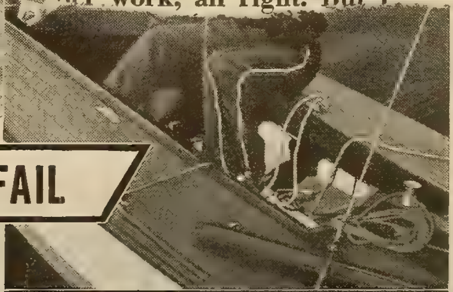


MISS NORRIS
Wells Employment Agency

"Please send me another secretary, Miss Norris. I had to let that other girl go."

"Why, what was the trouble, Mr. Paige? She had a splendid record as a worker."

"Oh yes, she was good in her work, all right. But I



KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR — IN THE BLUE BOX — For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower — when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER — IN THE BROWN BOX — Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX **A SANITARY NAPKIN** ***made from Cellucotton (not cotton)***

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page 22*]

DON'T get steamed up over the radio-blattings that Bing Crosby's gonna be a pappy again. Mrs. Dixie Lee Crosby, who really ought to know, says it's all a surprise to her. Rumor got started, it seems, because Bing mentioned that he and Dixie'd like to have a girl-baby (they've got three bubbub bubbub boo boys now) and someone overheard and misinterpreted. BUT—take it from Bing and Dixie, they've got NO date with birdie stork right now.

Rosalind Marquis has wandered too far from the boardwalk with her roller- [illegible] her Catalina swim-suit [illegible]

• • •

THE end of the Connie Bennett-Henri *de la* Falaise romance is official, now. Not that it makes any change in Hollywood, but Constance, returning to movieland from London, admitted that it's done. And returning to Hollywood on the same train was the ever-in-the-Bennett-picture Gilbert Roland. Connie's quite recovered from the nervous spell she was having in London.

• • •

PARKYAKARKAS believes in carrying things THRU! For years Eddie Cantor's stooge, now he's gonna be Eddie's son-in-law. He's going to marry one of Eddie's five daughters!

• • •

LAUGH all you wish at the public antics of John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie. But don't be surprised if, after all, they DO marry! Hollywood cold-shouldered Elaine no end. But did that bother her? No!—nor John either, but then, John never has been bothered by what other people think. And there's no small likelihood that before too, too long, Elaine will become the latest Mrs. John.

• • •

STAR-BOUND at the moment, despite evasive remarks to askers, appear to Loretta Young and Director Eddie herland, who insist they're just good nds. Eddie's the first Hollywooder to el on the big new Zep Hindenburg, ring its second crossing from New York Germany. Ditto Roger Pryor and Ann thern, despite Ann's insistence that she has no "immediate" marriage plans. Likewise the tall and handsome Ivan Lebedeff and the sultry Wera Engels, who's on her way back from England to Hollywood pretty soon, and who'll probably become Mrs. Ivan soon after her return.

• • •

Nydia Westman, in her one-piece Jantzen swim-suit, is all set to grab her share of Vitamin D (sun to you) and get browned

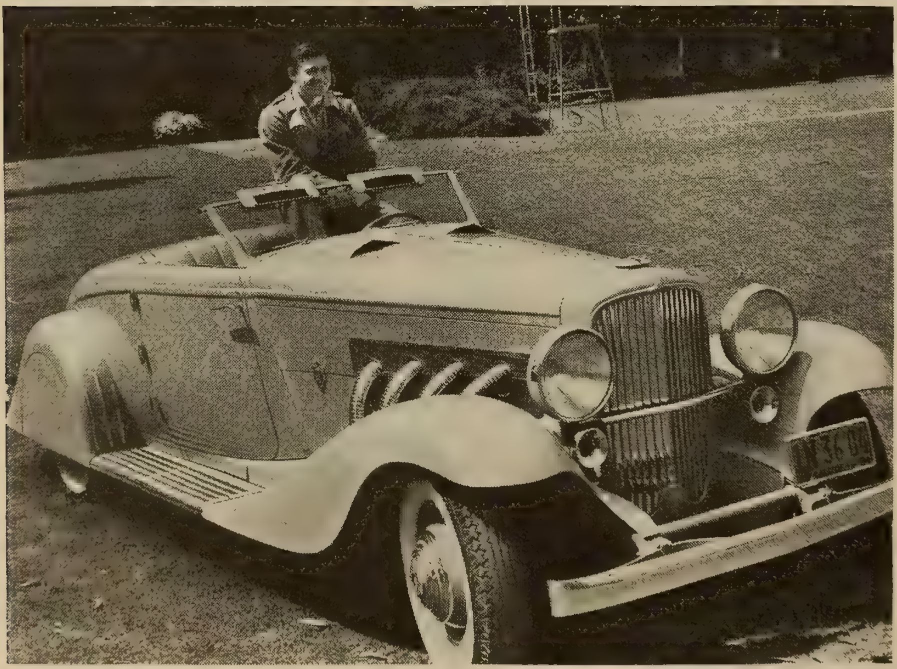
IT looks as though Gene Raymond has just about consolidated his capture of Jeanette MacDonald from Bob Ritchie, who was head man in her life for a long-long time. Bob now is utterly out of the picture, and Gene's 100 per cent in, if you can believe all you see. However, Hollywood is Hollywood—so don't be surprised if this is all changed about again, tomorow or so.

• • •

SOME time ago, Ol' Tattler predicted a busy early summer season for Old Doc Stork, the obstetrician and gynecologist. And have the old bird's wings flapped? The Alan Dinehart's (she used to be Mozelle Brittone) have a new Master Dinehart in the family. Right now, it'll be any day for Norman Foster to pass the cigars while Mama (who was Sally Blane) presents him with a baby. Director Lew Seiler is a papa. Claire Dodd and Hubby, Jack Strauss, cancelled their European trip because Ol' Doc Stork dated 'em up for early fall in a delivery ward. Helen Mack, now Mrs. Charles Irwin, added a 7-pound son to the world's population. And even Buck, 20th Century-Fox's canine star, became a proud poppa the other day!

• • •

NO, no, a thousand times no!—this monthly Cupidean report would never be complete without telling you about Glenda Farrell and Addison Randall. It looked like icicles again, when Addison and Carole Lombard appeared arm-in-arming it at the luncheries for several days



You can't beat this man Gable. He's one fellow who gets a great "kick" out of life. He not only has a trick flivver given him by Carole Lombard, but when he wants to go "doggy" he hops into his snappy Duesenberg roadster, powered for 150 miles an hour

running. Hollywood said "it's OFF again!" BUT—a day or two later, there was a big surprise party for Randall. Who gave it?—why Glenda Farrell, of course. So Hollywood didn't even raise its eyebrows!

● ● ●

INTO the sea of matrimony plunged Florine McKinney and Scenarist Barry Trivers, in a London ceremony. Others about to take the leap include Jean Muir and Dick Watts, the *New York Herald-Tribune's* movie critic (altho both deny it); and June Travis and rich-man Wally Annenberg. And Dixie Dunbar, cute trick, gurgles her love for one Chester Wickersham Kitchings, her kiddie sweetheart from Georgia, who at this writing is en route to Hollywood. "We're not formally engaged yet," coos Dixie, "but maybe he'll want to take me back with him when he returns to Gaw-jah."

● ● ●

BETTY GRABLE has set the date for her marriage to Jackie Coogan. "I'll marry him on December 19, 1937," she says. That's the day after the expiration of her contract with RKO, under which she's forbidden to marry.

● ● ●

LESSONS in Love—the $25,000 Rudy Vallee paid Fay Webb Vallee the other day, to end the long divorce fight, wherein Fay refused to free the crooner. The payment guarantees Rudy these things: 1—that Fay will divorce him immediately under California law; 2—that she will no longer harass him and keep him out of California with threats of legal action. True to the agreement, Fay has filed a California divorce action against Rudy. Incidentally, in addition to the $25,000 cash, she will get $100 a week from Rudy until she remarries, if ever.

The settlement removed the legal obstacles to Rudy's return to Hollywood. Some time ago, he and Warner Brothers cancelled their contract because of the marital situation. Now, however, they're holding Rudy ready to rush to the coast to replace Dick Powell, if Dick's voice goes bad again in either the picture he's doing now, or some future film. As for Rudy's love-life, with Fay-troubles finally ironed out, nobody'll be surprised if, and when the divorce becomes final, Rudy takes as wife the warm-eyed Judy Stewart, one-time Broadway chorine.

● ● ●

AS the Tattler mans said last month, Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn finally wiped out their Tia Juana marriage of 1932 with a California annulment. It was one of those very, very friendly proceedings, wherein Heyburn admitted that he and Greta had failed to comply with Mexican regulations when they went through their Tia Juana ceremony. The annulment granted, Heyburn effected an early marriage to New York socialite, Jane Eichelberger, while Greta, abroad, is said to be on the verge of a European alliance.

● ● ●

I KNOW what inspired Marie Prevost to reduce from balloon-like proportions to the same svelte slimness that once made her tops Sennett Bathing Girl. No—it wasn't just a movie contract; it was one Richard Purcell, New York stage star who's joined the Warner lot. Marie and Dick are head over heels in love, and to keep him that way, Marie carved many pounds off her figure.

Listen in, **GIRLS!**

MR. PAIGE
Paige & Barton, Inc.
MISS NORRIS
Wells Employment Agency

"Please send me another secretary, Miss Norris. I had to let that other girl go."

"Why, what was the trouble, Mr. Paige? She had a splendid record as a worker."

"Oh yes, she was good in her work, all right. But I just couldn't stand to have her around."

"I'm so sorry."

"And say, buy some Mum for the next girl and charge it to me, will you?"

"I certainly will. Mr. Paige."

UNDERARM perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in the office or in social life. And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid—with Mum!

Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm — and you're safe for the whole busy day.

If you forget to use Mum before you dress, use it afterwards. It's harmless to clothing, you know. And it's so soothing to the skin, you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum does just what you want it to do. It prevents the disagreeable *odor* of perspiration, and not *the perspiration itself.*

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of ugly odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM is on sanitary napkins. Enjoy the relief and freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness, which Mum affords.

takes the odor out of perspiration

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Read it!
Thrill to it!

"Gorgeous Hussy"

starring

JOAN CRAWFORD

with

ROBERT TAYLOR

Out in Hollywood Joan Crawford's newest picture, "Gorgeous Hussy," is being filmed.

Today you can read the complete fiction story of this romantic production, illustrated with actual scenes from the picture.

This is only one of the many coming pictures fictionized in the August issue of

ROMANTIC Movie Stories

On sale July 10

Get your copy today at any newsstand. Read your movies first—then see them. It adds to your enjoyment!

LAST CALL for Hollywood Tourists!

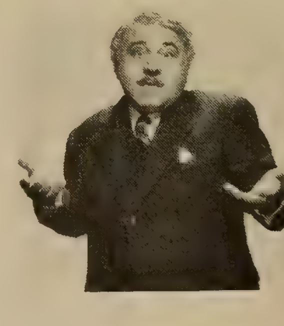
The night of August 17th will be a big event on your Tour. You will be partied at the Hotel Roosevelt's Blossom Room (shown here)—with Bette Davis as guest of honor

By Jack Smalley

THIS is the final call for the last MOTION PICTURE Movieland Tour of the year. Make your reservations now for the August vacation trip that will be packed with surprises . . . thrills . . . excitement! Remember the trip—planned much in the nature of a house-party—can accommodate only 250 persons. So get your ticket early! Four busy days . . . touring the studios, visiting the homes of your favorite stars.

You will leave Chicago, Sunday, August 9, on a special train that is Hollywood bound with stops at Rainier National Park, Seattle and San Francisco for sightseeing. Sunday, August 16, you will arrive in Hollywood in the morning. A motorcycle escort will accompany you to a barbecue at the home of a leading Hollywood star. Your baggage will be sent direct to the Roosevelt and Hollywood Plaza Hotels, which will be your headquarters for the trip. In the evening you will be entertained at the world famous Brass Rail where Henry Armetta will be the guest of honor at your party. There will be many other Hollywood stars on hand to greet you, too.

Monday: Universal Studios has invited you to go through their huge lot, meet their stars and watch them make pictures. Here you'll see the studio where they made *Magnificent Obsession* starring Robert Taylor and Irene Dunne, *Show Boat*, and many other hits of the season. In the evening there will be a *swell party!* A glorious festival . . . banquet and dance . . . in the Blossom Room at the Hotel Roosevelt where Bette Davis will be your guest of honor.



You'll be entertained at the famous Brass Rail. With Henry Armetta guest of honor

Tuesday you will be entertained at a cocktail party given by that very prominent young actor who has appeared in one hit after another during the past year . . . Donald Woods. Certainly one party you wouldn't want to forego for the world.

Don't forget to tuck away your autograph books and cameras in one corner of your bag, because this annual cocktail party is going to be your one big chance to bring home momentous souvenirs of your vacation.

Wednesday will be your day to do as you wish. You may want to go sightseeing, spend the day at Catalina Island, or visit friends or relatives. Probably many of you will need the day for rest—to prepare for your homeward trip.

Thursday: Homeward bound aboard the special train. This time the train will go by way of Salt Lake City, through the Rockies—Colorado Springs, with stop-overs for sightseeing at these places.

Elaborately planned, with everything imaginable for your enjoyment, this will be the one vacation you'll jot down in your diary. The reservations for this trip are going fast so send immediately for your reservation blank and the beautiful 24-page booklet describing the tour. (Address Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr., Fawcett Publications, 360 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill., for booklet.) Prices are ridiculously low and fifteen dollars will hold your ticket, balance to be paid two weeks prior to departure. It's the last call—and your last chance to join MOTION PICTURE'S August Movieland Tour. Make your reservations NOW!

"THE BEST PICTURES I EVER TOOK... AND I PAY ONLY 10¢ FOR A ROLL OF FILM!"

NEW FOLDING UNIVEX

Streamlined to fit pocket or handbag . . . 12 new features to take better pictures than ever before —and non-breakable, lightweight body. The world's most sensational camera value complete with attractive, handy "Karry-Kase" and backed by a bona fide written guarantee $1.50

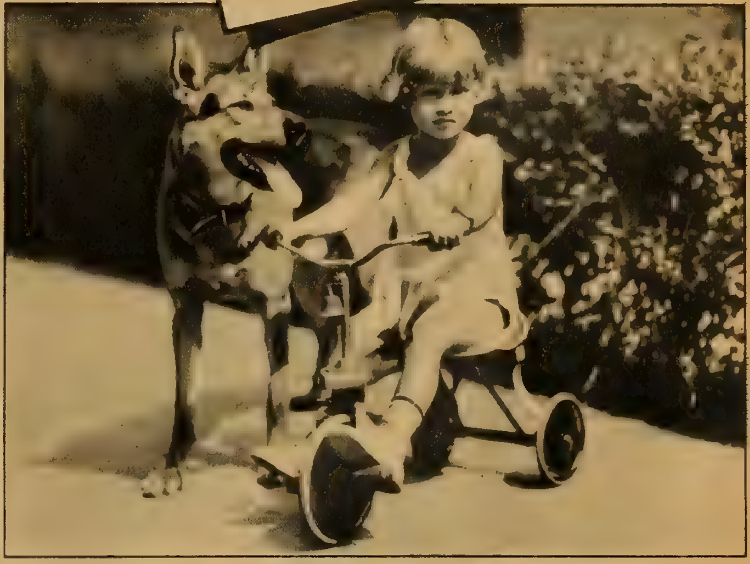
YOU, TOO, CAN SAVE MORE THAN ½ YOUR FILM COST... AND NOW GET BIGGER AND BETTER PICTURES!

Univex is taking the country by storm. Last year more Univex Cameras were sold than any other make! Now they will be more popular than ever... because now you can get beautiful, sharp, clear 3" x 4" pictures (exactly the same size as shown here) with Univex 10¢ film *at approximately the same cost as other 3" x 4" quality prints.*

3" x 4" Photos

Why spend 25¢ or more for film . . . why carry around a bulky camera . . . when these compact, easy-to-carry, lightweight Univex Cameras and the superior ultrachrome Univex 10¢ film give you such perfect, big pictures—better pictures than you ever took before! So be smart... be thrifty... be modern! Get your Univex today and join the fun. At all good drug, department, and stationery stores. Universal Camera Corp.—New York City. ● When you have your Univex Film developed be sure to order 3" x 4" prints.

(Below is the 3"x4" size photo)



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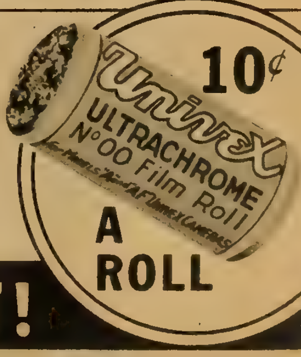


10¢ A ROLL

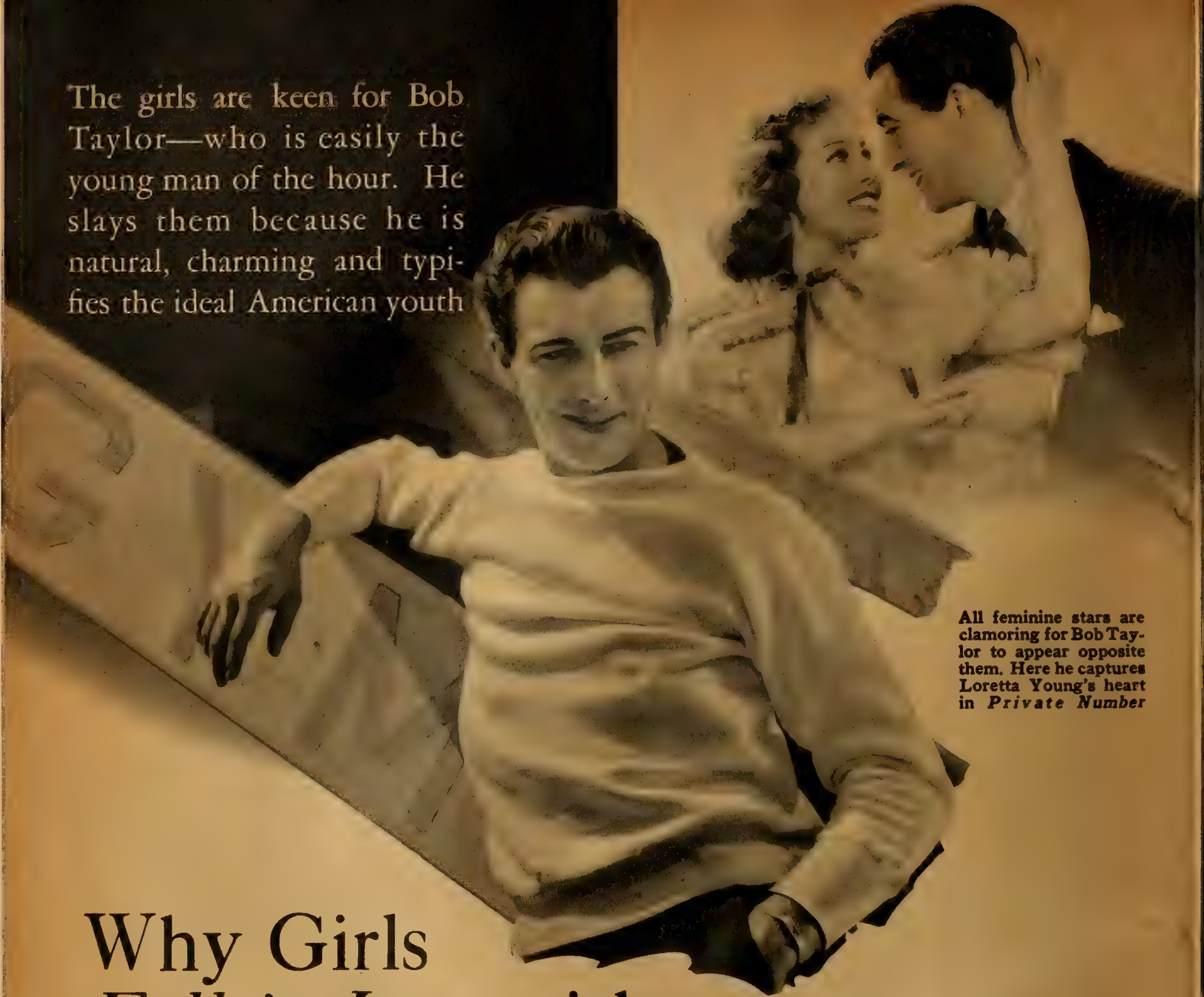
Now..SAVE ½ YOUR FILM COST!

JANET GAYNOR'S Wistful Appeal Makes Her Tops

No one can arouse that ol' protective instinct the way Janet can, especially when she turns on her wistful appeal. It was Bob Taylor, no less, who protected her in *Small Town Girl*. Now the one-and-only wistful redhead in the movies is back on her own lot to make *Ladies in Love* and *Banjo On My Knee*. And being Janet, she's certain to get protection. The star has been comfortably seated in the Hollywood arena since the silent days—and is still tops. Those wistful heroines are surefire in appeal

ORCHIDS TO OLIVIA

In a town used to beautiful girls (we're speaking of Hollywood) Olivia de Havilland has them all agog. She's accepted as a perfect type of beauty, one who stands apart from *that* crowd. In *The Charge of the Light Brigade* she might have stepped from an old miniature to play the rôle of a modern girl in search of a suntan. But old-fashioned or modern Olivia is as easy on the eyes as an orchid. Take it easy boys!



The girls are keen for Bob Taylor—who is easily the young man of the hour. He slays them because he is natural, charming and typifies the ideal American youth

All feminine stars are clamoring for Bob Taylor to appear opposite them. Here he captures Loretta Young's heart in *Private Number*

Why Girls *Fall in Love* with ROBERT TAYLOR

By Grace Mack

IT HAS happened again. You fans have picked a winner and through your concerted acclaim have lifted him right up to the top. This time it is a lad named Robert Taylor. In one short year he has made most phenomenal and dazzling progress. And while he may never achieve the romantic idolatry of Valentino there is no denying that he has taken feminine audiences by storm. His fan mail is pouring in at the rate of some 2,500 letters per week, which is just about tops. All over the country Robert Taylor fan clubs have sprung up like mushrooms. At the première of *The Great Ziegfeld* he was practically mobbed by enthusiastic fans. The upper register stars want him for their leading man. In fact, Robert Taylor is very much the young man of the hour.

A few years ago the same thing happened to a chap named Clark Gable. Overnight, he became the male sensation of the screen. Producers who had searched the highways and byways for another Valentino were puzzled. Gable wasn't handsome in any matinée idol way. Rather, in looks, he was what had formerly been labeled a "heavy." He suggested menace. As one writer in analyzing his appeal said: "He has a manner which indicates that while he might kiss a woman's lips he might also, under provocation, slap her face." In fact, as *Ace Wilfong* in *A Free Soul,* the picture which sent Mr. Gable to stardom, audiences were treated to the somewhat unprecedented spectacle of seeing Norma Shearer receive a neat sock on the jaw from cave-man Gable. Women, apparently, adored it and it started a new cycle in screen lovers.

All of which brings us back to Bob Taylor. He, in no way, follows the original Gable pattern which girls were supposed to be so crazy about. There is nothing cave-mannish, nothing menacing about him. He hasn't slapped [*Continued on page* 74]

Queen Katharine of Hollywood

It takes Katharine Hepburn, Hollywood's emotional queen, to play the rôle of Scotland's tragic queen, Mary Stuart. And, according to advance reports, Queen Katie will scale the heights by turning in her greatest performance. The star is Mary to the life. Historians paint Mary as having long, narrow eyes, russet hair, a classic brow, expressive hands . . . tall and graceful with a captivating smile. Thus you have La Hepburn in character. The Earl of Bothwell, whom Mary loved, is played by Fredric March

Humor is a Habit with GABLE

This story gives the reason for that "Clark Gable look"—and why you go for him in a great big way

By Harry Lang

I KNOW a fellow in Hollywood who just razzes the stuffing out of Clark Gable. He knows Gable, too. It's not a case of one of these jealous guys on the side-lines, taking offhanded cracks at a movie star. He knows him well—so well, in fact, that he can (and DOES!) tell the darnedest stories on Mr. Gable.

Every time Clark is inclined to feel a case of Hollywood swell-head-itis coming on him, this fellow punctures him. Gable's fame, not even Gable's hefty six-feet-plus of bone and muscle, awe this chap. To him, Gable's just a big lunk from Ohio who's had a lot of luck, and any time Gable feels differently about it, this chap tells him off—either to his face, or to someone else who can make Gable feel like two cents, if necessary. He told me, for instance, about what a Big Shot hunter Gable really *isn't* . . . . .!

You've read all this ballyhoo, haven't you, about Gable the Great Nimrod? How he goes here and there between pictures and, with his guns, knocks off cougars and bucks and, maybe, a few dozen lions an' other awful things. Well, listen here, then, to this silly story of Gable's hunting trip into Arizona: the best place to begin is the little junction in the Kaibab forest preserve, where the hunters arrive. One day, there appeared before the astounded eyes of the natives, a strange apparition, indeed! It seems the boys were sittin' around, six-shootin' away at an old tin can a few hundred yards down the lower acre. They were spittin' tobacco-juice here and there, and didn't care much if the wind druv it right smack back onto their hover-hauls! They were that kind of men, these guides of the great outdoors.

So suddenly, there appears this glossified version of a what-is-it! He was just so durn good-lookin' that it hurt. He had on highly polished English riding boots, and a pair of peg-top English riding breeches. Atop this was a white sweater with one of them there turtle-necks the Hollywood boys wear! He was the loveliest thing . . . ! "Look," grunted one of the guides, "what just flew in, fellers!" They stopped shooting at the tin can and looked. Then, with one accord, they burst out into a wild-western guffaw. After a long sizenin' up, one of them said to the newcomer:

"Well, sweetheart; what d'yer want here?"

"Wally Beery sent me," it said. That started a brand new outburst of hoss-laughing. When it subsided, the newcomer went on.

"My name is Clark Gable. I'm from Hollywood."

"We'd a knowed it," said a guide, so they all laughed some more.

"I want to go hunting," said the newcomer, finally. They all laughed again naturally, but the fellow who said he was [*Continued on page 72*]

Clark Gable is gifted with a marvelous sense of humor—that's why he keeps his popularity. He just can't take himself a bit seriously

By Gladys Hall

Being a movie star sure has its drawbacks—and Ginger Rogers does not spare herself in telling what life has denied her

GINGER ROGERS *asks*—

“Did I Get What I Wanted from Life?”

“YES, I get what I want from life,” said Miss Virginia Rogers to me, “except—except for one thing—*I want to go to college!*”

“ ‘College?’ ” I echoed stupidly, “you want to go to college?” I had expected anything but that. Some nostalgic reference, however reticent, to the recently divided home of young Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres. Some faintly spoken regret, perhaps, for the mortality of mortal love. . . .

But—“Yes,” laughed Ginger, laughing at me, not herself, “yes—why not? Lots of professional women do go, you know. Maybe I will, some day. There are so many things I'd like to learn. And I would get so much out of college if I should go now—much more than I would have gotten a few years ago. I'd know now what I want to study, what courses I want to take. I've learned concentration—dancing teaches you that. I've learned patience, I think. I'd care more about learning than I would have cared a few years ago. I'd be able to choose what I want and to go after it.

“I really think that I only woke up four years ago. Before that I was asleep or numb, or something. Perhaps it's just that I've grown up. My ideas, like my face, are shaping differently, losing baby contours. I seem to see everything in sharper focus. I don't believe that I saw anything at all—not really—four years ago.”

I had been watching Ginger and Fred rehearsing. Tirelessly. Almost religiously—over and over and over, perfecting perfection. And watching Ginger, in pale yellow overalls, pale green polo shirt, red-gold hair flying . . . I'd thought: She has everything she or any other girl ever wanted from life. Yes, in spite of what may have grieved her and caused her separation from Lew. For she is young and famous and wounds heal swiftly for the young, and the rainbow is still arched and her dancing feet are only beginning the arc. . . . She has youth and beauty and fame and jewels. She has riches. She has a mother who adores her. She has cars and friends and fine feathers. And she has Fred Astaire for a dancing partner. She is the tops at the box office. There is nothing lacking—nothing that cannot be replaced or achieved.

And then we sat down to luncheon in the RKO commissary and Ginger sipped iced tea and nothing else—because she was rehearsing again after luncheon and one can't rehearse on a full tummy. And I told her what I had been thinking, or some of it. I said: “You have got everything you ever wanted from life, haven't you? In spite of—” Ginger broke in, grinning, “But I never wanted very much. I never thought about it—”

“No, but—” I said, “all of your dreams have come true, haven't they? All young girls dream of having fame and riches and—and love. And so you must have dreamed. And even if some dreams never stay true.

[*Continued on page 78*]

Ginger and Lew are separated

What will color do to Garbo?

Anne Shirley will make good in color

Color should be kind to Carole Lombard

Brunettes, like Kay Francis, will take color

Charles Boyer will be a hit in color

Anita Louise—natural blonde—is a "natural"

Which Stars By

Things are happening in Hollywood with the coming of color. Favorites will vanish, new faces will appear. Color demands a new deal with everyone starting from scratch and re-learning his job

By James Reid

LIVING, pulsing color—the movies' problem child—has at last come of age. And he's turning out better than anyone ever expected. Handsome—actually likable—and, what is more important, *honest*! Sensationally honest! So honest that he will revolutionize Hollywood!

Twenty-one years ago, at his birth, what an unnatural, unruly infant he was! Hard on the eyes—irritating to the sensibilities. With the passing of the years, he was always demanding attention and annoying people. He never seemed able to tell the truth, no matter how hard he tried. As time went on, he improved a little, but he still remained uncontrollable. Hollywood almost disowned him several times, then after a while would give him "another chance." And now he is making good in a big, amazing way. And he is here to stay.

Hal Mohr, cameraman, says: "New faces will be brought out by color. It will open up the field but some stars may have trouble"

Have you seen *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*? Have you seen *Dancing Pirate*? Are you keeping your eyes open for *The Garden of Allah*? They give you inklings of what color can do today . . . is doing . . . and *will* do! Perhaps you don't realize what is happening in Hollywood, with the coming of age of color. Perhaps you don't realize how color is re-making Hollywood. It will even cause a bigger upheaval than talkies.

***Color is demanding new faces for the movies.* Some of the most famous faces on the screen today will vanish. New faces will appear.**

***Color is demanding that everyone in Hollywood re-learn his business.* That goes for actors and actresses, producers, directors, cameramen, make-up experts, electricians, scenic designers, stylists, film editors—even scenario writers. It will affect everyone in the profession.**

These are not reckless statements. They are not even the statements of a mere observer and reporter of Hollywood happenings. They are the statements of experts, movie-makers who know what they are talking about. Deliberately, I did not ask any of the Technicolor people what color is doing to, and for, the movies. As salesmen of color, they are, naturally, enthused about its future. Instead, I sought out those who have worked with both black-and-white pictures and color pictures. From them, I obtained these statements—straight from the shoulder.

Richard Boleslawski says: "Color'll do to films what it did to advertising—make them more vivid and compelling. Color is here to stay"

FIRST, I went to Abraham Shore, color expert of the Max Factor Make-Up Studios, which have discovered the long-sought magic make-up needed for color photography—a make-up to bring out the *natural* coloring of any face under powerful lights, lights of varied hues.

"Color films will have a revolutionary effect on Hollywood," he told me, "changing our conceptions of beauty, our tastes, our psychological existence. Color, with its realism, is definitely going to weed out

are *Doomed* COLOR?

many of the glamorous stars of black-and-white films. Black-and-white pictures give us an opportunity to use highlights and shadows to compensate for shortcomings—to model features, to alter expressions. The reproduction of colors in pictures will make these tricks impossible. It will bring many new faces to the screen.

"Every make-up man in Hollywood will have to be re-educated. All that make-up 'artists' used to have to do was to smear on grease-paint, with shadows here and there—and with lighting, their tricks were never apparent. With hard lights, their superficial tricks will be out. The make-up artist of tomorrow will have to be sensitive to applying any of his colors with a delicate touch in beautifying a subject, so that even the naked eye is fooled. Simplicity will give us the charm we expect to find in the faithful reproduction of color. Simplicity is a compromise between too much and too little.

Lloyd Corrigan, director, says: "In 3 years, 3 out of 4 pictures will be in color, and within 5 years everything will be color"

"Besides beautiful natural coloring, a woman must have regular features to photograph well in color. That is why some of the present-day stars will vanish. The planes of their faces do not receive light without casting shadows. Shadows can distort color values. In color work, we always have colored shadows. And those shadows may not complement the surrounding colors."

He named, not for publication, some of the stars whose features now need shading to give them glamor. Big names, all of them. One has a double chin, which can be camouflaged in black-and-white. Another has a sharp profile that is softened by make-up magic. Another has deep circles under the eyes, which can be hidden in black-and-white photography. Such tricks cannot be used in color photography. "Color photography will betray artificiality," Shore explained.

Merian C. Cooper, producer, says: "In 5 years—probably less—black-and-white will be as passé as black hose on a woman"

"Those present-day stars who will make good in color? Anne Shirley, I would name first of all. Jeanette MacDonald, who has beautiful coloring. Myrna Loy. All three are redheads. Kay Francis, a decided brunette. Norma Shearer. Joan Crawford—though she may have a little trouble with her lip-line . . . Blondes? Only natural ones. Marlene Dietrich, yes—if she stays natural. Anita Louise. Jean Harlow. Carole Lombard. Merle Oberon—who photographs very well in color. Shirley Temple. Katharine Hepburn. Ginger Rogers—very definitely. Steffi Duna—who is gorgeous in color. There are others. Color films will make the public realize that some of the stars today are sensational beauties, because color is more intimate than black-and-white."

LLOYD CORRIGAN is the only man who has directed two natural-color pictures. The first, made two years ago, was *La Cucaracha*—which, though only two reels long, convinced Hollywood and the public, alike, of what color could do. The second, just completed, is the full-length feature. *Dancing Pirate*—the first musical in natural color, dazzling in its realistic beauty and, Steffi Duna starred in both these films.

"In three years," Corrigan predicts, "three out of every four pictures will be in color. Within five years, everything will be in color. Development to date is, primarily, in three directions—in the elimination of color fuzziness in backgrounds through improved lighting, in the

[*Continued on page* 56]

Will color cause Norma Shearer worry?

Charles Collins—first new star developed by color

Marlene Dietrich may cop title of color queen

Brownette Jean Harlow will take color beautifully

Katharine Hepburn will photograph in color very definitely

Myrna Loy—redhead—will be tops in color

LEDERER'S Search for a Soul-Mate

By Leon Surmelian

THIS is a frank, intimate confession by one of Hollywood's most popular "lady killers," Francis Lederer. This lithe, six-footer with the boyish charm and hesitant speech, gets bales of mash notes, and has to employ five secretaries to handle his mail. An actor with a Cause, he is the darling of women's clubs up and down the Pacific Coast.

Three years ago he came to Hollywood over a bridge of feminine sighs extending from New York to London, Berlin, Vienna, Prague. To be "discovered" by famous women has been the lad's specialty. There was Mme. Else Wohlgemut, the reigning Viennese stage star, a beauteous lady, tall and stately. He recalls how awkward it was for him to reach upward to embrace her, for he hadn't attained his full growth yet when he played opposite her in one of her greatest successes. There was Henny Porten, Germany's most celebrated screen star, who picked him to play the male lead opposite her in an extravagant picture. Elisabeth Bergner ended her long search for the ideal *Romeo* when she saw the slender, young Czech, and engaged him to play opposite her in Shakespeare's immortal love classic, produced by Max Reinhardt. The famous impresario considered him the best *Romeo* he had ever met. Among those who saw Lederer in *Romeo and Juliet* was Lillian Gish, who immediately signed him to play opposite her in a picture to be made in Hollywood. The sudden advent of the talkies prevented him from coming to America at that time, but it was inevitable that he should come some day. He learned English, and made stage history in London, New York and Hollywood in a play called *Autumn Crocus*. He was not only the star, but also the director, when this play was produced in Hollywood, hailed by Charlie Chaplin as the best directed play he had ever seen.

"I want to find the girl I can love and worship, instead of being worshipped myself," he said, as we sat in his monastic library in an oldtime Florentine house. "I am not a lover, that is to say I am not a lover in the sense that I want to be loved and admired. Rather, I have a constant desire to love somebody, to give and not to receive. Am I making myself clear? I don't know how to express it." He ran his long, sensitive fingers through his thick, curly black hair. There was a distant, perplexed look in his dark eyes.

RECALLING the highlights of his romantic career, he continued: "We all remember with special tenderness our first loves. I shall never forget mine. She was barely ten, very attractive and I was just a young schoolboy when I met her. For many years I couldn't fall in love with anyone else. Her image constantly haunted me. She was from a little town where my [*Continued on page 75*]

Lederer on Love

"I want to find the girl I can love and worship.

"Marriage is a very serious problem to me, yet I believe in it.

"I have no intention of remaining a bachelor.

"I must have somebody to inspire me and be inspired by.

"Before I marry, I want to be absolutely sure that she's the right girl for me.

"I am tremendously interested in the world about me. My wife would have to lead a very active life if she is to help me carry out the things I have in mind for the welfare of my fellow-human beings.

"Unless a woman is in complete harmony with me spiritually, I couldn't enjoy her companionship."

Here is the most unusual picture of Garbo ever captured since she became a star. It shows her in a friendly get-together with the press in the smoking room of the *Gripsholm* upon her arrival in America. For once Garbo did not shun publicity

After several months absence Garbo returns to play *Camille*

GARBO is *Still* Queen

Ten years have passed since Garbo made her debut, yet her star shows no sign of waning

By Ida Zeitlin

BEFORE the war, when the world was more naive than it is today, the ideal of American girlhood and the adored of both sexes was a sunny-haired child whose curls tumbled over her shoulders and whose shy, sweet smile wrought such havoc with the hearts of moviegoers that they clamored for a name by which they might worship her, and the Biograph girl was revealed as Mary Pickford. Her reign was long and her subjects slavishly loyal, and girls like Mary Miles Minter and Viola Dana basked in a lesser, briefer glory because they suggested something of the starry-eyed innocence surrounding America's sweetheart. But none came to supplant her.

War clouds gathered, and introduced into the movies a more sombre note. The national vocabulary was enriched by the word *vamp*. It began to be rumored abroad that womanhood wasn't entirely a bed of heartsease, but included a passion flower here and there and even an occasional spray of poison ivy. In direct consequence of which, Theda Bara, Louise Glaum and Nita Naldi lolled about on tiger skins and shot glances, seductive or sinister, from beneath hooded lids. Sophistication was beginning to give dewy simplicity a run for its money.

The progress of hostilities and the period immediately following their close brought another change in movie heroine styles. Whipped to a fervor of idealism by this war to end wars, people lost sympathy with the ways of wickedness, yearned for nobility and found it in such grave-eyed young goddesses as Alice Terry and Corinne Griffith who, when it came to choosing between love and duty, could always be trusted to take the thorny road, no matter how many glycerine tears it cost them. They suffered and suffered.

Then, hard on each other's heels, came disillusion, the explosive debut of the flapper, S. A. and Clara Bow. To be in vogue, you had to boast a hipless body, a head of cropped hair, a crackling line and a disregard of convention which you called honesty. "It's my life," you cried, and "Hypocrisy's made a mess of things" and "Did I ask to be born?" and you went swinging down the trail of the new freedom blazed by Elinor Glyn and her It-girl.

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"Don't Want Anything Too Much" —Jean Arthur

Jean learned to follow her own advice after many failures. And it brought her happiness, poise and stardom

By Sonia Lee

THE brilliant sunshine seeped from the patio into the cool and shadowed room where Jean Arthur sat quietly, and for the first time since her meteoric rush to fame she discussed herself, frankly, and spoke her mind of things past and present. She was curled in a chair, which brought into relief a sensitiveness, a little-girl quality, which the screen has as yet, unfortunately, not presented. Her bright hair framed her vivid face, with its straight nose and generous mouth and broad and intelligent forehead.

It is a face appealing, yet dignified—a face which testifies to the things which have happened to Jean Arthur; both to the struggles and successes which have been hers. It tells, as if with words, that nothing has left her untouched, and has moulded not only her character but also her outlook on life.

She has worked and fought for success with passionate intensity—and yet she says: "Don't want anything ever too much. Wanting something desperately—whether it is success in a career, whether it is that intangible thing called happiness—lessens a person's perspective and defeats our hopes. You see, I have found that so often what we want right now, may be bad for us. Perhaps even getting it deprives us of something in the future far more worthwhile. I am an example, I believe.

"If I had been successful in getting the rôles I wanted when I first started in Hollywood, I wouldn't now be doing the very things I can do best on the screen. Then I was an ingénue. Today, I hope I am more than that.

"And yet when I failed then, my world was at an end. I remember one rôle I wanted with almost mad desperation. It was in a picture in which Buddy Rogers was starred. I took test after test, but I was the least of the ingénues. I didn't get the rôle. And for a week I hid away, avoiding people—afraid to speak to anyone for fear I would burst into tears. I would get into my car and drive until I was exhausted, so that I would sleep.

"THAT was only one instance, but again and again it happened to me. I was always defeated, even though I wanted a chance so terribly. And after each time when I failed in my try for a rôle, I would almost go into seclusion. If I had to go to the studio, I would walk across the lot with my eyes straight ahead so that I wouldn't have to speak to anyone, because I was certain they wouldn't want to speak to me. And yet, now that I look back, failure was good for me. It made me start all over again and really learn the principles of acting.

"AFTER my marriage, I retired from whatever small career I had. I was absolutely certain that if there was one thing I wasn't cut out to be, that was an actress. But after a year of inactivity, I couldn't help myself. I *had* to go into the theatre. So I started hunting for jobs. I took anything that was offered to me—stock and try-outs and road shows. Eventually, of course, I learned. I learned to face audiences and to forget them. To see the footlights and not to see them; to gauge the reaction of hundreds of people, and yet to throw myself so completely into a rôle that I was oblivious to their reaction.

"In that early stage of my picture career, all I did was merely crave something. I didn't analyze whether I was ready for the things I wanted. And finally, I discovered that it is best to be somewhat objective about anything you want, and to say to yourself, 'Do you deserve this? Should you have it?'

"CERTAINLY, a desire for success, if it is intelligently conceived, if the foundation for success is built carefully, is not too much to ask of the Fates. But at that time really, I was just a youngster without experience, either in living, or in thinking, or in acting. I honestly believe now, that if I had had even a small measure of recognition, I would never have been anywhere right at this moment. I would have been all through—because I had nothing to give then. Because I was defeated in the things that I wanted, I went out to get them in the only way in which I might have achieved them. And that was by working and learning.

[*Continued on page* 67]

Can Hollywood Hold ERROL FLYNN?

Errol wants to live a free life, seeking new adventures

By James Reid

THE quickest way to find Errol Flynn in a mixed crowd is to study the women. Consciously or unconsciously, they will be watching him. I tried the test on a huge, crowded set of *The Charge of the Light Brigade*—and spotted him in thirty seconds, at a distance of one hundred feet. He stands six-feet-two, but if I had been looking simply for a tall chap, I wouldn't have found him. He was seated—on some steps—talking to an extra between scenes. Moreover, he didn't look as he had in *Captain Blood.* His hair was trimmed; he was wearing a mustache; he was in military uniform. And every other man in the room was in similar uniform, with a similar haircut, also wearing a mustache.

I would not have discovered him almost instantly if I had not sought the focus of attention of the women on the set. There he was. Slender, handsome, finely-cut features. Boyish, restless-looking. Smiling. Apparently unconscious—or was he?—of the feminine glances. It was hot on the sound stage, under the arc lights. He had his close-fitting, heavy uniform coat unbuttoned, fanning himself with the flaps. He was doing what every other man on the set would have liked to do, if every other man hadn't been self-conscious. Most men would have lighted *that* cigarette.

That one small incident is typical of Errol (Natural) Flynn. He has no self-consciousness. He does what other men would *like* to do. Women sense that—and can't help liking such a man. Neither can men. And Errol Flynn is a man's man. Make no mistake about that.

The fact that he became a star in his first picture hasn't given him delusions of grandeur. Neither has the fact that Warners are spending another million on his second picture. Nor has the deluge of fan mail changed him. Acting, to Errol, is just another adventure in an adventurous life. And he's taking it in stride, just as he took pearl-fishing and shipwreck in the South Seas, gold-hunting in New Guinea, policing cannibals in tropical jungles. It's a pleasanter experience than some he has had, but that isn't altering him any. He still stands with both feet on the ground.

For one thing, he isn't sure that acting—in some of its aspects—is a man's job. Love scenes, particularly. Standing in front of a camera, pretending undying love for a girl, speaking soft words to her, makes him uncomfortable. It isn't his idea of a he-man's way of earning a living. That's why he's so convincingly reckless in physically

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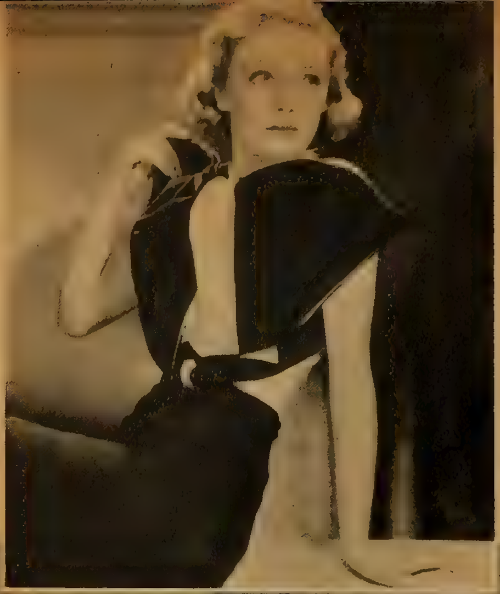
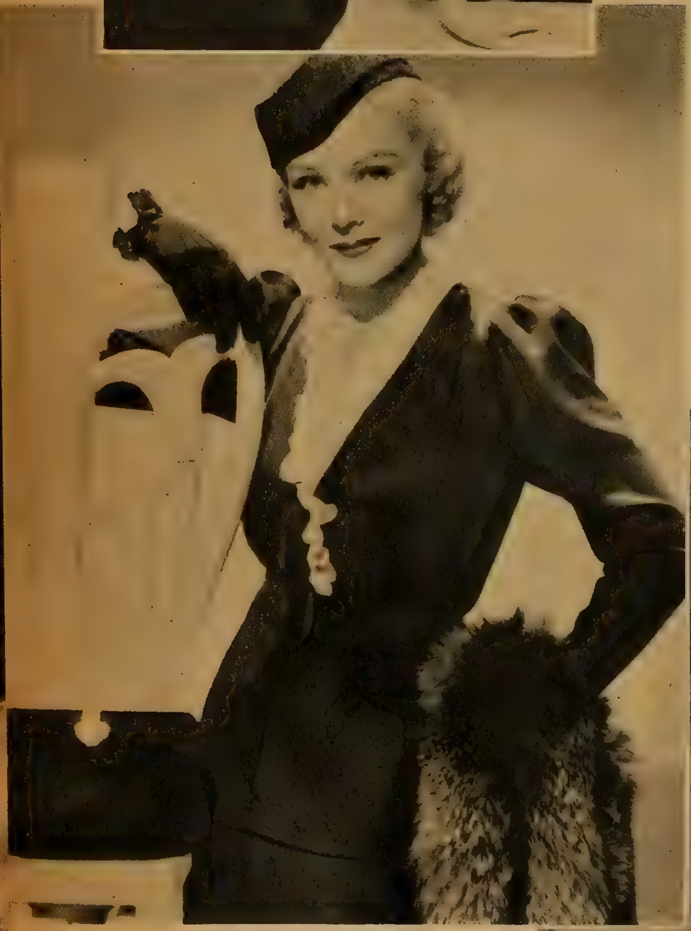


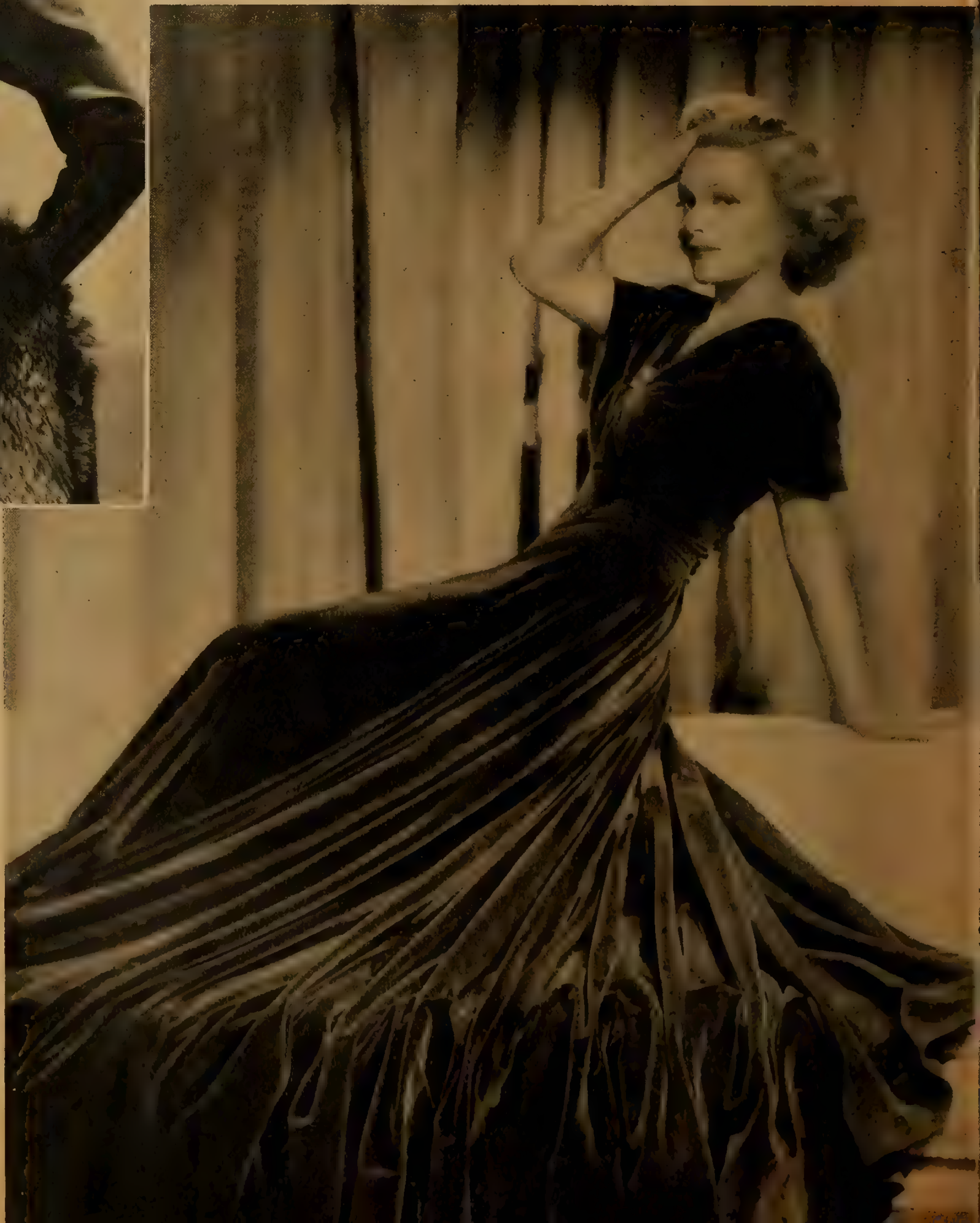
An intricately draped butterfly bow makes the bodice of this smart black crêpe dinner gown, trimmed in white satin and worn by Madeleine

MOMENTOUS MODES OF MIDSUMMER

Sally Martin, MOTION PICTURE'S Fashion Editor, presents Madeleine Carroll—who plays her big scenes of summer in these formal and informal creations

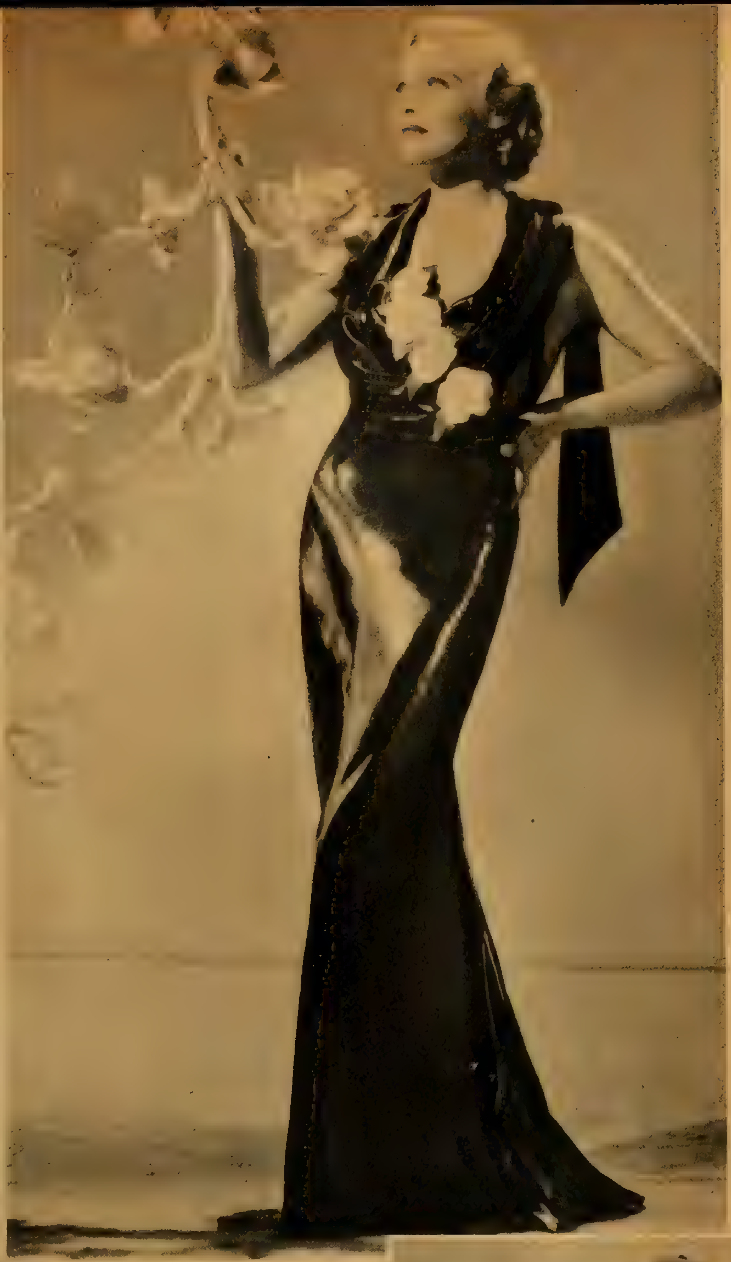


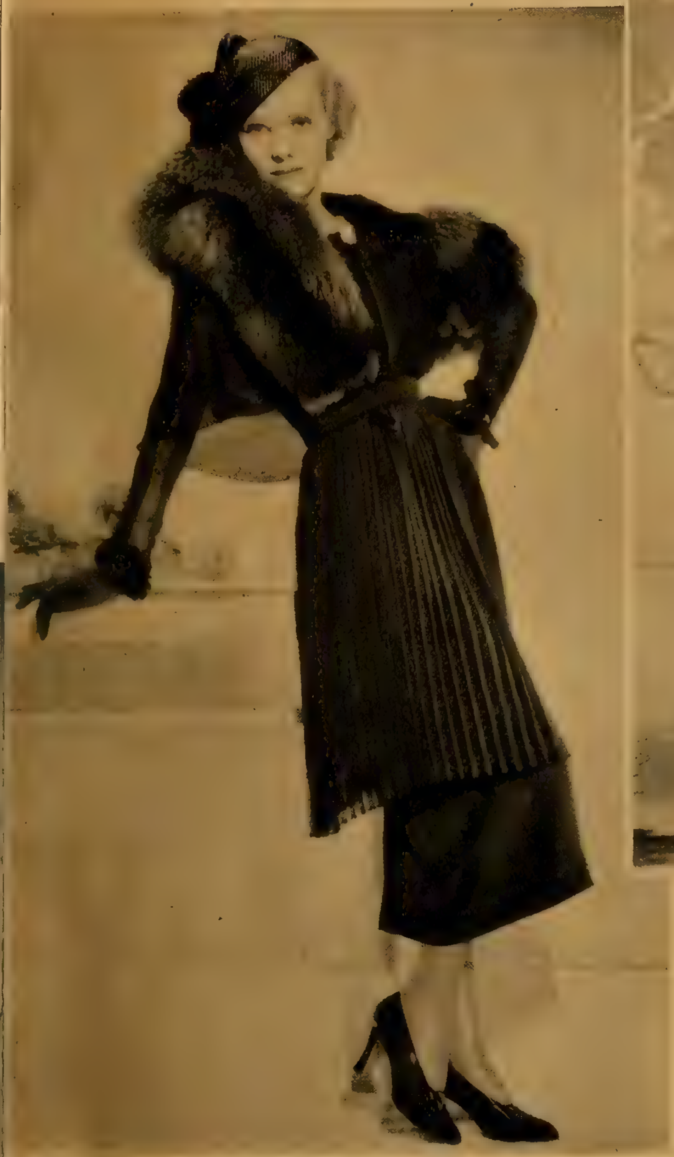
Madeleine's black crêpe frock features a hip-length jacket accented around the neckline by a ruffling of white *mousseline de soie*. For street wear



This gown for formal wear, features a high waistline and yards of velvet. . . . Note the fullness. This year velvet is as smart for summer as it is for winter wear. Burgundy color

At right, Madeleine chooses lacquered satin for evening—the black sheen of the gown is contrasted by four pale pink camellias. The shoulders are draped with wide pieces of the satin tied in the back

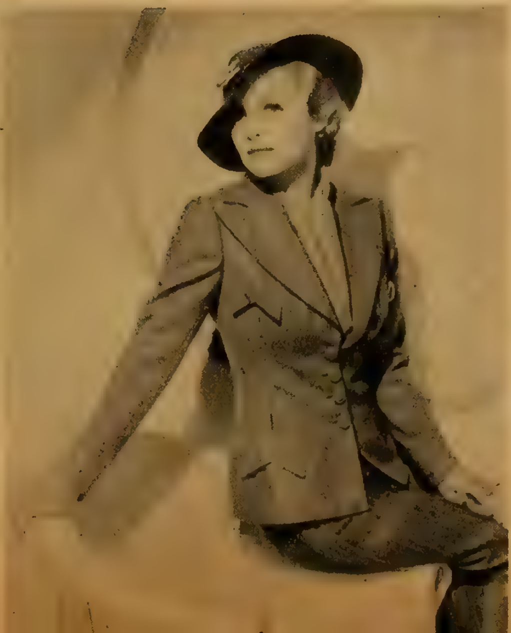


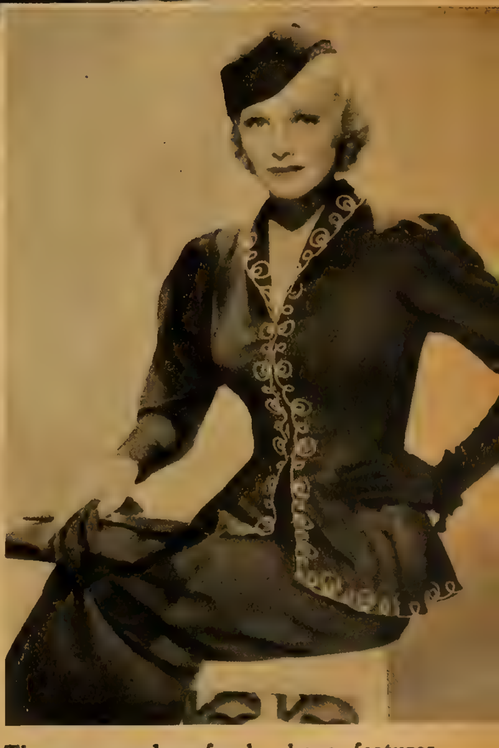


Above, Madeleine wears a frock featuring a straight skirt topped by a long tunic of narrowly pleated chiffon. Note the black straw turban, the silver fox cape and black accessories

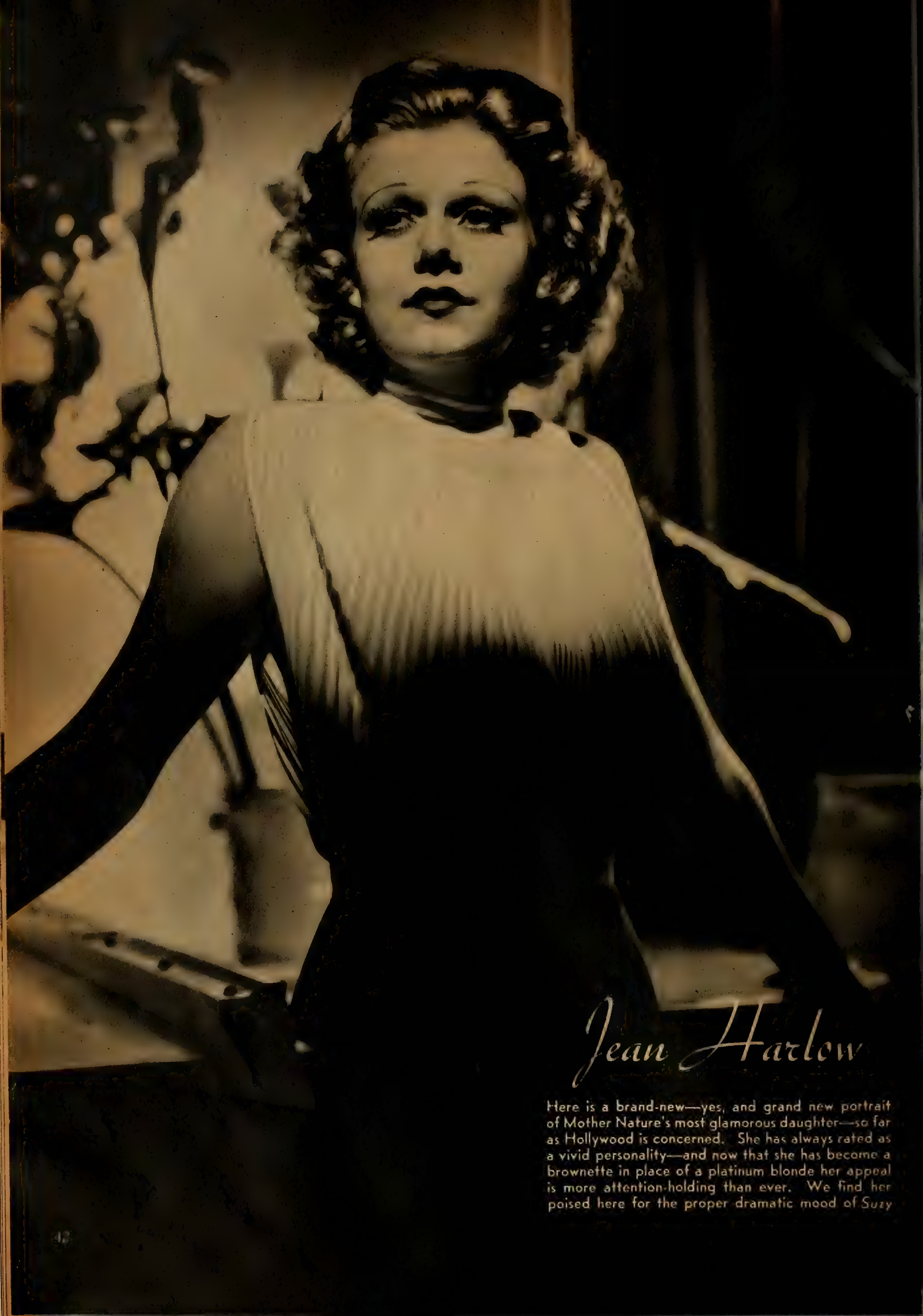
Write to Sally Martin, fashion editor, MOTION PICTURE, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, for personal help with your wardrobe. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope

This grey tailored suit is intricately cut, featuring the jacket of grey worsted and skirt of mannish serge in a darker shade of the same color—with a pin-stripe of white





The very modern frock, above, features black crêpe, highlighted by a scroll border of white soutache braid. Chic?



Jean Harlow

Here is a brand-new—yes, and grand new portrait of Mother Nature's most glamorous daughter—so far as Hollywood is concerned. She has always rated as a vivid personality—and now that she has become a brownette in place of a platinum blonde her appeal is more attention-holding than ever. We find her poised here for the proper dramatic mood of *Suzy*

The black-eyed, dark-haired Steffi Duna is a vivid personality. The color screen needs her

Steffi has a colorful rôle in *Anthony Adverse*

STEFFI is a Perfect Type for COLOR

By Virginia T. Lane

SHE'S a dancing pirate—she's stolen first place on the color screen! You saw her in *La Cucaracha*. You saw her make that first two-reel venture in Technicolor the talk of the nation. Her name is Steffi Duna. She's small, black-eyed, as warmly vibrating as a rhapsody from her own native Hungary.

"Why shouldn't I a-dorre color pictures?" she tells you with an almost naïve simplicity. *"They gave me a face!"*

Gave her a face indeed! If you've seen her in black-and-white film—as the tempestuous *Neleta*, for instance, playing opposite Fredric March in *Anthony Adverse*—you know *she* doesn't need the medium of color to be a pulse-throbber. But the color screen needs *her*. It was proved by *La Cucaracha*.

"She is a five point Technicolor star," says Natalie Kalmus, foremost authority on the subject in Hollywood. "By that I mean she has the five distinct qualities an actress requires to reach the top in this new field. ***A colorful complexion; a contrasting shade of hair; natural rhythm (color accents a woman's gracefulness you know); a personality vivid enough to counter-balance the most brilliant kind of setting; and she's the type that can wear picturesque clothes.*** **In fact, I credit Steffi Duna with being the first star to make the public really color screen-conscious."**

Perhaps being such a vivid little person makes for a vividly high-lighted life. Certainly Steffi's has been that. It was Noel Coward who gave her the name of "Duna" and invited half of London to the christening party. It was Francis Lederer who brought her to stage fame in a Berlin opera house—in less than ten minutes!

"Ah, that Francis!" her eyes spoke eloquently. "He is one of the greatest friends I have ever had! While I was making *The Dancing Pirate* he was working on the same lot, United Artists, in *One Rainy Afternoon*. Sometimes he came to see me. But romance between us now? *Non!* I still think he is one of the finest men on earth, though. Really fine and *beeg*—always helping others, giving his fortune to a beautiful ideal, that of world peace. I am glad, *proud*, that he comes from a country bordering mine . . ."

FRANCIS of Czecho-Slovakia. Steffi of Hungary. Of the Blue Danube really—and all the bright romance of it sings in her blood. In Budapest, you see, children are weaned on the gypsy music that is like an obligato to the sibilant rush of the river. Steffi could dance to it before she could talk. And the Berinde family looked on this child of theirs with cocked eyebrow and speculative glance. There were three others beside her, a sister and two brothers. Together they formed a small orchestra with the boys doubling in brass and Papa Berinde waving the baton. Those concerts are Steffi's pleasantest memory. That and the ice skating on the lakes of Város Liget. She was an excellent skater, a still better dancer. But it was as an astute mimic that she entertained her mother's friends on her Thursday afternoon teas.

"You see," the small Steffi would explain gravely, "we are in a cinema and I am the audience." A loud "bravura" from her sister at the piano. Then, accompanied by suitable music (it was in the days of silent pictures), she would imitate the various audience reactions. The tenseness before the villain drew the dagger, the excitement as the hero

[*Continued on page* 84]

Gail Patrick is one of the screen's most fascinating sirens. *Early to Bed* proves it, likewise *My Man Godfrey*

The Girl Whom HOLLYWOOD Can't Understand

Gail Patrick, realizing she was getting nowhere, had to change her personality. It took a lot of will-power but she's over

By Ruth Biery

IT SEEMED impossible. Even though you know life is stranger than fiction—still, no girl *could* change so completely in either life or in fiction! I had known Gail Patrick a few years ago when she first came to Hollywood as one of the four winners of a screen contest. The others were Kathleen Burke, Verna Hillie and Lona Andre. Gail, alone, reached the top. I would have expected her to be the first to make an exit! Or drift hopelessly with the Hollywood tide.

In the first place, she wasn't interested in pictures. She told me, "I'm going to be a famous lawyer." She graduated from Howard College and had taken law at the University of Alabama. "I am returning to Alabama to go into politics."

And she certainly looked more like a budding lawyer than a budding actress! Angular, awkward, independent-appearing. Not pretty. Seaweed hair; a figure you could not judge through its unsuitable draperies; eyes that defied rather than intrigued. You, instinctively, knew that men—at least, men of the world—would give her a single glance and forget her.

Today, Gail Patrick is one of the most popular women in Hollywood. Despite her rumored engagement to one of the owners of The Brown Derby, other men keep her telephone buzzing from early in the morning until early the next morning. And she is considered one of the most fascinating young temptresses on the screen.

As she sat in her new dressing room—a reward for her work in Paramount pictures—I kept reiterating, "Gail, I would not have known you." Even her laugh, repeated each time I made the comment, was a part of her new personality. I remembered it as—well, as awkward, like the rest of her. Now it floated easily, like an unhurried cloud in a leisurely breeze. Her gown was smart without being officious. Her hair—I wondered what she had done about it.

"Been working four years on the hair," she admitted. "This is the latest and I like it the best. I had to learn about simplicity, you see. In fact, I had to learn about everything.

"I suppose the reason I determined to prove I could do it was because everybody said I couldn't. We all like to win battles, of course. When they offered me fifty dollars a week, I figured it wasn't enough to make me leave home. They raised it to $60 and then $75. Three hundred dollars a month was big money and I thought I'd better take it. Naturally, I handled my own contracts. I was a lawyer. When it came to the twelve-week lay-off clause—I tossed the contract back and refused to sign it. They gave me fifty weeks. I don't know why but I suspect it was because of my independence. I really didn't want it, you see.

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FAY WRAY'S *Design for* Marriage

By Dorothy Spensley

Fay Wray is currently appearing in Columbia's *Roaming Lady*

Here's an "easy-to-make" pattern from one of Hollywood's ten best unions. It's a fine formula if you know how to work it. Fay does

TO auburn-haired, Canada-born Fay Wray all this chatter about "how to hold your husband" and "how to indulge in a happy marriage" is so much unnecessary hooey. She has one simple, unwavering rule which she flaunts convincingly—because her marriage to novelist-scenarist-director John Monk Saunders is rated as one of Hollywood's "ten best." The rule is "freedom of thought, plus inter-dependence upon each other."

Two years ago I tried to wangle Fay into giving her matrimonial success secrets, and the only answer I could get was: "my marriage is successful because my husband is John Monk Saunders." She had been married, then, for six years. It takes eight years of wedded life to produce anything like a commandment, and Hollywood is a tough place in which to stay continuously married.

As a matter of record, statistics recently proved that West Coast wives (that does not mean Hollywood in particular, but the entire West Coast) had greater difficulty in keeping their legal mates than did East Coast wives. Whether it was the climate, or the temptations, was not said, but when a West Coast wife, like the stellar Mrs. Saunders, comes forth with a neat commandment for husband-holding, it's a good idea to listen: especially with the fresh crop of June (1936) brides settling down to the problem of Being a Good Wife to George.

Fay Wray's marriage was a love match. Realization that she loved this dark-haired, straight-nosed, handsome young writer came to her when she was playing with Gary Cooper in *Legion of the Condemned*. Saunders, author of *Wings*, had written this war aviation story, too. Fay was leading lady. "Until I saw John," she confessed, "I never thought I would marry. I had the usual vague, youthful ideas about matrimony. No man had ever stirred my imagination enough to set me to thinking that I wanted to be his wife. Then I met John."

If *Legion of the Condemned* was the picture that set the seal to the Saunders' romance, *The First Kiss* which took Fay and Gary Cooper on location to Maryland in 1928 was the film that hastened the marriage. Saunders, like one of his own fictional heroes, couldn't bear the separation from Fay. She couldn't stand being parted from him. They were married in Easton, Maryland, on June 15th.

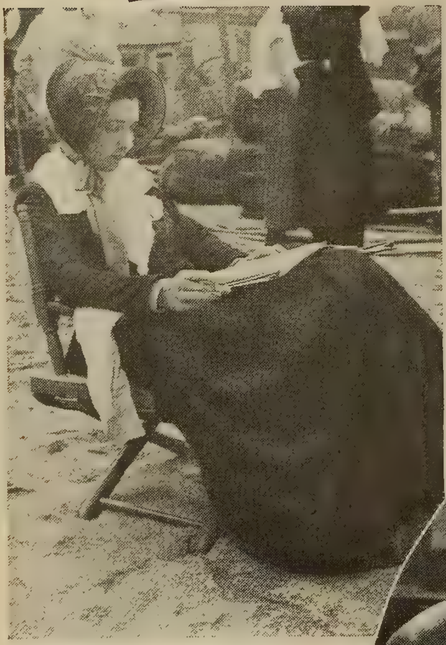
IT HAS taken more than six years for Fay to learn to talk freely about her marriage. Fay, as you grow to know her, is deeply romantic, sentimental. She thrills to old tender memories and kindnesses long forgotten by others. She has a hidden emotional life beneath the beauty of her face, the perfection of her figure, that few ever penetrate. Within, she kept the real joy of her marriage. She was afraid to "tempt the gods" lest they destroy her happiness, if she gave forth her rules for marital bliss.

Now, she is not afraid to talk about it. Fay, the girl-wife, has become Fay, the very young matron. The obvious answer is that Fay has become more confident of herself. Blame it on her trips to England, the continent, Nassau. Travel broadens, they say. The change in Fay has been inward and mental.

As a youthful wife, not long out of Hollywood High School, with a background of "quickie" westerns [*Continued on page* 86]

The TALK *of*

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood



Kay *(Florence Nightingale)* Francis finds relaxation after administering to wounded soldiers in *The White Angel*

HOLLYWOOD always gets giggles out of the things European countries do to its films. Look: In Sweden, they renamed *The Country Doctor* making it *Doctor—Come at Once!* In Czecho-Slovakia (that's where Francis Lederer was born) the censors took a whole year to decide to admit Mae West's *I'm No Angel* for the Czechs to see. And in Naziland, while they're going simply nuts over Tom Mix in *Texas Hero,* the Nazi censors have absolutely forbidden showings of the Quints in *The Country Doctor!* They gave no reason.

Suite and Scrumptuous

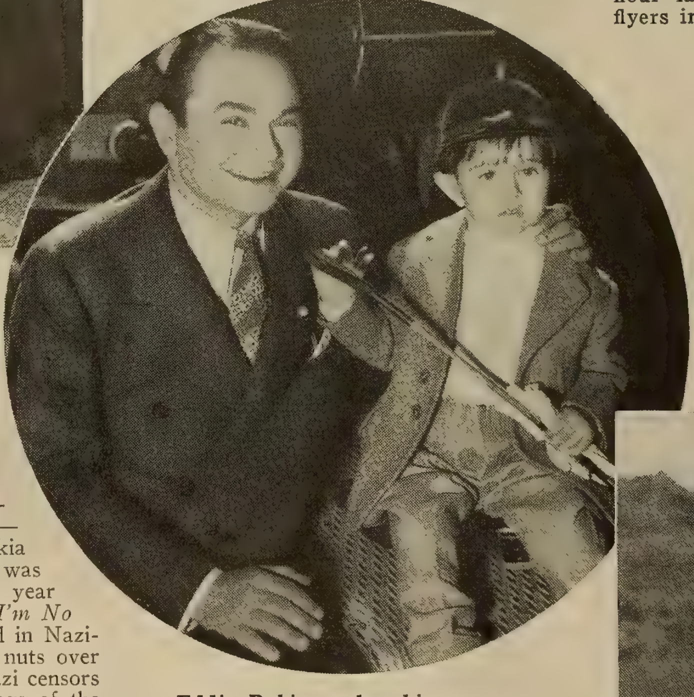
COLUMBIA still isn't taking serious Grace Moore's fulminations that she won't return to the screen, ever. They're going right ahead finishing her new suite—living room with specially constructed furniture and aquamarine-and-ashes-of-roses decorations; dressing room completely panelled in mirrors on all four walls, with cedar lined closets behind; and a kitchen—with a master chef's set of cookware, and all the linen and silver engraved or embroidered with her monogram!

Joel Stands By

PAUSE to Hollywood's playing was the real-life drama of two of its veteran stand-ins: Arnold Grey, stand-in for Joel McCrea, and Mrs. Arnold Grey, professionally known as Josephine Ramos, stand-in for Dolores Del Rio. The wife became ill some time ago. Joel McCrea immediately purchased the best auto trailer the market offered, sent Arnold and his sick wife into the mountains. The wife, however, died. Two days later, Arnold died of a heart attack, caused by grief. They were buried together.

No Melodic Asides

NO MORE flip wisecracking and buffoonery on the Dick Powell sets. Returning to work after a two-months layoff, following his voice collapse, Dick Powell is as unlike his former self as you can imagine. He used to be a clown on the set, and frequently break out into not-in-the-script songs as well. But now, working in *Stage Struck,* Dick shows his deep worry over his voice by being quiet, silent, serious-faced. No wonder. That voice means a million, at least, to Dick and nobody's gonna be funny when a million dollars hangs by a cord—a vocal cord.



Eddie Robinson has his youngster, Manny, decked out as a jockey just in case he is asked to give him a piggy-back ride

Quoit All Right

ON THE MGM lot: Bob Taylor passes Joan Crawford's dressing room. (There'd been whispers that all was not well between them.) Out pops Joan's head. "Thanks," she cries to Bob, smiling broadly, "for telling me about that phonograph record. It's swell."

"Yeah," grins back Bob; "it's my favorite. Glad you like it."

The tune?—*You Started Me Dreaming.*

A half hour later, Joan and Bob were pitching quoits between shots of *The Gorgeous Hussy.*

Storm-Conscious Now

RUTH CHATTERTON'S airplane-flying is getting to the dangerous stage. What mightn't have happened if she hadn't listened to her instructor and spent $2,000 for a radio in her plane was shown when, after getting weather reports on the new set, she avoided a storm area which, an hour later, claimed the life of two flyers in a crash.

The Better To Scare You With

BELIEVE it or not, but Clark Gable's so tired of being worshipped and fan-mobbed and girl-surrounded on his vacation trips that he's gone into a huddle with make-up man, Jack Dawn, at MGM, and they've rigged up a trick make-up which can't be spotted, but so changes Clark's appearance that he can't be recognized.

Eleanore Whitney is about to shove off in her new skimmer. The girl makes a deck-orative figure in her Jantzen suit

Hollywood

Elizabeth Russell, one of Hollywood's better lookers, is a newcomer who debuts in *Girl of the Ozarks*. She was once a model who posed for magazine covers

Silhouetted against the sky—with a come-hither appeal which no one can deny, June Travis sets herself for the first plunge of the season. June has the figure to decorate any sky—or beach for that matter. It takes exercise to bring healthy curves

Righto—And All That

LAUGH of the month in Hollywood is at Ian Hunter's expense. When Ian first came to America he worked hard to get rid of his thick English accent, and succeeded. But now he's been cast in *White Angel* in a part requiring him to be an ultra-ultra-Englishman—and darned if he didn't have to hire a tutor to get the thick English accent back again, for the rôle . . . !

And Sudden Cops

LAUGH, too, at Frances Drake. While playing in *And Sudden Death,* that preachment-from-the-screen against reckless driving, she was given a speed ticket by a traffic cop, on her way to the studio.

Have You a li'l Joan at Home?

THEY used to name babies after presidents. Now—well, your reporter has been checking the studios where they keep such records, and here are the figures: there are 249 babies named after Claudette Colbert; Carole Lombard runs a close second with 241 named after her, with Joan Crawford hot on her heels with 237. Already, there are records of 81 Fred MacMurrays, one's final name being Lebinowitz—and isn't *that* a combination! Scores are named after Gary Cooper, Clark Gable. And countless hundreds are so named after screen stars, on whom the studios have no record.

Stokowski Next?

WHO'LL fall for the films next? Hollywood, amazed, has discovered that Ignace Jan Paderewski, world-famed pianist, one-time President of Poland, has signed to do a rôle for a British movie company!

Look Out Boys for Nanook!

THAT foursome gang of hell-raisers—Ronnie Colman, Warner Baxter, Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess, a sort of FOUR Musketeers of the Screen—are at it again. For years, they've been vacationing together. This year, they're completing plans to charter a yacht, tour Alaskan waters together. And won't that be a break for the Esquimamas?!

Not Oxford English

HOLLYWOOD is snickering at what was revealed when a surprise reel was screened at a recent studio party. It consisted of the shots the camera and mike recorded when certain of the biggest stars in films "blew up" and forgot their lines. The film could never be shown publicly. You'd be surprised the words some of our nicest stars—ladies, too!—say when they forget their lines. And forget, too, that the cameras and the sound machines are still recording them!

All Abo'd Fo' Hahlemwood!

STEPIN FETCHIT has a new idea. He's buying up a big tract of land on the Southeast limits of Los Angeles, and is promoting a snooty Negro residential district. He's going to call it "Harlemwood."

Egg Dropper Scrambles Love

MGM has a $2,000 egg. Just an ordinary hen's egg—but it cost the studio the $2,000. Like this: In the midst of a rapt love scene between Bob Taylor and Joan Crawford in *The Gorgeous Hussy,* the hen—part of the background setting—let loose a loud cackle, and kept on cackling. It ruined the "take," of course. Then it hopped up and displayed the reason—a freshly-laid egg. They had to shoot the scene—a long one, over, and computed the cost at $2,000. Now nobody dares eat the egg. It'd be living beyond even Louis B. Mayer's means.

[*Continued on next page*]

Squaring the Budget

BETTE DAVIS, who insists that a gal doesn't have to be a movie star to dress well, has drawn up a budget for the $20-a-week girl. It includes these monthly items: Rent, $15; food, $23; insurance, $3.50; carfare, $3; clothes, $25.50; miscellaneous, $10; savings, $5. Clothes?—her yearly program for the $20-a-week girl: Dress suit, $15; swagger suit, $19.50; black crepe dress, $10; two summer dresses, $30; summer suit, $10; two evening outfits, $25 each; coat, $16.50; four hats, $15; five pairs of shoes, $25—and $20 for accessories and trimmings. But Bette doesn't do it herself!

How About Some Guppies?

MERLE OBERON mentioned that she wished she had a few goldfish for her new home. Her friends ganged up on her. Next day, from all over, goldfish began to arrive. By nightfall, she had 43 of them! She's keeping them all.

A Few "Befores and Afters"

BOB TAYLOR and Bob Montgomery have been doing tricks with their weight. Taylor was too thin, so the studio bosses asked him to put on some weight. Obligingly, in two weeks, Bob added 13 pounds—and looks a lot better. Montgomery, on the other hand, practiced so strenuously for the fencing he had to do for *Trouble for Two* that he dropped ten pounds in the same two weeks.

Incidentally, talking of pre-picture assignments, Bruce Cabot and Philip Reed got the sweetest orders of all for their rôles in *Last of the Mohicans.* Their bosses told them to take two weeks, with pay, and spend it on the beach all day long—getting so tanned they'd look like Indians. That was a break for Bruce and Phil—and the beach gals, too!

The Boy Grows Older

FOR the first time, Freddie Bartholomew has gone into long pants. He's, as usual, very dignified about it. "They feel much better," he said, seriously. "Besides, it's more dignified than running about with my bare knees protruding!"

Arline—Not a Bookie

ARLINE JUDGE got a letter from a fan that for sheer nerve and implicit trust, tops anything she ever had before. It said that the writer had read Arline was lucky at picking winning horses. Enclosed was a $2.00 money order. "Put the two bucks on a horse for me and send me the winnings, please," the letter concluded. Arline returned the $2.

Brown Threads Among the Gold

AND the gals' hair still goes from blonde to brown. Joan Bennett's let hers go back from the induced blonde to its natural light brown. Mary Carlisle hasn't gone all the way—she's adopting what she calls a "champagne brownette." Jean Parker, instead of fussing with the color of hers, is letting it grow long; says "no more bobs." But toughest break in the hair-darkening craze came to Mae Clarke. Signed for a rôle in *Ticket to Paradise* at Republic, she reported to the studio with her blonde hair dyed brown, following fashion. They took one look at her, screamed that they wanted a blonde for the rôle. And was Mae's face red!

Joan—a College Widder?

JOAN CRAWFORD may become a "college widow" this year. The gag is this: Hubby Franchot Tone, always a serious student, plans to return to Cornell University during the summer session, to complete his studies and obtain a Master's degree. He specializes in philosophy and ethics. Already he has done some work for his degree—prepared a very lengthy thesis on the technical angles of movie-making.

Temperament Takes Fadeout

THE storm of temperament and confusion that ushered Simone Simon of Paris into the 20th Century-Fox star roster has subsided. The little French gal, signed in Paris by Winfield Sheehan before Sheehan was out in the new Fox set-up, came to America convinced that temperament was the open sesame to a beeg career. She tried it. As a result, she was "out" of one picture after another. Now Simone is the best-behaved gal on the lot—and they're expecting her to hit the tops.

It's not a tramp seated with Carole Lombard—it's her ex-hubby, Bill Powell. They co-star in *My Man Godfrey*

Three Exits—and an Entrance

IF WE take their word for it, we're going to lose three of our top screen actors. Garbo, Leslie Howard, Chaplin . . . ! Garbo, back in Hollywood, talking more than ever before, talked so much as to tell friends that after two more pictures, she's through with the screen forever. Then she'll go back to Sweden, never to return to Hollywood. "I want," she explains, "to retire while I am still a favorite."

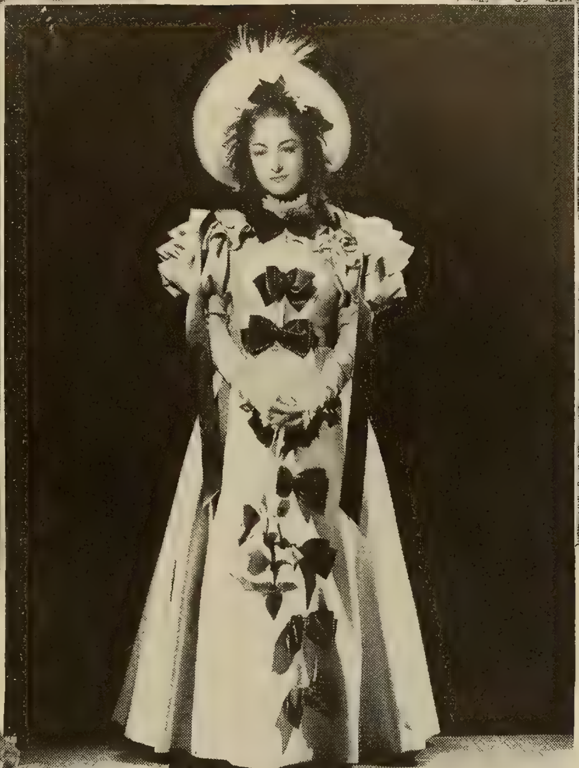
In Asia, Chaplin, homebound with Paulette Goddard, announces that he is through with acting forever, and that, henceforth, he will devote himself to writing and directing screen plays for Paulette.

And Leslie Howard, sailing for London, announces, flatly, that he has definitely retired from the screen as

Bob Burns, the Arkansas Traveler, who supports Bing Crosby on the air, also plays with Bing in *Rhythm on the Range*

There'll be no tanning for Joan Blondell—who affects a nifty beach outfit to stave off the sun

Simone Simon, soon appearing in *Girl's Dormitory,* wears shorts and tuck-in shirt for relaxation



Joan Crawford as *Peggy O'Neal* in *The Gorgeous Hussy,* wears a type of gown popular in 1840

These voluptuous and good-looking *Three Cheers for Love* cuties stage a sword dance in the forthcoming musical

an actor, and will hereafter do either stage plays, or direct movies. But there's an "if"—he says he may play a rôle in his first personally produced film. In contrast to all that is Luise Rainer's ebullient happiness over picture-making. "I am so happy in Hollywood," she told friends the other evening, "that I am here for keeps."

Remember When?

ALL the old-timers in Hollywood are besieging MGM, which has become, apparently, the old stars' heaven. Working on the lot are such old-timers as Agnes Ayres, King Baggott, Billy Clifford, Robert Wayne, Fred Warren.

Not a Bit of All Right

LONDON doesn't seem to be any too good to America's favorites. Remember how they laughed poor Ramon Novarro off the stage some weeks ago? And see what happened to Constance Bennett!—a series of nervous breakdowns while making a picture there. And now Sylvia Sidney and Anita Louise step off the train in London into a howling mob of un-policed fans. So terrific was the crush and the mauling that Sylvia fainted, had to be carried to a waiting automobile. Anita took it standing up—but was so man-handled that she left the station in bitter tears.

Okay Beverly, Come On Bing!

THE millennium has come. All Hollywood is astounded. But none more so than Clark Gable, himself. His horse, *Beverly Hills* won a race at last! And funny part of it, the horse paid $26 for a $2 mutuel ticket—and the tale is that Clark didn't have a red penny on the animal's nose! Now if Bing Crosby's horse can win a race—any of them—it'll be a worldwide sensation!

Stinging Good Time

AN AIR raid on the MGM lot the other day had Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery, Lionel Barrymore and others huddling in terror in their dressing-rooms. Raiders were a great swarm of bees, from the ranch of an apiarist near the studio. Swarming, they chose the dressing-room row at Metro for their stunt. To enter or leave the rooms was impossible until the bees finally clung in a great mass about the queen bee—and the studio called the bee-man who put them in a box, took them back home.

Whoa-a-a Katie!

"RACE-HORSE Katie" is what they call Hepburn now—and not because she's emulating Clark Gable and Bing Crosby on the hoss tracks, either. It's because she's never still. Latest woe is that of RKO's wardrobe department, which can't get Katie long enough for fittings for the *Mary of Scotland* costumes—so they've got one set of measurements and make the costumes to that and trust to Allah they fit Katie.

No Sepia-Colored Stars

STUDIOS, especially with technicolor crashing on, have turned thumbs down on the stars' summer sun-tans. Even Joan Crawford, suntannest of them all, who usually got as brown as a plug of tobacco during hours of nude sun-bathing in her walled-in garden, has heard the command from the front office. Ditto Claudette Colbert, Constance Bennett and Jean Harlow.

Write to Jimmy!

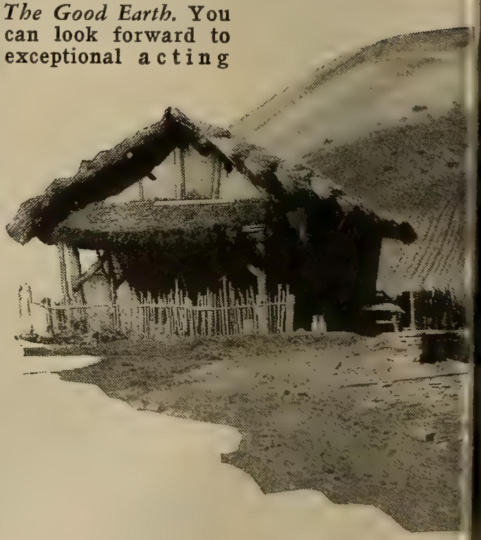
HERE'S a contest for you fans to enter. It's run by Jimmy Dunn, and it's all his own idea. He offers $50 to the gal who writes the best leap-year proposal letter. He's not alone as judge, though. His mother, a director, an actress, and a newspaper friend will help Jimmy pick the winner. Go to it, gals—and who knows—you may even get Jimmy, PLUS the fifty!

[*Continued on page* 88]

The Man Who Can't Be TYPED

By Ida Zeitlin

Paul Muni and Luise Rainer play the central characters in *The Good Earth.* You can look forward to exceptional acting



You don't have to look any further than Paul Muni to find one star so gifted that he has made acting an art. A master of make-up as well as moods he is able to assume any characterization and make it genuine—never typed

"THAT was a sweet job you made of *Pasteur,* Mr. Muni," someone said to him.

He opened his lips for the conventional response, but something in the speaker's face or in the sunlit air or in his own mood made him laugh instead. "Which face will you have?" he inquired. "The 'I'm-so-glad-you-liked-it'—simple sincerity—or the 'D'you-really-think-so?'—eager gratitude—or the shy?" And he cast down his eyes and dug one toe into the ground. "That's all I've had time to practice so far," he grinned.

After days of glooming, California had come out of the sulks and was showing what she could do in the way of weather. A soft blue sky arched over the rolling hills of Chatsworth, where *The Good Earth* company was on location. Plumy clouds dappled the landscape with quietly moving shadows. The breeze was just fresh enough to make the sun's warmth feel pleasant and, despite the activity of men and machines, the prevading sense was one of peace.

Whether it was in the air that day or in Muni always, I don't know. To meet a man for the first time and chart his temperament needs a psychologist or magic. I can only report that to me he seemed at one with the day's cheerful serenity—ready with equal good humor for work, for talk and for laughter.

He was in the midst of a scene when I saw him first, standing among the wheat—a well-knit figure in blue blouse, earth-stained trousers bound at the ankles, and rope shoes, his queue wound into a clump at the nape of his neck. I didn't know what sequence was being shot, but I didn't have to know. It was all told in Muni's face and gestures. One brown hand shading his eyes, he scanned the heavens. Then you could all but see some force leap into his body, as he bent suddenly to the scythe and started cutting the wheat with the furious, desperate energy of one who knows that his life and others depend on his harvesting the crop before the storm breaks.

The scene over, he came striding toward the road, and was waylaid by a photographer, waiting to take some stills of him with Luise Rainer, who plays his wife.

"But I've just come off," he protested, fingers posed dramatically at his chest. "I'm emotionally upset."

Knowing his Muni, the still-man grinned and adjusted his camera. Miss Rainer looked drowsy, having been roused from a brief post-luncheon siesta.

"I am so sleepy," she yawned.

"Come on, Luise—" Muni's voice dropped to a pontifical bass. "Give your all. This is for your art."

Serious-minded, I'd heard him called, with that hint of reproach given the word by one element in Hollywood—and pictured to myself a man who gazed at you, broodingly, from under heavy brows while his thoughts turned inward. I found him simple and friendly, easy to talk to, easier still to listen to, willing to give his opinions when they were asked for, dropping by preference into banter when he got the chance.

Serious-minded he is, if by that you mean that he likes books and music and a quiet domestic happiness better than night clubs—that, being blessed with a brain, he prefers the discussion of ideas to gossip—that he puts his heart into his work, "though when I hear some of the stories," he said, "about the lengths I go to immerse myself in a part, I snicker quietly up my Chinese sleeve—" —and that he hates all forms of tawdriness, including the sob-sister screed, "where they say terrible things about me," he observes solemnly, "that I like my wife, for instance." But if you think there's anything heavy-handed or self-important or moody about all this, forget it. Muni pursues his natural interests—which happen to be largely those of the mind—gets plenty of fun and stimulation from the process and knows too well the comparative places of himself and the universe to be over-impressed by the former.

AS FOR taking his work seriously, of course he does. Who doesn't, that's worth his salt and respects his profession? Muni's an actor—a rarer thing than you might suspect on the screen, where personalities capture the public imagination and go on repeating themselves in rôle after rôle till the brief chapter ends. Muni's been an actor for twenty-eight years, ever since the time when, to meet an emergency, he was drafted to play the character part of an old man in his father's troupe and did it so well that they kept him on in the rôle. He was eleven then. That's why he hasn't been typed—first, because he refused to be and, second, because he proved he didn't have to be. He has won his high place, not through a pair of captivating dimples nor a he-man virility nor a pleasant suavity of manner nor the knack of tossing off wisecracks. He has won it because, through a long and weary apprenticeship, he mastered the art of acting, so that you accept him now in any type of rôle he chooses to play—so that the vicious *Scarface,* the sturdy, slow-witted miner of *Black Fury,* the round-shouldered chemist of *Pasteur* with his passion for truth, seem to you separate people leading their separate lives, and not Paul Muni with or without a beard. If you should be asked to name three others who create the same illusion, you'd be hard put to it.

On top of *Louis Pasteur,* Paul Muni furnishes another perfect cameo as the Chinese farmer in *The Good Earth*

Thalberg must have recognized the fact when, two years ago, he said: "I want Muni for *Wang* in *The Good Earth.* I don't know anyone else who can do it." Here was no papier maché Oriental who could don kimonos and have his eyes lifted and, for the purposes of a tinsel story, pass for what he wasn't. Wang is a man whose roots grow deep in the soil of China. The actor who played him would be surrounded by the real thing. If he couldn't bring the character to the screen as a true Chinese, better not to bring him at all.

"That's what worries me," said Muni, "—how I'm going to fit in with them—" and his glance swept the Chinese extras and bit-players seated in the grass, lolling in the shadow of haystacks. "How I'm going to make 'Oh, it's all right' sound as if a Chinese farmer were saying it, and not an American actor. You couldn't make any mistake about Pearl Buck's characters. Though they spoke English, they could have been nothing but Chinese. How am I going to get the same effect with my un-Chinese gestures and manners and way of thinking? Oh, well—" his teeth flashed white from the yellow-brown of *Wang's* make-up. "The girls'll go for me, anyway, in this costume." Or in other words: "Why should I bother you with my worries?"

INSTINCTIVELY, he rejected the thought of playing *Wang* when Thalberg first broached it. But let him tell the story himself.

"Well, it was this way," he begins dutifully. "Two years ago Thalberg invited me to lunch at his beach house, and tried to sell me the idea. I, of course, was very much flattered. Thalberg represented to me one of the most, if not the most important person in pictures. His wanting me for a story like this set me all but purring with pleasure. At the same time, like most people, I'm naturally lazy. I felt, intuitively, there'd be too many problems to solve. My heart said 'yes', and my indolence said 'no', and I took sides with the latter. 'I see no difficulties', said Thalberg. So I began pointing them out. 'For one thing,' I told him, 'I'm too old for the early part, where *Wang* is so boyish, so naive. I've passed beyond that stage. In fact, I never reached it. I was born old'—convincing myself, of course, as I went [*Continued on page* 89]

The TEN *most interesting* People in HOLLYWOOD

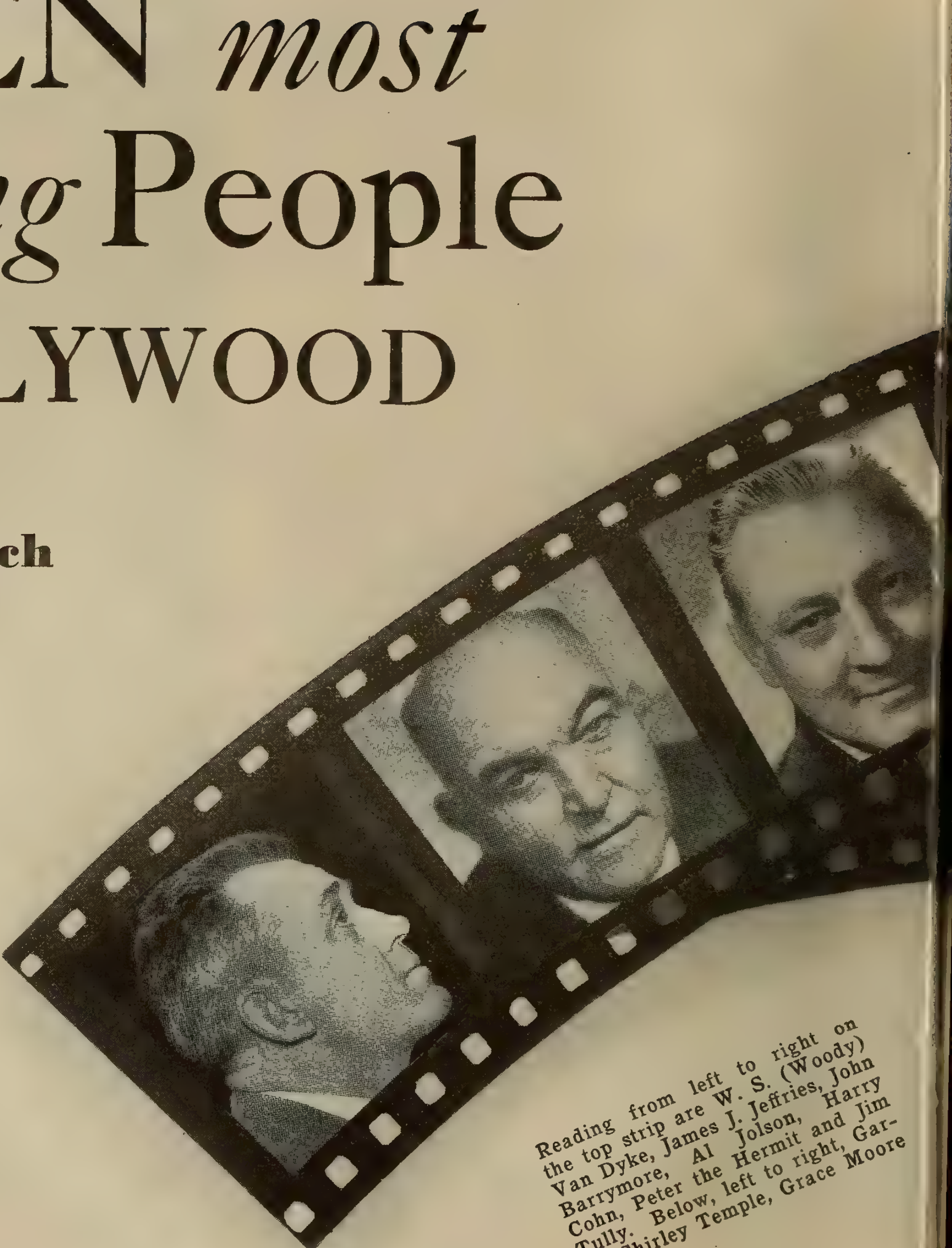
By William F. French

WHO are the ten most interesting people in Hollywood? Remember that this strange and colorful community acts as a magnet to draw people, famous and otherwise, from all over the world. To many it's journey's end.

It wasn't an easy tasks that confronted me. The only sure way to get the answer to this question was by asking—yes asking stars, shop-keepers, technicians, explorers, scientists, delivery boys, extras—and even visitors from all points of the compass.

But when you start asking "everyone"—there must be a limit. Our limit was five-hundred—and when the five-hundredth person answered (it was like taking the census), our books would be closed. They were closed when Barbara Stanwyck, answering our phone call, nominated Carole Lombard as her choice of Hollywood's most interesting person—"because she is so alive, modern, frank and natural that she stands out like a beacon on a lightship in this odd place called Hollywood." Another interesting point in Carole's favor (my own recommendation—not Barbara's) is her ability to shock people right out of their own "acts."

Among the numerous reasons why individuals are classed as "most interesting"—which we considered in compiling our list—are background, accomplishment, personality, and an outstanding ability to entertain. Public curiosity often makes an individual interesting who has no other claim to that quality. He only merits a passing glance.



Reading from left to right on the top strip are W. S. (Woody) Van Dyke, James J. Jeffries, John Barrymore, Al Jolson, Harry Cohn, Peter the Hermit and Jim Tully. Below, left to right, Garbo, Shirley Temple, Grace Moore

So we come to the ten most interesting people in Hollywood. According to the votes of 50 movie stars, and 450 Hollywoodians and visitors, they rate as follows:

1. Shirley Temple
2. John Barrymore
3. Grace Moore
4. W. S. Van Dyke
5. Peter, the Hermit
6. Al Jolson
7. Greta Garbo
8. Jim Tully
9. Harry Cohn
10. Jim Jeffries

And our second team, before the movie fans throughout the country, and the wise ones of Hollywood Boulevard can say, "You must be crazy to leave out so-an-so" is:

1. Irving Thalberg
2. Aimee Semple McPherson
3. Mae West
4. Charlie Chaplin
5. Mary Pickford
6. Irvin S. Cobb
7. Joe E. Brown
8. Josef von Sternberg
9. Tom Mix
10. Bill Robinson

Following the good old all-American system of picking, we shall also name some alternatives. So we give you, Bela Lugosi, Bing Crosby, Errol Flynn, Joan Crawford and Max Reinhardt.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE ranks as Interesting Person No. 1 because more people are inquisitive about her, ask to see her and request her picture than anyone else in this great human sideshow. Also, because she's the youngest star in pictures as well as the greatest box office attraction with the most world-wide appeal of any one living today. No other star, including Charlie Chaplin, has ever half approximated her foreign popularity.

John Barrymore rates second to Shirley because he *is* the most interesting adult person in Hollywood. One of the few geniuses who have ever really won recognition as such, he is the most thoroughly fascinating person in the film colony. Charm and originality blend with keen wit and humor to carry the color of his amazing background right into his every-day life. No one has ever known a dull moment with Barrymore in the immediate foreground. "The most versatile entertainer ever turned loose among humans" is the universal opinion of the brilliant John. To spend an afternoon sharing his keen *bon mots* and daring opinions is worth a walk across the great American desert. And

The good old American custom of picking the ten best of anything has Hollywood all a-dither, mulling over its ten most interesting people. The author, here, selects his ten. Do you agree?

that is the vote of everyone who knows him. Hollywood fears him but also respects him.

Grace Moore's indomitable will, her unusual background, her uproaring sense of humor and her almost unlimited accomplishments—these coupled with a bubbling good-fellowship mark her as a person of outstanding interest to those who know her—while, at the same time, her voice and her publicity accomplish the same with the public at large.

The director, W. S. ("Woody") Van Dyke's adventurous background battles with his galloping personality for the right to mark him as one of Hollywood's most interesting individuals. By his accomplishment in taking enormous production companies to the far corners of the earth, facing terrific handicaps and bringing them back "alive," together with his relentless, two-fisted driving, this man earns a right in any list of the most interesting people. Color is Van Dyke's middle name—for from making "quickies" in the old days to recent super-productions and rushing them through in half-schedule time—he has relied upon a quick wit and two hard fists to pull him through all sorts of adventures.

Personally he is a riot, with only "Wild Bill" Wellman giving him competition for hilarious jokes and by-play. Yet he is perhaps the strictest disciplinarian in pictures during working hours. To be late with Van is to invite instant retaliation, as many a hitherto "can't-take-it" star has discovered. He is the man who gave Bill Powell a new start in pictures and made Garbo enjoy being called "Toots" and "Baby" while he was filming her. An amazing study in contrasts is this same Van Dyke, whose home is full of rare guns and big game trophies, and whose pool is full of neighborhood kids.

About this time the desire to inject Katharine Hepburn into the picture is almost irresistible. But Katharine's effort to avoid attracting attention to herself has kept her off the list, as the votes for her were not as numerous as one would expect.

WHICH brings us to Peter the Hermit, who certainly creates interest as he strides barelegged and sandal-footed down the boulevards with his pack on his back. Once, sometimes twice a month he comes out of seclusion to lay in a month's supply of food and bare necessities—and then returns to the hills. He is as much a part of Hollywood as any pepper tree—and has attracted and held the interest of millions of visitors for many years. Hollywood Boulevard without Peter (there are other hermits, too), would be like Hollywood skies without a preview light—unthinkable!

And now we come to "the Midas of Hollywood," the only one-man circus, Al Jolson—who is the daddy of the Mammy songs and rated the world's greatest entertainer and genuine all-around lucky boy of the movies. Everything this man

[*Continued on page* 87]

Attention KNITTERS!

The National Knitting Contest is over—the judges selecting 14 designs among the many hundreds of entries as worthy of prizes for clever workmanship. The winners are listed below

THE final judging of the hand-knitted garments entered by hundreds of enthusiastic knitters in the National Knitting Contest—sponsored by MOTION PICTURE and MOVIE-CLASSIC (as you know, the Contest was a leading feature of these magazines during the months of March, April and May of this year, and attracted attention all over the U.S.A.) Warner Brothers Pictures, the manufacturers of Bear Brand and Bucilla Yarns and the manufacturers of Fleisher Yarns—was held in the Jansen Room of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, New York, on Monday, May 11th—and was attended by the judges and representatives of the companies, Motion Picture Publications, fashion magazines and the daily press.

Among the guests who acted as judges (all of whom are well known in fashion and society circles) were the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia's former Imperial Court, Mrs. Winifred J. Ovitte, fashion editor of Women's Wear Daily and president of the Fashion Group, Mrs. William H. Hoppin, social leader and handcraft expert, Mrs. Gaynor Maddox, fashion writer and Mrs. Penrose Lyly, authority on fashion trends.

Millions of women (knitters and otherwise) listened in at this meeting which was broadcast over the radio on a national hook-up by the National Broadcasting Company. The judges delighted their listeners—the guests who sat at the luncheon table as well as the unseen audience—with interesting comments on knitting—of how it is sweeping the country by storm. They took the responsibilty of acting as judges of the Contest in very good grace—and all agreed that the knitting vogue is here to stay—that women (and men, too) all over the United States are becoming very proficient in this craft.

THERE were many hundreds of hand-knitted garments received by the sponsors of the Contest, and it took a staff of specialists many days to eliminate the inferior designs—in order to leave the final judging of the best workmanship to the expert attention of the judges at this meeting. The fourteen garments which were unanimously selected as the best were then awarded prizes in accordance with their superior workmanship. The winners are announced in the adjoining box.

WINNERS OF THE MOTION PICTURE-MOVIE CLASSIC NATIONAL KNITTING CONTEST

First Prize: Mrs. C. R. Goudie, Great Falls, Montana. Wins railroad trip with all expenses paid to Hollywood and return—with a week in Hollywood.

Second Prize: Sylvia M. Abel, Fairmont, West Virginia. Wins an airplane trip from New York to Hollywood and return by Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc.

Third Prize: Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, Woodlawn, Maryland. Wins a Mendoza fur coat. ($100.)

Fourth Prize: Ella E. Heydt, Allentown, Pennsylvania. Wins a Tavannes wrist watch. ($100.)

Fifth Prize: Louise Hawkins, Richmond, Virginia. Wins a year's supply of high-grade shoes (A. C. Lawrence Leather Company). ($75.)

Sixth Prize: Hazel Calbaugh, Denver, Colorado. Wins a hand-hooked rug (Fleisher Yarns, Inc.) ($75.)

Seventh Prize: Grace Warren Abbett, Indianapolis, Indiana. Wins a hand-crocheted afghan (Bernhard Ulmann Co., Inc.) ($75.)

Eighth Prize: Dr. Reznikov, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Wins a year's supply of Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings. ($54.)

Ninth Prize: Elizabeth S. Young, Wilmington, Delaware. Wins a year's supply of Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings. ($54.)

Tenth Prize: Eve Furginelle, Fall River, Massachusetts. Wins a year's supply of Lentheric perfume and cosmetics. ($50.)

Eleventh Prize: Margaret Wright, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Wins an evening ensemble of Coro jewelry consisting of rhinestone bracelet, pearl necklace and bracelet with rhinestone clasps. ($50.)

Twelfth Prize: Agnes Sherer, Woodhaven, New York. Wins a year's supply of Maiden Form brassieres and girdles. ($50.)

Thirteenth Prize: David Sanderson, Winona, Mississippi. Wins a Gruen wrist watch. ($50.)

Fourteenth Prize: Mrs. Fred Neilson, Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Wins a year's supply of Corday's Voyage a Paris perfume. ($50.)

The contestants had a choice of making any one of 23 hand-knit designs—posed by Warner stars—these being illustrated in the MOTION PICTURE-MOVIE CLASSIC Knitting Book. Of the stars who wore these creations—Bette Davis, Patricia Ellis, Joan Blondell, Anita Louise, Glenda Farrell, Olivia de Havilland, Jean Muir, Paula Stone, Alma Lloyd, June Travis, Winifred Shaw, Kay Linaker and Marie Wilson—it is interesting to note that about 20 per cent of the garments received were the same one-piece creation worn by Miss Wilson. This garment was one of the easiest to knit. The contestants who knitted it will remember that it featured panels and simulated pleats in the yoke and skirt. This dress cost about $5.20.

Of course, all the contestants being movie fans as well as knitters doubtless saw the Warner stars wearing these creations in Screen Snapshots—a short subject released weekly—and devoted to news events, fashion shows and a multitude of other ideas. This particular release of Screen Snapshots was devoted entirely to the Warner stars as they appeared wearing the knitted dresses at the Fashion Show held in Los Angeles in January.

But if the thousands of women who were contestants thought they would have everything their own way they were due for a big surprise when the judges selected the dress designed by David Sanderson, a 16 year old boy of Winona, Mississippi. His creation showed such fine workmanship—such attention to detail—that he won the thirteenth prize, a $50 Gruen wrist watch. This indicates that the knitting craft isn't monopolized entirely by the gentler sex. According to many fashion authorities husbands, fathers and sons are handy with the knitting needles—and can purl with the best of their feminine relatives.

CATCHING UP WITH HOLLYWOOD TWOSOMES

Rhodes

Glenda Farrell and Addison Randall are one twosome who have been *that* way about each other for some time. Call it love

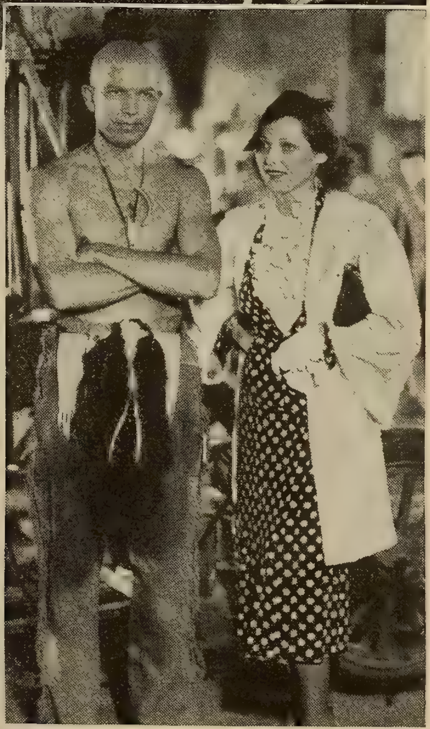
Ever since Irene Hervey busted up with Bob Taylor she's been going around with Allan Jones. Wedding bells may ring

Rhodes

The Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor twosome is still in the palsie-walsie limelight

Rhodes

Cary Grant and Mary Brian are very keen for each other. But you can never tell



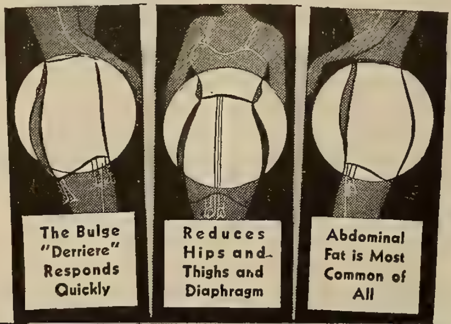
Adrienne Ames may re-marry Bruce Cabot when he completes The Last of the Mohicans. A good Injun

Fredric March and Florence Eldridge are one of Hollywood's happiest married couples—and still in love

. . . REDUCE . . .
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
. . . or no cost!

"REDUCED 9 INCHES" writes Miss Healy

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS


The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
Reduces Hips and Thighs and Diaphragm
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

SUMMER is the IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE

Perfolastic Not Only Confines..it REMOVES
Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their youthful slim figures to the sure, safe way of reduction — Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for *you!*

APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE

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NO DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You will not only reduce, but will have more pep and energy. It is done simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material.

Tiny perforations allow the skin to breathe and the soft, silky inner surface makes the Perfolastic cool and comfortable.

We want YOU to TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE ...at our expense!

Send for FREE sample of the fabric and illustrated booklet. Read about the amazing experiences of others.

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Margaret Lindsay, above, believes in wearing dark glasses to protect her eyes from the sun. Betty Furness, at right, gets a suntan gradually—and uses a good lotion to filter the rays

Comfort and Beauty Meet

by Denise Caine

IT SEEMS to me that the entire problem of Summertime Beauty—suntan, make-up, and personal daintiness—can be solved by a simple rule: . . .

Feel comfortable and *look* comfortable! That does not mean that you can loaf around in wrinkled slacks with neglected skin and hair . . . You wouldn't *be* comfortable then, no matter how hard you tried to fool yourself. And to others, you would present a distressing mental picture of wilted lettuce . . .

But—take this business of suntan, for example. If you find it acutely uncomfortable and difficult to toast your skin to a brownish hue—don't do it! There's no fashion tyrant to say that gals *must* be suntanned in summer to be smart . . . I happen to have the kind of skin that musters up all its meanness when I try to tan it. And besides, I don't like to swim and it makes me dizzy to sit in the sun for more than ten minutes—so I take my sunshine vitamins on the fly, with a liberal coating of protective cream on my skin, to keep it fair *and* comfortable . . .

If your skin, however, takes to the sun readily, then *encourage* it, for you'll be more comfortable doing so than trying to avoid tanning. Even a sun-loving skin, however, can have an overdose, so go about your tanning, gradually, and use a good, reliable lotion to filter the burning rays. There's a grand sunburn lotion on the market that serves two purposes, depending on how much of it you use. Apply it sparingly, and you tan quickly. Apply it lavishly and you don't tan at all.

Even though you *are* a brunette and haven't much to fear from the sun, you should apply this lotion rather generously at first, until your skin becomes adjusted to exposure. A large bottle of this creamy white lotion costs only a dollar. The opaque white fluted bottle, with its orange cap is so attractive that you'll be proud to fish it out of your kit at the beach . . . If you are one of those who thinks that olive oil will give you as much protection as the reputable brands of sunburn preventives, please be advised that chemists have made exhaustive tests which prove that it gives only 10 per cent protection. To say nothing of the fact that lotions and protective creams make your skin *look* nice, while olive oil—well, you don't have to be told . . .

IT'S pretty obvious that you neither look nor feel comfortable when your nose, forehead and chin persist in becoming shiny ten minutes after you've applied your make-up! The problem of keeping your face fresh as a daisy on a July or August day is not such a problem when you take two precautions: (1) use a greaseless, adherent powder base, preferably one with mild astringent action, and (2) apply powder and roûge more sparingly than you do in cool weather. Then your make-up won't disappear or become a gummy mass, as a result of the increased activity of sweat and oil glands.

There are several liquid powder foundations that leave a gossamer-thin finish on the skin rather than a heavy, creamy film. Use one of these in warm weather (and in cool weather, if your skin is extra-oily). Or, if you prefer, a cake-powder preparation that is as beautifying as it is unusual. A mixture of honey, lemon, almond oil and almond meal, this preparation is smoothed on the skin with a tiny sponge moistened in cold water. The honey and lemon have a mildly astringent and cooling effect, and the almond meal forms a coating on your skin that dries, in a moment, to a thin, dull film that powder clings to like mad. Applied correctly, this foundation doesn't dry in streaks; and the proper technique can be mastered in five minutes. One dollar buys a jar that lasts for months. There's a roûge, applied in the same way, that comes with it, if you like. The most permanent I've ever used. However, you can apply any cake roûge over your powder, with this base underneath. It makes no difference.

MORE than anything else, your eyes bear out the "feel comfy and look comfy" theory. Glaring sun is very hard on them, in two ways. The strain causes them to become bloodshot and dull; dust irritates them, and constant squinting causes a network of fine lines to appear in the delicate skin around the eyes. The remedy is three-fold: Wear dark glasses whenever you are in the sun for any length of time; use a cleansing, refreshing eye lotion at least twice a day, and apply an emollient eye cream daily to counteract the drying effects of the sun and the line-forming effects of even occasional squinting. Remember that wide-brimmed hats for street wear are good for the eyes, as well as becoming.

I can give you the name of a new eye lotion that fits into the summer scheme of things beautifully. It comes in a small, flat, blue and white bottle (with a dropper-stopper) that can be tucked cozily into your beach bag, week-end bag, or even your purse. One drop of this clear, water-like fluid has an immediate effect on the appearance of your eyes and on their tired, strained feeling. They become clear and refreshed instantly. And unless your eyes are in this normal condition, it's pretty difficult to look attractive. Use this lotion after any kind of outdoor sport, motoring, or after a hard day spent in typing or sewing. It costs 60 cents.

Eye shadow must be of good quality and it must be applied with extra caution during the summer; if it is applied too lavishly or carelessly it may become runny and smeary, in the increased heat. However, all your shadow-hazards will fade if you use the new brush brought out recently by a firm that is noted for the quality of its eye cosmetics . . . It's the same kind of brush as those used by Hollywood make-up experts (who scorn the finger-smearing method of applying shadow)—just like a water-color brush—and it is tipped with the silkiest of camel's hair. You can apply just as much or just as little shadow as you like, with this brush, and always get a flattering effect. Girls with deep-set eyes, who look cadaverous with shadow that extends

[*Continued on page 61*]

IT WAS JUST A
Radio Romance—
UNTIL...
GOOD THING YOUR RADIO AUDIENCE CAN'T SEE HOW YOUR "SWEETHEART" TREATS YOU OFF THE AIR!
DON'T I KNOW IT! YOU'D THINK I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
WELL, BAD BREATH'S NO JOKE. IF YOU'LL TAKE A FRIENDLY TIP, HUGH, YOU'LL SEE YOUR DENTIST.
SO THAT IS WHY SHIRLEY ALWAYS DOES SUCH A QUICK FADE-OUT AFTER THE SHOW!
HUGH TAKES THE TIP
MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
O.K. DOCTOR...I'M SIGNING UP WITH COLGATE'S!
AFTER THEIR NEXT BROADCAST
WHY DON'T YOU COME UP TO MY HOUSE TO REHEARSE NEXT WEEK'S SONGS, HUGH?
GOOD IDEA!
AND WHAT A GOOD IDEA THAT SWITCH TO COLGATE'S WAS!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with happiness? It's easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull dingy teeth —and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach—while a soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel. So brush teeth, gums, and tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. Get a tube today!

CLEAR YOUR SKIN WITH

MILK

ANN RUTHERFORD WHO PLAYS THE FEMININE LEADING ROLE IN REPUBLIC'S "THE HARVESTER"

Amazing results from new type beauty creme made from fresh dairy MILK

Gone are your worries about coarse pores, blackheads, lines and blemishes, once you start using Creme of Milk. In less than 90 days more than 100,000 women have changed from ordinary creams . . . started using Creme of Milk and are amazed at the speed with which this entirely new-type creme clears the skin and brings back that soft delicate flush of child-like freshness.

Forget all you know about ordinary creams, for Creme of Milk is the first and only beauty creme in the world made from fresh dairy milk. Milk contains a certain fine, penetrating and nourishing oil that does things for your skin no other cream can possibly do. A trial will convince you. You'll see improvement in your skin the very first day. Send now for your trial jar . . . enough to last a whole week for only 10 cents. Use the coupon.

DUART'S
creme of milk

SEND 10c FOR FULL 20c SIZE JAR
SEND 50c OR $1 FOR LARGER RETAIL SIZES

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose (10c) (50c) ($1.00) for which please send me one jar of Creme of Milk at once.

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Address..
City........................State........................8

Men Behind the Stars

FRANK CAPRA

Director of *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*

THE spectacular and award-winning production of 1934, *It Happened One Night*, was directed by a Hollywood genius—Frank Capra. Although Capra had won recognition as a director who could be trusted with a story he didn't allow any momentary success to give him an inflated opinion of himself. He was going along in his quiet, unassuming way, making pictures and making them well. True, he had won encomiums for his sympathetic treatment of *The Miracle Woman* and *Forbidden*, two pictures that starred Barbara Stanwyck. And he continued to apply the human touch in his skillful direction of *Lady for a Day*, the picture that made May Robson a screen star.

Yet it wasn't until he had fashioned *It Happened One Night* that his reputation was firmly established as one of Hollywood's outstanding directors. It was acclaimed such a success that people were asking: "Who is this man Capra?" His knack for combining pathos and humor and making his characters lifelike was something that had escaped most of his contemporaries. Capra's star was now shining brilliantly.

On the heels of his success came *Broadway Bill* which, while not having the entertainment value of the prize-winning picture, still carried out the Capra qualities. After this achievement and feeling that all work and no play might bring about a dull picture, Capra decided to take a year's vacation away from the studio. He returned to make *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*. Its success proved that he was still the master of the human touch. He is now working on James Hilton's best seller, *Lost Horizon*. It stars Ronald Colman. This is without question the director's most ambitious picture as it carries a more pictorial sweep than his previous films.

Frank Capra was born on May 18, 1897, in Palermo, Sicily. His family migrated to America when he was six years old and settled in Los Angeles. His boyhood ambition was to become an engineer. He devoted long hours to study and spent his "playtime" selling newspapers to earn his tuition at California Tech, where he matriculated at the age of eighteen. It was during his freshman year that he won a scholarship prize.

When the United States entered the World War he enlisted in the army and, because, of his remarkable linguistic ability, was appointed an instructor. When Frank returned from the war he had to give up, temporarily, his college education in order to support the family—his father having died during his absence.

A position as tutor enabled him to complete his education—but it had other advantages, too. He had access to an extensive library, and spent many hours reading every type of literature in the hope that, some day, he might turn his creative mind to the writing of stories that others would want to read. He had given some thought to motion pictures, and soon realized that they would be a logical outlet for his stories. So he entered a school and learned what little he could about motion picture production.

BEFORE he signed a long-term contract with Columbia he made two-reelers for Christie Comedies, and Toonerville comedy shorts for the Paul Gerson Company. Eventually he landed a job as writer, director, technician, actor and cutter for Walter Montague, making a one-reel comedy. It won him wide praise and jobs as gag-man for Hal Roach and Mack Sennett.

Capra's next adventure was with Harry Langdon, whom he persuaded to let him direct his first production, *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*. This was followed by *Long Pants* . . . then *The Strong Man*, which was considered one of the best pictures of 1926—some critics even voting it the finest comedy ever made. Langdon soon decided that his director was unimportant, and Frank found himself out of a job.

While disappointed over losing out with Langdon he didn't become discouraged. He waited the chance to do bigger things, and the opportunity came when he was given the job of directing *For the Love O'Mike*, starring Claudette Colbert, who had arrived in Hollywood with a big Broadway reputation. Capra was now on his way upward. Harry Cohn, the boss of Columbia, (he likes his co-workers to be young and ambitious), was impressed by his new director's enthusiasm . . . to say nothing of his pertinent ideas about motion picture direction. He asked him to direct an unimportant program film called *The Certain Thing*. Capra injected so much charm and brilliance into the picture that it was released as a special. As a result he became a full-fledged director, at last, and was given a long-term contract by Columbia.

Among the pictures he has directed are *Submarine*, *The Matinee Idol* and *The Younger Generation*, followed by Jack Holt's first talking picture . . . *The Donovan Affair*. His next success was *Flight*, another production that made motion picture history. Also to his credit are Joe Cook's *Rain or Shine*, *Dirigible* and *Platinum Blonde*—which groomed Jean Harlow for stardom.

Under his new contract, Capra has become one of the highest-paid directors in Hollywood. With a reputation as a genius wherever pictures are made—Hollywood and elsewhere.

His recent election to the presidency of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and

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Comfort and Beauty Meet

[*Continued from page* 59]

up very far, should use the brush to draw a fine line of shadow close to the base of the lashes, along the upper lid.

The same company has added a new mahogany eye shadow, which blends beautifully with suntanned skin, and which is very fetching, at night, with a patina of gold shadow over it . . . A fresh, youthful looking green shadow is also very dashing on suntanned girls, particularly on blondes with green or grey eyes . . . If your lashes are light, you'll want to use a waterproof mascara this summer, for your own comfort; in that case you should investigate the liquid mascara made by this company. It gives your lashes a delicate, un-obvious coating of color—but a tenacious one, nevertheless. The prices of these eye cosmetics are all very moderate. The new brush is only 50 cents.

A WORD about summertime daintiness, which is a most important factor in determining your feeling and look of comfort. It requires more than a cold shower, snatched in-between sets of tennis, to make your body cool and fresh. Only warm water and a froth of soapsuds will *thoroughly* remove the accumulation of fatty acids deposited by the stimulated activity of millions of sweat glands and oil glands. To prolong the feeling of freshness and daintiness that follows a real cleansing bath, use a perfumed dusting powder. It will feel as light and cool on your warm skin as a breeze and will enable you to slip into girdle, hose and lingerie without undue effort and increased warmth.

Naturally, you'll want to use lots of dusting powder, once you experience its benefits, so it will be wise to choose one that is nice, but not expensive. I can suggest a finely-sifted white dusting powder, delicately scented with floral perfume, that costs only 55 cents a box. You can use it half a dozen times a day, if you like, and still not upset your cosmetic budget. It comes in a large, square box, cool green in color, with a soft white puff. And you can buy it at practically any drug or department store.

If you, like many of my readers, have done a lot of personal research on the subject of non-perspirants and deodorants, then you have probably discovered that cream preparations usually deodorize, while liquids check perspiration. That is now ancient history. There is a new *cream* that effectively stops perspiration, eliminating any possibility of odor. It is the type that liquefies the instant it touches the skin, and, as a result, spreads like a flash. It's so cooling, it feels like *eau de cologne* and it has just as fresh and delicate a scent. Besides using it for keeping the underarm area dry, you can apply it on your back, to prevent that embarrassing dampness that often appears on thin summer dresses. Packaged in a neat pink and white jar, this cream costs only 35 cents. Want the trade name?

BEAUTY ADVICE

Your beauty problems may seem most puzzling to you, but quite simple to MISS CAINE, *our beauty expert. Why don't you write to her today? You may ask her for advice on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. This service is free, of course. All that is necessary is a stamped, self-addressed envelope for* MISS CAINE'S *personal reply to your letter. Simply write to* DENISE CAINE, MOTION PICTURE, *1501 Broadway, New York City.*

LET'S TALK SENSE

about Permanent Waves . . . . . .

RIGHT down to facts, a successful permanent wave requires three things: the expert hairdresser, the waving solution that gently softens the hair, and *heat properly controlled and applied.* Too much heat makes frizzy ends, dried out hair and a kinky wave.

Because the Duart method provides a thermostat in *each heater*—each curl receives *exactly* the amount of heat required to form a perfect wave. Small curls along the sides and back of the head receive the least heating while the larger curls along the top of the head receive more. Nothing is left to guesswork or judgment. Each heater *automatically* shuts itself off when its curl is perfectly waved.

Because of its exact heat control—Duart is the only wave that is endorsed by the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild—the organization responsible for the beautiful hair of *every* lovely star you see on the screen. Choose your next permanent just as though you were a Hollywood Star—ask for a genuine Duart wave . . . look for your individual *sealed package* of waving pads.

Copy a screen star's hairstyle too! **FREE** book of new Hollywood Stars' coiffures that you can copy. Sent FREE with a package of Hollywood Hair Rinse—no dye—no bleach—just a lovely tint. Select your shade.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND STARRING IN THE WARNER PRODUCTION, "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE

DUART

PERMANENT WAVE

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ Black
☐ White or Gray Platinum
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
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Name..

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City.............................State.........8

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

DON'T QUIT
HALF
WAY

Forhan's goes deeper

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Half way measures are powerless against the real enemies of lovely teeth—soft, sick, failing gums! Forhan's does both jobs—cleans and polishes teeth while aiding gums to stay healthy, firm, youthful! It gives your teeth two-way protection yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes.

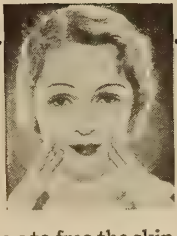
SAVES GUMS

Why take chances with your teeth? Begin today to use Forhan's. Notice how much better it makes your entire mouth feel. Soon you'll SEE the difference, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Forhan's was created by one of the leading dental surgeons in the country. There is no substitute for its protection. Ask for Forhan's today.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by Doctor R.J. Forhan SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY NEW YORK

Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!



SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

On the Sets with the Stars

ON the set of RKO's *Never Gonna Dance,* Fred Astaire (who just signed a new deal that he'll only have to make two pictures a year for the studio) spent *nine full hours* dancing on the very first day of production! And if that isn't a laugh at the title, what is?

Joan Crawford's taking 'em tall. In MGM's *The Gorgeous Hussy,* she has four—count 'em—four leading men. They are Jimmy Stewart, 6 feet 4; Melvyn Douglas and Walter Abel, each an even six-footer, and Bob Taylor, a six-foot one-ner.

Remember the little pig in the Hirliman picture, *Captain Calamity?* Well, you'll never see it again. It's movie career was cut short. The cast ate it at a barbecue to celebrate the completion of the film!

For Columbia's *Lost Horizon,* starring Ronnie Colman, the studio hairdressers had their biggest job. They had to provide 5,400 waist-length braids for the Tibetan peasant women played by extras. Incidentally, the Tibetan monastery set for the film is so complete and so accurate that University classes used it for study.

For *The Charge of the Light Brigade* at Warner's, Errol Flynn (who now tops all Warner stars, including even Dick Powell, in fan mail!) and his co-brigadiers will use up scores of boxes of blank cartridges *made in 1847* . . . ! The purchasing agent found them and got them cheap in a San Francisco warehouse, and of the scores of boxes, only two boxes full of the 62-year-old ammunition had gone dead!

RKO's *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford,* gave William Powell the biggest rôle he's yet had. Of the 307 scenes in the picture, Bill played in 247 of them—and his dialogue totalled 5,500 words! And that's something to learn. Try it.

Paramount's *The Texas Ranger* outfit is two things—a honeymoon company and a jinx company. Honeymooners on location are Jack Oakie and his new bride, and Jean Parker and her new hubby. Jinxing the outfit were the dust storms on the New Mexico location, which necessitated rushing sanitary masks to the crew, and which laid Fred MacMurray up in the hospital with a throat infection caused by the fine sand. And to top it, the weather played a prank, dumped one of those freak snowstorms, halted production for several days more.

Returning to Warner's *Charge of the Light Brigade*—Olivia de Havilland was the goat of one of those freak accidents. Caught by a practice swing of Errol Flynn's sword, she was lucky enough to escape the blade's edge, but suffered a badly bruised face when the flat of the weapon smacked her.

And back to MGM's *Gorgeous Hussy* to learn that Joan Crawford, as the tavern-keeper's daughter, *Peggy O'Neal,* will have 27 changes of costume—and each, due to the period style, will be at least six feet in diameter at the skirt-hem.

And MGM's *Romeo and Juliet* had such beautiful settings that Norma Shearer, the *Juliet,* fell for them so hard that she's ordered *Juliet's* bedroom reproduced in her own home. Incidentally, it looked funny to see the actors in the costumes of the day, sucking away at ice-cream cones. Norma served ice cream every day on the garden scenes—because the sets were built in huge glass hothouses, to protect the grass, flowers and garden settings. And was it hot?!!!

The cast of MGM's *Trouble for Two* gave a baby party for the industry's "baby" director, J. Walter Rubin, youngest megger of them all. Bob Montgomery brought a huge cake in a baby carriage! Rosalind Russell presented Rubin with a baby romper suit. Frank Morgan's gift was a set of rubber-nippled baby bottles filled with what looked like milk—but wasn't!

Selznick-International's *Garden of Allah* troupe lost a total of a half-ton weight during nearly four weeks of shooting on desert location near Yuma. The temperature, once as high as 148, knocked off the poundage fast. Twice, Marlene Dietrich fainted from the heat. The company rose at 4 each morning (Marlene, too!) so they could shoot in the early sun and sleep through midday to shoot again in the late sun. Midday was too hot to work. Director Richard Boleslawsky, none too slim, took off 17 pounds during the desert sequences.

Columbia's *Lost Horizon* cost Isabel Jewell a strained voice. She yelled so hard in a scene where, hysterical, she leaps from an airplane, that she hurt her throat, could not speak over a whisper for two days. The company had to shoot around her.

Where, oh where, has the noble red man gone? Casting difficulties: For Technicoloring *Dancing Pirate,* they had 30 Indians. One was dark, but the others looked so pasty in contrast that they had to smear brown make-up on 'em so they'd look like the Indians they were! And for Reliance's *Last of the Mohicans,* they had to hire an Eagle Boy Scout to accompany the troupe on location to teach Indian extras how to start fires by friction, as their ancestors did, and in other woodcraft tricks!

Republic's *Navy Born* waited two hours on location the other day, because Claire Dodd wouldn't go before the cameras until she'd had a full-length look at herself—and because they'd forgotten to bring a long mirror along, they had to wait until one was rushed from the studio to location!

At Warner's, 25 girls playing waitresses in the Marion Davies film, *Cain and Mabel,* had to dress twice, instead of once, daily. That was because their uniforms for the film were exact duplicates of the studio cafe waitresses' outfits, and the extra girls got so tired of being mistaken for waitresses during lunch hour that they changed into their own clothes before going to eat!—and then changed back again into the waitresses' costumes for the afternoon shooting.

Incidentally, *Cain and Mabel* raised hell on the Warner lot. Clark Gable, borrowed from MGM, knocked the Warner secretaries and waitresses silly. The first day in the cafe, two waitresses dropped their laden trays in excitement over seeing Gable in person—which proves that not even studio workers get star-fed-up. And when Gable worked out two hours a day on the studio lawn, with a boxer, training for prize-fight sequences, Warner executives had to hide the training-space behind great canvas flats, because the stenogs and secretaries spent all their time admiring the Gable physique instead of typing the boss's letters.

You almost saw the prize boner of all time on the screen in MGM's *Servant of the People.* A scene showed the Declaration of Independence being signed. A technician who had been making notes with his fountain pen, left the pen on the table on the set. Inadvertently, the actors playing our revolutionary fathers each took up the pen, signed the Declaration with it, instead of using the prop quill. The scene was half shot before they discovered the mistake!

When you see Ralph Bellamy in a sickbed sequence in Columbia's *San Francisco Night,* you'll be seeing the real thing. Ralph actually did have a case of flu at that time—but since the scene was shot throughout a day in bed, he worked and rested at the same time!

For Paramount's *Chinese Gold,* starring Gary Cooper and English Madeleine Carroll, the prop department had one of those trick jobs. They had to dig up 5,000 crickets and 100 vultures! Madeleine was nearly scared out of her wits when a monkey made a lunge at her. And the *terriblest* Chinese villain of all, in the piece, is really Paramount's Japanese janitor, who got and made good on a chance to play the heavy rôle.

RKO laid 36,000 square feet of heavy flagstones for the courtyard scene for Katharine Hepburn's *Mary of Scotland.* It had to be the real stuff, because fake flagging sounded phony when the marching feet of the soldiers in Holyrood Castle tramped their chorus on the pavement.

● *"Come on—stop chewing petals and get busy! Imagine finding flowers on the living-room floor—we'll pick the loveliest bouquet for Mother! We'll tear off all these old leaves and break the stems good and short..."*

● *"Aw—brace up! Picking flowers isn't such hard work. Show some of the old ginger! I know it's 95 in the shade today and we're both sticky as yesterday's bib... but just keep going and you won't notice the heat!"*

● *"Say—wait a minute! Your shoulder's prickly and red! Nope—kissing doesn't make it well... We'd better ask Mother to give us a sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder. That soft, downy powder'll make a new baby of you!"*

Johnson's
Baby
Powder

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... your baby's friend every day, but most of all when the weather's hot and sticky! Prickly heat and chafes and rashes stay away when I'm on guard. I'm soft as satin, for I'm made of the very finest Italian talc. And no orris-root. I hope you use Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, too—and Johnson's Oil for tiny babies!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

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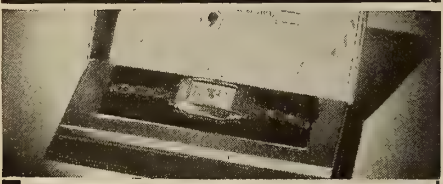

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Your Questions

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

Ask the Cinema Sage

Hot Money is Ross Alexander's latest film

Ross Alexander—Is 6 feet one and one-quarter inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and was educated at the Packard Theatrical Agency. Ross was called to Hollywood from New York where he was appearing in the stage production *After Tomorrow*. You can write to him at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. (M. G., St. Paul, Minn.)

Mary Brian—Her birthplace is Corsicana, Texas, and her birthdate February, 17, 1908. Her height is 5 feet 2 inches. Cary Grant is rumored to be her best beau. Mary is returning to the screen, after a long absence, in *Spendthrift*. You will see her in an entirely different rôle in this—that of the other woman. (M. O., Philadelphia, Pa.)

Laurel & Hardy—Stan Laurel was born in Ulverston, England and started his theatrical career while attending school there. He was known then as "He of the Funny Ways." Oliver Hardy is an American from Holland, Ga. He began his career at the age of eight when he performed on a show boat. Their next appearance together will be in *Our Relations*. (L. D. B., Paris, France.)

Ginger Rogers—Lew Ayres is husband No. 2. Jack Culpepper was the first and Ginger divorced him in 1931. Lew was married before, too, to Lola Lane and they were divorced in 1933. (R. B., Johnston, R. I.)

Lloyd Nolan—Although a native son of California, Lloyd Nolan found it was necessary to gain recognition in the East first before getting a break in Hollywood. He came to New York, succeeded in the theatre and then returned to Hollywood where he's bound to be a success, too. Yes, he's married and to a professional. He met his wife, Mel Efird, in New York where they were appearing together in a play. His latest film is *Big Brown Eyes*. (E. A., Dallas, Texas.)

Peggy Conklin—Was born in Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., November 2, 1909. She is a brunette, is 5 feet three and one-half inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She is Mrs. James D. Thompson in private life. Miss Conklin's first motion picture was *The President Vanishes*, but before she turned to the screen she was starred in numerous hits on Broadway. (L. B., New Brunswick, N. J.)

If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Luise Rainer—*The Great Ziegfeld* is Miss Rainer's current picture, but she is now at work with Paul Muni in *The Good Earth*. This film will be released in the early Fall. (A. S., Cleveland, Ohio.)

Fred Astaire—No, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are co-starring again. The title of the picture is *Never Gonna Dance*, but don't take that too literally. You can address both of them at RKO Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif. (F. M., Spokane, Wash.)

Sunnie O'Dea—Is the tap dancer who did the number "Shake It Off" in *Strike Me Pink*. Her latest rôle was that of *Kim* at sixteen in *Show Boat*.
(S. C., Chicago, Ill.)

Greta Garbo—Yes, the Swedish star has returned from her native country as you probably know by now. She is scheduled to start work immediately in *Camille* and Robert Taylor will play opposite her in the rôle of *Armand*. We're a bit impatient, too. (R. D., Winter Haven, Fla.)

Pat Paterson—You win, Pat is Mrs. Charles Boyer, but she hasn't retired from the screen. You will see her shortly in *Spendthrift* with Henry Fonda. Husband Boyer will be seen in *The Garden of Allah*, the new color picture. (H. S., Detroit, Mich.

Henry Fonda—No, Henry's people are not professionals. They are business people in Omaha where Henry was brought up. He was born at Grand Island, Nebraska, on May 16, 1905. He received his education at the Omaha High School and the University of Minnesota where he studied Journalism. His acting career began when he became interested in the Omaha Community Playhouse. (H. W. G., Walnut Grove, Calif.)

Eleanor Powell—She's back in Hollywood and will probably stay—for awhile, anyway. Eleanor is now at work in *Born To Dance* and upon completion of this picture she is scheduled for *Broadway Melody of 1936*. (H. P., Colorado Springs, Colo.)

Alan Baxter—Was Sylvia Sidney's menace in *Mary Burns Fugitive*. This was his first picture, but he has since appeared in *13 Hours By Air* and *Big Brown Eyes*. He is twenty-five years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall and has light brown hair and brown eyes. He was born in East Cleveland. His latest picture is *The Case Against Mrs. Ames*. (M. R. H., Hot Springs, Ark.)

Constance Bennett—Has recently returned from England where she made a picture called *Everything Is Thunder* at Gaumont British. Douglass Montgomery has the leading male rôle. (W. K., Bronxville, N. Y.)

Robert Montgomery—His last picture was *Petticoat Fever* with Myrna Loy and you will be seeing him shortly in *Trouble for Two* with Rosalind Russell. (A. A., Hartford, Conn.)

Wide World

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FREE BOOKLET

Una Merkel is ready to serve her guests, having removed the blazer to a silver holder

Film stars have gone old-fashioned with a vengeance . . . even to the extent of preparing tasty snacks in chafing-dishes!

HOLLYWOOD is Chafing-Dish Conscious

By Dorothy Dwan

SHADES of our boarding school days—what are the film stars coming to next? Now, it is *chafing-dish delicacies of all things!* The trend in Hollywood has been toward the old-fashioned lately—wild parties are taboo. Your favorite celebrity probably plays games in the evening. Remember Jack Straws and Tiddledy Winks—not to mention Checkers? At present, they constitute a night of dissipation! The actresses knit or crochet in their spare moments, and now Una Merkel is turning up her saucy little nose at mere modern stoves, and cooks with a chafing-dish.

"If I had been *very* good, my grandmother let me use hers when I was a little girl," laughed Una, "and my childhood ambitions were to own a chafing-dish and have a home for stray dogs!

"When I found [*Continued on page* 68]

ENTER OUR JELLY CONTEST AND WIN A CASH PRIZE!

First Prize	$ 50.00
Second Prize	25.00
Third Prize	15.00
Ten Prizes each	1.00
Total	$100.00

FOLLOW THESE IMPORTANT RULES!

1. Only jelly will be considered. No jams or marmalades will be accepted.
2. Jellies MUST be made with bottled fruit pectin or powdered fruit pectin.
3. Entries must be sealed with paraffin and then covered with a tin top.
4. Each glass must have a neat label stating the name of jelly and the date of making. No other information is permitted.
5. Only those entries made since June 15th will be accepted.
6. You may send as many packages and as many jellies as you wish but each glass must contain a different variety.
7. The recipe used must accompany entry. Postal regulations will not permit the recipe inside of package. Put recipe in envelope that is stamped with a three cent stamp and addressed correctly, with your name and address in the upper left hand corner. Glue envelope securely under twine with which package is tied. The package must also be addressed correctly and have your return address and name on it.
8. The contest is from July 1st to August 15th. No entries mailed after midnight of August 15th will be considered.
9. All packages must be sent **prepaid by parcel post or express to** DOROTHY DWAN, MOTION PICTURE FOOD EDITOR, 815 NORTH EL CENTRO AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
10. This magazine will not be responsible for breakage or damage to your entry during transportation.
11. Announcement of prize winners will be in the November issue of MOTION PICTURE.
12. All jellies will be turned over to charitable organizations. This distribution will be controlled by the editor of MOTION PICTURE.

"Don't Want Anything Too Much"—Jean Arthur

[*Continued from page* 38]

"I have always felt that if you develop, if you prepare yourself, you won't have to sit by and idly hope, and achingly, want. People will come to you and for you. The trouble with wanting something too much, is that it obscures your vision to the exclusion of all else. If you can say to yourself 'I want to be a success' and go out and *earn* success, it will come. But there is no use sitting on the side-lines and spending all of your energies in *wanting*. That's the danger!

"Very recently," Jean added, "I did a rôle in which I was progressively older. Some of our most famous screen actresses had done rôles similar. Such as Irene Dunne, Norma Shearer and Helen Hayes. I fought for a chance to do such a characterization. Above everything else I wanted to do that part. Unfortunately, for me, it was wrong. And if my eagerness had not blinded me, I would have realized the mistake I was making.

"DOUBTLESS, every girl from the time of adolescence, sets out to seek happiness—to find the one man destined for each one of us. As each man comes within our vision, we say to ourselves, "Is this the one? Is this it?' And yet we cannot force Destiny. We can't achieve content by bending our souls in two, wanting it. Such a course brings unhappiness.

"I was like all other girls. When I was in Hollywood—discouraged with my proggress, harassed by my seeming defeat at every turn, someone who could understand, someone to whom I could turn, would have been invaluable to me. At first, I hunted for that one human being, and then I was too busy worrying to concern myself. The moment I stopped searching, that one person came into my life. He is Frank Ross, my husband. We had been neighbors for six months and yet had never noticed each other. Finally we *did* meet by accident. I had given up my search for happiness, and suddenly, it was here. A year later we were married.

"Clothes, cars, jewels, the trinkets which spell luxury, have never been the object of my passionate longing. I have always wanted only one thing—and that, a measure of success. But I have known many others who have set their hearts and minds on possessing, perhaps, one material thing, and have made their lives and themselves wretched because at that particular moment it wasn't within reach. And days and weeks have gone by, and, eventually, what they desired was theirs, and yet the flavor of it was past, and they found bitter disappointment in the lack of thrill over their final ownership of what they sought.

"WE CAN make ourselves so unhappy by chasing will-o'-the-wisps. We sit and mourn our own shortcomings, our lack of strength or talent. It is so much better to make ourselves over or to formulate a program so constructive that what we want too much *now* will come to us quite easily and casually later on, when we have more to give.

"All of us have a habit of defining happiness and unhappiness in either the things we have, or the things we lack. And that in itself is destructive to achievement, in its final analysis. We want something and it eludes us. We stop wanting it, and it

[*Continued on page* 69]

9 out of 10 girls should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole—that is the way you smell to others!

THE most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor *if you deodorize only*. You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you'll discover a musty, stale "armhole odor" in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them!

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm *dry*, as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armhole of your dress.

This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though *you* are, that unpleasant "armhole odor" gives the impression of unforgivable carelessness!

Protect yourself this SURE way

Women who seriously value their charm willingly spend the few extra moments required to use Liquid Odorono, because it is *sure*. With Odorono, your underarm is not only odorless, but absolutely dry. Your dresses will never collect those little drops of moisture which can undo all the other measures you take for flawless loveliness.

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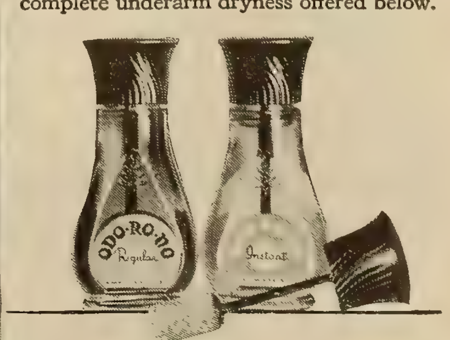

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Hollywood is Chafing-Dish Conscious

[*Continued from page 66*]

myself getting a bit temperamental about cooking—I knew it was a good sign," she continued in her soft Kentucky drawl. "Have you ever noticed how a really good cook has a pet mixing bowl, or a favorite cake pan? Try and get them to accept substitutes for preferred brands! I go them one better. Not only do I insist upon a chafing-dish, but I never feel the proper creative spirit until midnight. That's one reason I usually entertain with theatre parties—they give me a chance to bring my guests home and 'show off'."

Una picks up chafing-dish hints from restaurant chefs

Madge Evans and Una are inseparable companions, but Madge's warning sounds ominous. "I'm afraid I'll be one of your worst enemies soon, Una," I heard Madge threaten, as she handed her the following recipe, "I'm being chased in my dreams by long-legged chafing-dishes, wielding weapons of onions, cheese, and other ingredients, since I joined your research department for unusual recipes!"

LOBSTER A LA THACKERAY

2 boiled lobsters
1 ounce butter
2 small truffles
3 egg yolks
½ pint cream
¼ cup onion, chopped fine
dash of cayenne pepper
salt to taste

Cut lobster in one inch pieces. Place butter, salt, pepper, onion and truffles in blazer and cook until the onion is done. Add cream to slightly beaten egg yolks and then add the lobster. Add this mixture to ingredients already in blazer, stirring gently until mixture thickens. Serve hot in patties or on toast.

Una admits she hasn't started her dog orphanage but she's saving that hobby for her declining years. "When I'm old and gray, I'll have a bunch of yelping mongrels to care for instead of the proverbial cat and canary," she explained. In the meantime, the actress has two adorable Scotties—with the most unusual appetites. They sit up and beg more energetically for ice cubes than food! As we talked, the pups were scampering madly across the tiled patio, chasing the illusive squares and crunching away to their heart's content.

"Life with a chafing-dish surely contains a rarebit recipe," I suggested.

"Of course," Una agreed, "I receive loads of compliments on my oyster rarebit." This is her recipe.

1 cup canned oysters
2 tbls. butter
½ pound mild cheese, cut in small pieces
salt to taste
cayenne pepper
2 eggs

Melt butter, add cheese and seasonings. As the cheese melts, add oyster juice and eggs slightly beaten. When the mixture is smooth, add oysters. Serve at once on toast points.

"You'd be surprised to know who is one of the best cooks of filmdom," confided Una. *"Edward Arnold!* His Sunday night suppers have won unanimous praise, and he's another champion of the chafing-dish. Eddie loves parties, but he would rather entertain at home than go out, so Mrs. Arnold and the cook have learned to keep a well-stocked cupboard and refrigerator—and turn him loose. He makes no secret of his recipes. Like most men, Eddie is proud of his specialties, and revels in describing them. Here are two 'pets' he gave me."

VENETIAN EGGS

1 cup canned tomatoes
1 tbls. butter
1 tbls. chopped onion
1 small bay leaf
4 eggs
Salt to taste
1 tsp. sugar
⅛ tsp. paprika

Melt butter in blazer, add onions and cook together until the onions are soft. Add tomatoes, bay leaf, salt, sugar and paprika. Allow the mixture to simmer a few minutes and then drop in the eggs. When eggs begin to set, break them in pieces with a fork. Serve on toasted wafers or toast points.

Eddie's other "pet" is a concoction that will melt in your mouth.

Every housewife likes new recipes—and how the family enjoy them! MOTION PICTURE offers you the opportunity to serve unusual dishes.

Scan this list of recipes personally autographed by the stars and tested by a well-known food expert! They are printed on a punched leaflet to fit an 8½ x 11 loose leaf notebook.

SEND A THREE CENT STAMP FOR EACH LEAFLET!

- Jim Cagney's Tuna Recipes
- Mona Barrie's Famous Soups
- Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
- Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
- Heather Angel's Salads
- Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
- Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
- E. G. Robinson's Honey Cakes
- Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
- Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
- Pinky Tomlin's Favorite Hot Breads
- Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
- Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
- Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart
- Sally Eilers' Appetizing Leftovers

Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, MOTION PICTURE Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. *No letters answered unless a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed!*

MOCK CRAB ON TOAST

- 2 tbls. butter
- ½ pound cheese
- 1 tbls. anchovy paste
- ½ cup cream
- salt to taste
- ½ tsp. dry mustard
- dash of cayenne pepper
- 2 egg yolks

Melt butter in blazer, but do not brown. Add cheese and anchovy paste. Beat the yolks slightly and blend with cream to which seasonings have been added. Add to mixture, stirring constantly until smooth. Serve on toast.

Una declares your guests will compliment you on the novel idea if you take a trip to the attic, drag out your boarding-school trunk and brighten up the chafing-dish you'll be sure to find!

Don't neglect to send for the autographed leaflets listed, and I shall be happy to assist with your cooking problems. If your letter requires a reply, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

"Don't Want Anything Too Much"—Jean Arthur

[*Continued from page* 67]

is ours. That is the way life is, and none of us can change the scheme.

"To avoid defeat of ourselves and of our hopes, we must moderate our wants. It is well to have a goal, and to work for it and to try desperately to reach it. But it is wise to concentrate on the manner of achievement and the steps leading to it, rather than on the shining, blinding light, at the top. In one, there is heartache and perhaps disappointment. In the other, there is certain success."

THIS Jean Arthur, somewhat detached, somewhat remote, and yet intense, is not the crisp young modern with a humorous slant on life you see on the screen. Crisp she is, and modern she is, and yet there is an elusive quality about her which testifies to much serious thinking and reading and living.

In *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* with Gary Cooper, and again in *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford,* in which she was the perfect foil for William Powell's charm, you have seen *one* Jean Arthur. In this hidden Jean—in this thoughtful, intelligent, philosophical girl—lies the secret of that sincerity which has made her in the space of a few short months one of Hollywood's great stars!

THEN—In 1910, the American Pathe Studios pioneered in the making of extra-length pictures by setting up an organization at Bound Brook, New Jersey. Prominent in the company were Paul Panzer, Octavia Handworth, Pearl White and Crane Wilbur.

NOW—Paul Panzer has been active ever since in pictures and currently is a "bit" player in Hollywood. Pearl White is in Europe, inactive as far as pictures are concerned and said to be a lady of quite some wealth and also some avoirdupois. Crane Wilbur alternates between stage and screen, still handsome, still an artist.

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Prize Letters

HOW READERS RATE THEM!

WE'RE BLUSHING

$15 Prize Letter

WE PRAISE the actors and actresses for their ability. We applaud the directors for their genius. We are loud in our praise of the playwright, producer, cameraman and, probably, if we knew his name, would even praise the prop-boy. Yet, we overlook the one thing that makes the shadows on the screen live, interesting people—the medium through which Hollywood phantoms become our next-door neighbors.

Yes, you guessed it. It's the movie magazines that deserve the largest slice of praise. Through them we learn that all these glamorous people are just simple human beings like ourselves and that they have our ambitions, struggles, heartaches and hopes. And through this knowledge we understand them better and are apt to be less critical of them or envious of their success.

So here is my orchid to the movie magazines—it is they who watch over our pet passions and guarantee our seeing what we like.—*Agnes Specht, Colonial Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio.*

DEFENDING GARBO

$10 Prize Letter

NOW that Greta Garbo is back among us, I hope we will hear no more of the cheap and tawdry jokes over her foreign accent. They sound so mean and small at the expense of one who cannot strike back.

Greta Garbo

Since we must be snooping into the private lives of our movie stars, it is my personal belief that she has had one great love in her life and a deep sorrow. However, that may be, our curiosity should at least be kindly and respectful to one who has unfailingly held herself with dignity.

Miss Garbo certainly deserves the respect of the American public. She has never given rise for a scandal and in entertaining us she gives all she has, which is much, for she is a great actress. She comes of a race who do not wear their emotions on the surface and is rather bewildered and frightened at our criticism.—*Margaret Ash, Exeter, R. I.*

PRAISE FOR ZIEGFELD

$5 Prize Letter

IN the archives of Hollywood's history—a saga that is fertile with chapters on drama, comedy, tears, phantasmagoria—*The Great Ziegfeld* will undoubtedly prove the most inspired chapter of all.

Here is no casual "girlie-girlie" extravaganza, with nothing to recommend it but lavish displays of human figures arranged in fantastic designs; rather, it is a powerful cavalcade based on the life of one of the most subtle showmen that ever existed, one in which feminine pulchritude merely serves as a back drop, so to speak. There is not one dull moment in the three hours the picture is on the screen, and you come away thoroughly convinced that the film will go a long way toward preserving the memory of Ziegfeld for theatrical posterity.

More power to Hollywood for giving us such grand entertainment!—*Maurice Jacobs, 937 N. 42nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

A READER FROM DENMARK

$1 Prize Letter

PICTURES can be educational in many ways. Here for example, expressions from American pictures are heard everywhere and the names of the stars are pronounced without accent in perfect English. New words have also made their appearance in the press, and expressions as: O.K., all right, up-to-date, first class, *It*, and other popular expressions are seen in the papers and understood by every reader. This is all because of the "talkies." They not only bring us an hour or two of entertainment, but new ways and ideas, and they also make a better understanding betwen nations by linking them closer together. Throughout the world the same pictures are shown and the same melodies are played—so we learn to think alike due to this splendid invention—"talking pictures."

We have Hollywood to thank for all this and we hope the coming season may bring to us many more new pictures of high quality.—*Eigil Petersen, Kentiavej 4, 2 Sal t. v., Copenhagen, Denmark.*

ADVISING GINGER

$1 Prize Letter

WHAT'S all this I hear about you, Ginger? You're not really going to give up dancing are you? There are too many dramatic and so-called sophisticated stars right now. You can really dance—please don't throw away a talent like that.

Ginger Rogers

In Person proved you had the right to act alone, but it didn't mean you could go dramatic on us. I'd much rather see you shake a foot than Garbo and Crawford produce some of that so-called glamour.

I recently saw *Follow the Fleet* and, needless to say, it was terrific. I can't see why you, with success right in your hands, should ever think of going dramatic. You were voted one of the ten best stars of Hollywood, isn't that achievement enough?

Take my advice and keep on dancing, don't turn out to be just another sophisticate!—*Henry R. Wall, Blacksburg, Va.*

STORIES VS. STARS

$1 Prize Letter

THE greatest thing the talkies have accomplished for moving pictures has been to give us good stories in lieu of glamorous and picturesque stars. When we think back and visualize the exaggerated acting and incredible plots of a few years ago, our sense of ego suffers a severe trouncing.

We are no longer forced to assume the mentality of adolescent schoolgirls and sit through a movie in rapt adoration of some star's beautiful eyes or shapely figure. We still like our beautiful stars and manly heroes, but how satisfying to see them really acting in stories so absorbing we forget our hero is handsome or his lady love beautiful.

What real treats such pictures as *David Copperfield, The Virginia Judge, Les Miserables, Anna Karenina,* and many others!—*Hazel R. Mead, 827 Ins. Exchange Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.*

HANDCLAPS FOR CAPRA

$1 Prize Letter

HURRAH for Frank Capra! He made a first rate comedian out of Gable in *It Happened One Night* and now he does the same for the long, lanky, sourfaced Gary Cooper.

I never liked Gary Cooper until I saw *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.* It can take its place right beside *It Happened One Night* for sheer pleasurable entertainment—entertainment the way you like it—a chuckle, a tear, and a lot of good, genuine laughs.

I hope Gary Cooper continues in such pictures. He's grand as the bewildered *Mr. Deeds.* Too long has he been the silent, oh-the-pain-of-it suffering type.—*Louise Moore, 1708 Filbert St., San Francisco, Calif.*

A DISAPPOINTED SWARTHOUT FAN

$1 Prize Letter

Gladys Swarthout

AFTER seeing *Give Us This Night,* I feel I must register my disappointment. While Jan Kiepura is a good singer, an excellent comedian and a fair actor, it seemed to me he dominated every scene and I had to strain both eyes and ears to see and hear the lovely Gladys Swarthout.

The comedy parts in this picture were very good indeed, but for me, at least, the appearances and songs of beautiful Gladys were far too few. Surely, in her next picture something will be done so that we may enjoy her warm, rich, golden tones without too many closeups of her leading man.—*Catherine Grubert, 58-39 Lawrence St., Flushing, N. Y.*

A DICKENS ENTHUSIAST

$1 Prize Letter

Remember the humanities of *The Tale of Two Cities?* Remember the pathos of *David Copperfield?* Now we want the humor of *Pickwick Papers.*

Come on, Hollywood! Give us Dickens' immortal *Mr. Pickwick!* And, give us W. C. Fields in the title rôle. For who could better portray the idiosyncrasies and eccentricities of the jocular Pickwick than the modern screen's greatest comedian—W. C. Fields?

We want *Pickwick Papers* and we want W. C. Fields as *Mr. Pickwick.*—*Nellie G. Allred, 524 Stirling St., Greensboro, N. C.*

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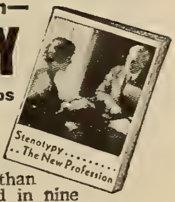

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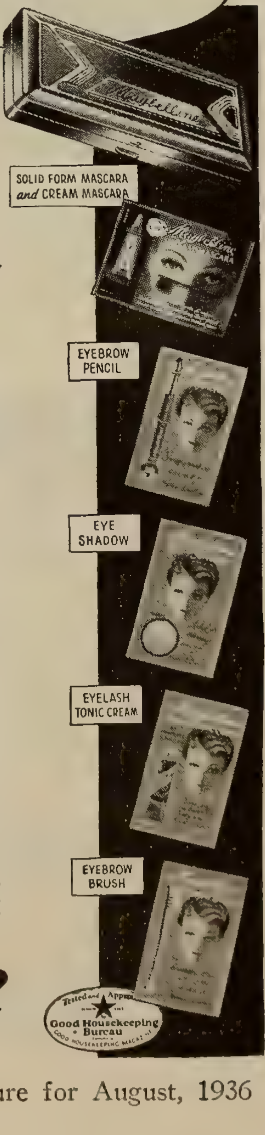

Humor is a Habit with Gable

[*Continued from page* 32]

Gable (it really *was* Gable!) insisted. So they drew lots, and one of the guides took him out hunting next day. High on a mountain ledge, astride horses, they stopped. The guide spat a thin line of brown over the edge toward a stream, many feet below. "Thar's y'r buck," he said. Gable looked timidly down. He saw nothing except a stream, far, far below. He said so.

"Heck," grunted the guide; "thar's *two* bucks down thar. Wait—I guess I'll drop a slug betwixt 'em and when they jump, you can see 'em." In his voice was vast disdain. He drew his gun, fired once. A bullet splashed, and two bucks, who'd blended like magic into the background, sprang. One vanished; the other headed up the opposite slope.

Gable had his rifle out. He sent a shot at the buck. Nothing happened. He sent another. The same nothing happened. He fired, in all, *seventeen* bullets after that buck! And still nothing happened. Finally Gable lost him. "He's right over thar," the guide grunted.

"Where?"

"Aw, hell!" the guide turned in his saddle and glared at the tenderfoot. "Look, son," he said, "can you see that white tree-trunk over there, about 500 yards orf?"

"Uh huh."

"Well, y'r buck's standin' right behind it. Now listen, just draw your gun down on that tree, aim three inches to this side of it, and pull the trigger, and you'll get y'r buck."

Gable followed. His dude eyes saw no buck, so perfectly does nature color its beasts. But he shot alongside the tree. He IS a good shot. That's why, when he pulled the trigger, there was one convulsive leap—and then Clark Gable's first buck fell dead. And that's the silly story of how Gable, The Great Hunter, Got His First Buck.

KNOW who told me that? Well, I'll tell you the name of the guy who spends half his time kidding the self-importance out of Clark Gable. The name of the man who told me that story—and plenty others on Clark—was and is *CLARK GABLE*. And that, take it from me, is the one fundamental answer to the question: How does Clark Gable remain Hollywood's most popular star? It's because he won't take himself seriously. I doubt if he can. Any time you can get Clark to talking about himself, you can depend on it that he's kidding himself thoroughly, relentlessly, fiercely.

You know that typical Clark Gable expression that's always on his face? A sort of grinning bewilderment? Mixed with a certain surprise and incredulity? Plus a dash of secret ridicule? Well, that "Clark Gable look" is perfectly indicative of what he thinks of himself. He's constantly mystified at all the fame and good luck and popularity that stays with him, and he's laughing at himself for it. He can't take himself seriously.

He can't ever forget the days he was so broke that he rode the brake-rods on freight cars, and starved. "I could have lost my sense of humor then," he admits, "and I'd have stopped being Clark Gable and might have landed in the gutter, or become a radical or something like that. But my sense of humor was all I had, and I clung to it desperately. I must have had some inward sense that once I lost it, I was done for. I didn't lose it. And today, it's a habit with me. I can't look at me in a mirror, or consider Clark Gable, the star, without that sense of humor saving me from something that would have been worse,—yeah, even worse than the gutter."

I know certain stars in Hollywood who have their own pictures, portraits in oil or camera, hung in their homes and dressing-rooms. Gable's dressing-room walls are lined with caricatures of himself—the most grotesque possible ones—the kind that show his ears, and his funny grin and accentuate the other points that make him anything, but handsome.

Of affectation, of poses, of snootiness, there's no more in Clark Gable than there is in Li'l Orphan Annie. Even less. Whatever he does, it's because he likes to do it. Whatever he doesn't do, it's because he doesn't feel like it. Never does he do or NOT do something merely because "it's the thing to do—or not to do."

TRY to find unusual things to write about Gable, and a writer's sunk. He's so ordinary, so matter-of-fact, so regular, that there's no "trick stuff" you can write about him. He's just a sort of swell young fellow who lives in Hollywood and works in movies. And that's the works. Somehow, naturally, you regard him as the personification of romance. You imagine, if you don't know better, that his days and nights are just a 24-hour-round of "lady-killing." You rather fancy he's got luscious blondes, caloric redheads, smouldering brunettes heaped up in all manner of places. You're surprised to find that he's less involved with women than ninety-nine out of a hundred other stars—single *or* married! It's so true that the studio, which really has to keep him billed up as America's Great Lover, has to invent romancing for him, via the press agent route.

Just now, they're kind of pumping up the Carole Lombard angle for all they're worth. Carole's a swell gal, if ever there was one, so she goes for it. Clark helps out. And the publicity boys can write and whisper romantic rumors about Clark and Carole. And Clark and Carole grin and have fun—being friends. Their biggest help to the campaign was that trick auto Carole sent Clark, remember?

For $25 or so, she picked up an ancient Ford runabout on a second-hand lot one night, had two big hearts painted on it with hers and Clark's initials, and sent it around to his hotel. Clark had an awful time. They threatened to throw either him or the car out unless he did something. He did. The aftermath came the other dav, when I drove into the Ford agency in Hollywood where I have to pay every month or they'll take my gi-loppy away. There, in the workroom, stood Gable. He was dressed from head to foot in white—white shoes, white flannel trousers, white sweater. But the pretty white was all be-greased and be-grimed. He was helping the Ford experts put the finishing touches on the car Carole had sent him. He'd spent hundreds of dollars on it—new motor, new works, brand new all-white paint job, lot of new fitments including even an electric fan on the steering wheel to cool him while driving, new tires and new top. Must have cost him double what a new one would have. But he had a perfect little car—and now he uses it for his hunting and location car. It runs like a 17-jewel watch. And is Carole laughing?

I grinned at him, that day in the Ford place. He grinned back. "Isn't she a honey?" he asked, patting the car. I didn't ask him whether he meant the rebuilt car—or Carole. As a matter of fact, a practical joke like that—one worked out with infinite effort and pain, is a delight to Clark. Jeanette MacDonald can tell you. It was while they were on location, making *San Francisco.* Jeanette planned a "rib" on Director Woody Van Dyke, co-star Clark Gable, and the company. The gag was this: Van Dyke called all ready. MacDonald didn't appear. Finally a stooge told Van Dyke that she'd been taken suddenly ill and had to go home.

Woody tore his hair. Gable smelled a rat. He investigated. He discovered that Jeanette had hidden out in a little tent on the location lot. He came back and told Woody. Then Gable took a double-barreled shotgun they were using in the sequence, and Woody got a smoke-pot. He lit it and flung it into the hideout tent, and the same instant, Gable, in back of the tent, let go both barrels of the shotgun with a horrendous roar. Out the flap flew Jeanette, scared stiff. She was so scared that she was nearly sick enough to make the original gag come true. But Gable's laugh cured her.

WHAT else I can tell you about the man?—well, there are a few things that may interest, or amuse, or astound you. He's the personification of the modern man, yet he's old-fashioned enough to shave with an old-fashioned straight razor! He writes left-handed, despite the fact that he does nothing else left-handed. His favorite sport is skeet-shooting, and he's such a good shot that he'll average 90 out of a hundred. He has to watch his diet carefully, or he'll develop an equator. So his philosophy of housekeeping is that "the cook's the most important factor in the menage."

He's rather nuts about flying, but despite the fact that he can pilot a plane, he insists he'll never buy one. "Why should I?—No small private job can ever compare in safety, comfort and dependability with the big commercial transports," he says. He dislikes wing collars and the kind of parties where people sit around all night talking themselves to death yet never really saying anything. He holds there are only two kinds of people: "the kind who like me, and the kind who don't."

THE smell of cooking tomatoes gives him acute nostalgia for the fields of Ohio, where he was born. He doesn't remember his mother. She died when he was about seven months old, and there's absolutely no mother-memory in him, which he regrets more than any other single factor in his life. His Dad is still alive and hearty. He's an oil contractor in Ohio—William H. Gable. It was only a few days ago that Papa Gable for the first time beheld his son at work acting. He was visiting Clark out here in Hollywood, and Clark talked the old man into coming to the studio.

Gable Senior watched his son do some stuff for *San Francisco.* He watched a brick wall fall on and bury Clark, in the earthquake sequence. He saw Clark dug out, torn-clothed and grime-black. At that moment, someone asked Gable Senior, what he thought of his son being the great Clark Gable, movie hero. "Well," said the old man, "I always did want him to be along with me in the oil business . . . but he wouldn't hear of it—I guess he brought this on himself!"

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Why Girls Fall in Love with Robert Taylor

[*Continued from page* 30]

any ladies down. He's not that type of man.

And audiences wouldn't believe him if he did. He is handsome in a matinee idol way. He typifies the good old moonlight-and-roses brand of romance. And if you'll ask any dozen girls of your acquaintance what they think of him, at least eight—and perhaps the entire dozen—will say: *"I'm crazy about him."*

WHY? Is it merely because he has the sort of good looks girls can't resist? Or is the taste of the female of the species changing again? I put that question to several Taylor fans. Their replies are interesting as an indication of his appeal.

"I like Bob Taylor because he's so strictly American," said an Eagle Rock High School girl. "He doesn't try to put on any foreign airs. He's natural and charming. There's nothing of that boastful, tongue-in-the-cheek wise-cracking about him. Personally, I think he represents everything that the ideal young American should be."

Said Claudine, the cute little blonde who does my hair: "Sure, I'm crazy about Robert Taylor. Who isn't?" When pressed for a reason, she replied: "Well, I guess every girl has a mental picture of the sort of boy who'd be a perfect date. So far as I'm concerned, he's it. It isn't so much because he's good-looking, although of course he is terribly handsome. What I like about him is that he has such grand manners. A girl likes to be proud of the man who takes her out. When he takes a girl out I'll bet he treats her like she was a princess—no matter who she is."

"I like him because he looks like he'd be such fun," said a co-ed from U.S.C. "Usually, I don't go for handsome men. They're too likely to be conceited. Bob Taylor never gives the impression of being the least bit conceited. And when he makes love he does it so easily and naturally. He's romantic without being gooey—if you know what I mean."

None of these girls had ever seen Robert Taylor in person. The fact that they, instinctively, hit upon his basic qualities in giving their reasons for being crazy about him would seem to prove that an actor cannot really hide his true personality behind grease-paint, make-up or art.

THE Robert Taylor you meet in real life is very much as you would expect him to be—cordial, natural, likable. In talking with him you have the feeling that his charm of manner is something that he was born with—not something which he takes out on Sundays or for special occasions or something which he had to "learn."

I suspect that Bob has always been popular with girls though he would be the first to deny this. He's extremely modest about things like that which is, of course, another reason why girls like him. If there had ever been anything of the I'm-God's-gift-to-women attitude about him an event like the following could never have happened, that's sure.

Soon after he enrolled at Pomona University Bob went to a college dance—alone. I can imagine how the co-eds' temperatures skyrocketed when they spotted Bob in the stag line and with their eyes they, doubtless, begged him to cut in. But Bob didn't do any cutting in and the reason was, that back in Nebraska, where he came from, they didn't dance in that nonchalant, collegiate way that the Pomona dancers indulged in and he didn't have nerve enough to ask a girl to dance *his* way.

"What's the matter, Taylor? Why aren't you dancing?" A friend inquired.

"This trick dancing is new to me," Bob explained. "I'm afraid to try it."

"Tell you what," said the friend. "Get yourself a girl from Sacramento. They're kinda old-fashioned up there. She'll probably dance the way you do."

"But how'll I know whether a girl comes from Sacramento or not?"

"Ask her, you dope!"

So Bob started in asking girls whether they hailed from Sacramento. If they said "No, Hollywood," or "Pomona," he passed them up and went on to the next. Finally, he found a Sacramento girl and sure enough her step matched his.

BOB is thoroughly American in his tastes. He likes good substantial American food, fast motor cars, and radios. In fact, wherever Bob is, there's usually a radio going full blast. He's crazy about tennis and he likes to dance. He hates to be alone and especially to dine alone. When it comes to dogs and women—he's a bit choosey. With dogs, personality comes first. With girls—the first specification is that she be wholesome and natural.

"I like a girl who isn't always thinking about her hair or her make-up," he told me. "I like a girl who doesn't mind riding in an open car and letting the wind blow her hair about her face.

He likes a girl with natural eyebrows. Brows that have been plucked to a hairline economy have no appeal for him. And he could never be keen about a girl who is constantly taking out her make-up kit and painting on a new mouth. Neither does he like the girl who is always trying to create an impression or show off.

"That's one thing I like about Barbara Stanwyck," he said. "She's so completely natural. I've seen her run her hand through her hair or push it behind her ears without any thought whatever about the way it made her look. She's real.

But the girl who really upsets Bob's equilibrium is the one who is always late. "If a girl makes a date for eight o'clock I can't for the life of me see why she can't be ready at eight," he said. "If I have to wait around for an hour while a girl gets dressed, the evening's spoiled so far as I'm concerned."

"Did you ever try walking out on a girl like that" I asked, "just to teach her a lesson?"

"Yes, I've tried that a couple of times," he confessed. "And then the next day I'd feel ashamed of myself and send her flowers as a sort of apology."

HEREDITY and background explain every man to a certain extent and it seems to me they go a long way toward explaining Robert Taylor. He comes of strictly American stock. He was born in Filley, Nebraska. He is the only son of cultured parents who considered such things as an appreciation of good music and good literature an important part of a boy's education. His father was a doctor, the sort of doctor who is an influence for good in the community in which he lives. Bob's first ambition was to follow in his father's footsteps with the idea, eventually, of specializing in psychiatry. But college, of course, came first.

He selected Pomona University (which is about forty miles from Hollywood) because of its high rating and also because of its excellent music department. He had fallen heir to a very fine old cello and he wished to study with the best instructors. The idea of becoming an actor had never once entered his head. He joined the college dramatic club because he thought it would be fun. During his senior year he was chosen for the leading rôle in *Journey's End* which the dramatic club presented at the school.

Following the performance a stranger came up to Bob and offered his card and asked if he would come to the MGM Studio the following Saturday for a screen test. Bob wasn't particularly impressed with the idea of making a screen test. But the members of the dramatic club thought it would make a grand news item for the college weekly paper and urged him to do it. So he agreed. As soon as the film of the test was developed, studio heads took one look at it and offered Bob a contract. That's how well he screened.

"But I couldn't sign a contract," he told them. "I haven't finished school."

They suggested that if he could arrange to come to the studio twice a week and study under their dramatic instructor, Oliver Hinsdell, until his graduation the following June, they would hold their offer open. They wanted this young man.

Bob agreed to do this. But he soon found that the long trek to Culver City each week greatly interfered with his school work and he finally gave it up. Apparently, however, the studio sensed just what a good bet Bob was, and were unwilling to let him slip through their fingers. They promised to hold their offer open until he got around to allowing them to put his name on the payroll. It was almost a year later that he was in a position to accept their offer.

HE WAS not terribly enthusiastic about pictures at first. Like most American boys, however, he is enthusiastic about making money. And, as he explained to me: "Suddenly it dawned upon me that if I went in for medicine I would have to spend years getting my training. That I couldn't hope to make a sizable income in less than ten years, whereas in the picture business, if I was lucky enough to click, it wouldn't take me long to become financially independent. Also, after I got used to working before the camera I discovered that I really liked it. There's something fascinating about it."

It would have been so easy for a boy as young as Bob is—he's twenty-three, I believe—whose success came so swiftly and so unsought as his did, to have lost his head a bit; to have done a little plain and fancy swaggering. The fact that he has remained modest and unassuming in spite of the adulation that has been showered upon him is evidence of his stability and levelheadedness. He is mentally well-disciplined. And that is, to a large extent I think, the result of heredity and background.

He is well aware that the lap of fame is fickle. "And I realize that even though I may have gone up in a hurry," he says, "I could toboggan just as fast."

And there you have Robert Taylor—the young man of the hour. And after having spent several hours talking to him, I'll have to confess that I'm sort of crazy about him, too! Aren't you?

Lederer's Search for a Soul-Mate

[*Continued from page 36*]

mother lived. My parents separated when I was nine years old. I lived with my father in Prague, but spent two weeks of each year with my mother. My father was a poor merchant, but my mother's family were well-to-do, and I used to look forward to these brief vacations with the keenest anticipation. My sweetheart married very young. I was a soldier then, a boy soldier." A painful look clouded his thoughtful eyes. "We never wrote to each other," he added.

"I married the second girl I fell in love with. I refer to the young lady Hollywood gossips called my 'secret bride'." A faint smile crept about his lips. Lederer is a serious chap, sharing this trait in common with the war generation of Europe. "I saw no reason why I should shout from the house-tops that I have been married. Let me tell you the real story of my marriage:

"I left the Gymnasium without graduating. The Gymnasium, as you know, corresponds to an American high school and junior college combined. My father, who wanted me to work with my head instead of my hands, was, of course, bitterly disappointed. I decided to earn my own way by getting a job as apprentice in a little dry-goods store. I ran errands, swept the shop, sometimes waited on customers. But my real ambition was to be an actor. I was determined on a career.

"When I saved a little money, I entered the German Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts in Prague, and it was there that I met her. She was studying to be an opera singer. She was very beautiful, with blue eyes and brown hair, but what attracted me, especially, was her keen intelligence and the wonderful spiritual qualities she seemed to possess. We became friends. We used to sit through the rehearsals together, and I would take her to a play or concert whenever my pocketbook could stand it. I was terribly poor.

"When I went to Vienna to improve my German, later touring through central Europe with theatrical troupes, we kept up a constant correspondence. After two or three years our idealistic friendship matured into love, and we married when I returned to Prague. My financial condition was, by now, sufficiently improved to permit me to marry.

"OUR marriage lasted a year and a half. It was exactly six years ago we separated. In Czechoslovakia divorce automatically follows separation after a certain period of time has elapsed. The law in this respect is much more liberal there. We separated because our intellectual development took different directions, and for no other reason. We were very young when we first met, and our ideas about life were pretty much the same. But gradually, we differed more and more in our opinions, and when the intellectual bond was completely broken between us, our love for each other also vanished. Nothing could hold it.

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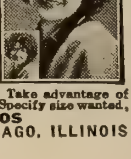

when I first met her. A long illness heightens one's perceptions, makes one a thinker, a dreamer, a poet. She radiated a beautiful spirituality, and that 'got' me. But as she became strong and healthy, her personality completely changed. She became more and more worldly and our spiritual harmony was broken. I don't believe in staying married when a couple cease to love each other.

"And it was this same mental dis-harmony that caused the disruption between Steffi Duna and myself, and we broke up. Again, I was attracted to her because she has the soul of a child, and is so good at heart. She has been working ever since she was twelve years old, supporting her mother and two brothers. I first met her in Berlin. Although a very popular dancer, there were times when she was out of work, and by depriving herself of the necessities of life she continued to help her mother and brothers. She overwhelms you with her humanity. And that, for me, is a terrific attraction. I have tremendous admiration for her. She is an extremely versatile artist. In Berlin, she brought the house down every time she appeared on the stage, either as dancer or actress. I am sure she can be a sensational screen star if given a real chance. She is terrific in *The Dancing Pirate*—in a rôle made to order."

When Lederer left the room to answer the phone, Mary Anita Loos came in. She is his current lady fair, a smiling, attractive girl, with class. She was very simply dressed, and has that wholesome look about her which the idealistic Czech appreciates so much in women. She retired as soon as Lederer strode back to the library.

"She understands me," he said.

"Are you going to marry her?" we ventured to ask him.

"I don't know. Marriage is a very serious problem for me, yet I believe in it. I have no intentions of remaining a bachelor. I couldn't. I must have somebody to inspire and to be inspired by. But before I marry, I want to be absolutely sure that she is the right girl for me. I knew my wife for a few years before I married her, and yet, she didn't turn out to be the person I thought she was. We had nothing in common.

"AS an escort to dances and dinner parties, as a shining light of so-called society, I would be a disappointment to the girl who marries me. Fame, wealth, the glories of drawing-rooms, mean nothing to me. I don't mean to say that my wife would have to live in stern retirement from the world. Far from it. True, I don't smoke or drink, and I have little talent for parties, but I am no monk. I am tremendously interested in the world about me. My wife would have to lead a very active life if she is to share my enthusiasms and help me to carry out the things I have in mind for the welfare of my fellow-human beings.

"The things that interest me, should interest her too, otherwise we will not be able to get along after the first rapture of marriage is over. Unless we are in complete mental harmony, she would think me a crack-brained visionary if I spend all the money I earn for the realization of ideals that are close to my heart, such as world peace and the Boy Scout movement. We all are victims of our destiny. I can't live for myself, no matter how logical it may seem to me that I should. I have to live for others.

"I came from the bottom. All my life I have learned from other people and have been inspired by them—people I have read about, or met personally, or seen them on the stage or screen. My great ambition in life is to develop myself all the time, not waste a single minute, and be of some use and inspiration to others. I live with the people who wrote these books or are described in their pages. They are my heroes." Indicating a Bible resting on a table, he declared in his soft, passionately earnest voice: "Jesus Christ, first of all." Then he pointed out the long array of books lining the walls of his library from floor to ceiling, and enumerated his other heroes one by one: "Masaryk, Franklin, Woodrow Wilson, Washington, Lincoln, Edison, Pasteur, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Beethoven, Wagner, Goethe, Knut Hansun, Dostoevski, Tolstoy—"

Lederer has almost a religious conception of the profession of acting. He thinks the theatre, including the screen, should be like a church or religious temple—people should go there to forget their troubles, and to be inspired, elevated. "The work of the actor should influence people like a painting by Rubens does; it must have something very healthy, vital, exhilarating about it. Maurice Chevalier, for instance, always gives you exhilaration. When you walk out of the theatre, you have a different outlook on life."

Lederer is a great admirer of the silent, melancholy Frenchman who bubbles up with the *joie de vivre* of Gay Paree when he performs for an audience. He is very modest about his own work as an actor. "I try to entertain people," he said, in an embarrassed tone, and blushing a little.

YOU may think a guy like Lederer feels himself very much out of place in Hollywood, that he is like a square peg in the round hole of movie life. As a matter of fact, he *loves* Hollywood. It's an ideal place for him to live in, and the best vantage point he can have for spreading his ideas on world peace, etc.

"Like a lot of other people," he told me, "I used to think Hollywood is a hothouse plant, cultivated artificially—something you can't put your finger on, something like a dream. But it isn't. Hollywood is real. The stars are real human beings, and taken as a whole, outstanding in personality, intelligence and education. Practically all of them are of good character. They lead natural, normal lives, without any false glitter. There is no false glamour, no pretense. The stars of today would be ashamed to do the things their predecessors are reputed to have done, earning for Hollywood a fantastic reputation.

"I realize this wonderful reality of Hollywood more and more, and respect more and more its people and their achievements. The average layman has no idea of the difficulties under which pictures are made. Professionally, it's thrilling for me to live in Hollywood. It's the greatest concentration point of acting talent in the world. Many pictures are real contributions to art, and don't get as much credit as they deserve. If they were paintings, they would be hung in museums; if books, they would be carried by public libraries two or three hundred years hence.

"It's the real, worthwhile things that count in Hollywood today. Culture and idealism aren't taboo. Practically the entire movie colony turned out for Leopold Stokowski's concerts. Many of the stars think deeply on the problems of the modern world. I am sure I have as much chance of finding my soul-mate here as anywhere else on earth."

Which Stars are Doomed By Color?

[*Continued from page* 56]

indiscriminately. A story with the scope and spectacular background of *The Garden of Allah* is the perfect color story, because the screen could not possibly capture the spirit of it without color. This would not apply to a run-of-the-mill drawing room drama. . . ."

MARLENE DIETRICH is the first glamor queen to star in a color picture. Stars who have passed their color tests are eager, even impatient, to make color pictures. And the prophets predict that Marlene, whose last three pictures before *Desire* were not box-office successes, will find a new and greater career in color. A beautiful woman in reality, she has her beauty enhanced by color, even more than by the soft-focus photography of Von Sternberg.

Marlene, who has an extraordinary sense of color (according to her co-workers), gives this interesting sidelight on color films: "In black-and-white photography photographic quality was a main consideration in the selection of wardrobe. Now, with color, costumes must be of a hue becoming to one's own coloring, rather than merely to assume a certain tone of gray on the screen."

Richard Boleslawski, director of many black-and-white successes, who is now directing *The Garden of Allah,* says, *"To speak of the future of color is to speak of the future of the entire motion picture industry.* It may take longer than we think—many atrocities may be committed in the transitional period—but color is here to stay.

"Color will do to pictures what it did to advertising—make them more vivid, more compelling. It should have the same sort of influence on the color sense of peoples as talking pictures have had, and will continue to have, on the internationalization of language. A revived sense of color has begun to emerge from the drabness of the post-war period. Motion pictures will stimulate the restoration of vivid color to our lives."

Sturges Carne, art director, says that scenic designers must re-learn their business, because: "Greater care in design and color of settings is necessary in color than in black-and-white in order to avoid the intrusion of background interest. Simplicity must be the new keynote."

James Potevin, chief electrician, says, "Light placement for color photography and changed values in backlighting have required that my crew and I learn the changed technique of lighting that the color-camera demands."

Hal Kern, Selznick film editor, says, "From the single fact that the eye can be held longer by a beautifully colored picture than by a black-and-white, a color film can be cut to maintain pace without abruptness. This will affect my work definitely."

Willis Goldbeck, scenarist, predicts that screen writers will have to learn to visualize scenes differently. Suppose, for example, a man is discovered at his desk, a suicide. He has been figuring his accounts; he is so much in the red that he has taken his life. In black-and-white, that fact would have to be shown by pointing the camera over his shoulder onto the paper on his desk, showing his losses. In color photography, the camera could approach him from the front and the red ink on the paper would tell the story.

THE producer most responsible for the slow, sure coming of color is Merian C. Cooper. Years ago, in a Malay jungle, he filmed a remarkable picture, *Chang.* Looking through the ground-glass finder on his camera at the scenes before him, he was heart-sick that they would register only as black-and-white on film. He vowed that some day he would make pictures in color. For years, he preached color, carefully watched the development of various processes. Finally deciding that Technicolor had reached a point of near-perfection, he interested John Hay Whitney, the young financier. Together they formed Pioneer Pictures—to produce only films in color.

As a test picture, they made the two-reel *La Cucaracha.* The success of that impelled them to continue with their plans. They made *Becky Sharp*—which, for all its shortcomings and over-emphasis on color, played to tremendous business. Enough business to interest Walter Wanger in producing an outdoor picture in color, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.* This won instant favor with audiences everywhere. Now comes Pioneer's *Dancing Pirate,* with Selznick's *The Garden of Allah* almost ready. Pioneer announces *The Smile of Mona Lisa,* the romantic story of Leonardo da Vinci and his famous model, for early color filming. Universal is coming up with a color picture to be directed by Hal Mohr. Warners are planning a color picture.

And Merian Cooper says, "In five years —probably less—black-and-white pictures will be as passé as black hose on a woman. Wait and see."

Fifteen Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

Richard Dix

"RICHARD DIX, who is quite a matinée idol in Los Angeles, scored a hit in his first picture, *Not Guilty.* Whereupon Goldwyn promptly signed him up as leading man under a two years' contract." . . . "Hollywood has come to rival the Rue de la Paix. The bewildering creations which are worn by the ladies fair in *The Affairs of Anatol,* for example, were designed and executed right at the studios." . . . "The latest star is May McAvoy, who played *Grizel* in *Sentimental Tommy."* . . . "Elinor Glyn was not content with merely being the author of Gloria Swanson's first starring picture, but donned the grease-paint and appeared in several scenes before the camera. She says she is determined to know the business from every angle." . . . "Colleen Moore's work in *Dinty* and in the new John Barrymore film proves her to be among the foremost artists appearing before the camera." . . . "Pat O'Malley is an optimist. That isn't surprising, for who could think of a man bearing his name being downhearted or beaten? Yet he admits that there have been times when he has come near being both." . . . "*Passion* and *Deception,* both German pictures, are so superior to the average American picture that American producers are up in arms." . . . "The coming year will be fulfilment for Dick Barthelmess. He has signed a contract which places him at the head of his own producing company." . . . "A happy film family who are moving into their new home is the Vidor family. King and Florence have completed a beautiful home on Selma Avenue, Hollywood." . . . "Marie Prevost is the latest nautical beauty to place her bathing-suit in mothballs and go in for other things. She has signed a contract with the Universal Film Company, which calls for her appearance in comedy-dramas, in which the bathing-suit will have no place." . . . "Anna Q. Nilsson has finally made good her threat and sailed for Sweden."

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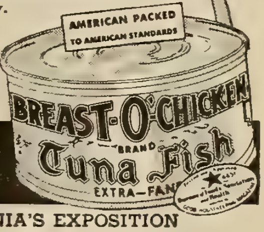

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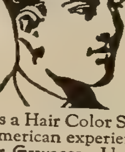

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NADINOLA Freckle Cream

Ginger Rogers asks: "Did I Get What I Wanted from Life?"

[*Continued from page* 33]

forever, you've *had* them all, haven't you?"

And Ginger's pale young face, guiltless of any make-up, framed by that tawny silk hair sobered as she said: "Of course, I haven't got everything. No. Wait—I haven't got everything only because *there is no such thing.* I mean, there is no such thing as having everything. We are all mortal and being mortal means being limited, and so none of us has the capacity for everything. No one can have everything. Because for every dream dreamed there arises another dream. For every hope hoped there emerges another hope." I found myself thinking "And for every love does there arise another love to take the old love's place?" And Ginger replied: "It is an old saying and a true one—that the more we have the more we want. It's like eating—the more you eat the more you can eat! 'Everything' is limitless, don't you see? There is no end to it.

"NO, NO, for anyone to make the boast that he or she has everything is like going to school and graduating and then saying: 'Well, now, I know all there is to know. I never need to read another book or hear another lecture or study another subject.' So stupid, that attitude. Because the thrill and the glory and the whole come-on of living is just because there are no limits. There is no saturation point. For every goal is, when you have reached it, only a sign-post pointing the way to the next goal. The end is never reached.

"I can't even say" smiled Ginger, "that all my dreams have come true. Because, you see, I never did dream very grand dreams. I never made very lavish demands on life. I can't honestly say that I spent my childhood in day-dreaming of fame and riches and glory for me. Because I didn't. I never thought about such things at all. I always lived for the day, the hour. I still do. I live for the present.

"I certainly never dreamed about being an actress, of all things! I never thought about having a lot of money. Mother earned what would be called a sensible amount of money as a newspaper woman—enough to make us comfortable. The people I knew then all lived nicely, but modestly. I never thought about movie stars and their fabulous lives at all . . . but, if I had thought about them, I would probably have put them in the same fantastic category as *Alice In Wonderland* or something like that.

"I never thought about having a lot of money because I really need so little. If I cared about the things that money can buy I wouldn't go about as you see me now, dressed in cotton overalls and a dollar sweat-shirt. Oh, I like to get all tricked out now and then and go out with a crowd and have fun. But I can live without expensive clothes and be just as happy. I don't give a darn for jewels. My first ermine coat didn't make a different girl of me!

"When I was a little girl I only had one ambition that I can remember—I wanted to be a school-teacher. I think that was because I adored my English teacher. She lived at home with us for a term or two and I used to think that anyone so pretty and gentle and wise would be the perfect one to copy. I wanted to be just like her.

"NO, honestly, you can't have everything in a world so 'full of a number of things'. I'd like to go to college, as I've said. I'd like to try to write. I don't know whether I could write or not, but I'd love to have the time to try. I'd like to compose music, too. I don't say that I could do that, either—though I have written a song or two!—but I'd like to have the time to work at it. I'd like to have time to be a little bit domestic. I think I really am a housewife at heart. Most girls are, if you strip off the cellophane wrappings of their professional lives, whatever they may be. . . ." (And I found myself wondering whether this might be the Why Of It . . . whether the little housewife-at-heart who hasn't time to be a housewife might be the explanation of the little wife who doesn't, perhaps, have time to be a wife? For Ginger is, I think, essentially whole-hearted. And where she couldn't give her whole heart and her whole time and her whole devotion she would rather not give at all. . . .)

"You know," Ginger was saying, "I have to live in my own house as I would live in a hotel. I never get time even to plan a menu. I never have the least idea what I'll have to eat from one meal to the next. I never have time to count the linens, to arrange flowers, to fuss over things—and *I'd love to.* When the maid tells me that we need three new table-cloths I phone a shop and tell them to send me three new table-cloths and then I never see them until they are on the table.

"I'd like to have time to work in the garden, to pick flowers and arrange them for the house. I'd like to be able to plan luncheons and dinners, to change drapes, to make little things. I do manage a certain amount of knitting and crocheting and hooking rugs and doing petit point and things like that . . . in between times, if ever. A stitch now and then.

"I'd like to be able to go out more—to do silly, on-the-spur-of-the moment things, like going on picnics and down to Venice to do the chute-the-chutes and things. But I'm usually too tired when I come home from the studio to do anything except fall into bed and to sleep. When I'm rehearsing I do go out now and then just to keep in step with life. But when we're in production it swallows us whole and we're seen and heard no more—save on the sound stages."

AND how would that go, I thought, with marriage . . .? A star too tired to do anything but go home, and so to bed and to sleep. A star swallowed up in production to be seen and heard no more. . . Marriage and its multiple demands. The studio and its slavery. Alien bedfellows, I am afraid.

"So, you see," said Ginger, "all of the many things I have—this 'everything' you speak of—*I can't use.* I remind myself of *Midas*—everything he touched turned to gold but what good did it do him? He couldn't eat gold. He couldn't inhale any fragrance from golden flowers. And when he turned to the one object he loved more than anything or any person in the world, his little daughter, he could get no warmth or affection from her—for she, too, had turned to gold!"

(Perhaps, I thought, perhaps Ginger was saying more than she knew, revealing more than she thought . . . for may it not be that, here in Hollywood, under the greedy grasp of the Great God Studio . . . young, ardent, hopeful marriages, like *Midas'* daughter, also turn to gold?)

"I have *things*" said Ginger, "and more than just things, I know. I have clothes, but I have no chance to wear them. I'd like to do some personal shopping now and then. I'd like to window-shop and hunt for bargains and try things on, the way girls like to do. I can't. When I need new clothes I phone again. I call a shop and tell them to send me three or four dresses and then I choose the most likely one and let it go at that. I have three or four new dresses at home right now and I can't wear them because I haven't been able to shop for the right accessories for them. . . ."

Ginger paused for a moment and looked out of the window . . . spread before her Irish blue eyes were the mammoth sound stages, the machine shops, the offices, the gardens, the whole vast body of the studio where she reigns supreme—a star . . . and I wondered what she was thinking, what values she was weighing in her mind. She didn't say. I knew that she wouldn't say. For if she talked to one she would have to talk to all—and there are some matters even a star cannot be expected to discuss with all!

SHE said, finally, "I'd love to have a baby. Of course, I would, naturally. I shall adopt one some day. It seems to me," said Ginger, her bright blue eyes wistful, as if asking a question, "that it's just as fine to adopt a baby as it is to have one of your own. Don't you think? To choose a baby because of all the babies you have seen that baby is the one you want the most? I sort of agree with Kathleen Norris when she said recently, that real motherhood is to love every baby born and not only the babies born to you. . . .

"Movie babies certainly cost a lot, too," Ginger laughed, her eyes coming back from the Neverland. "I read in a recent article somewhere that a certain very big star's last baby cost her exactly $150,000—because of her having to be out of production for so long. Time is very valuable to a movie star.

"You see, I am emphasizing the fact, now, that there is no such thing as having everything. I know that I have everything that meets the eye. I know that other girls must wonder what there is left for me to want. That's what I'm trying to tell them. And I'm not disparaging the things I have. I'm not making light nor little of the fun of fame, so-called, of money and success and all that. Not for one minute. I'm happy. I wouldn't change places with little Susie Glutz who works in an office for anything. Even though Susie is probably just as happy as I and with just as good reasons. Even though Susie is certainly normal and I am not. Because we are not *really* normal, not when we are 'movie stars.' We can't be. It is very much, I think, like running a temperature all of the time. And, after awhile, we get so used to being keyed up that we couldn't live any other way. We would feel depressed and weak if we didn't live at high pressure every instant. I know that I work better, the harder the pressure. It is literally true that the less time I have, the more I can accomplish.

"I ENJOY 'fame'. I really love it. I get a kick out of being recognized and praised and spoiled. There are times when it is tiresome, of course. But there are times when everything is tiresome. There are also times, most times, when it is thrilling and satisfying to find my name in electric lights. I enjoy the fan letters and the compliments and the consideration of being a star. I wouldn't be honest if I didn't admit it.

"But just because I do love it and value it, there is a drawback. I think it must be something like having a very beautiful and successful child for whom you have worked night and day, whom you have watched grow and for whom you feel a great love, a great pride of possession. And just because you love it so much, that love is shot through with fear. For *supposing anything should happen to it?* Supposing that you *should lose it?*

"That's the way I feel about my work. Supposing something should happen—to the industry or to my part in it? Of course I'd be hurt. Terribly hurt. I'd hate it. I'd be miserable. So that even when you do have everything, presumably, in the work you are doing, at any rate—even that is marred by the fear of loss, of accident, of fate. . . ."

In the doorway the assistant director was beckoning. Ginger waved a hand. "Time to go," she said to me. "I can't be five minutes late. I'm always late for everything, except my work. They've got me trained in the studio. So . . . I guess we can about sum it up like this: I get everything I want from Life except—TIME. Time to go to college, time to be a housewife, time to shop and play and experiment, time to have a baby, time to be normal. . . ."

Can you read between these lines? I can.

Ten Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

Norma Shearer

"THAT SHEARER GIRL has gone far, as people predicted she would. And we are of the opinion that she has much farther to go." . . . "They are going to put one of the greatest books this country has produced into the movies, and from West Coast and East Coast this has been the big news of the year. Theodore Dreiser has kept his own gargantuan self in the background, saying only that his work, *An American Tragedy*, must be produced in fidelity to the story. Famous Players, with a magnificent gesture paid $93,000 for it—ninety-three thousand dollors for a book that isn't by Harold Bell Wright or Zane Grey, but for a literary masterpiece." . . . "We give John Gilbert full credit for being the greatest lover shadowed upon the screen in many a day." . . . In MOTION PICTURE, Jimmie Cruze says of *Metropolis*, "It is incomparably the greatest motion picture ever made." . . . "Along with their story buying the Fox company has made an ambitious effort to find new feminine stars. Three of the girls who have been selected by Fox will undoubtedly be famous before the end of another year. They are Olive Borden, Janet Gaynor and Joan Renée." . . . "Rudolph Valentino has signed a new contract with John W. Considine, Jr., of United Artists, to make three more pictures for that organization. He is still at work on *The Son of the Sheik*, in which they say Rudy and Agnes Ayres will duplicate many of the love scenes which made him famous in that *Sheik* of many years ago." . . . "Today Gloria Swanson is no longer bizarre and unreal. She looks and acts what she is—a woman who has at last discovered that life can hurt." . . . "Lya de Putti is making her American premiere under auspicious circumstances. For immediately upon her arrival she went to work under D. W. Griffith's direction in *The Sorrows of Satan*." . . . "Florenz Ziegfeld wishes it distinctly understood that he personally selected Esther Ralston as the heroine of *Glorifying the American Girl*." . . . "In *Aloma of the South Seas*," Gilda Gray gives promise of making a place for herself in the film sun."

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Garbo is Still Queen

[*Continued from page 37*]

At about that time the steamer *Drottingholm,* sailing from Sweden, was bringing to our shores a frightened, homesick girl who clung to the arm of Mauritz Stiller, the director, using him both as shield and interpreter, since she knew not a word of English.

MONTHS later MGM released a picture called *The Torrent* with a new Swedish actress named Greta Garbo. She was unlike anything the screen had yet produced, and a far cry from the current mode of wise-cracking *insouciance.* Her eyes with their incredible lashes seemed to hold a wisdom and sorrow too deep for one so young, that even her slow, enchanting smile was unable to banish. At whatever angle the camera caught her subtly-moulded face the effect was poignantly lovely. She made no obvious effort to attract. You couldn't have imagined her bouncing peppily around. Her vitality glowed from within, and went hand in hand with a certain touch-me-not quality combining with her beauty to stir and trouble you, so that when her next picture came around, you hurried to the theatre for another glimpse of that haunting face, thinking that this time you might catch, perhaps, what had eluded you before—something indefinable.

Ten years have passed since then, bringing unimagined changes to the screen—the revolution of sound, the rebirth of music, the purge of censorship. New faces have appeared, risen to the zenith and faded, to make way for still others which have lived through their cycle and died. One thing remains unchanged. A new Garbo picture will still find you hurrying to the theatre for yet another glimpse of that face which has enslaved the imagination of a world. And if you've stopped trying to pierce the mystery, it's because you've recognized it as an integral part of Garbo, as inseparable from the whole as the fragrance from a growing flower.

Of the idols above-mentioned, the span of Miss Pickford's popularity alone has approached Garbo's. But among the women—with Chaplin as her only male counterpart—Garbo is unique in this: that after ten years her star shows no sign of waning. In number, her fans must have reached the saturation point long since, but with each picture and between pictures, the intensity of their devotion grows.

When sound came in, ruining half the stars of the silent screen, the trumpet call: GARBO TALKS, rang round the world, and her deep-toned, slightly guttural voice was pronounced perfection. If she'd squealed like a pig or shrieked like a hyena—and I apologize in advance for the horrid suggestion, since I share the credo that nothing unlovely could issue from her loveliness—the effect would have been the same. It was Garbo's voice—that was enough.

When the debunking craze reached its height, and a magazine came forth with the tidings that Garbo had flat feet and one or two other human failings, the resultant cyclone of protests was such that the editor was forced to beat a hasty retreat, crying: "Kamerad!" and "Can't you Garbo-maniacs take a joke?" Any item of news relating to Garbo, however trivial—a new set of tires for her 1927 Lincoln, the fact that she worked twenty minutes overtime, her delight with Director Van Dyke who called her honey just as though she weren't Garbo—made the front pages of most of our newspapers.

TODAY her pictures are awaited with heightened eagerness, even though they are released months apart. People go to each new one with a sense of inner excitement stirred so universally by no one but Garbo. What facet of her rich personality would be revealed this time? What vibrant image of love and suffering—too often suffering, alas, but better that than nothing—would she give them to add to the gallery stored away in memory? No matter. They would see Garbo again, against a different background, reading different lines; they would delight once more in the play of feeling over her exquisite face, know once more that lifting of the spirit produced by something about her that they couldn't name perhaps, but that went beyond mere physical grace. They are awaiting anxiously to see her in *Camille,* a taxing rôle.

With her advent and her sudden blaze into glory, the days of the flapper were numbered, off screen and on. Flaming youth took a back seat, and girls began dressing their hair, shaping their eyebrows, painting their mouths more artfully in an effort to suggest a more subtle allure, an appeal more mysterious. The word *exotic* came into its own, and the young in their wisdom decided that aloofness was the thing. They might not be able to catch the substance of Garbo but at least they could emulate, to the best of their ability, the form.

And on the screen: to offer the cute "tricks" of the day in competition with Garbo was like racing a brood of Pekes against a pure-bred Arab. From all the Hollywood studios the cry went up: "Where can we find another Garbo?" and the hunt was on. They couldn't of course find another Garbo, but they pounced on everyone they could find whose features and bearing suggested the one and only. Particularly they scoured Europe, feeling that its ancient culture was more likely to breed the intangible quality they sought. But they soon discovered that physical likeness wasn't enough, and of all the importations of that period, Dietrich alone survives—rooted in our affections through the magic of her own superlative beauty, but no rival to Garbo.

YET her influence, or rather, the influence of her appeal was sufficiently far-reaching. Without Garbo we might never have beheld on the screen the vitality of Hepburn, the piquancy of Myrna Loy, the sweet gravity of Margaret Sullavan, the subtle humor of Helen Hayes, the genius of Bergner. To Garbo we are indebted for the realization that technical beauty isn't everything. She, to be sure, was doubly endowed with loveliness of both face and spirit. But since the public refused to give others equally lovely so much as a tumble, it was gradually borne in on producers that Garbo's chief strength lay in a spiritual force that had nothing to do with regular features, or curling lashes, or eyes that might be big and soft as a cow's—and just as empty. Thus was the way paved for many of our present-day heroines, conspicuously lacking in classic noses and Cupid-bow lips, who seem to get along swimmingly, nevertheless, on the substitutes of character, intelligence and emotional understanding.

The comparative few who have had direct contact with Garbo will swear by all they hold dear that her withdrawal from the limelight is no more a pose than that of the snail who pulls his head in for protection from the outer world. Whether wildly adoring or coolly objective, their testimony is the same, and after hearing it, one would have to be a more opinionated mule than most of us are to remain unconvinced.

For one thing, it would have been next to impossible for any human being, against the terrific pressure brought to bear on her, to have maintained a pose for so long. Other players, shunning publicity at one time or another for their own purposes, have cried: "Garbo can get away with it. Why can't I?" The fact remains that Garbo, alone, has been able to "get away with it," and the reason lies in a fundamental difference in outlook. Publicity serves its own profitable purposes. Give any other star the choice between granting interviews and forfeiting her career, and the interview would be granted. Give Garbo the same choice, and she would abandon her work. Not through any ingrained perversity, not because she's high hat or considers herself more important than another. But because meeting strangers, answering their questions, submitting to their stares is to her such torture as no success could compensate for. "I won't give an interview," says Miss Glamor or Mr. He-man, when the mood seizes them. "I can't," Garbo would truthfully say, if she said anything. She can't pretend.

Useless to speculate on the reasons. With a natural love of solitude, a horror of crowds and an instinctive recoil from strange faces, those qualities have been aggravated by the very attention given them. As one man put it: "Suppose you had t.b. Suppose people kept asking you: 'How's your t.b.? T.b. better today?' Well, you'd be damn near dead of t.b. inside a month. She'd like to get over her timidity. She'd save herself many a heartache if she could. But whenever she makes the attempt, it's frustrated because people raise such an everlasting to-do over it."

OF her essential courtesy, simplicity, kindness, the stories are legion. Herbert Marshall, appearing for the first time on the *Painted Veil* set was told that his make-up was too dark and that he'd have to change it. He didn't know that he was just outside Garbo's dressing-room till the door opened and she appeared on the threshold. It was their first meeting. "I understand there's some nonsense about make-up," Miss Garbo smiled. "If there's any changing to be done, I'll change mine." She's so considerate of others.

On another occasion a venturesome writer insisted on being taken to the Garbo set. "She knows me," said the lady firmly. "I'm sure she'll see me." The publicity man detailed to fight off the attack without loss of life, reported to Garbo. "I told her," he jested, "that you'd have her thrown off the set." Her eyes widened in horror. "Oh, please," she begged, "let her know I didn't say that. Tell her something, anything. Tell her —" she hesitated before plunging into the ultimate sacrifice—"tell her I'll even see her if I must, only not to think I could have been so rude."

Freddie Bartholomew, playing her son in *Anna Karenina,* found her a congenial companion, ready to discuss horses, promenade, play handball or act as his unofficial prompter. Freddie, who's an equable child and slow to anger, yet confided passionately to his diary: "Anyone who writes anything bad about DEAR Miss Garbo is bound to suffer for it in the long run." Lacking Freddie's faith in the triumph of justice, I can't be so sure. But this I believe; that anyone who writes anything bad about Miss Garbo is writing what he knows to be untrue.

Benny Rubin and Ann Sothern look over the script for Benny's new radio show, Feen-a-mint National Amateur Night. Benny has left the movies to take Ray Perkins' place as Master of Ceremonies on the Mutual Network's popular Sunday Night Amateur Show.

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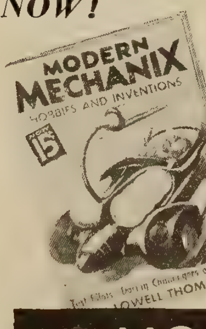

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MODERN MECHANIX
HOBBIES AND INVENTIONS

Can Hollywood Hold Errol Flynn?

[*Continued from page* 39]

difficult scenes. He's putting twice as much into them, getting twice as much he-man enjoyment out of them. Fortunately for him, he has more adventure scenes than love scenes. And that's all right with the women in the audience, too. Here is one hero who could give them thrills even if he *never* made love on the screen . . .

The scene about to be filmed as I stepped on the set was of *"The Lancers' Quadrille"* in Government House, Calcutta, in the year 1850. Errol, reluctantly, buttoned his coat again, stepped into position, entered into the dance—in rehearsal. To amused onlookers on the sideline, it was obvious that he was cussing under his breath. But when the scene was "shot," his face betrayed none of his rebellion of the previous moments. He was, to all intents and purposes, a young English officer of the year 1850, having a good time for himself, doing a complicated, foppish dance with his sweetheart (Olivia de Havilland), just out from England.

As he came off the set, again with his coat unbuttoned, he asked if anyone had seen the sun—which had disappeared in a haze a couple of days before. The sun's return would mean a return to location, for outdoor shots; release from shots like these.

HE was drying his forehead, ringed with perspiration, when I asked him how long Hollywood would be able to hold him. He looked at me quizzically. Was I joking or serious? "I'm likely to decide to quit Hollywood any day," he said, simply and succinctly. He hasn't worked the wanderlust—or the fever for new adventures—out of his system. "I won't be content," he replied firmly, "until I can live a free life—do the things I want to do, when I want to do them—preferably in the South Seas."

I had read that he was a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, of *Mutiny-on-the-Bounty* fame. Did heredity, then, explain that South Seas yearning? "I'm a descendant of Christian's family in Cumberland. That's how that story started. Or somebody twisted the fact that I *met* Fletcher Christian, his direct descendant, in Sydney." Errol (he pronounces it "Airl") discovered the attractions of the South Seas for himself. I asked him to tell me about it. He doesn't like to talk about himself. The story was pulled from him piece-meal.

"I was born in a little town near Belfast, Ireland. By the time I was through school, I was as tall as I am now—and filled out in proportion. In school, I had developed into a pretty fair boxer, so I entered the 1928 Olympic tryouts as a member of the English team. I was nineteen that summer. Just after I got back, my father, a college professor, set out for Tasmania, and took me with him. That was my first taste of life. He was going out to try to bring back the platypus alive. . . . What's a platypus? An amazing thing. It's amphibious, lives in the water or on top of it, has fur, and a beak like a duck. Yes, he brought one back—but wasn't able to keep it very long.

"Father left me in Sydney, Australia, to get on with my schooling. I stood it a few months. Then I boarded a boat for the South Sea Islands, borrowing the fare to get there. The one unknown place in the world was the interior of New Guinea. I wanted to see it—and I did.

"I did a host of things to make a living. First I went into government service as a jungle policeman. The uniform was shorts, shirt and helmet. Cool by comparison with the uniforms in this picture. All the natives a few days inland, on my 'beat,' were cannibals. I was in service about a year. Then I made a gold strike—of alluvial gold. I sold out after a while and tried pearl-fishing. Then I had a schooner. I never knew how to sail before I had it. I saw China, Japan, India, and most of the Islands in it before it bumped against a coral reef. Some day I'll have another boat like it.

"I was in the South Seas about five years, then went home to England—and the stage. Homesickness didn't drive me back. I went up to New Guinea with a good friend, a government official. The last straw was when he died of the dreaded black-water fever. Later, three more friends died. I said, 'Goodbye to *this* country! I may be the next one!"

HE KNOWS all of the dangers of the tropics, as well as its attractions, but still he wants to go back. Is that explained by the fact that he deliberately sees the romantic side of life? Life isn't necessarily what you make it, Errol has found. You can be, just as easily, what life has made *you*. "I'm a great believer in luck," he explained. "The whole thing is purely a matter of luck." That's another reason why he isn't taking his screen success big.

Those South Sea adventures of Errol's still are the dominating influence of his life. Not only does a desire to continue them underlie his screen ambitions; but they have given him another ambition—the urge to write. He has just completed a book about his experiences in sailing a small boat from Australia to New Guinea, calling the story, *Beam's End;* a publisher is reading it now. More important, he has just written (in collaboration with William Ulman, magazine writer) a scenario entitled *The White Rajah;* moreover, he has sold it—and will star in it. The story, founded on fact, brought the highest price ever paid by Warners for an original screen story.

Today, Flynn is saving his money. Yesterday, he didn't. He made and lost two fortunes in the South Seas. One was in gold. He sold out his claim for $10,000 in cash and $40,000 in stock in a syndicate. The cash was soon gone, and the syndicate soon failed. . . . The other fortune came from the schooner that he plied in trade all over the Far East, and it went down with the schooner (which was uninsured) in a collision with a coral reef. If you are a potential collector of Flynniana, look up pawn shops in the out-of-the-way corners of the world—he deposited belongings in most of them. Some of them are very precious.

He is tight-mouthed today. That traces back to two years of keeping his own counsel in the bush of New Guinea—two years in which he saw a white man only twice. He is a light sleeper, also from old habit. Sleeping in the jungle, a man learns to waken at the trembling of a leaf.

HE WILL let no one double for him in dangerous scenes. That, too, traces back to the South Seas—to one time when he knew and conquered fear. It was during his pearl-fishing days. He had a native boy who did most of the diving for the pearls. The boy was able to hold his breath for five or six minutes under water. He would dive down to the ocean floor, walk along it to a rock, twist the oysters loose from the rock, collect several in a bag, then rise to the surface. The boy did not want to dive in this particular spot—where the water was dark, octopus-infected. Flynn at first was going to force him to dive, then said, "No, I'll make no one else do anything that I wouldn't do, myself." He dove overboard, walked along the dark ocean bottom, found pearl-oysters on a rock ledge, twisted them loose, every moment imagining the long tendrils of an octopus oozing toward him out of the water-cave nearby. After that experience, no movie stunt looks too dangerous.

Once, when he was in a tough port cafe in the Islands, he saw a big, brutish man beating another half his size. Flynn interfered, with the result that the giant went for him—with a knife. Flynn dodged his lunge, wrested the knife from him, and they fought it out hand to hand. It ended with Errol scoring a knockout. The other man, when he regained consciousness, swore that he would round up a gang and come back and "get" Flynn. Errol was so mad—why, he could have killed the ingrate, instead of giving him only a beating!—that he stayed in the cafe for two days and nights, waiting. The bully never came back. After that bruising battle, no screen fight looks tough to Errol. He can take it.

In the picture, Errol plays an officer of a company of Lancers. And, as in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, the hero has two companions for contrast. One, who dies an early, heroic death, is played by David Niven. The other is played by a tall, handsome, Irish newcomer, Patrick Knowles. Errol and Pat are great friends away from the camera, though in the picture they are rivals for the same girl. (Olivia de Havilland). She loves Knowles but is engaged to Flynn and intends to carry out the bargain—until tragedy overtakes him in the suicidal Charge of the Light Brigade. So this time, in the end, "the other fellow" gets the girl. (P. S. Flynn gets the sympathy—which will be plenty.)

At the head of the 649, into the Valley of Death, he rides—to slay, and to be slain. In this battle scene, one of the most vivid ever filmed, he hurls a lance with deadly aim. No easy trick, but one he picked up immediately. A daredevil on horseback, he would race down the field in rehearsal, heaving the lance at a stuffed dummy—and he never missed.

ERROL, the realist, takes everything as it comes. If a scene is difficult, okay; if it's easy, okay. It doesn't matter to him. Everything is a new experience. And grist for the writer's mill. He wears very little make-up—so little that he can put it on himself. (And does.) His hair, his sideburns, his mustache are his own. His features are camera-perfect. He will be all right in color. (And does this picture—which is in black and white—cry for color!)

At the Fan Mail Department on the Warner lot, they told me that Dick Powell receives the most mail, with Errol a close second. I was present while a batch of the Flynn mail was opened. It was from all over the world, from people of all types, all ages. Requests for photographs, autographs, swords, cutlasses. Appreciations of his acting. Pleas for jobs, for money for adventure expeditions. Leap Year proposals, along side "best wishes" for himself and Lili. Actors, old troupers, named him as "the only man who can take Valentino's place." Ardent fans asked his permission to start fan clubs. Old friends, "so glad he's getting along," wrote of So-and-So, whom he remembers. People sent story suggestions. People hoped he and Olivia will continue as a team. None—and this was "very funny"—complimented him on his new mustache. (He still wears it).

After years of jungle life, he has an appraising eye for pretty girls—and admits it. He drives his car, himself, and drives it fast. His pals are mostly studio co-workers, except for members of the British colony. Warren William and Patrick Knowles are his closest actor-friends. When he first arrived in Hollywood, he was a stayer-up-late—because he had heard that Hollywood expected every young actor to be a night-club neurotic. He soon discovered that Hollywood expects no such thing. Now he lives a quiet life, seldom going out, and then only to formal parties—the kind that can't be dodged. Clothes fetter him. ("But, after all, in civilized society, one must observe the amenities.")

He dislikes dentists and spiders. He won't listen to publicity stunts. He has very little English accent. (The dialogue director has to groom him, as well as Olivia, in English intonations.) He is awed by the man who saw *Captain Blood* fourteen times. He likes horse races—and bets on them. Between scenes, he is a great kidder. He lives on top of Lookout Mountain, which towers over Hollywood. On a clear day, he has a fifty-mile view in every direction.

"I'm renting now, but I'll build very soon," he told me. "I've bought eight acres—also on a mountain. We're landscaping already. The motif of the place will be orderly disarrangement. The house—a French farmhouse. A mixture of a house I once lived in, a house Lili once lived in, and American conveniences." I told him that didn't sound as if he is "likely to quit Hollywood any day."

The King of Present-Day Vagabonds readjusted the tight-fitting collar of his uniform. The fulfilment of dreams, my friend, requires money—at least to a realist. And while he *is* here, he wants to live as he would like to live.

Five Years Ago
in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

Clark Gable

"CLARK GABLE, under the roaring lion banner of M-G-M will be the matinée girls' latest heartache. He has that something . . ." . . . "Women are wearing the pants in Hollywood today! Despite wild protests from the men, the vogue grows. Some studio stylists still argue for the return of strictly feminine skirts, but pajama manufacturers gleefully announce the demands for this new-born garment are increasing at break-neck pace." . . . "Carole Lombard has caught on—and she's going to be elevated to stardom. She has the figure and the voice and—with William Powell for coach—the emotion." . . . "There is open talk that the long romance of Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper is nearing an end." . . . "Marion Davies threw another party and Joan Crawford carried off the prize, a wrist watch, for the most unique costume." . . . "Welcome back, Maurice! That was a long vacation you took, and you were a long time making *The Smiling Lieutenant*. But, it's worth waiting for since it has that Chevalier touch." . . . "May Robson's amazing success, in the "quickie" made by a free-lance company and immediately snapped up by Universal for release, has brought her out to Hollywood to begin a new career at seventy-four." . . . "Not since the early days of Mary Pickford's and Mary Miles Minter's curls has there been such an epidemic of blondeness for the camera. Brunettes are going blonde. Red-heads are going blonde. And real blondes are going blonder. Such decidedly brunette personalities as Bebe Daniels, Joan Crawford, Georgia Hale, Ruth Chatterton and Sally Blane have suddenly become as pastel in appearance as Lillian Gish or Ann Harding." . . . "Newly arrived from Broadway, Lilian Bond is making a big hit for a little girl." . . . "On the cover of August 1931 MOTION PICTURE was a lovely portrait of Constance Bennett.

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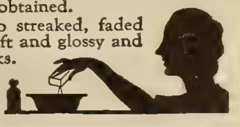

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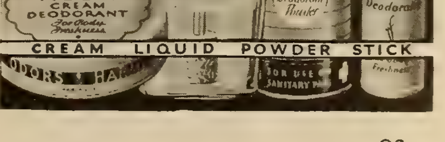

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Steffi is a Perfect Type for Color

[*Continued from page* 43]

rushed to the rescue, the ecstasy at the prolonged kiss . . . Unexpected training that was to prove so profitable later on.

It was the afternoon of the Spring Festival that her fate was actually settled, however. After the school program, friends stormed her mother. "She is a 'premiere danseuse,' that Steffi!" they cried. "She is *wonderful!* If you permit her to be trained she will be soon the greatest dancer in Europe! Please let them train her!"

So off Steffi went to the opera ballet school. She did not become the greatest dancer in Europe. She became one of them. At first her performances were for children's theatres, depicting lovely fairy-tale myths. Then they began depicting what Steffi herself felt—the rich rhythm of life, itself. And the leading impresarios of the Continent sent for her. One of them was in Berlin. He contracted her to dance in *Wonder Bar* (the absorbing musical that Al Jolson later made into a picture for Warner Brothers.)

IT WAS during rehearsals that she met him, the very tall, young man who was star of the production—Francis Lederer. But it takes Steffi, herself, to relate what followed. She speaks in a throaty little voice only half touched with accent. "From the first he had faith in my ability, not only as a dancer but as an actress. Do you know what that means—to have someone believe in you? To inspire and encourage you to do the things you've dreamed of?

"There were four featured speaking parts for women in the show. I learned all of them. I stood in the wings night after night before it was time for me to go on in my dance, and memorized those four characters. They do not have understudies in Europe, you know. But I told the manager I knew all the lines and he just said, 'Good!' and forgot about it—until the leading woman fell ill one night. Francis rushed up to me as I came into the theatre that evening. 'It's your chance, Steffi! Can you be ready to go on in eight minutes? I'll be there. I'll do everything to help you!'

"He persuaded the manager. He even persuaded me! And there I was, a dancer, *speaking lines* in front of that large, smart Berlin audience . . . Ach, what a night!" she twinkled deliciously. You felt the excitement crowding in on that hour of hours when Steffi became a "name" in Europe—as a dramatic star as well as a dancing one. They wouldn't let her go. Sophisticated Berliners kept flocking for months to see her and Lederer in the play. One evening Noel Coward came. "I should like to write a play for you," he said as he sat at supper with her and Francis after the performance. Now Noel Coward has said that to only five other women in his whole eventful career and each time the woman has become internationally famous. "You'll have to come to London . . . learn English and study, study, study . . ."

Steffi would have flown to Tibet. But at the close of *Wonder Bar* when she finally arrived in England, Mr. Coward had hied himself to Africa on one of his frequent "disappearing" excursions. He is one gentleman, however, who always keeps his word even when he runs away from civilization. On the boat coming back he mapped out a play with one of the central figures a dark, small, colorful girl with eyes that speak. *Words and Music* was a smash hit of the London season. Steffi was in it. She had mastered English while waiting for Coward. Shortly before the opening date the playwright took Steffi aside. "Look here—your name, *Steffi Berinde.* It's very nice but I think we can find something with more *umph . . .* " That's when he gave the christening party. G. B. Stern was there with a dozen or more famous British authors. And a goodly sprinkling of other nobles and notables. Noel ordered silence for five minutes while they thought of a surname for the new star. Everything was suggested. Nothing quite suited. He began questioning her about Hungarian words. One of the first that naturally came to Steffi's mind was her beloved Danube—called *"Duna"* in her own tongue. "That's your name!" cried Coward. "Steffi Duna!" And so she became.

"HE AND Francis are responsible for my acting, for what success I've had, for everything," she acknowledged warmly. "At the same time I was playing in the Coward production I worked in two movies, *Indiscretions of Eve* and *The Iron Stair.* They gave me good experience.

"After a time Francis came to New York to star in *Autumn Crocus* and do you know what he did? He heard that a musical called *The Beggar's Opera* was to be produced and he convinced the director that I was the girl for the part! So I, too, came to America. But," impishly, "the play was a *wish-out.* No, I mean a *wash-out!* I thought, though, as long as I was in America I'd give myself a three months' trial in Hollywood before returning to Europe. Only it turned out to be a three year trial! So odd the way things have happened to me here.

"They have said that Francis Lederer was responsible for my first break in pictures also. That is not entirely the fact. It was just my lucky day . . . He had been brought out to do *Man of Two Worlds* by RKO and they had searched everywhere for someone to play the Eskimo girl and couldn't find her. I had gone to see the casting director about something else that morning and Francis saw me. He was with the producer and he introduced us. They needed the Eskimo so badly, the producer thought I *looked* the part, they tested me! I played it—and then, because no more Eskimos were needed, I wasn't noticed for months. One learns to wait in Hollywood.

"One day I met Fredric Hollander who was in the same spot—even though he'd written such gorgeous music and lyrics for Marlene Dietrich's pictures in Germany. He said, 'Let's put on a play and show them what we can do!' So we did. We opened the Tingle-Tangle Theatre and after the first night I was signed to an RKO contract. Fredric is now a composer at Paramount. I think Hollywood history repeats itself! Again it was because they could find no one else that they put me in *La Cucaracha.* Yes, it is true! They combed California and seven other states while I waited in their backyard . . ."

BUT Steffi does no more waiting. That two-reel Academy Award winning picture made her a star synonymous with color. When Hollywood thinks of a vibrant personality for its exciting new venture now it thinks of her. That is why Merian C. Cooper, producer of Pioneer Pictures, would have no one else for *The Dancing Pirate.* In between times, of course, she works in the black-and-white medium.

The Girl Whom Hollywood Can't Understand

[*Continued from page* 44]

"THE change in my physical appearance," she continued, "is due to several influences, of course, but particularly to posing for 'still' pictures. Johnny Engstead, who handles them for the publicity department—well, he's had more to do with developing me than anyone else. I didn't know how to stand. I didn't know how to walk. I just went. Look at my hands. They've always been old." They are. They look as though they belonged to a woman more than fifty. "I didn't know what to do with them. Johnny said they were interesting hands because they were different and began photographing them. I heard that Katharine Hepburn's hands were not beautiful, according to usual standards. I studied her and discovered she handles them by always keeping them in front of her. I tried to hide mine. So Johnny kept photographing them until I began to use them to advantage. The other girls on the lot were afraid to take leg art. Pictures in shorts, bathing suits, etc. I took as many as I could. What it must have cost for those original pictures. Most of them were torn up—I was so bad. But the more they took, the more I learned. If the youngsters would only take advantage of what you can learn from taking leg pictures!

"I studied three actresses; saw their pictures over and over and over. Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis and Norma Shearer. I watched the way Norma Shearer walked up and down stairs and then I kept trying it. No one can do it as well as Norma. My first screen test was in Kay Francis' clothes. We are exactly the same size. Kay Francis can make even flat-heeled shoes and tailored suits charming. I had worn them without making them charming. And Claudette Colbert is so real. She gives the impression of having so much fun. Everyone likes that kind of person. To learn to give an impression of *fun*—"

GAIL PATRICK was giving that impression at that moment. I remembered how funny I had felt when I had first interviewed her: something like a timid child trying to stutter questions at a tight-lipped school teacher. Now, I didn't even have to ask questions. She talked rapidly about herself, wasting no time upon "Perhaps it's better not to print that."—"I love interviews," she confided. "They teach you self-assurance and I am just beginning to have self-confidence. I need them!"

"Naturally, no girl could so change without having the *inside* develop as well as the outside. I asked her about that. She did not hesitate a second. I was with Gail for two hours and I did not hear her hesitate once. A person who does not hesitate has found life worth conquering! "Cecil De Mille had much to do with that," she added. "He was sarcastic. He heard about my wanting to be a lawyer and stopped me on the lot. 'You'll make a good lawyer, but can you learn to make a good actress?' The inference was—it would be easy for me to be a good lawyer; did I have the courage to become a good actress?

"His sarcasm, tossed at me in unexpected moments, whetted something within me. He even made fun of my finger nails. You see, I had been high brow.

"One of the biggest struggles was about men. At first, they didn't look at me. Then they began. I discovered little men like tall girls. I'm quite tall you know. I was told again and again that the type of girl whom men marry are not interesting on the screen. It was a nice way of referring to my old-fashioned ideals. I decided that girls whom men want to marry should be made interesting—on the screen or off. At first, I was insulted when men tried to make love to me. I acted childish about it. Then, I began to take it all with my tongue in my cheek. I learned to kid them instead of taking them personally. Man has tested woman since Adam. He always will. Now, the men whom I kid, call me the most often.

"I had always gone with older people in Alabama. Older men. I had always been an 'old' person. But here, in Hollywood, I was young. I was a country girl. I didn't even know what people were talking about. I wasn't either sophisticated or unsophisticated. I just didn't understand."

THERE is no position more difficult than this one. The world can make a fair estimate of a girl who is a child; it can judge accurately the women of sophistication—but it has no pigeon-hole for the one who just does not understand. Gail tried to learn. She doesn't drink. This isn't a matter of principle. She just *doesn't drink*. People kidded her at cocktail parties. She was a girl they *couldn't understand* because she didn't object to drinking and yet she never sipped a cocktail. This worried her, at first. Then she worked her way through to this mental conclusion: "No one at these parties gives up drinking because I don't drink. Why should I drink because they do?" Which is fair enough reasoning.

It was the birth of the psychology which has carried her from the country-girl lawyer to the outwardly, sophisticated Hollywood actress. Hollywood has not changed its viewpoints for hers; why should she change hers for theirs?

In other words, Gail chose a path in Hollywood which other youngsters might do well to study. She changed the old adage, "When in Rome, do as the Romans," to "When in Rome, look as the Romans and do as you please!"

It is not an easy path. It's so much more simple to become one of a crowd, inwardly, as well as outwardly. To become sophisticated in appearance and in conversation, or through remaining silent when you do not understand the conversation! To remain a little country girl who doesn't tell stories, or drink or go out with men for the mere purpose of going places! Ah, that takes an inward development of character not necessary for many of life's adventures.

Gail Patrick has done this. If she had remained in Alabama and become a great lawyer, she would have understood others and have been easily understood herself. And no woman who is easily understood is truly intriguing. But by using the same brain power and more will-power in Hollywood she had become a girl who looks sophisticated, acts sophisticated but is—the girl whom Hollywood cannot understand. Therefore, she is one of the most alluring of Hollywood's many tempting young actresses.

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Fay Wray's Design for Marriage

[*Continued from page* 45]

and comedies, Fay married a man whose education and schooling were so beautifully complete that they dazzled. To a girl who has an admitted sense of inferiority, it was a terrific handicap. Especially when she loved the man. She had beauty, poise, acting ability. She was hailed in cinema circles as an Eric von Stroheim "find," having made a memorable appearance in his *Wedding March.* The picture really made Fay.

The young Saunders had common interests—films and their love. Beyond that, not much meeting ground. However, Fay had an instinctive feeling for the "better things." John was quick to understand her desire to develop those tastes. Thus, Fay set about making herself into the person she wanted to be. She didn't try to bring herself to the level of John Saunder's intellectual accomplishments. She knew that she was years behind him in that score. She knew, too, what every thinking woman knows, that a man usually marries because he wants a loving, amusing companion, not an intellectual duelist. But, still, Fay wanted to be able to talk John's talk. Quietly, she commenced with the better fiction, biographies, classics, reading twice as much as she had previously read.

"Poor John," says Fay, today, with her crimson-lipped smile, so strangely like that of Gloria Swanson's. "In those days, he barely had a chance to see the new books that came into the house. I always got them first, and read them so that I would know about them as he went through their pages later."

Reading everything except the modish books on psychology that were then the vogue (she did not like them), Fay Saunders soon found that she and John could discuss subjects that ranged from Wedgewood to weevils, and she did not bother him with housewifely dissertations on drains and the new maid. Too, Fay soon found herself a part of the swift, live patter of the young married set in which she and her husband moved.

Nothing pleased her more than to have one of her husband's friends ask if she remembered the little cafe in back of Paris' Notre Dame where the *bouillabaisse* was enchanting. Fay liked the accepted thought that she was traveled, had been abroad. At that time her itinerary had been Wrayland, Alberta, Canada (her birthplace); Bingham, Utah; Hollywood, California. Despite this, she looked and talked like a cosmopolite. The past two years have changed her travel status. Thrice she has been to England for picture-making, appearing in four films, including *The Clairvoyant, Come Out of the Pantry* and *Alias Bull-Dog Drummond.* She has toured the continent, including Scandinavia, vacationed in Nassau, flown to New York City for radio programs. Her familiarity with a menu card (largely in French) is awe-inspiring. In other words, Fay has matured.

THIS fruitfulness has taken time. French, Italian, Spanish lessons. Voice and piano lessons. Hard practice at tennis and ping-pong. Attention to clothes. Things like line and color tones and harmony. When I interviewed Fay in 1927 (it was her first interview) she wore a red hat, a black velvet bodiced dress, with black and white taffeta skirt. The effect was gay, and pitiful. The brightness of the costume overshadowed her natural beauty. The other day, Fay wore black and white, too, but what black and white! A *chic* small white felt hat with tiny veil. A black dress with white *decor,* punctuated by five tiny metal stars. Fay has learned well her lessons in selecting her garments. And she has the good taste to give much of the credit to her husband for this added knowledge.

Strange, then, you may think, that out of this indebtedness to John Monk Saunders has come Fay's joint marriage rule: "freedom of thought and inter-dependence." But Fay, in mentioning "freedom," at all, is thinking of their two separate careers. A film assignment took Fay to London. When Saunders followed to spend the Christmas holidays with her, he found a directorial opportunity awaiting him. It meant he would have a chance to direct instead of only write for the films. It was a chance he could not forego. And Fay would not permit him to pass it up because her film work called her back to Hollywood.

Thus, by their complete understanding of each other, they have established a bond that separation cannot sever. Today, when three films a year for Columbia bring her back to Hollywood (*Roaming Lady* is her latest), she manages to meet her husband between continents, at Nassau, for example, and they have exciting re-unions. Then he returns to England, and she to Hollywood. How long they will be busy on separate continents, neither knows. But they do know that this does not lessen, but strengthens their dependence upon each other.

Although her allegiance is stretched between England and the United States (Fay was born in Canada, became a naturalized American citizen; her American-born husband enjoyed a fine schooling through Oxford by means of a Rhodes scholarship. He had his first directing opportunity in Britain), there isn't much chance that the Saunders will pack up the family belongings and move to England. They feel "rooted" in Hollywood. In Hollywood are their friends, and friendship is something very important to this young couple.

IN analyzing the "interdependence" of her marriage, it is easy to see that Fay's attitude is that of the old-fashioned wife who has assumed the added burden of a career. She runs the English house in Hollywood with a precision that would please her Scotch-Irish-English forebears, discussing menus with the cook, draperies with the draper, carpets with the rug-maker.

From the moment she leaves the studio at night until she enters her dressing-room the next morning, Fay is Mrs. John Monk Saunders. At home she is the efficient young wife who runs her house smoothly. She is independently equipped, too, with her own thoughts, her own pre-occupations (her career, her garden, her athletics, her studies), but when John comes home it is to an eager young person whose personal pre-occupation has vanished in an unfeigned and undivided interest in her husband's pleasure. If he feels like watching a badminton match or playing "Monopoly," she is ready to do the same, her thoughts entirely divorced from the kitchen or the studio.

Thus the marital status of the Saunders is that of two intimate strangers, eagerly enjoying life and adventures together, sharing an enthusiasm for work, laughter, and the future. That is the kind of "inter-dependence," as Fay calls it, that makes for happy marriages.

The Ten Most Interesting People in Hollywood

[*Continued from page 53*]

touches turns to gold—from staking old miners and having gold mines dropped in his lap, to betting on guaranteed tail-enders and having them kick dust in the favorites' faces. "If that boid, Jolson, bet on a nag's tail," explained one bookie, "that horse would come in running backwards. Me, I don't want any part of his bets."

That's Al, for you. Throw a brick at him and he'll catch a bouquet. According to Hollywood, Lady Luck didn't smile on him, she adopted him. Stage, Motion Pictures, Radio, Business,—wherever you see the sign SUCCESS you'll find Jolson is carrying it. Also, more people are jealous of Al Jolson than of any other two people in Hollywood. If all that doesn't make him interesting, then we're *all* wrong, the whole 501 of us, including the writer.

AND now one for the book—Greta Garbo. Totally unknown, with not more than a dozen people in all Hollywood claiming to know her and find her interesting, she must still be included in the list. Why? Because of curiosity. Everybody wants to see Greta Garbo because they know they can't. Until public curiosity is satisfied, she will continue to be "Garbo the Mysterious." So she must be interesting!

Jim Tully, the author of "Tramping On Life" has a startling background that inveigles the interest of everyone who meets him, or learns the truth about him. With a mop of wild, red hair and ready Irish wit, Jim attracts attention wherever he goes. Ex-hobo and successful scenario writer—he has an amazing assortment of friends in every walk of life. Jim is regarded by Hollywood as one of its most interesting bits of color.

Harry Cohn is president of Columbia Pictures. Unknown to the public-at-large, except as the man who had courage enough to bring Grace Moore and Grand Opera back into pictures after their colossal flop, and who has the Wizard of the Movies, Frank Capra, as his ace director—he is recognized by the stars and others of Hollywood as a "character" among characters. Presented to the public as a figure in a movie, Harry Cohn would be scoffed at as "far fetched" and "impossible." But, take it from Hollywood, there's very little that could be written about Harry that would be "impossible." And very little that would be "impossible" to him, too. His confidential conversations can be heard over on Paramount lot a mile away, and the sound that comes from him when he has been crossed makes Tarzan's war-cry sound like a kitten's meow. It is Jack Barrymore's humble opinion that Harry Cohn is all of the ten most interesting people in Hollywood. Until his company won the Academy Award for the best direction, the best production and the best sound recording, and to the day when he saw his Columbia running neck and neck with the biggest studios in the business, he never ceased being Hurry Up Harry, the rough-and-ready.

Jim Jeffries rates a place among the ten most interesting, not only because he was once the world's champion heavy-weight fighter, but because he has established an institution in the film colony, an institution which, sooner or later, every visitor to Hollywood visits and enjoys.

Out in the San Fernando valley, about six miles beyond the First National studios, is the famous "Jeffries Barn," to which thousands of cars bring stars, studio workers and visitors from miles around. To visit Hollywood and not the "barn" is to not really visit Hollywood. Every Thursday night Jim stages anywhere from eight to a dozen amateur fights out there. These fights are between "his boys" and youngsters from Mexico, from the ships in the harbor and from various clubs and athletic organizations throughout the western country. Jim's boys live in his barn—earning their money selling drinks, candies and cigars at the fights. Many of them are penniless transients he has picked up and given a home. He's big-hearted that way.

Besides being a fight arena, Jim's barn is just about *the* "club" of filmland. Every Thursday night his ring becomes the canvas-floored stage from which some of the world's greatest entertainers offer their best and their wittiest free of charge and in hilarious spontaneity.

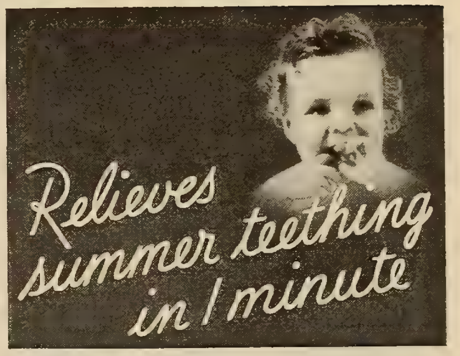
SO ends the list of the ten most interesting people in Hollywood, as Hollywood rates them. The next ten are almost as interesting: Irving Thalberg because, in spite of his unimpressive appearance, is considered as the best informed man in pictures, with a mind second to none. Aimee Semple McPherson has been her own press agent. We can add little to what she has already said and done. Mae West's daring characterizations and success has intrigued the country's interest. Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford continue interesting because they have "outlived oblivion" as one star so aptly puts it. Irvin S. Cobb's writings alone make him interesting, meanwhile his personal appearance and success in the films add to his "lure." Joe E. Brown rates very high in Hollywood because he is one of the most entertaining chaps alive. Story telling is an art with Joe, and his stories are a joy to Hollywood.

Josef von Sternberg is so different and bizarre he couldn't help interesting anyone who hears about him. Arty, witty and erratic—with a great flair for personal showmanship Josef fascinates everyone who meets him. He lives an act, and cuts to pieces with sarcasm anyone who dares tell him so. A thoroughly competent director and expert camera-man von Sternberg always has enough on the ball to counterbalance his occasional plunges into the realm of things "arty."

Tom Mix with his white sombrero is always good for a whistle of amazement from the grown-ups and squeals of delight from the youngsters. A top showman, Tom, with a world of adventurous background and success in the box-office to testify to the interest he creates.

Bill Robinson holds a unique position in Hollywood. A fifty-seven year old colored "boy" among white stars. For Bill is still a boy. Visitors to studios where Bill plays always stare and wonder about his popularity with the white stars. The answer is, because he is Bill Robinson. Closest and best pal of Shirley Temple and one-time-or-another instructor to most of the stars in pictures, Bill—the world's champion tap-dancer—continues to be the world's most popular colored man.

And there you have them, not only the ten most interesting people in Hollywood, but the ten next-most-interesting as well.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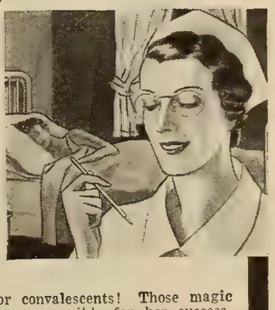

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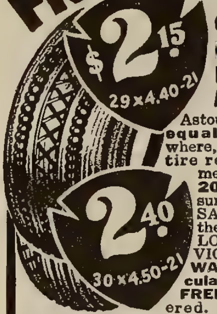

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28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
5.50-17	3.35	1.15
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Men Behind the Stars

[*Continued from page 60*]

Sciences places him in the foremost niche of the motion picture industry. But few people know Capra outside of working hours. He rarely engages in social activities and between pictures (he averages three a year) he takes extended vacations with his wife, the former Lucille Reyburn, whom he married in 1932.

There is never any clowning or temperament displayed when Capra is at work, and he never works overtime. He doesn't believe that it's fair to the actors or his other co-workers. He has the habit of surrounding himself with familiar faces in a picture. You'll notice, if you see many of his productions, that the same "bit" players always appear. His theories of direction are almost unbelievable when compared with those of his contemporaries. He is always ready to listen to suggestions from his players, and has often been known to accept ideas from an electrician or prop boy. He is extremely modest about his success. In answer to congratulations he usually replies: "Well, I think *we* have a swell picture." It is always "we" . . . never "I."

If you ask Capra his secret for making entertaining pictures he would tell you: "I have no formula. What I try to do is treat my characters, not as types, nor props to carry the action, but as human beings. Make them real people and they're bound to get the sympathy of the other people watching the screen."

While Columbia owes much to Frank Capra (it was the pictures he made for them that developed the enterprising organization into a major producing concern), the world, at large, owes him more. For your entertainment, interest and education, he has put forth his best efforts to make the best possible pictures. No one could ask more than that.

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 49*]

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BARBARA STANWYCK is about the only star in movies who hasn't a "good side" and a "bad side." She doesn't care which side of her face is photographed.

Henry's Severest Critic

ALWAYS on the set where Henry B. Walthall, revered old-timer of the screen, is working, is his wife. With her, and her alone, he studies and rehearses his lines as the picture unfolds.

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The Man Who Can't Be Typed

[*Continued from page* 51]

along. 'I see no difficulties,' said Thalberg. Well, that went on for a while and we didn't get anywhere. I wanted to do it for him, for myself even, though hoping all the time that something or somebody would stop me. Something did. It couldn't be arranged with Warner Brothers. So I thought: 'Thank God, that's been taken out of my hands,' and forgot about it. Next act—" the teeth flashed again, "you pick me up on the beach at Waikiki, and I'm playing *Wang*. How?" He shrugged. "Thalberg's the most tenacious person in the world. So he came to me again. I'd been wrong so often that I didn't feel I could stamp my foot and scream no, *no*, NO. What it came right down to, I suppose, was that I trusted his judgment more than I did my own. Or perhaps, that I hoped he was right and I wrong. I'm still hoping."

PASTEUR was a picture Paul Muni needed no urging to make. He had, in fact, to do considerable urging, himself, to have it made. "It's not box office," he and its other advocates were told. Even when it had been made and shown them in all its glory, salesmen grumbled: "No sex—no romance—no gangsters. How're we going to sell it?"

"Don't sell it," counseled one, cannier than the others. "Leave it alone—it'll sell itself—" a prophecy magnificently fulfilled. It has moved people as no other picture has moved them—brought letters from a public new to the art of fan-letter writing—from medical students fired to a new, idealistic ardor for their work.

"I took my kid to your picture last night, Mr. Muni," an electrician told him. "When it was over, she just sat there, her eyes shining, then she put her hand on my arm and begged: 'Daddy, will you buy me a microscope?' "

"That kind of thing makes you really happy," said Muni.

One thing he told me which dismayed me, and which I found it hard to reconcile with the easy vigor he radiates. "I'm tired," he said. "I've got two more pictures to make for Warners' and then I'm going to quit. I spent the better part of my youth, wasting my nervous energy, struggling for a place in the theatre, honky-tonking around. I didn't mind then—I was young, energetic, and didn't know the difference. But too often it was a feverish and unhappy existence, and now when I should be full of fight, I'm pretty well ready to retire.

"I'm not threatening the world, mind you, because I know darned well the world can get along without me. But my wife and I have given each other our word that we're just going to live for a while—idle, travel, read a book occasionally, be at peace. I want to sit back in an old rocker on a boat, observe and not be observed, wake up in the morning with a blissful grin at the thought that there aren't any manuscripts to read, any business to negotiate, any haggling around to do. I want to go and go till I'm tired of going. Then? Well—then if some rôle should be kind enough to drop into my lap, and I could see it would make me sick *not* to do it, I'd do it. Otherwise—nothing."

NO ONE'S indispensable. You've heard the tag often. Maybe it's true. Yet we all know people whose going from our lives has taken what cannot be replaced. To my mind, Muni's going from the screen would leave such a gap. To my mind, the world can ill spare the man who stirred its spirit so profoundly by the illuminating goodness and humility and truth of his picture of *Pasteur*. Far be it from any of us to begrudge Mr. Muni the rest he deserves. But while he sits in his rocker, watching the sea and sky, reading his occasional book, you're likely to hear a persistent undertone rumbling through the story departments of Hollywood. Bend lower and you'll catch the words: "Find Muni a story, find Muni a story, find Muni a story it'll make him sick not to do."

Acme

Ann Harding and her seven-year-old daughter, Jane Bannister, have left the USA for England where the star will make a picture. She eluded her former husband, Harry Bannister—who was determined to intercept her—by going to Quebec, Canada, to catch the boat

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Between OURSELVES

by Larry Reid

THE topic of the hour in movie circles continues, naturally, to revolve around color. With this novel process of picture-making confronting them, the producers are doing their best to adapt themselves to the new order of things. But in their haste we hope they don't become panicky.

In another two years—possibly sooner—the color revolution will strike Hollywood and plenty of anxious heads will drop into the basket. And don't be surprised if some of your pet favorites will be forced to step aside as not being adaptable for color films—and that others, who have not looked so well—registered in black and white, will succeed them. There's an article in this issue of Motion Picture that gives you an inside picture of this new color trend—and what it will do to the stars. Color experts, directors and cameramen speak with authority here. Yes indeed, color has them all worried—the stars most of all. And everyone associated with picture-making will have to re-learn their jobs.

W. C. Fields

IT seems good to have W. C. (Bill) Fields back in the spotlight again after his long siege of illness. A player endowed with such a rare sense of humor—who can capitalize comedy values with the Puckish touch of a genius—is needed to act as a safety valve when Hollywood ideas become too "arty." So Bill, who never disappoints because he is always in character, is back in *Poppy*, a picture that must give him a sentimental wallop—seeing how as a stage show it ripened his comedy talent to full bloom. As a picture he made it once before for Griffith. It started Fields as a film star. His forte is *ad libbing* as he goes along. And we hear that the "asides" he utters—the "business" he introduces—makes the new *Poppy* worth standing in line to look over.

IT is almost a year ago that Garbo sailed away to Sweden, more or less barricaded in her stateroom. We all had the impression that she would be gone only a month or three, just for a vacation. But when Christmas came and went, along with New Year's, and St. Valentine's Day and Lincoln's Birthday—and the day given up to the Father of our Country—to say nothing of the first day of spring, and still she did not return, we began to wonder if she was serious about her retirement. Whenever Garbo goes back to Sweden the word "retirement" becomes synonymous with her trip. The cables did not have so much to say this time as when she made previous visits to her home.

The ancient wheeze: "Out of sight, out of mind" had bobbed up to prove how short our memories are. So the cables began to splutter again, saying that Garbo was returning any day to play the title role of *Camille*—that when she returned she would come to New York instead of sailing direct from Sweden to Los Angeles.

Greta Garbo

Stories of Garbo have had the press crying "Wolf"—they've been fooled too often. The smart publicity men outsmarted us all. Realizing that Garbo had failed to intrigue the press and public as much as formerly with the mystery build-up, they kept their word. Garbo *did* come to New York on schedule—with plans to make *Camille*. And surprise of surprises—she TALKED to the reporters. And they found her a ready conversationalist, an eager listener—even as you and you and you.

There's an uncommonly fine pen portrait of Garbo in this issue of Motion Picture which dissipates the idea that she is a poseur—that she is a willing, or unwilling subject of ballyhoo inspired to make her the world's most mysterious figure, etc. If she is a recluse from society—a woman who walks alone—it is because it's her nature to do so. Possessing a natural love of solitude, a horror of crowds—she lives within herself. Being honest with herself, she can't pretend. The qualities that have made Garbo a world-wide figure have been aggravated by the very attention given them. She couldn't have endured in public favor all of those years if she hadn't been true to herself—and, being true, she has through her appeal influenced other stars to search for Garbo-esque qualities and achieve something approaching her character.

Darryl Zanuck

CHALK up another bulls-eye for Darryl Zanuck, the chieftain of 20th Century-Fox. With *The Country Doctor*, featuring the Quints, setting box-office records everywhere—he jumped the gun and signed up the famous babies (they recently turned their second birthday) for three feature-length pictures to be completed by the end of 1938. The contract represented an outlay of $250,000 in cash—which added to their present earnings gives them a total of $500,000 in their two short years of life. Not bad to be born a quintuplet; not bad to have such a nice Santa Claus around as Darryl Zanuck. But the sum noted above is not all. 20th Century-Fox guarantees the babies an additional $50,000 at the end of 1938 if they are all alive—and, in addition, they will receive 10 per-cent of the net receipts from each picture as royalty. "What does this spell," you ask? It spells this: that on the basis of actual acting time, the total sum will amount to something like $10,000 an hour for the children.

Darryl Zanuck, a wide-awake young man, is so alert that nothing escapes him. He has his fingers right on the public pulse. He is definitely after famous people—people who represent money values, showmanship and news. So he signed Sonja Henie, the world's greatest fancy skater—who has ruled the ice for several years. Only the largest cities, here and abroad, have seen the pretty Norwegian execute her marvelous talent. Now she will be brought to all the cities and towns throughout the civilized world. Zanuck, the headline hunter, brings in spot headliners and makes spotlight attractions of them.

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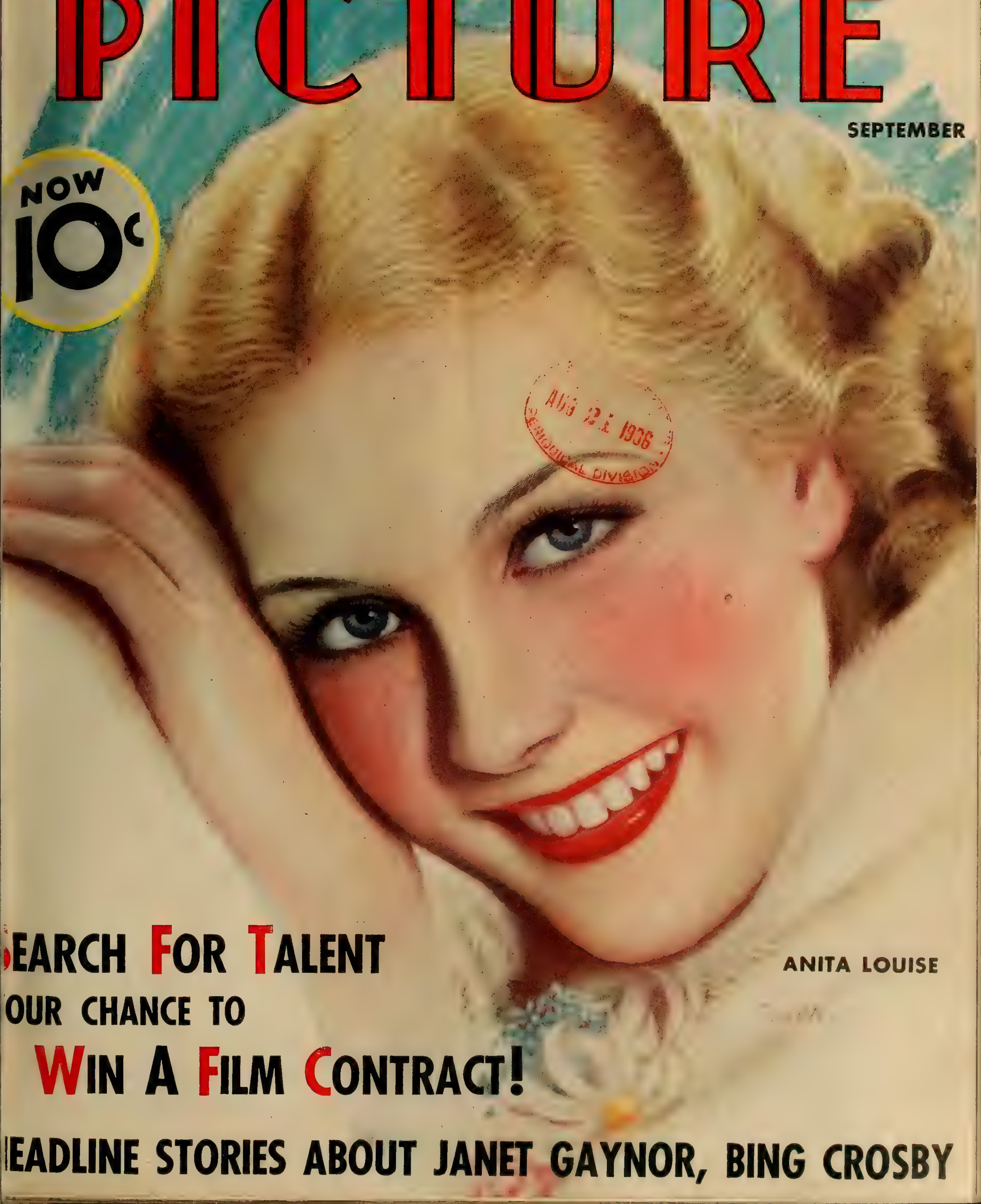

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SEPTEMBER, 1936

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JOHN SCHWARZKOPF, WESTERN EDITOR

THE FIRST LADY OF THE SCREEN

When announcements were made that Norma Shearer was to play *Juliet*, eyebrows were raised and shoulders shrugged...how could this wordly woman...wife and mother...play Shakespeare's immortal young heroine? The question was universal. Why, even Norma's own mother was amazed at her daughter's acceptance of the role. But, Norma was elated ...and confident. Shortly, you will see the First Lady of the Screen as the Lady of Verona, but, first, read Juliet's own story in the October MOTION PICTURE

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Have You Got WHAT IT TAKES *to be a Movie Star?*

Read here what Walter Wanger, noted producer, seeks in new talent, then enter now for a free screen test and a chance to win a contract in one of his pictures!

By Jack Smalley
Managing Editor
MOTION PICTURE

WALTER WANGER, ranking star-maker of Hollywood whose contract list reads like a Who's Who of Stardom, is looking for a girl to put in pictures.

Have you got what it takes? If you have, a contract is waiting for you in Hollywood! Since the first announcement of this new Search for Talent, sponsored by the makers of Hold-Bob bob pins and this magazine, hundreds of girls have sent in their photos for the preliminary tests. Many will be given screen tests before the final winner is selected.

Despite what you may think, mere beauty is no longer the measure by which screen players are chosen. Interviewed, on his return from Europe, Mr. Wanger declared that he would rank good looks as fifth in his list of important requirements for success in pictures.

And Mr. Wanger should know the right answers. Until recently this prominent young producer has put out his pictures under the Paramount banner. Now he becomes one of the select group of famous producers known as United Artists. This is the group which includes Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Jesse L. Lasky, Sam Goldwyn—the gold-plated aristocracy of films.

Among the stars Wanger has put on the screen in his productions are Joan Bennett, the Marx Brothers, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, Henry Fonda, Alan Baxter, Miriam Hopkins, Margaret Sullavan, Sylvia Sidney and a host of others. His recent smash hits, *Trail of the Lonesome Pine, The Moon's Our Home* and *Big Brown Eyes,* latest Joan Bennett film, go to show why United Artists wanted Wanger.

Think of getting a part in one of his pictures, joining the film colony as an official member, seeing the sights you've read about, getting made up for films and doing a scene with a Wanger star—wouldn't that be the thrill of a lifetime? Through the generosity of Walter Wanger, this becomes possible.

And, no less responsible for this great opportunity are the makers of Hold-Bobs, those "invisible" pins so indispensable to the stars in keeping their hair in place before the camera, when they must look their best. Hold-Bobs are on sale everywhere, and wherever they are sold you can obtain entry blanks for this new Search for Talent. Stop in today and get your card of Hold-Bobs with entry blanks printed on the back. Fill out (or copy) the blank and mail it as directed to I. R. Green, Search for Talent Director, 1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Illinois—or fill in the entry blank in this issue and send with it one Hold-Bob bob-pin card.

NOW for a few of Mr. Wanger's sage observations on what it takes to be a screen success.

"First of all, a player must have intelligence," he said. "Without that, he can never enjoy lasting success. He may skyrocket to the top momentarily, but his descent back to oblivion will be just as rapid. However, whether he is a gifted actor or not, a really intelligent person can absorb enough of the screen's requisites to enjoy a fair career.

"Personality is the next most important factor. It is absolutely essential if the actor is to attain stardom. You can go through the entire roster of players since the beginning of pictures and wherever you find a star, you will find distinctive personality. In all but a very few instances, the personalities of our stars have greatly overshadowed their histrionic talents. Gloria Swanson, John Gilbert, Maurice Chevalier, Garbo, Wallace Beery, Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn are examples of our 'personality stars.' Charles Boyer is one of the few on the other side of the fence. Of course he has a strong personality, but his acting ability is just enough stronger to enable him to submerge himself within the character he is portraying.

"The third requisite for success is a good speaking voice. That can, to a large extent, be cultivated. But, whether natural or acquired, it is extremely important. Included in this category are both tone and manner of delivery. Many potential stars have dropped by the roadside through the lack of one or both of these requisites.

"Next in line comes acting ability. Naturally, this is important. Few players get anywhere without it. However, there are exceptions—which is the reason I place it fourth. It is not unusual, even in these days, [*Continued on page 63*]

This Girl Wins the Monthly Screen Test

and cash prize award of $50

. . . . . with a chance to win a
CONTRACT WITH WANGER FILMS!

Selected by the Search for Talent judges, Evelyn Earle Gresham, above, will be given a free screen test and the test shown Walter Wanger executives at United Artists studio. She is 19, weighs 111 pounds, is five feet three. Evelyn is a dancer and won five state oratory contests. Her home is in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Talent Scouts: Note!

These three girls were selected in the Search for Talent conducted by SCREEN PLAY, Hold-Bobs, and Walter Wanger Productions. Full particulars available from MOTION PICTURE Magazine

Jane Carson (right) of South Bend, Indiana, is 23, weighs 125. Height, five-feet-three. Her talents run to amateur dramatics and dancing

Jean Fadden (left) lives in Cleveland, Ohio. She is 16, weighs 118, is five-feet-four-and-a-half. Sings, does acrobatic and tap dancing

HAVE YOU SCREEN TALENT?

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ALL IN NINE DAYS
You'll cry and love it!

"Because little Lady Jane is my favorite character, and her love story my favorite love story . . . I was a tough audience . . . I ended up in tears on my knees . . . I sincerely believe that it is one of the great pictures . . ."
—Adela Rogers St. Johns
"LIBERTY"

Cedric HARDWICKE
Nova PILBEAM

NINE DAYS A *Queen*

JOHN MILLS
DESMOND TESTER
SYBIL THORNDIKE

Directed by Robert Stevenson

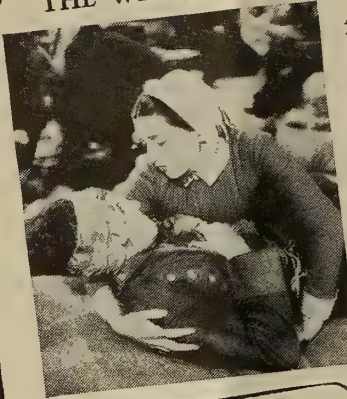
COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

A GB *Production*

The Picture Parade

[*Continued from page* 8]

THE WHITE ANGEL



AAA½—This picture is a grand follow up for the *Story Of Louis Pasteur* and proves once and for all that the public is ready for films that are based on actual fact. The story is based on facts surrounding the life of that beloved humanitarian of the Victorian age, *Florence Nightingale.* Kay Francis in this picture proves to the audience that she has a great understanding for the better side of life. . . . Her portrayal of the central character is one of the most sincere she has ever done and can be aptly matched with Paul Muni's splendid performance in *Pasteur.* One scene especially, should warrant everyone's seeing the picture. It is the scene inspired by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem *Santa Silomena.* The supporting cast includes Donald Woods the hopeful suitor, Donald Crisp and Nigel Bruce as the unsympathetic doctors, Ian Hunter as the London Times correspondent and Henry O'Neil as the doctor in sympathy with *Florence Nightingale.* All are very good in their rôles and turn in splendid performances.—***Warner Bros.***

MY MAN GODFREY

AAA½—Just as hilarious a film as you'd expect to see when two such masters of gay insouciance as Carole Lombard and Bill Powell get together. Carole plays a nitwit but loveable daughter in a screwy household. Mother, Alice Brady, and sister, Gail Patrick, always obey that impulse (Carole, too!) even to the point of bringing horses into the library. At a fashionable scavenger party she is sent out to get a "forgotten" man, brings in whiskered and disreputable-looking Bill Powell from the city dump. He becomes the family butler (wearing his mustache while butling!) and then the fun begins. He helps the harassed father, Eugene Pallette, who can't cope with his family. Funniest scene: the butler puts Carole under the shower. The dialogue sparkles and the situations are bright. You'll enjoy it when you're looking for something light.—***—Universal.***

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

AAA½—As the pampered, motherless daughter of a toilet soap "King"—Shirley Temple is so carefully guarded that she lives a lonely, unhappy life. She is on her way to boarding school when an accident to her nurse at the railroad station gives her her first chance at freedom and she follows an organ-grinder with a monkey. She meets up with a series of adventures that land her in a broadcasting station and she again has an opportunity to show us what she can do with her nimble feet and her melodious voice. She ties up with Jack Haley and Alice Faye and helps to advertise the product of her father's competitor. She is happily reunited with her father when he recognizes her voice over the radio. Gloria Stuart plays the romantic lead opposite Michael Whalen, Shirley's devoted father. A swell picture.—***20th Century-Fox.***

M'LISS

AAA½—A marvelous down-to-earth production that is worthy in every detail to the efforts put forth by the writer of the original, Bret Harte. The producers have realized on the sincerity and vitality of youth when they cast little Anne Shirley in the title rôle. For an eighteen-year-old to take a part and make a tear appear in your eye where two seconds ago there was a smile, is sheer genius. The picture is a thing of delicacy and beauty and will rank among the best human interest pictures to be produced this year. John Beal, in the rôle of the country school-teacher who falls in love with *M'Liss*, is excellent. Guy Kibbee. Douglas Dumbrille and Moroni Olsen add considerably to the story's appeal. The scene between Anne and Esther Howard wherein the subject of marriage is discussed is a scene to be remembered. Anne Shirley, in this picture, will warm the cockles of your heart. By all means don't miss *M'Liss* if you want to see a really good little picture.—***RKO-Radio.***

[*Continued on page* 12]

Carole Lombard's beauty bath protects daintiness— leaves skin *sweet*

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP
I STEP INTO A FRAGRANT **LUX TOILET SOAP** BATH—LIE BACK A MOMENT COMPLETELY RELAXED
OFTEN I COME HOME FROM A LONG DAY BEFORE THE CAMERA THOROUGHLY TIRED OUT
WHEN I STEP OUT I AM SO MARVELOUSLY **REFRESHED!** MY SKIN IS SOFT AND SMOOTH—DELICATELY PERFUMED

CAROLE LOMBARD
Famous Paramount Star

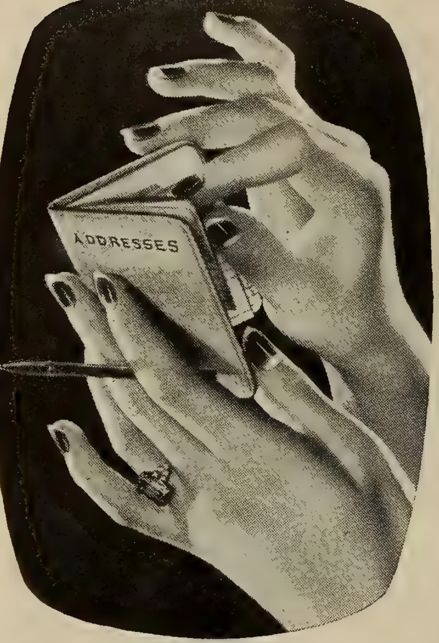
A LOVELY screen star—a famous and beautiful woman—Carole Lombard tells you a simple beauty secret you'll find easy and delightful to follow.

You'll be amazed at the way a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath peps you up. The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin *really* clean—smooth—delicately fragrant.

"A *swell* way to protect daintiness!" popular girls say. Why don't *you* use this fine complexion soap for your daily beauty bath, too? It's the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use to keep skin flawless.

New GLAZO

puts old-type nail polishes in the discard



You've never seen a polish so lovely, so perfect to use

GLORIOUS news for lovely hands! A new Glazo, so amazingly enhanced in beauty, so perfected in every manicuring virtue, that you must change your whole idea of what a fine nail polish should be.

This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several *extra* days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

For the newest, smartest note in fingertip charm, ask for Glazo Suntan, Russet and Poppy Red. They're exclusive "misty-red" colors, and the latest additions to Glazo's wide range of authentic, fashion-approved shades. Glazo manicure preparations are now only 20 cents each.

It's new it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS

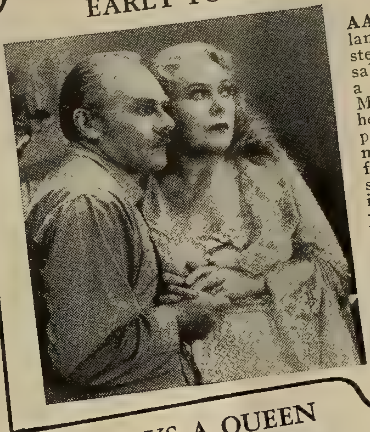
(25 cents in Canada)

GLAZO
Liquid Polish

The Picture Parade

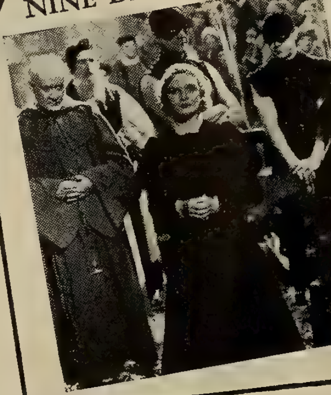
[*Continued from page* 10]

EARLY TO BED



AAA½—Here's riotous comedy with Mary Boland, cast as a kittenish and muddle-headed spinster, in love with Charlie Ruggles, a white-collar salesman for a glass eye manufacturer. Ruggles, a timid wooer, has never popped the question to Miss Boland because he has a terrible affliction—he is a sleep-walker. But under the spur of the promise of a big bonus, he marries. While honeymooning at a fashionable health farm Ruggles is forced to reveal his awful secret. Going in search of a big order for his firm, he becomes involved in a hilarious mystery. Menacing intrigue, robbery and murder all take place while he is sleep-walking—and things begin to happen faster and funnier. The story gives them both unusual opportunities to exercise their fun-making talent, and they score in every scene. Both stars are unusually adept at farce-comedy and this picture is right up their alley. You'll like it.—***—Paramount.***

NINE DAYS A QUEEN



AAA—Beautifully acted, this sincere and historically correct drama is mainly about the life of *Lady Jane Grey* (Nova Pilbeam) who, against her wishes, is forced by the *Earl of Warwick* (Cedric Hardwicke) to become Queen when the boy King, *Edward VI* (Desmond Tester) dies of a heart attack. *Mary Tudor* (Gwen Davies), rightful heir to the throne, attacks and routs *Warwick's* forces. *Warwick* and his son, *Lord Guildford Dudley* (John Mills) are taken prisoners, *Jane* is arrested and all three are sent to the headsman's block for high treason. And *Mary Tudor* earns herself the sobriquet "Bloody Queen Mary" because of the execution of *Jane* who, as queen for nine days, was a mere pawn for power-mad plotters. Felix Aylmer as *Edward Seymour* and Leslie Perrins as *Thomas Seymour* give excellent performances as scheming ministers against *Warwick*. It's a picture produced with fine authority and sincerity—one worthy of heavy patronage everywhere. The acting is particularly exceptional. The photography is excellent.—***Gaumont-British.***

EARTHWORM TRACTORS

AAA—*Alexander Botts* approaches,—a natural born salesman and master mechanic. Joe E. Brown is all these and then some and brings the Satevepost story to life with roars of laughter and thrills that will last theatregoers a long while. It tells the yarn of the super-salesman, *Botts*, who sells himself to the tractor people and then proceeds to wreak havoc with runaway tractors that he doesn't know how to operate, at the same time taking along a prospect (Guy Kibbee) who hates salesmen, especially those selling tractors. During all the excitement Joe adds to his confusion by falling in love with two girls, first Carol Hughes, and then June Travis. This is just one of the predicaments that he gets into. To top it all off he takes Guy Kibbee as an unwilling passenger for a tractor-ride along a mountainside where men are blasting for a new road, and then crosses a bridge that very nearly collapses under the weight of the tractor. For excitement, laughs and the ultimate in entertainment don't miss *Earthworm Tractors*. Dick Foran, Gene Lockhart and the rest of the cast are fine in their parts.—***Warner Bros.***

AND SUDDEN DEATH

AAA—Can You Take It? *And Sudden Death* is stark and cold in its realism, but is tempered with a mild love interest. The paramount reason for making this picture has been skilfully woven through the story. Carelessness! the cause of most auto accidents, is stressed throughout and the results on humans is driven home through the restraint that has been used in telling the story. The audience is taken into the morgue, witnesses accidents, and hears the cries of the injured during and after the rending and tearing of steel. Randolph Scott, as the chief of the traffic squad, fits into the part perfectly and is ably supported by Frances Drake as the society girl with whom he falls in love. Tom Brown, Billy Lee, Fuzzy Knight and the rest of the cast deserve praise for their fine performances. Tom Brown very nearly steals the picture with his performance as the brother of Frances Drake. The photography and musical scoring is also commendable.—***Paramount.***

Future Favorites

JANE WYATT

By John Schwarzkopf

JANE WYATT Has Become A Favorite Because she represents a type that is fast becoming popular in Hollywood . . . She's gay and full of fun, has grey eyes and is not particularly beautiful . . . She has dark brown hair which she combs straight back from her forehead . . . she is an excellent horsewoman, roller-skater, swimmer and tennis player . . . Although Miss Wyatt is only twenty-two, she has over a dozen popular plays to her credit and almost as many motion pictures . . . She comes straight from the New York stage where she was discovered by Carl Laemmle, Jr. . . . She is now being featured in *Lost Horizon,* the new Frank Capra production starring Ronald Colman . . . Needless to say, the part she now has in *Lost Horizon* was one of the most coveted jobs in pictures that Hollywood has seen for a long time . . . Miss Wyatt came over to Columbia to make the picture on "loan" from her home studio, Universal . . . Strange as it may seem, Miss Wyatt appeared in a play on Broadway called *Lost Horizon* . . . The play has nothing to do with the picture . . . the titles are the same by coincidence . . . Jane is married to a man who approves of her career . . . She has been married less than a year . . . Her married name is Mrs. Edgar B. Ward . . . Mr. Ward has never been associated with the stage or pictures . . . Miss Wyatt's mother wrote several plays that have been produced on Broadway . . . Jane's favorites of the stage and screen are Charles Laughton and Katharine Hepburn . . . Jane's contract allows her to divide her time between the New York stage and Hollywood . . . However, at the present time, Miss Wyatt's future in pictures looks so bright that we fear Broadway will see very little of her . . . As for her physical appearance she is five-feet-four inches tall and weighs 118 pounds . . . You are going to see much more of Miss Wyatt than you have to date . . . Some of her pictures are: *One More River, Great Expectations, We're Only Human* and *Strangers At The Feast* . . . If you want to see a real bit of acting, don't miss seeing Jane in *Lost Horizon.*

DID YOU KNOW THAT Fred Astaire is teaching Randy Scott, his No. 1 friend in Hollywood, how to hoof?

Now!
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
Colgate
Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Keep fragrantly dainty . . . bathe with this exquisite perfumed soap!

Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . because they know that it keeps them *doubly* safe from fear of offending!

Of course it keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich deep-cleansing lather. And in that rich lather is a lovely perfume . . . so rare and costly that it actually *lingers* long after your bath, keeping you *fragrantly dainty!*

Only a soap like Cashmere Bouquet . . . scented with the costliest perfume . . . can bring you this lovelier protection! You cannot expect to find it in ordinary scented soaps!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. Sold at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

Never Before Such Restful SLEEP
The NEW

Evalyn Knapp, vivacious movie star, says: "Restful sleep is the best beauty and energy treatment I know of."

Multipleater Slumbernest Quilt . . . exclusive and patented, adding almost unbelievably to comfort and long life.

Genuine Fales Underpadding . . . acknowledged as the best and most durable for mattress construction.

Full Floating Spring Unit . . . with a double cone, tempered coil spring indestructible "all steel" unit.

slumbernest

• A Revolutionary Advancement in MATTRESS COMFORT, BEAUTY, CONSTRUCTION and LONGEVITY

The secret of youthful beauty and vitality is restful sleep. SLUMBERNEST, the revolutionary new mattress, gently relaxes the entire body . . . "cradles" it so buoyantly and comfortably that you drift soothingly and pleasantly into the deepest, most refreshing slumber. Unofficial returns from scientific tests now being conducted prove that sleepers move and twist 36% less on a SLUMBERNEST. Years ahead of conventional mattress design. Beautifully styled by Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky. Costs no more than an ordinary mattress. Gives you lifetime sleep comfort. If your dealer does not as yet have SLUMBERNEST, use the coupon for full information.

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GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Send me postpaid, free copy of booklet, "Why Slumbernest Means Better Rest"; also name of my nearest Slumbernest dealer.

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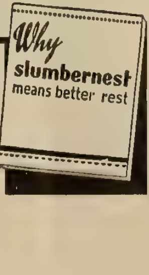


Your Witness ON THE STAND

with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. What is the difference between an extra and a bit player?

A. A bit player is an extra who is given a line to speak. One word constitutes a line. A bit player is paid $25 a day, which sometimes makes one word worth $25 in Hollywood.

Q. Is William Powell really interested in sleuthing? Is he an amateur detective in real life?

A. William Powell, in real life, wouldn't know a clue from a new dance step. He rarely even reads a mystery story.

Q. What male star has the broadest shoulders?

A. According to Watson, the tailor, who ought to know, the broadest shoulders in this city of sport coats belong to John Boles.

Q. How old is Errol Flynn? Has he a sister, what is her name, and how can she be reached by mail?

A. Errol Flynn was born June 20, 1909; his sister's name is Rosemary Flynn, and she might be reached by mail through Errol at Warner Brothers studio, Burbank, California.

Q. Has Ginger Rogers really got freckles?

A. Yes. She has freckles on her temples, a few on her nose, and a whole regiment of them on the side of her face near her ears. They aren't as noticeable as Katharine Hepburn's; they don't require special make-up, and Ginger isn't at all bothered by them.

Ginger Rogers' freckles don't show on the screen —so they don't annoy her

Q. How much larger is a close-up on the screen than a life-sized face?

A. A close-up is eleven times larger than its flesh and blood counterpart.

Q. How many sets are they building at Columbia for *Lost Horizon?*

A. They have already built fifty interiors on the sound stages at the studio, and in addition there are the huge, elaborate sets of the Shangri La Lamasery, built exactly after James Hilton's description and located at Sherwood forest, various odds-and-ends smaller exteriors built at the ranch in San Fernando valley, and the place where the airplane comes down with its frightened passengers is a godforsaken spot near Victorville, on the desert.

Q. What is Margo's real name?

A. It is Maria Margarita Guadalupe Bastado Castilla Bolado, six reasons why she calls herself merely Margo.

Q. I have written a story I think would make a good movie. What would you advise me to do with it? Shall I send it to the star I think it will suit?

A. The wisest thing to do with your story is to persuade two or three intelligent people—*not your friends*—to read it, and if they all agree that it is good, send it to a reputable agent either in New York or Hollywood, and he will handle it for you.

Q. What is the nicest class of people in Hollywood? I mean, stars, directors, writers, extras, executives, etc.

A. That's a hard one. I think niceness is always a matter of the individual, but, speaking generally and personally, I'd go for the cowboys and for the plain, ordinary workers, like the grips, the carpenters, the laborers. They are the ones who remember to have the time and humanity for little welcome courtesies.

Q. How does one get work as an extra in Hollywood?

A. By registering at Central Casting and then picking out a nice easy chair to wait in; by dressing beautifully and snaring spectacular escorts and being seen at the night clubs and bars; or through pull. The last method is the most successful.

Future Favorites

DON AMECHE

By John Schwarzkopf

DON AMECHE has become a favorite because he is a good actor, has plenty of pep and can step into almost any rôle . . . Three hours after he landed in town recently, Ameche was on a sound stage at 20th Century-Fox in make-up playing in *Sins of Man* . . .Well, that night Zanuck saw the rushes on the picture and ordered Ameche to change his make-up the next day and play an additional rôle, thus giving Don a double jump on Hollywood that very few if any actors have ever had before . . . It doesn't seem strange, however, that Ameche should have such a break right off the bat . . . He was an experienced actor of the stage and radio . . . The way he became an entertainer of the stage and radio is a story in itself . . . He was working with a stock company when the leading man had an auto accident the morning of their matinee . . . The whole company was in a turmoil . . . At noon it was decided that Ameche take the part of the injured actor . . . Between noon and three, Ameche learned twenty pages and went on at the curtain call . . . He carried the part without a mistake and as a result found work on the New York stage . . . The fact of the matter is, he appeared with Texas Guinan in New York . . . He came to the front in the radio field by accompanying a friend to an audition one evening with no intention of getting a job . . . but before the week was out, he had the lead in a radio program called *Empire Builders* . . . From this, he became the star of *Grand Hotel* and the *First Nighter* . . . And after seeing him perform on sound stages for his part in *Ramona*, there isn't a bit of doubt but what his climb to fame in pictures will be rapid . . . Ameche is five-feet-eleven-and-one-half inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has hazel eyes and brown hair . . . He has no hobbies, but loves to play poker with a few friends . . . Golf and swimming are his outdoor sports . . . Being a Latin, his favorite dish is spaghetti . . .To tell the truth, his given name is Dominich Ameche . . . He is married and has two boys . . . One Don Jr. and the other, Ronald . . . However, don't let that stop any of the romantic thoughts you might have about him when you see *Ramona*. Remember, Bing Crosby has children, too!

HAVE YOU A "SAHARA SKIN"?

IS IT DRY AND SCALY?

Here's a Face Cream that Lubricates as It Cleanses

By *Lady Esther*

Maybe you are a victim of dry skin? About 7 out of 10 women today are.

Dry skin is due to several things. One is the outdoor life we lead compared to our mothers' time. We spend more time in the open. Exposure to weather—to sun and wind—tend to take the natural oils out of the skin and make it dry and withered.

Our reducing diets, too, are a cause of dry skin. To keep slender, we leave fats out of our diets. This cuts down the oil supply of the skin and tends to make it dry.

A Dry Skin is an Old Skin

A dry skin is an old skin. It looks withered and wrinkled. It looks faded. A dry skin also fails to take make-up well. It makes powder show up plainly. It makes rouge look harsh and artificial.

If your skin is at all inclined to be dry it would be well for you to look into your cleansing methods. You must avoid anything that tends to dry the skin or irritate it. You must be sure to use gentle, soothing measures.

First, a Penetrating Cream

Lady Esther Face Cream is an excellent corrective of dry skin. For, as this cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it.

The first thing Lady Esther Face Cream does is to cleanse your skin thoroughly. It is a *penetrating* face cream. It actually penetrates the pores, but gently and soothingly.

Entering the pores, without rubbing, it goes to work on the imbedded waxy matter there. It loosens the hardened grime—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you see it—you can feel it! Your skin instantly appears clearer and whiter. It feels clean—tingles with new life and freshness.

But, Lady Esther Face Cream also lubricates the skin. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin velvety soft and smooth. This lubrication and freshening of the skin keeps it young-looking. It wards off lines and wrinkles. It gives it smoothness—permits it to take make-up better.

In every way you will improve the condition of your skin with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream. More than eight million women can testify to that.

See With Your Own Eyes
Feel With Your Own Fingers!

Suppose you try Lady Esther Face Cream and see with your own eyes—and feel with your own fingers—what it will do for your skin.

I am perfectly willing that you make the test at my expense. Just send your name and address and by return mail you'll receive a 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

Use this cream as the directions tell you. Notice the dirt it gets out of your skin you never thought was there. Mark how the pores reduce themselves when relieved of their clogging burden.

Note, too, how delicately it lubricates your skin and how freshly soft and smooth it keeps it. A trial will prove convincing.

Mail the coupon today for your 7-days' supply of cream. With the cream I shall also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (25) FREE

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

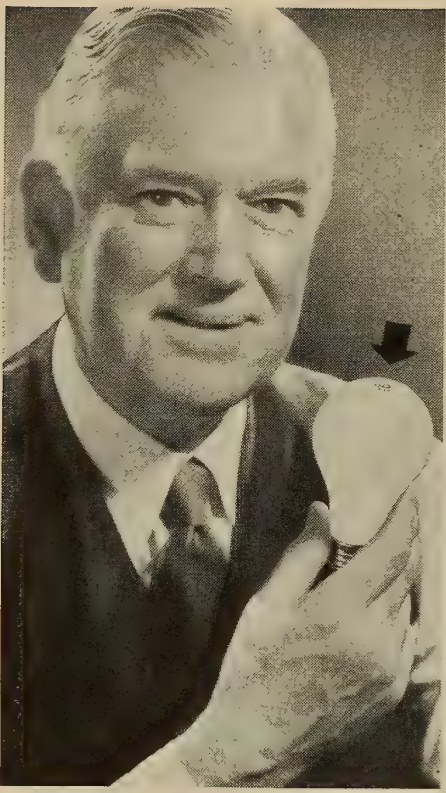
Please send me by return mail your seven-days' supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*________________________

*Address*________________________

*City*____________ *State*________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)



THERE'S A STORE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

that will help you get your money's worth of light

FEW people know the risk they run when they buy lamp bulbs of unknown make. Lamp making is a job that requires the utmost precision. The slightest flaw or imperfection may result in a serious loss in efficiency—which will mean wasted electricity, less light for your money, or early blackening or burn-outs. There's a reliable dealer in your neighborhood who sells Edison Mazda lamps. Buy from him—and look for this mark of quality on the end of every bulb GE

only 15¢
15-25-40-60 WATT SIZES

They stay brighter longer

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

G-E MAKES A 10 CENT LAMP TOO! It is the best lamp you can buy at the price. 7½, 15, 30 and 60 watt sizes. Each dime lamp is marked . . . GE

On the Sets with the Stars

THE chickens you'll see around Joan Crawford in MGM's *Gorgeous Hussy* think the life of a movie actor is suh-well! You see, the property man had to feed 'em every five minutes, so they'd keep quiet and not cackle Joan's speeches into unintelligibility!

Those sentimental old-timers who live in the past will have their Great Moments again in Paramount's *Hollywood Boulevard.* Already signed to play themselves as they were in their prime are Bryant Washburn, Creighton Hale, Jack Mulhall, Frank Mayo, Jack Mower, Harry Myers, Albert Conti and Maurice Costello, himself,—father of two film stars and who hasn't strutted before a camera for nine years!

When you see shots aboard the *Queen Mary* in Sam Goldwyn's *Dodsworth,* you won't be able to tell whether it was actually shot aboard the vessel or not. For, in addition to sending a cameraman to New York to actually take some stuff aboard, Sam had a replica of the ship built on the studio lot—to the exact blue-print measurements as supplied by the Cunard-White Star line's original plans.

Because song-thieves are Hollywood's beeg menace, extraordinary precautions were taken to keep Shirley Temple's songs in 20th-Fox's *Bowery Princess* secret. Scripts of the numbers were kept under key in special vaults; the stages were closed to all save necessary workers while the songs were being recorded; and offhand whistlers were warned not to whistle the tunes outside the studio!

It took a plain, everyday brass bed to outshine Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll during shooting of Paramount's *The General Died At Dawn.* You see, the lights of the set were reflected by the brass and gummed up "takes" for hours, until the shiny spots were rubbed with soap, to dull the gleams! The bed, by the way, is Gary's pet resting-place between "takes"; Gary, who usually sprawls in a chair between shots, sprawled on the bed instead.

Speaking of *The General Died at Dawn,* it was John Barrymore who made the priceless Hollywood crack when he heard that Paramount was shooting it. "That's a grand title," said Jawn; "what are they gonna change it to?" Funny part is that they actually *did* change it, for a while—to *Chinese Gold.* But somebody was wise enough to change it back.

The Last of the Mohicans provides lots of production giggles. Latest is that they had to hire an Indian double for leading man, Phillip Reed. You'll never see the double, but you'll hear him—he makes all the Indian war whoops while Phillip just opens his mouth. It's because Phillip's voice teacher said Indian yelling would spoil his singing voice.

The cauliflower ear you see on the man Clark Gable fights in *Cain and Mabel* is another triumph of studio make-up-manship. They hired a real ex-boxer with a real cauliflower ear as a model, and made a replica of the bum ear which they stuck on the actor's head, over his own perfect one.

MGM's *Romeo and Juliet* set some sort of a record for the property man. Statistics show that no less than 2,894 separate items of props had to be provided and kept available, and in condition during shooting of the film.

Among items that boost film costs are such simple things as pressing one dress. It was the one Marlene Dietrich wears in Selznick-International's *Garden of Allah.* Because of it's wide circumference and hundreds of pleats, it took five women one hour to press it! One pressed, while the other four stood around and held it to keep it from wrinkling again!

While Paramount is hiring all the old-time ex-stars it can for *Hollywood Boulevard,* MGM is busy rounding up their sons for *We Went to College.* In it, you'll see Wallace Reid, Jr., Bryant Washburn, Jr., Carlyle Blackwell, Jr., and Eric von Stroheim, Jr.

Laugh on *We Went to College* is this: in the picture was incorporated a howling burlesque on *Romeo and Juliet.* It was excruciatingly funny. BUT—MGM's bosses deleted the scene because, they said, it'd have a bad box-office effect on the Shearer-Howard *Romeo and Juliet* soon to be released! So they substituted a burlesque of *Othello* instead. Poor Willie Shakespeare.

O, this Hollywood! You can find *anything* in it. Consider the case of MGM's casting director, Bill Grady, who sent out an SOS call for a boy with six toes on either foot, for a scene in *The Devil is a Sissy.* He was sure he wouldn't find one and that they'd have to call on the make-up man to do his stuff with a phony toe. BUT—the day after Grady broadcast the call, no less than 32 boys with six toes on at least one of their feet had applied for the job! And one brought along a six-toed cat, just in case . . .!

Director Dave Howard yelled "Cut!" on the final take of RKO-Pathe's *Border Patrolman*, and all hell broke loose. A fusillade of pistol shots sent everyone scurrying to cover, and left George O'Brien alone in the center of the stage, banging away with a brace of six-shooters. They thought he'd gone crazy—until he explained it was merely his way of starting a party to celebrate the end of the picture. There followed buffet supper, dancing, and general whoopee.

Influence of modern styles, as shown by 20th-Fox's *Girl's Dormitory* dilemma. Director Irving Cummings asked the casting office for 300 girls, from 17 to 18, *but not older*. The caster provided them—but of the 300, at least 250 looked 'way over 18, despite the fact that they really weren't. Cummings analyzed the trouble, learned most of the youngsters were aping some star, making themselves up to look old and sophisticated! It took the studio six days to find 300 girls who looked under 18—and they exhausted the casting bureau's list and had to get school-girls from neighboring small towns. Can it be that some of the native gals were aping May Robson?

Smart Irvin Cobb. In 20th-Fox's *Pepper*, Janey Withers had to throw tomatoes at him, socked him neatly in the eye with a ripe one. The day after the picture ended, they found they'd have to retake that scene. BUT—Irvin Cobb had fled to the wilds to write a book, and hadn't left any address. Smart Irvin Cobb! He would rather have his tomatoes in a cocktail or omelet.

When you see the Indian war dance in Paramount's *Texas Rangers*, know that it cost the studio $75 cash, two big steers, and several hundred Sears-Roebuck blankets. That's what Director King Vidor had to pay the 800 Indians for filming the scene.

According to Betty Grable, one of the best ways to keep your figure trim . . . and the red corpuscles corpuscling is to get into shorts and pedal around on a bike. It's a real Hollywood fad

MARGARET HEHN, of Chicago, a lovely winner of the first "Search for Talent"

WANTED!

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NEW TALENT FOR THE SCREEN

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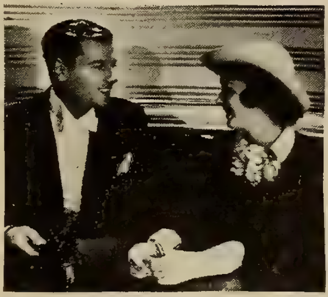

FRANCES NALLE—Dallas winner, chats with Joel McCrea on the set in Hollywood.

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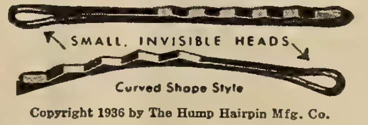

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TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

W. C. Fields is uproariously funny in *Poppy*, and he has grand support from Mary Boland. See review below

Poppy—AAA—This unique and hilarious comedy with W. C. Fields in the stellar rôle as *Professor Eustace McGargle*—a patent-medicine man—who follows carnival shows, is one show that you shouldn't miss. Fields has never been funnier and, despite the lack of story interest, he gives a performance that is more hilarious than his stage version. Mary Boland is not far behind him. Rochelle Hudson, as *Poppy*—Fields' daughter—is excellent in her rôle and supplies the romance with Richard Cromwell.—*Paramount.*

Trouble for Two—AAA—An adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Suicide Club*, with Robert Montgomery as the handsome heir to a kingdom's throne and Rosalind Russell as the princess of a neighboring domain, who are victims of conniving diplomats trying to arrange their marriage, even though they have never met. Adventure, leading to breath-taking scenes, ends in a romance. The acting, direction and photography are superb.—*M-G-M.*

Bunker Bean—AAA—Hilarious comedy with Owen Davis, Jr., as *Bunker Bean*—timid stenographer in the office of Robert McWade—who overcomes an inferiority complex by pretending he is a reincarnation of Napoleon and an Egyptian King. He courts McWade's daughter (Louise Latimer), falls heir to an airplane patent, forces McWade and his competitor to bid for its rights, and gets $50,000 from McWade—and his daughter.—*Radio.*

Counterfeit—AA½—A fast-moving picture dealing with counterfeiters who try to outwit the Treasury department. Chester Morris is excellent as the government agent and Lloyd Nolan is equally good as the counterfeiter chief. Margot Grahame gives an outstanding performance in her rôle as Nolan's sweetheart, and Marian Marsh, who is in love with Morris, is appealingly lovely as Margot's innocent sister.—*Columbia.*

The Law in Her Hands—AA½—Margaret Lindsay, attorney, is tricked out of winning her initial case by the opposing lawyer. Determined to gain recognition, she defends a crook (Lyle Talbot), and makes a reputation for herself. Later, she revolts at her client's racketeering, and despite threats, turns him over to the law and gives up her profession to marry the assistant district attorney (Warren Hull).—*First National.*

Hot Money—AA½—A fast-moving farce-melodrama with plenty of laughs and romance, it's a story built around the get-rich-quick scheme, with Ross Alexander as a high-pressure stock salesman, Joseph Cawthorn, capitalist, and Paul Graetz, an inventor. Beverly Roberts supplies the romance with Alexander and gives a good performance.—*Warners.*

Here's a Tip

Movie fans everywhere find it adds to their enjoyment and entertainment to read the complete fiction story of a movie before seeing it.

ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, on sale at all newsstands for 10c, prints the *exclusive* fiction stories of coming movies.

The big September issue (on sale August 10) contains the complete fiction stories of SWING TIME, starring Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; THE TEXAS RANGERS, with Fred MacMurray, Jean Parker, Jack Oakie; STAGE STRUCK, with Dick Powell, Joan Blondell; THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS, with Randolph Scott, Binnie Barnes, Heather Angel; GIVE ME YOUR HEART, with Kay Francis, George Brent—and many other complete stories of coming movies.

It's a real thrill to read these stories, *completely illustrated with actual scenes from the movies,* before seeing the picture.

Ask your newsdealer for ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, the big ten cent magazine. You'll thank us for this entertainment tip.

Love Begins at Twenty—AA½—Rich in laughs with Hugh Herbert as the henpecked husband of Dorothy Vaughan, an employee of a hard-boiled boss. His chief ambition is to promote the love affair between his daughter (Patricia Ellis) and Warren Hull. There is plenty of action when he is held up by bandits and robbed of bonds worth $30,000. His detention in jail and the reconciliation with his family, as a hero, climax the story. —*First National.*

Hearts in Bondage—AA—A drama of the historic battle between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac,* this picture reveals the feelings of the participants in the Civil War, and a love theme which has James Dunn court Mae Clarke, whose brother (David Manners) is fighting for the South. Excellent support is supplied by Charlotte Henry, Henry B. Walthall, Irving Pichel and Frank McGlynn, Sr., as *Lincoln.*—*Republic.*

Yellow Cargo—AA—A new twist in a series of smuggling stories. Conrad Nagel, as an immigration agent, uncovers a ring of smugglers bringing Chinese into California. Eleanor Hunt, as a smart, wise-cracking reporter, supports Nagel. Jack LaRue, chief of the ring, is ably supported by Vance Carroll and Claudia Dell.—*Grand National.*

Girl of the Ozarks—AA—Virginia Weidler scores in her first starring vehicle, in this touching folk-tale of the Missouri mountains, with her quaint seriousness and her amazing skill in blending moods and evoking sympathy. The supporting cast—Henrietta Crosman, Lief Erikson, Elizabeth Russell, Louis Mason, Russell Simpson and Nora Cecil—give outstanding performances.—*Paramount.*

The Last Outlaw—AA—Harry Carey, released from prison after 25 years, pals up with Hoot Gibson and the under-sheriff (Henry B. Walthall) to rescue his daughter (Margaret Callahan) who was kidnapped by gangsters when they made a getaway after robbing the bank. The manner in which they capture the bandits and rescue the girl takes away from the usual routine of a western.—*R-K-O.*

I Stand Condemned—AA—This Russian War drama with a spy angle has popular appeal. Lawrence Olivier plays the rôle of a dashing captain who, innocently, becomes involved in the spy net, while Penelope Dudley Ward portrays an attractive nurse who provides the love interest between the rival efforts of Henry Bauer and Olivier.—*United Artists.*

Neighborhood House—AA—A slapstick comedy based on "Bank Night" with Charley Chase as the timid husband of Rosina Lawrence, and henpecked son-in-law of Margaret Irving. Charley wins $500 but the theatre audience suspects collusion and he promises to return the money. His handling of the racketeers who try to steal the money and his numerous hilarious gags climax the story.—*M-G-M.*

In *Love Begins at Twenty,* Hugh Herbert, Warren Hull and Patricia Ellis put over some fast, lively comedy

The Cattle Thief—AA—Striking scenic settings and swift action supply the background for this unusual western with Ken Maynard, as the agent of the cattlemen's association, who travels in disguise to help valley ranchers smash the power of cattle thieves. Maynard and his horse, Tarzan, provide thrilling daredevil riding and galloping.—*Columbia.*

Treachery Rides the Range—AA—Soldiers and Indians, instead of cowboys, prove to be a welcome change in this western with plenty of outdoor action. Paula Stone is taken captive by the Indians and the same thing happens to Dick Foran when he goes to rescue her. The excitement, suspense and final rescue build up to the romance between Paula and Dick.—*Warners.*

Public Enemy's Wife—AA—Margaret Lindsay and her husband, Cesar Romero, are serving time in prison. Margaret, paroled first, threatens to divorce him. Romero threatens to poison any man she goes with and escapes to make his word good. Pat O'Brien, Federal Agent, whose job is to apprehend Romero, stages a fake wedding with Margaret to make Romero show his face. The wedding becomes legal and Pat and Margaret hate each other until the final scene.—*Warners.*

Navy Born—AA—A comedy-drama centered around three navy flyers (William Gargan, William Newell and Douglas Fowley) playing nursemaid to a baby who was left under their guardianship at the death of its parents. The climax is reached when Claire Dodd and Claudia Coleman, relatives of the parents, try to obtain custody of the child. Romance is supplied by Gargan and Miss Dodd.—*Republic.*

Secret Patrol—AA—Starring Charles Starrett, this story concerns the activities of the Canadian Mounted Police. There is the usual excitement that goes with a background of north woods and self-sacrificing romance. Supporting Starrett are Henry Mollison and J. P. McGowan. Mollison, sent to a lumber camp to investigate mysterious "accidents" is imprisoned and killed by a gang which paves the way for the romance.—*Columbia.*

Educating Father—AA—A pleasing comedy about the *Jones* family. Jed Prouty insists that his son (Kenneth Howell) follow him in the drug business and abandon his flying ideas. When Howell takes his first solo flight, Dixie Dunbar, hiding in the plane, raises havoc with the controls. Miraculously, disaster is avoided and he promises to abandon aviation—but breaks his pledge to save the drugstore lease—and win the girl.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Don't Miss

the following big pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine:—*The Green Pastures,* a beautiful fantasy of the Negroes' conception of heaven, with an all-Negro cast. . . . *The King Steps Out,* a gorgeous romantic musical with Grace Moore in fine voice, supported by Franchot Tone. . . . *Sins of Man,* a powerful drama with Jean Hersholt acting with conviction. . . . *Bullets and Ballots,* wherein Edward G. Robinson plays a crime-busting detective. . . . *It's Love Again*—a rollicking, frolicsome musical from England, with Jessie Matthews, tops, as a singing-dancing comedienne. . . . *Fatal Lady*—a murder mystery combined with music—and Mary Ellis as the star. . . . *Fury,* a splendid picture starring Sylvia Sidney—that builds around mob rule and lynching. Very forceful. . . . *Private Number,* a comedy neatly acted by Robert Taylor and Loretta Young. . . . *Dancing Pirate,* the all-color picture which has fine dancing and good acting by Charles Collins, Steffi Duna and Frank Morgan. And if you haven't seen *Show Boat* or *The Great Ziegfeld* you've missed two of the very best.

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling
WITHOUT COOKING!

EAGLE BRAND LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or
¼ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind or lemon extract, and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book.) Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill.

● Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie the old way again! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

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The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

BY HARRY LANG

STOP-PRESS TWOSOMES, seen in Hollywood as we go to press: Anita Louise and Tom Beck at it again. Dixie Dunbar and automobile man, Bill Davis. Ginger Rogers and Johnny Green, making it a whole row of dates for luncheon, dinner *et al.* Arline Judge and Pat di Cicco. Gertrude Michael and Director Rouben Mamoulian positively aflame again—or yet. Michael Bartlett and Mary Astor. Virginia Bruce and Henry Fonda. Nancy Carroll and magazine-writer, Quentin Reynolds. Betty Bryson, niece of Warner Baxter, and dance director, Leroy Prinz. Ann Sothern and scenarist, Norman Krasna. Shirley Ross and Jimmy Stewart. Mary Carlisle and Lew Ayres! Robert Kent and Delma Byron. Nancy Lyons and William Frawley.

● ● ●

IT hardly seems overnight since Leon Janney was the *freddie-bartholomew* of films of his time—and now Leon is in Reno, of ALL places, establishing residence preparatory to suing for divorce, it's reported in filmland. The marital state lasted all of two weeks. Leon's wife was Jessica Pepper, Broadway showgirl. Leon's 21, now.

● ● ●

HOLLYWOOD just can't keep track of Alice Faye's heart interest. Right now, she's supposed to be oh-so-very-much-that-way about Tyrone Power, Jr., whom she first met while they were in the same picture at Fox. That seems to put the maxschmeling wallop on the Michael Whalen romance. And yet—believe it or not, Alice still keeps a photo of Rudy Vallee on her dressing table, and she listens to his every broadcast!

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FLASH message to Old Doc Stork;—remember you've got a date this fall with Fay Wray!

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[*Continued on page* 22]

Wide World

Fred MacMurray and Lillian LaMont ran off and got married the other day—after being engaged since Christmas

AND so!—Irene Hervey (who used to be Robert Taylor's flaming romance!) and Allan Jones have made it official. All Hollywood knew it would not be long, and Irene and Allan have just announced that, come early Fall, they'll mr.-and-mrs. it. (Maybe it'll be done by the time you read this.) Romantic, it'll be, too; they're going to marry aboard a Honolulu-bound liner, just befor the ship leaves her Los Angeles harbor dock—and for honeymoon, they'll stay aboard, visit Hawaii.

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NOBODY in Hollywood was surprised when Fred MacMurray and Lillian LaMont planed to Las Vegas, over the California-Nevada border, and said their "I do's" there, flying back in time for a wedding breakfast here. Nobody, that is, except Fred's studio. Paramount wasn't so hot about the idea of Fred ditching bachelorhood; they fear it'll ruin his romantic appeal to femme film fans. But it strikes me as if Fred will continue to wow 'em.

England is still sending over its actresses to try their luck in American pictures. Which accounts for Winifred Shotter being in Hollywood, where she not only enjoys working for MGM (she was in *Petticoat Fever*), but also is keen for a suntanning

Mary Brian finds a Toast Master comes in handy for "drop in" Bridge parties

HOLLYWOOD Home Hints

EVALYN VENABLE has solved that problem of "what to do when I want to change the motif of my breakfast nook" . . . She has found that her local gift shop can supply her with anything she wants in the way of attractive new ideas in paper napkins and doilies . . . Why don't you drop in and see what the Roylace people are doing to make your "nook" more attractive? . . . You all probably know about the Rogers 1881 plated silverware, but you should have been over at Gloria Stuart's house the other day when she was setting for a dinner for six . . . The smart sparkle of the Rogers 1881 was all she needed to make her table complete . . . You should see the new streamlined carpet sweepers! . . . Why not, next time you are downtown drop in at your favorite department store and ask to see the new Bissell sweepers? There is really nothing better than a Bissell for those little jobs about the house

[*Continued on page* 65]

Mona Barrie gets extra shelving space from her new Coolerator ice-refrigerator. It has complete air circulation

You can't get away with it!

In Business

"She looks bright and acts bright—why on earth doesn't she get wise to herself? I'm certainly not going to stand for *this.* It's either Mum for her or a new secretary for me."

In Love

"She isn't the girl I thought she was. She could be so swell, too, if it weren't for this. Wonder why somebody doesn't tell her, or give her some Mum or something. Well, I can't be bothered."

EMPLOYERS and men in love are alike in this — they refuse to bother with a girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor.

The up-to-date girl knows the quick, easy answer to this problem. The daily Mum habit!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe all day long.

Use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent the natural perspiration, you know. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration *odor.*

Remember — nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as ugly perspiration odor. Don't risk it — use Mum regularly, every day! Bristol-Myers, Inc.. 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO, and you'll never have another moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

When it comes to lazing in that California sunshine, Jane Hamilton, the RKO starlet, takes to a beach chair which, for solid comfort, makes her forget such things as studio retakes. The canopy keeps the sun from getting too fresh with its mahogany make-up

[*Continued from page* 20]

NOT just a hero-before-the-camera is Noah Beery, Jr. He does his he-man stuff in real life, too. Like the other night, when he was with Maxine Jones (Buck's daughter) at Santa Monica's nite-life spot, the Miramar. A stranger annoyed Maxine with nasty cracks. Noah warned him once, twice, and the third time stepped up and socked the pest where he asked for it. It took the stranger longer to recover than a long count.

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BOY-o-boy-o-boy-o-boy, don't these newly-separated beauties set the gossip-hounds a dizzy pace?! Consider, jus'f'r'instance, the cases of the delectable and freshly-husbandless Ginger Rogers and Arline Judge—Ginger, since saying good-bye to Hubby Lew Ayres, has been looking like a million and hitting the night spots with a row of different hims. Howard Hughes, the six-foot-four millionaire airplanist-producer seems to be up toward tops in her lists. But Jimmy Stewart, MGM's young man-about-town, isn't any slouch either, when it comes to beauing Ginger about, even to keeping a certain night-club orchestra an hour after closing time one night! Ginger's been out with Orchestra-Leader Johnny Green, too. Meantime, up in the hilltop house where she used to live with him, Lew Ayres has just had installed a new pipe-organ—and is he playing torch tunes?

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AS for Arline Judge, since she and Director Wesley Ruggles called matrimony off, she's been matching Ginger's outstepping. Pat di Cicco, one-time hubby of ill-fated Thelma Todd, and more recently devoted squire to Margaret Lindsay, has been taking the raven-eyed-and-haired Arline places. Tony Martin, good-looking guy, has been doing the same. BUT—topping all this is the fact that Wes Ruggles has been taking Arline places, too—and there are those who say that the separation won't "take," but that Wes and his wife'll try it again.

● ● ●

TALKING of reunions in Hollywood, are any of you surprised, at all, that Bruce Cabot has finally moved his trunks and suitcases and pajamas back into Adrienne Ames' house? Less than a month before their divorce was to become Californialy final, Bruce and Adrienne made their constant twosoming official by announcing they'd taken up double harness again. "I'm the happiest man in the world," said Bruce, "and will do all in my power to make Adrienne happy." Ahhhhhh!

Acme

Jack Oakie steps out—whiskers or not. It's an old Hollywood custom and no one cares, least of all Jack's bride.

THE divorce lawyers, as usual, have been busy. Dorothy Sebastian got her divorce from Bill Boyd, after a reconciliation that went blooey. She told the judge Bill was rude to her friends, and the property settlement gives her $2,000 in cash and ten percent of Bill's earnings for three years.

● ● ●

PIQUANT Lyda Roberti and Bud Ernst, radio announcer, called their marriage quits. And Mary Ellis, who sings so gorgeously in "Fatal Lady," got a California divorce from Basil Sydney, British actor, who was her second husband. Or, was it third?

● ● ●

BUT, balancing the scales, you can rejoice over such items as these: Charlie Murray, that Irish comicker, and his wife celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary with a Hollywood party, and Charlie told them his biggest hope was that they'd all be present for their sixtieth anniversary! And Gene and Kathleen Lockhart celebrated their twelfth wedding anniversary. And bug-eyed Eddie Cantor took Ida to Honolulu to celebrate their own 22nd wedding, but not before each had given their rules for marital happiness: Said Eddie: "Give wifie an even break; Don't interfere with the way she runs her end of the marriage bargain; Consult with her about your own business; Don't I-told-you-so her; Learn to give and take; Magnify her good qualities and minimize her others!" Says Ida: "Don't be jealous of your husband's success; Know that it may be due to your own help but don't rub it in; Don't pour out your troubles to him; Learn to be a good listener because men love to talk; Don't nag!" And there you are, newlyweds . . . !

With his son, Ricky, and a penguin as guides, Dick Arlen (he made *The Great Barrier* for GB) takes in London's Zoo

[*Continued on page* 24]

BEAU BRUMMEL *and* MADEMOISELLE CHIC *in Hollywood*

NEWEST note in beach shoes are Mexican peasant sandals. June Knight's sponsoring them in Hollywood—they're made of narrow strips of leather, woven together, and fastened to the sides of very thick leather soles. Heel-less. They come in all colors—and *such* colors! June's pet pair are white and brilliant orange.

BETTY FURNESS knocked fashion-scouts for a loop when she night-clubbed it in a gown of white chiffon, with collar and cuffs of *real gardenias!* Twelve gardenias made the high Buster Brown type collar. It was a short-sleeved dress, bringing the gardenia cuffs on the upper arm.

NEWEST rage in movieland—crownless hats and crownless caps. Short haircuts are becoming the vogue, too. And when we say short, we mean *short!*—actually mannish! Claire Trevor is one of the newest convertees.

BACK in the old explosive days of Hollywood, Wallace Reid created a sartorial furore when he appeared in a bright purple tuxedo—dinner jacket, if you insist. Maybe we're going back to those bright days. For Nelson Eddy has turned his back on convention, and startled diner-outers recently with a grey dinner jacket outfit—with lapels and trousers-stripes of black. Niftick, wot?

LOTS of the gals in Hollywood wear false eyelashes not alone for film work, but also for the street. But not Katherine Locke, who, after having worn them for the first time before the cameras, announced that "it felt like I was pulling window shades up and down with my lids, every time I blinked!"

NEWEST in coats is Madge Evans' swagger topcoat from London. Her aunt brought it to her. It's of soft, bottle-green suede, with thin strips of leather lacing the seams. A hat with narrow roll-brim matches.

NEW gadgeteering by Eleanor Powell, who dresses as snappily as she hoofs, includes two items: cedar bracelets, because she likes the fragrance, and a sports outfit trimmed with real walnuts! Runner-up to Eleanor is Una Merkel, who sports a necklace of enameled cantaloupe-seeds, in pink, so they look like coral. H'm—what with the new "vegetable" hats, those gals won't be hungry if they're stranded on a desert island.

IT took Joan Crawford to introduce a new bouquet game. It came about when she appeared with a bouquet of jonquils, orchids, arbutus and narcissus. "Why the mixture?" they asked her. "The initials," explained Joan—they spell her name. Now you go to it—but let's hope your name isn't Sophronia, because it'd be tough on the boy-friend's pocketbook.

SKIRTS are going up—and *up*—and UP! Gertrude Michael, at a party the other afternoon, showed the new high skirt line (and a lot of other things) with a hem 15 inches above the ground!

TIPS from Hollywood's Famous Designers: Says hat-designer G. Howard Dodge: Ostrich feathers will be back "in"—because Kingie Eddie of England likes them, and that's enough to start a vogue. . . . Says Ernest Dryden of Columbia: Footwear should not be noticed, and therefore patent leather is "out." Except as accent-trimming for bags or frocks, but NOT for shoes, because it attracts undue attention to the feet. . . . Says Adrian at MGM: Because of *Romeo and Juliet,* styles will trend toward costumes of those days. . . . Says Omar Kiam of Goldwyn studios: Because of *Come and Get It,* fashions will trend toward styles of the 1900's, period of the story. . . . Pick your own, gals.

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Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

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Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

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The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page* 22]

BEAUTY, it seems, isn't at all a guarantee of marital bliss. Consider the strange love-jinx that seems to be riding the gorgeous gals who paraded before you in MGM's *The Great Ziegfeld*. Three of them—Monica Bannister, Pauline Craig, Bonnie Bannon—have already become divorcees. They complained their hubbies left them.

● ● ●

I. P. S.

When the Giant Cunarder, *Queen Mary*, steamed back to England after completing its maiden voyage to New York it carried several Hollywood celebrities—a few of whom were bound for British films. Among those sailing were Joan Bennett and Carl Brisson

LET'S take a quick peek in Danny Cupid's Twosome Book, and see who's whose in Hollywood, these days—Lovely Virginia Bruce is stepping out with Josh Logan, dialogue director, and finding night life delightful. . . . Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy, who hit the romantic heights some time ago and then came down into the valley, have gone climbing again, for they're goo-gooing at each other, these evenings. . . . That Janet Gaynor-Al Scott temperature doesn't seem to be cooling any. You can see 'em together plenty . . . Marlene Dietrich, still a-mourning over the passing of Jack Gilbert, finding solace in the steady company of Willis Goldbeck, who, incidentally, was one of Jack's very closest friends . . . The Cary Grant-Mary Brian matter MUST be love! Why, Cary even got himself out of a sickbed the other night to squire Mary to the preview of her first American picture since her return from London . . . Simone Simon, the peppery French gal out at 20th-Fox, has been here and there with Phillips Holmes, still one of cinemaland's most eligible bachelors . . . And Tom Brown and Toby Wing—they're in youth's seventh heaven. As this is written, it's been six weeks, and they still look like that when they gaze into each other's eyes . . . Georgie Stone and Mary Eaton seem to have a case . . . and just who is Binnie Barnes' beeg Hollywoodsman, anyway? Is it Don Alvarado? Or is it Randy Scott? She's playing them both, it seems, so let's see who's which! . . . Clifford Odets, the pinkish literart light, seems to find Hollywood's beauty more intriguing than any other problems, for he's been night-clubbing it with such as Madeleine Carroll and Luise Rainer, no mean catches, they! . . June Lang headed for stardom, seems headed for romance, too. Caught dining with Director Joseph Rivkin, June admitted that they were rather warmish about each other, and that "something serious" might develop.

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NEWEST twosome seems to be Helen Twelvetrees and Monroe Owsley, both super-sophisticates . . . Ida Lupino, spicy little Briton, lonely while Louis Hayward, young English actor and her heavy romance, had to hurry off to England because of his mother's illness . . . Robert Ritchie, one-time inseparable of Jeanette MacDonald, now being seen out with Nancy Carroll. While Jeanette still seems to be like-athata abouta Gene Raymond . . . Lyle Talbot and Lina Basquette hit it off swell together. And June Knight seems to be ditto with Tommy Lee . . . And even youth does its stuff—with Jackie Cooper, growing up fast, spending plenty on posies for Judy Garland . . . And even youthier—here's 4-year-old Richard Arlen Jr., sending gifties all the way from England to Susan Ann Gilbert . . . Ah, this Hollywood, this Hollywood . . . ! ! !

Going cowboy and putting on the chaps is something new for Francis Lederer. He whoops it up in *The Count of Arizona*

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AND what's all this about Maurice Chevalier going in such a big way, over in Paris, for the famous Mistinguette, whose legs are still the most publicized in the world? Paris gossip retailed to Hollywood says they're having quite a romance—despite the fact that the Mistinguette admits she's 47! Or is it "because." Or don't you care? Well, neither do I.

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AND the same about this rather messy proceeding between Harry Bannister and Ann Harding over their seven-year-old daughter. Fun's fun, and publicity's publicity. BUT there are limits. When Ann Harding commented, in Scotland, that the whole thing's "utter farce," she only said one-tenth of it!

● ● ●

WHAT happened to the Alice Faye-Michael Whalen romance? Torrid one moment, it's sunk without trace now. Mike's the torch-carrier.

● ● ●

SO is Addison Randall, whose on-again-off-again affair with Glenda Farrell is in the doldrums as this is written. However, don't let that mean anything—those two have been doing

[*Continued on page* 60]

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

HONORS for Neatest Trick of the Month, in Hollywood's race to devise new party gags, go to Pat Knowles, fresh from London for Warner Brothers. House-warming his Toluca Lake home, Pat sent out invitations in the form of phonograph records—made by himself, and uttering his own personally-spoken invitation to attend. Also on the discs was Pat's wife's voice, seconding the bid. It remained for Errol Flynn to top Pat's gag. Receiving one of the invitations, Errol and Wifie, Lili Damita, forthwith made a record, too, which they began: "Mr. and Mrs. Errol Flynn regret," and stating a whole record-full of reasons why they couldn't come to Pat's party. *And then they came, anyway . . . !*

ROLLER-SKATING still holds top place in the estimation of the younger set. The huge Rollerdrome at Culver City, near the MGM studios, is the mecca for many young Hollywood party-givers. The other night, Mary Carlisle suffered a slightly bruised you-know, learning to skate with Jim Blakely. Others present were Toby Wing, Tom Brown, Cesar Romero and Billie Dove.

FOREIGN-DISH parties continue to be in favor. This month's top events in that line included a private little affair given by Clark Gable in Olvera Street, Los Angeles' downtown bit of Old Mexico. Clark threw the party for his friend, Lawyer Ivan Parker, and Mrs. Parker, in celebration of their 21st wedding anniversary. Clark, never having gotten anywhere near a 21st of his own, thought such an event ought to be well celebrated. Outlandish note at the Mexican dinner party was the program of Italian songs and dances given by 8-year-old Geraldine Peluffio, ardent Gable fan. And Madame Wanda, fortune teller, read palms—but Clark wouldn't tell whether or not she said he and Carole Lombard would ever marry. Carole, of course, was there with Clark.

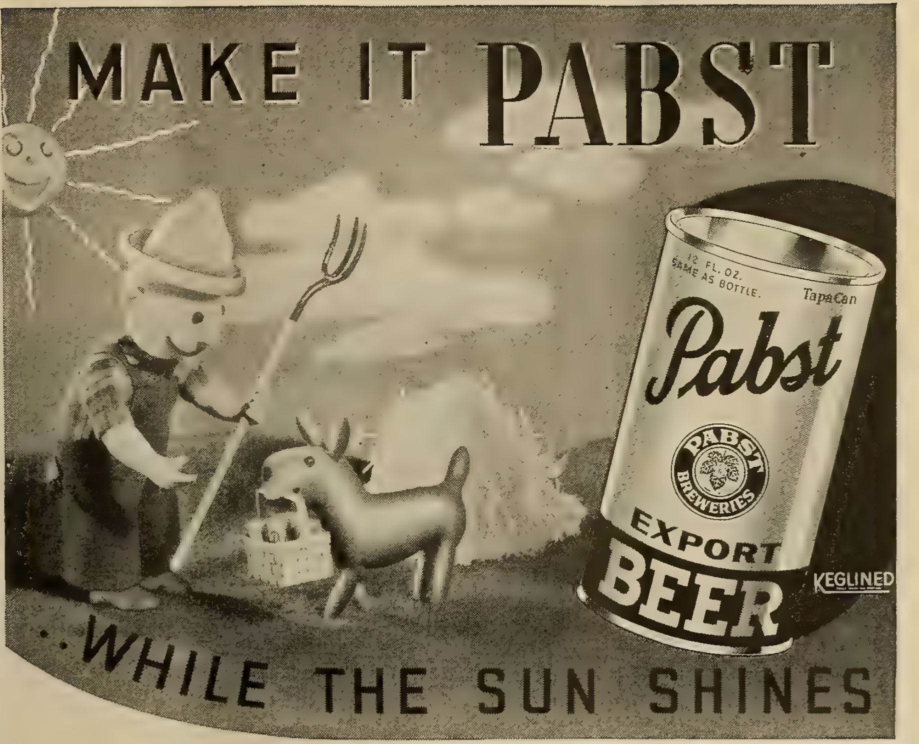
TALKING of Carole, she and ex-hubby, Bill Powell, threw one *real* party on the set when they finished the last take on *My Man Godfrey* (and there is one swell picture, take my tip!). The whole company attended—actors, extras, grips, electricians, cameramen, yes-men, *et al.* Only untoward note was when one of Alice Brady's dogs couldn't stand the excitement and threw a chill.

CLARK'S little Mexican-Italian party was topped by two big Chinese shindigs. One was given by (of course) Warner Oland and his wife. Oland, the Swede who plays Chinese characters, gave the affair for his mother-in-law's 90th birthday. Chinese food, Chinese games, Chinese clothes featured the affair. The other Chinese affair was at the home of Harry Lachman, ace director, and his wife, who is Chinese, and one of Hollywood's most popular hostesses. Among those who ate of the real Chinese viands were Gloria Swanson (watch for her in a movie, soon), Merle Oberon and David Niven, the inseparables.

GENE RAYMOND'S guests at a cocktail—pingpong—monopoly—tennis—dinner party included fellow songsters, Nelson Eddy, Janet Gaynor, Henry Fonda, Mary Brian, Cary Grant, Margaret Lindsay, Jimmy Stewart, Jeanette MacDonald (of course!), Anne Shirley, William Bakewell.

IT WAS Merle Oberon and David Niven who conceived the idea for another unique Hollywood party—one that went 150 miles away from Hollywood to party. It was a fishing excursion. They hired a big yacht, sailed away to Coronado, 140 miles south of Los Angeles harbor, and there, ten miles offshore, dropped their lines—and what's more, they caught fish. Merle snagged two big yellowtail that gave her a grand battle. Out of the trip came plans for organizing the Stars' Fishing Club. Among joiners already are Lili Damita and Errol Flynn, Merle and Dave, Evelyn Laye, Stan Laurel and wife; the Ian Hunters, Countess de Maigret, Nigel Bruce, Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez, Brian Aherne, Jeanette MacDonald, Fay Wray. They plan to buy or build a yacht of their own. And oh yes—they actually mean to fish, once in a while!

TRICKEST party was the surf party given by the Otto Krugers twenty miles from the sea! You see, the Krugers have a trick wave-making machine in their big, odd-shaped swimming pool, and when it's turned on, it creates two-foot waves!



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in

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introducing the star discovery of 1936
SIMONE SIMON
(pronounced See-môan See-môan)

with
CONSTANCE COLLIER · J. EDWARD BROMBERG
DIXIE DUNBAR · JOHN QUALEN
SHIRLEY DEANE

Dolores Del Rio

Dolores hasn't been seen in a picture since *The Widow from Monte Carlo*—but who could be so callous or indifferent as to lose interest in one of the reigning beauties of the screen? The star, who made such a glamorous *Du Barry* not so many moons ago, recently returned from England where she glamorized the feminine rôle opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in his production, *Accused.* Some call Dolores the most different-looking girl on the screen—not only because she has such rich, dark coloring and perfect features, but also because she knows how to wear *chic* clothes in regal fashion. When she stands in front of a camera, she STANDS OUT. You don't confuse her with anyone else. That's personality!

Madeleine Carroll

Hollywood and all of us have become terribly conscious of Madeleine Carroll—not only because the English star is recognized as one of the screen's most beautiful women, but also because of her uncommonly fine acting. Artists of rank are going into ecstasies over her beauty—and critics, everywhere, are proclaiming her one of the most gifted actresses since her appearance in *The Case Against Mrs. Ames.* It's no wonder she was chosen to play with Gary Cooper in *The General Died at Dawn!*

Gloria Stuart

There are no wrinkles in Gloria Stuart's brow. She isn't worrying about what rôles they'll give her—she can play any of them. And they surely have been giving her plenty to do. First there was *The Poor Little Rich Girl,* followed by *The Crime of Dr. Forbes*—and lastly—*Across the Aisle.* She can be—and is—different in every picture—one player who's in constant demand

Maureen O'Sullivan

Erin's contribution to the galaxy of charmers hailing from foreign shores continues to bask in public favor. It's because this fair young Irisher has a sense of humor, as well as a sense of glamour. Furthermore, her acting is always natural. Maureen concentrates here on getting a suntan in her new pool. Old Sol keeps her fit and healthy for work on *Devil Doll*—with Lionel Barrymore

Why Men Go Mad Over JANET!

Janet Gaynor knows what it takes to be popular with men. She gives you good tips, girls

By Jerry Lane

THE most dangerous woman in Hollywood is Janet Gaynor! To the masculine peace of mind, that is. Sirens and all those um-di-di seductive lassies come and go but Janet goes on forever, so to speak. Her popularity is as great today as it was nine years ago when she made *Seventh Heaven. Small Town Girl* has been smashing box office records to smithereens all over the country. Letters pour in. "Give us more Gaynor" is the general theme of them.

Janet keeps men interested. They all want to protect her

Men write, wire and cable. They go mad, completely mad, over this slip of a brown-eyed Janet. They always have. She arouses their protective hero instinct as few girls have ever done. She gives them one limpid look and they're ready to go out and twist dragons by the tail. Personally, I think it's a pity about the present dearth of dragons—because men are still fighting them, mentally, for the Janets of the world.

Now there was the young insurance salesman, for instance. He was dining in one of Los Angeles' hi-spots, a candle-lit Mexican cafe, when a statuesque blonde walked in and slithered over to one of the tables. Greta Garbo. In person. Just back from Sweden and already telling M-G-M "No, No!" to their idea of putting her in *Camille*. She looked a trifle more orchidaceous than even Greta has a right to look. But did the Y. I. S. turn in a rave? He did not! He was too busy looking at a very small girl in a corner with her hair brushed casually back under a Breton sailor. The kind of girl who looks as comfortable and folksy as your next-door neighbor. His eyes grew dreamy.

"It's Janet," he said in the tone of voice you say, "Why, it's the Hope diamond," or "Twenty Million Dollars."

"You know," he went on, still in that bemused state, "it's funny, I guess, but I've always had a hankering to *rescue* Janet from something. From a shipwreck or a runaway horse. Or maybe a fire . . ."

"How about Greta?" I suggested. "She's here, too."

"Well, you *couldn't* think of her like that! It might be interesting for a man to know these Glamour Girls—but he wants to *marry* the type like Janet."

And there you have it. It isn't the Wisecracker or Sophisticated Charmer who slays them. It's the cuddly, cute, wistful, whimsical Janets. And their appeal is decidedly universal. Rich man, poor man, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief . . .

On her last trip to Hawaii there [*Continued on page 77*]

Three of a Loving Kind

Two Great Lovers, Cary Grant and Franchot Tone, put their hearts into their work—as who wouldn't with Jean Harlow as the attraction. The way she snuggles back in Cary's arms it doesn't seem possible that she could ever look at another man. Yet, above, she sees eye to eye with Franchot on the subject of love. In *Suzy* she has a perfectly good reason for turning from one to the other. It's a World War film of heroes and spies—with Jean in her most sympathetic rôle. These little close-ups give a hint of its romantic "pull." Jean and the boys see to that!

Why You "GO" for BING CROSBY

This story tells you all you need to know about Bing—and explains his popularity. Despite his success he is still a regular guy—with both feet on the ground

By Harry Lang

A NATIVE of Spokane visited the Paramount lot, the other day. They took him around to watch Bing Crosby making *Rhythm On the Range*. After a while, the man from Spokane began to giggle.

"What," they asked him, "is so funny?"

"Bing," he replied.

"Bing?"

"Uh-huh; Bing," he chuckled; "Bing—in them cowboy pants and that eight-gallon hat. Y'see, I'm just realizing that 25 years haven't made such a hell of a big difference in Bing!"

So they asked him to explain, and he did. And Bing stood by and grinned. The man said: "Twenty-five years ago, I used to play on the streets of Spokane with Bing. He must have been about seven years old, then. He had a cowboy suit and an old Stetson hat he'd picked up someplace, and all day long he'd play cowboy. Well, here he is—still wearin' a cowboy suit and a big Stetson, playin' cowboy all day long, just like he did in 1911! He even looks kinda the same."

The man chuckled again, and added: "Main difference seems to be that in them days he only had dummy guns, and he used to yell 'Bing! Bing! Bing!' into the air. (That's why we called him Bing, y'know.) Now he says 'Boo boo boo' into a microphone, instead . . . !"

"You forgot one other big difference," murmured Bing, looking up from the painstaking rolling of a hand-made cigarette.

"Yeah?" asked the man from Spokane.

"Yeah," said Bing. "That is: I get *paid* for *this!*"

And then Bing and the other man sneaked over on the sidelines and began swapping reminiscences. And they laughed so much the assistant director got hoarse from calling for silence.

As a matter of fact, Bing's boyhood friend wasn't very far wrong. Anybody who knows Bing knows that at heart, despite all his success and his skyrocketing income and his big business ventures, Bing's still just a kid. That's why people "go" for him in such a big way.

Like a kid, he likes to play, and that's why he's getting such a kick out of *Rhythm on the Range*. Like a kid, he's still bashful as all get-out. He even turns deep pink on occasions.

I'll tell you about that.

Like a kid, he's always thrilled about new toys to play with—only instead of tin soldiers and scooters and things, now he can afford a stable of more-or-less race horses, and a 22-room house, and things like that. Because Bing has gone up in the world.

You should see his headquarters! You walk in through the main entrance of the Paramount lot. You pass through an outer office building and come out into a sort of patio, tree-lined and lazy-quiet. In the center stands an ornate building. You enter it and walk down a paneled hallway. Then you see a door, and on the glass of it, you behold the legend: BING CROSBY, LTD., INC.

THERE, my friends, is Big Business. You walk in. You don't see Bing. Bing's busy somewhere, playing cowboy. But in the offices are Bing's father, and Bing's two brothers, and a corp of secretaries. Typewriters clatter, phones ring, messengers bustle in and out. This is where all the work-a-day business of Bing's many ventures is handled—his radio contracts and arrangements; his record-making deals (phonograph records, I mean); his independent movie-making business (yes, he invests in "indie" picture outfits); his music-publishing business—the "Select Company," which prints and sells popular songs (although for legal and various other reasons, Bing's music publishing house CANNOT accept songs from unknowns—since all the music it considers and publishes is merely the output of known professional music writers); his real-estate activities. And, by no means least, his fan-mail. That's a business in itself. It keeps one secretary busy eight hours a day, six days a week. Sometimes, she has to holler for help. Bing gets 10,000 fan letters a month! Did you know that those 10,000 letters a month save the lives of a lot of Chinese girls?

Sounds silly, doesn't it? But the fact remains that Bing has saved the lives of scores of Chinese girls. You see, he has given orders that the stamps from his fan-mail—it comes from all over the world—be saved and given, free, to a certain missionary society. The society sells the stamps to philatelists, and with the proceeds, it buys Chinese girl babies from peasant parents, who would otherwise simply drown the unwanted infants! So probably, in gratitude, there must be scores of Chinese girls named Bing Sing, or something like that. Oh, well, skip it . . . ! Let's get back to Bing—

Bing had the time of his life making his new cowboy picture

First of all, it's indicative that Mr. Harry Lillis Crosby (yes, that's his real and full name, although he hates to have you know the "L" stands for Lillis; he thinks it's sort of sissy-like) doesn't want to be bothered much with business. He likes to act and sing and play, so he lets his father and two brothers run the business end of things. And a nifty job they do of it, too. Once in a while, Bing drops into the office himself. He did once, just when some folks from up north were visiting. One of Bing's latest recordings was being played for them on the phonograph. In the middle of it, in walked Bing. For a moment, he listened. Then his face got redder than a Technicolor sunset. He strode over to the phonograph, yanked off the whirling record, and sent it sailing through the window.

"I—er—excuse me, but I don't—er—like that number," apologized Bing. His brother winked. Later, after Bing had gone, his brother told me the real reason for

[*Continued on page 62*]

Bing's ranch house near San Diego is where he goes to get away from it all. Right, Bing displays his trick knife—100 blades and gadgets

What Are *Your* Chances in HOLLYWOOD?

Newcomers are flocking to Hollywood answering its call for new faces and talent. And you may be just the type that Hollywood seeks

By Ruth Biery

ANYONE who has been away from Hollywood for a year will meet the surprise of his life when he returns. If he expects to find the same old faces in the same old places, he'll be completely fooled. In ten years I have not seen as many new personalities as had cropped up during the past twelve months. Studio publicity experts waved portraits of these new people before my eyes so rapidly and enthusiastically that I became dizzy. Where publicity experts used to excite us about established players, now they are eulogizing new people—youngsters playing their first or second pictures or who have not yet appeared in even one! The *new* Janet Gaynor; the *next* Valentino; the *future* Greta Garbo . . .

Out at Universal, a picture called *Parole* was in the making. I visited the set.

"Who are the stars?" The usual reportorial question.

"Ann Preston and Henry Hunter!"

"Stars! I never heard of them!"

"They're two of our new bets. Wait until you see—"

"Have they had any experience?"

"Not a picture! But both have been on the radio. Ann starred on some of the best air programs. When she was seventeen she played on the stage in Chicago. She's twenty-one, now; very tiny, just four feet, eleven inches; weighs a hundred pounds, even. As for Henry Hunter, he was well-known on the air as Arthur Jacobson and he's played stock and been on the New York stage. One of our scouts saw him broadcasting in Chicago, signed him at once—"

It's the same story all over Hollywood. A scout saw him or her in college, before a microphone or standing beside a small-town bakery window! But let's not run away from Universal until we've peeped at a few of its other discoveries. Jack Dunn came a-skating to Hollywood in an exhibition with Sonja Henie. Head-producer, Charles Rogers, said at the Universal annual convention for salesmen: "Every studio tried to sign him, not just on account of his skating ability, but because he is such a handsome chap and has such a grand personality on the screen. We were fortunate in getting his signature on a contract and I believe you will find that within a short space of time Jack Dunn will have the largest fan-mail following of any male star that has hit the screen since Valentino. I know I am predicting a big mouthful when I say this, but nevertheless that is just how I feel about Jack Dunn."

THESE producers are not talking for publicity—they believe it, as proven by the way they are handing out contracts to newcomers, like they were souvenirs at a state fair! They have gone so mad about new faces, they are even signing strangers "between" them. Ella Logan is Universal's *new Joan Blondell*, scheduled for *Everybody Sings*—only she belongs to Sam Goldwyn as well as Universal. The two studios were battling so fiercely over signing her that they "split the difference" and divided her—picture for picture—between them. And R-K-O and Universal did the same with Walter Coy—a college lad with wide New York stage and vaudeville experience. "A Greek god in modern clothes" is the way enthusiasts describe him.

LET'S jump to Twentieth Century-Fox where Daryll Zanuck, producer, is frank about not worrying over his lack of established star-names. When John Boles and this company didn't re-sign, Hollywood gasped. John was one of Fox's big money-makers. In fact, so big, he's "cleaning up" a reputed $8,000 a week on personal appearances and packing every theatre in which he appears. But Michael Whalen is the new cry! He's made such a hit in five pictures (*The Song and Dance Man, Country Doctor, Poor Little Rich Girl, White Fang* and *Sing Baby Sing*) they've cast him in *Four Men and A Prayer*—one of the *colossal* productions. Michael's the boy who swept off sound stages in the day time so he could dance with the pretty stars in the evening; the lad whose social introduction by James Montgomery Flagg gave him the run of Hollywood homes, but no chance in the studios. After four years, when he had exactly twenty cents, a scout saw him!

June Lang has been playing extra [*Continued on page 72*]

What About These Newcomers?

The sixteen faces on the opposite page all belong to newcomers. You may not have seen very many of them since most of them have just started their screen careers. One or two—or even more—never had any acting experience—but Hollywood took a chance on their making good. They have all conquered the first obstacle to screen fame—they have, at least, got on the screen. Perhaps your chances are as good as theirs. A few will climb faster than others. Their names are listed below:

1. Barbara Pepper
2. Warren Hull
3. Elizabeth Russell
4. Michael Whalen
5. Anita Colby
6. Jean Rogers
7. Smith Ballew
8. Ann Loring
9. George Walcott
10. Joan Perry
11. Robert Allen
12. Elizabeth Jenns
13. June Travis
14. Frank Shields
15. Simone Simon
16. Lloyd Nolan

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Don't miss reading this interview with Lionel Stander—the most amazing personality in Hollywood. Taking stock of himself and things in general he emerges a rebel—witty, original and colorful. His life reads like a book—that's the reason he knows all the answers

They're Standing in Line for LIONEL STANDER!

By James Reid

"LIONEL JAY STANDER, I predict you'll end in the electric chair!"

So said the woman principal at the grammar school, with face flushed and dignity devastated, as she glared across the large flat-topped desk at the bane of her existence. He had red hair, a million freckles, and a grin that went straight up at both ends, like the Kaiser's mustache. (At the moment, he also had a crimson ear, by which he had just been propelled into her office—for the tenth time in ten days.) He was grinning now, even while she was writing out his expulsion papers. Just plain incorrigible . . .

"Mr. Stander, we regret that we must ask your withdrawal from the university. Our patience is at an end.

"We apparently cannot persuade you that rules are not made to be broken."

So said, a few years later, the dean of one of four colleges that tried in turn, and unsuccessfully, to make him fit the common mold. The dean was a severe man, used to frightening freshmen—who always begged for "another chance." But this one said nothing. Instead, he had a grin that taunted him, that called his bluff.

The dean waxed semi-apoplectic. Now he *did* mean what he had said. He even added a few things that he had not expected to say . . .

"Stander, you didn't follow instructions. You're fired! If you ever get another job, it won't be our fault!"

So said, some time later, one of an army of employers who were seduced into placing him on their payrolls, much to their subsequent sorrow.

The sorrow being only a few days—or even a few hours—subsequent . . .

ALL of his life, in one way or another, people have been telling Lionel Stander that he was a failure. Now, in Hollywood, droves of people are dropping around to discover "the secret of his success." His friends used to tell him that he was pixilated. Now he's beginning to wonder if they could have been correct. Or is it Hollywood that's "teched in the haid?"

Hollywood is calling him "the biggest find of the year." A personality without a duplicate. A man with a voice worth a million dollars—because no voice ever tortured a throat as his voice does. A man with a face worth a fortune because it is as homely as truth, as mobile as water, and as expressive as slang—with a grin as contagious as measles. A natural scene-stealer. A comedy comet who will soon zoom to stardom.

You saw him in *If You Could Only Cook*. You saw him as Harold Lloyd's discouraged trainer in *The Milky Way*. You saw him as Gary Cooper's frustrated protector in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. You can understand what Hollywood means. You'll understand even better after you see him as Edward Arnold's assistant in *Meet Nero Wolfe*—torn between a girl who wants to make him a husband and an ego that wants to make him a detective.

On the screen, he is an eccentric with a heart of gold, a head of lead, and a vocabulary that stopped growing at an early age. Off the screen, he is an eccentric who has all of the humanitarian instincts, plus a brain equal to any hurdle, a vocabulary equal to any company, and a wit equal to none. An incorrigible wit, reflective of incorrigible intelligence.

Guess his background, and you'd probably say "New York's Lower East Side." Most people do. Actually, he was born in the great, comparatively open spaces [*Continued on page* 78]

There's No Explaining LUISE RAINER!

By Gordon Crowley

SOME people have a habit of falling out of bed, others out of automobiles, windows or even roller-coasters, but only Luise Rainer falls out of love. So far as it is known, she has never admitted falling in love, she always falls out of it. All of which, if you ask me, is quite as much of a puzzle to Hollywood as is beautiful Luise, herself. Garbo has been termed an enigma but she is an open book compared to the girl who played *Anna Held, in The Great Ziegfeld.*

In the Brown Derby, the Vendome, the Trocadero and on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, you will hear arguments about this new star from old Vienna. She is a poseur! She is a fine actress! She made *Anna Held* turn over in her grave! She gave a grand performance as *Anna Held.* She is intelligent! She is dumb, she is beautiful, she is not. Hollywood is at sword's points about her while Luise goes blithely on her way, falling out of love.

If you phone the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity office and ask for an appointment to interview Miss Rainer, you are told that Miss Rainer does not grant interviews—that she does not have to give interviews; and thata, will be thata. It has been rumored that the charming Miss Rainer is so charmingly frank, that they don't want her to talk to the press. Well, Garbo was frank, too, when she first came to Hollywood. Some, however, get over their frankness and become very secretive.

"How did I happen to come to Hollywood?" Miss Rainer lifts two perfect eyebrows in surprise that you did not know. "I fell out of love with a man in Vienna—very much indeed out of love, and so I came to Hollywood!"

She was born in Vienna and her family must have moved to Hamburg, Germany, although Miss Rainer does not mention that fact. She merely informs you that her father was in business there. She will also admit that when she joined the theatre group of Louise Dumont in Dusseldorf, Germany, that her family disowned her entirely. Later she went to Max Reinhardt in Berlin and then to the theatre in Vienna where she succeeded Elisabeth Bergner. There she played Shaw, Schiller, Shakespeare, Dreiser's *American Tragedy* and Kingsley's *Men in White.*

ABOUT that time she fell desperately out of love with a man in Vienna and came to Hollywood, under contract to M-G-M. She might still be wandering around the Metro lot, like a lost soul, had not Myrna Loy, like Al Smith, decided to take a walk. Someone remembered that there was a girl named Luise Rainer somewhere on the lot and that if they could find her, it might be a swell idea to let her earn her cakes and coffee,

[*Continued on page* 83]

Luise has an emotional rôle in *The Good Earth*

Luise Rainer has Hollywood frankly puzzled in trying to make her out. Her moods and whims not only set her apart from the crowd but they're also responsible for making her a fine emotional actress

FORTUNE'S DARLING

Olivia de Havilland may rightly be called Fortune's pet darling so far as Hollywood is concerned. Despite her amazing success she remains calm because it all seems like a dream. The dream will come true when she falls in love with the right man—and marries him

By Sonia Lee

"FOR over a year I was Hollywood's most frightened girl. Only *now* am I beginning to adjust to the excitements and the thrills and the demands of picture making!"

Olivia de Havilland, the girl who stepped from the amateur ranks of high school theatricals into an important rôle in Max Reinhardt's Hollywood Bowl production of *Midsummer Night's Dream,* and eventually into a motion picture contract, sat in an enveloping chair and discussed the amazing seventeen months just past.

She has the look of a child for all her eighteen years, and her blue slacks heightened the illusion of extreme youth. She is one of the loveliest girls in motion pictures—a loveliness which the camera, to date, has not completely recorded. Her mouth is wide and sweet and generous and untutored. Her teeth are two even rows of light; her light chestnut hair throws in relief the perfection of her skin. It's an exquisite face in all, with one outstanding feature—the eyes. They're long, large and of a color hovering between champagne and a deep hazel, with a fringe of amazing eyelashes casting shadows on her cheeks.

Olivia has just finished *The Charge of the Light Brigade*

"For the first time in seventeen months," she added, "I am a bit at ease. I know what I am going to do in a scene and the emotion I want to develop. As my knowledge of acting increases so does my self-confidence," Olivia explains.

"That, of course, is natural, and yet I have never gotten over the wonder of my entrance into pictures, and the events of the past months. It seems like a dream come true—like marvelous luck almost too good to hold. All things pass, and one of the reasons I was frightened in every picture I have made, even including my just-completed picture, *The Charge of the Light Brigade,* was because I felt that something might come along and take everything away from me.

"I realize that a picture career is, of necessity, short. Only remarkable women, remarkable artists, are able to go on year after year, entrenched in the heart of their public. Perhaps I, too, will be fortunate. But I am making plans for every contingency. I am saving my money like a good girl. Half of my salary goes into annuities and investments each and every week. Sometimes it is difficult to keep to this schedule, but I manage it.

"Recently there was a story in the newspapers that I had saved only fifty dollars a month since entering pictures. That doesn't happen to be true because it seems to me any motion picture player who doesn't provide for the future is mortgaging coming opportunities.

"Eventually, I want to go on the stage and if I am financially independent, then I can take time to learn the technique of a new medium, and to wait until the right play comes along. With that in view I save my money now—and always have."

OLIVIA has remained singularly untouched by the sudden fame heaped on her shoulders. She is still a combination of *Cinderella* and *Alice in Wonderland* come to Hollywood. In part it is due to the secluded life, to the almost nun-like existence which is hers. If she was the most frightened star for a year, she is today also the most guarded star. She has vast vitality while she is before the camera, but the moment work is through, she collapses like a balloon from the nervous reaction.

As a result, studio officials have forbidden her to do many things which the average star does for relaxation. Olivia is not permitted to ride horseback, to swim, to roller skate, or to ride [*Continued on page 67*]

The romantic team of Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland that made *Captain Blood* so memorable in its love moments are together again in *The Charge of the Light Brigade.* The 600 ride into the valley of death and Errol issues the call to arms—the arms of Olivia

A WARRIOR'S CALL TO ARMS

On Location with "The Last of the MOHICANS"

James Fenimore Cooper's famous classic of the first Americans is filmed again—this time as a talkie. The exciting romance of pre-Revolutionary days in Colonial New York takes on new vigor and appeal

By Carol Craig

HERE is a story glorifying life and love and adventure on the early American scene. An exciting story, packed with suspense, moving in a magnificent wilderness. Enacted by a fine cast, it will be a great picture. "But why—*why*—didn't they make it in color?" a million movie-goers will ask. And this is the answer:

The time of the story is the year 1757. The settings are the frontier town of Albany in the British colony of New York—the stockade of Fort William Henry at Lake George in the Adirondacks Mountains—and the forest between the two places. Mostly the intervening forest.

It was easy to duplicate the frontier settlement and the stockade fort within the walls of a studio. But it was not easy, 179 years after the time of the story, to find a wilderness resembling the original. And when Producers Harry M. Goetz, Edward Small and their company did find a sector of wilderness that answered James Fenimore Cooper's description, it was so real that it could be penetrated only on foot, with pack mules. No heavy equipment, such as 600-pound color-cameras, could be carried there. And when two members of the technical crew almost lost their lives on the location, filming preliminary shots, the producers decided that it was too dangerous a spot for such valuable players—headed by Randolph Scott, Binnie Barnes, Henry Wilcoxon, Bruce Cabot, Heather Angel, Robert Barrat and Phillip Reed. They found another wooded, but much safer spot where *they* could work on close shots, while "doubles" made the long shots on the more spectacular location. And in the cutting room, the close shots and the long shots would be fitted together by the customary movie magic.

It has taken two companies, working six hundred miles apart for several weeks, to film *The Last of the Mohicans*. The "spectacular" location lies in the one corner of California that never before has seen a movie troupe . . . the Smith River country near the Oregon line, sixteen miles through dense mountain forest from the nearest town, Crescent City. Breathtakingly beautiful country, it is a sportsmen's paradise—which very few sportsmen have yet discovered. It is completely unspoiled. The forest is alive with wild game. The Smith River is crowded with salmon, steelheads and trout. And thirty miles away is the Klamath Indian Reservation—where extras for the picture have been recruited.

From miles around came the Indians, clamoring for work.

Five leading characters in the picture are played by Heather Angel (*Cora Munro*) across the page, and from left to right, above, by Randolph Scott as *Hawkeye*, Robert Barrat as *Chingachgook* (the last Mohican), Bruce Cabot as evil *Magua*, Phillip Reed as *Uncas*

In the oval frame are Henry Wilcoxon as *Major Duncan Heyward* of the British army, renewing his courtship of Binnie Barnes (*Alice Munro*). At the right, Henry Wilcoxon, Binnie Barnes and Heather Angel (Britishers all) find relaxation—over their teacups—between scenes

And they got it, after the film company had arranged with their official guardian, the government agent on the Reservation. Most of them were Humboldts and Hoopahs—who had no tribal objections to becoming Hurons, temporarily. Few of them had ever earned more than $1.50 a day in their lives—in the lumber camps. As movie extras, they earned $5 a day; some even attained $7.50. Overnight, they waxed "wealthy." And overnight became as unemotional about their work as the blasé Hollywood extras. The Hollywood type often have to be coaxed or exhorted to show life in a scene; the Indians were bribed—with "tailor-made" cigarettes, which saved them the trouble of rolling their own. They were also well fed.

They donned raiment that their ancestors wore—leather breech-clouts, tomahawk belts, head feathers. They were decorated with war paint, which was as new to them as the grease-paint. They paddled birch bark war canoes, in each of which sat a lifeguard, disguised as a redskin. (The company took no chances of accidental drownings—particularly since two technicians fell into the swollen,

[*Continued on page* 80]

Being in Britain is a bit of all right to SYLVIA

By
Herb
Cruikshank

Sylvia bid Hollywood studios and beaches by-by while she went to London to make *The Hidden Power*

My word, but Lunnon and its jolly old manners and speech had Sylvia Sidney all a-bother! Rawther!! But, being keen, she caught on quickly enough—and tells you all about it

WHEN Sylvia Sidney, as trig a trick and talented a trouper as ever trod the boards of Broadway, set sail for Merrie England, she had no qualms, nor was there any moaning at the bars about town. The jaunt to Shepherd's Bush studios for her Gaumont-British picture was merely a fillip over the foam on an over-sized ferry. Something like going to a picnic on Staten Island.

It didn't seem at all like journeying to strange ports in foreign parts. A visit to France or Germany, now, would be different. Because, just to make it tougher on visiting Americans, Frenchmen speak French. And, oddly enough, the usual tongue of Germany is German. But England, why England is the mother-land, the cousin-country. "God Save the King" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee" are sung in hands-across-the-sea chorus to an identical tune. Folks speak the same language. The one that Sylvia has been speaking ever since she quit the Theatre Guild for the gilded theatre. At last, that's what she thought!

Well, we live and learn, Sylvia always says. Or if she hasn't been saying so, she will from now on. For she's learning something every day in dear old Blighty. Of course, the erudite daughter of the Bronx knew about the little British idiosyncrasies which lead His Majesty's subjects into such quaint whimsies as pronouncing Magdelene [*Continued on page* 86]

By Ida Zeitlin

YOU expect to find Bob Montgomery one kind of person. You find him a person so wholly different that you're likely to develop a case of mental astigmatism in an effort to merge the two. Or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that you find a thin veneer of the charming lunatic you've heard about, overlaying the solid substance of a man who is, primarily, an idealist in the soundest sense of the term. Such men are all too rare.

You know the adjectives most commonly applied to Montgomery—blithe and breezy and debonair, whimsical and flippant. He's a riot, they tell you, he's a scream. Touch him at any point—or don't touch him at all—and out pops a *mot*. "You want to do a story on Montgomery? Well, just go and have lunch with him and make a record of everything he says. He'll keep you in stitches and you'll get a story that'll lay your readers low."

So I went and had lunch with him, and he didn't keep me in stitches. He kept me interested in the play of his alert mind, he kept me stimulated by his vitality of expression, and he made me, unwittingly, a Montgomery fan for life—a fan for Montgomery, himself (not a moving picture), with his integrity, his warm humanity and his passion for fair play.

Tall words, maybe, but they're from the heart. To prove it, I should have to give you not only a word-to-word account of what he said, but the inflections of his voice and the look in his blue eyes as he said it.

Bob Montgomery still strives to be a good actor. His latest is *Trouble for Two*

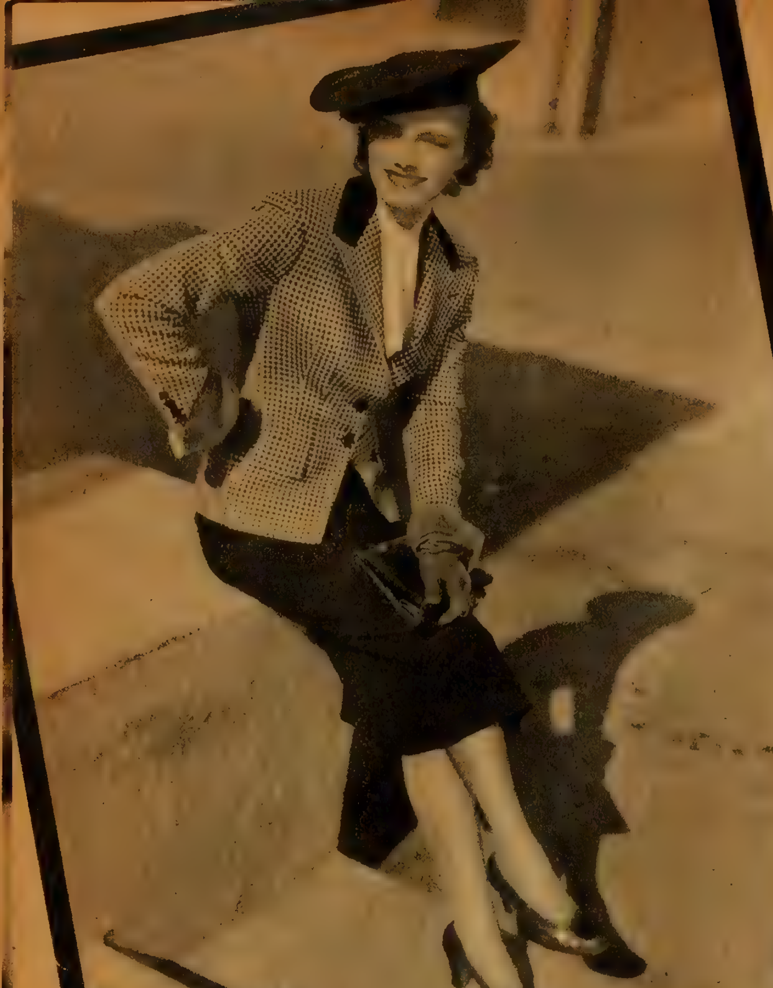
BOB Looks Himself Over

And you find that he ticks with a grand sense of humor

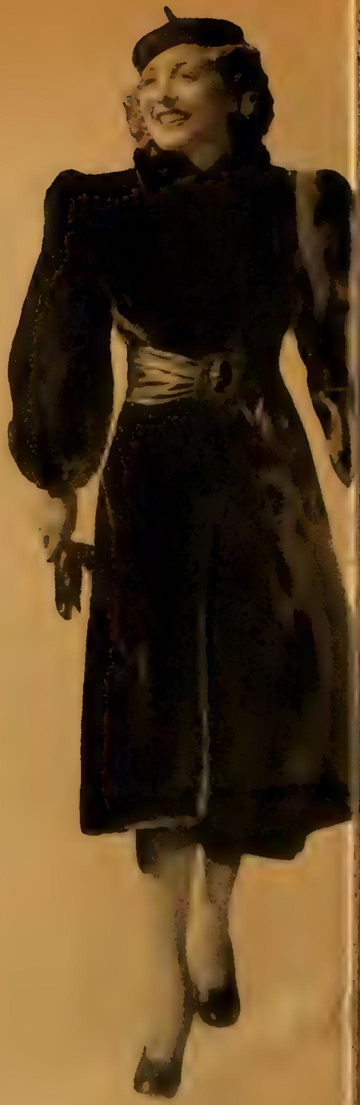
Which would take far more space than I'm allotted. His most illuminating statement was this: "I think I'm a reasonable fellow, on the whole, but there's just one thing that makes me fighting mad. To have a promise made and to have it broken. Then I see red." As he goes on talking, you begin to discern the unspoken corollary to that statement—that Montgomery keeps himself free of the Hollywood tendency to make large and easy promises—but that once having given his word, he will, as a matter of course, keep it.

HIS reputation as a humorist is valid. His mind happens to be so constituted that it catches the comic angle in flight and transfixes it with a phrase. He likes to laugh, as any normal person likes to laugh, and the fact that he has a livelier wit than most may give him larger opportunities in that direction. But there's nothing lightminded in his mental make-up. His humor is spontaneous. He doesn't work at it. He spends no energy on being the life of the party. His energy goes into other things—making a good actor of himself, delving into the social and economic problems of his time, doing what he can to mould his own small corner of the world nearer to the heart's desire. Hear him talk on any of these matters, and you'll be left in no doubt as to where his deepest interest lies.

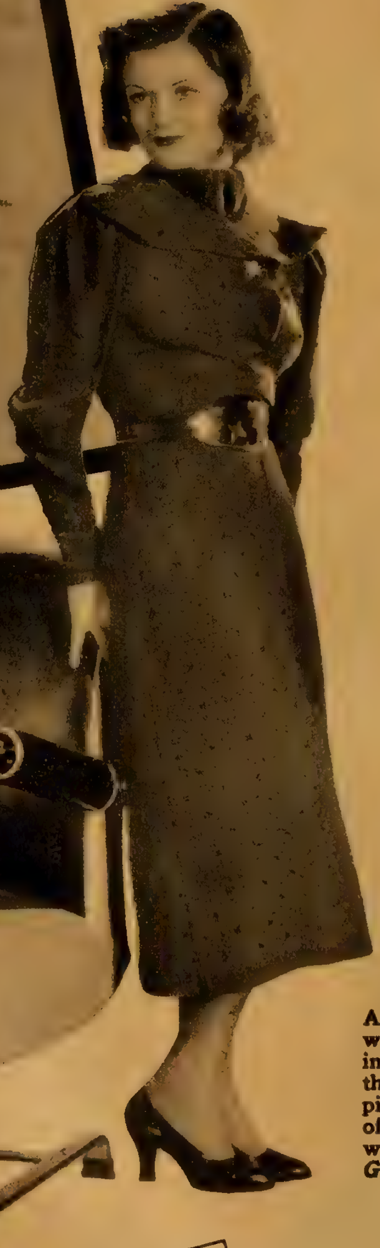
He rebelled recently when he was asked to deliver a few sage thoughts on "how to keep your sense of humor." [*Continued on page* 87]



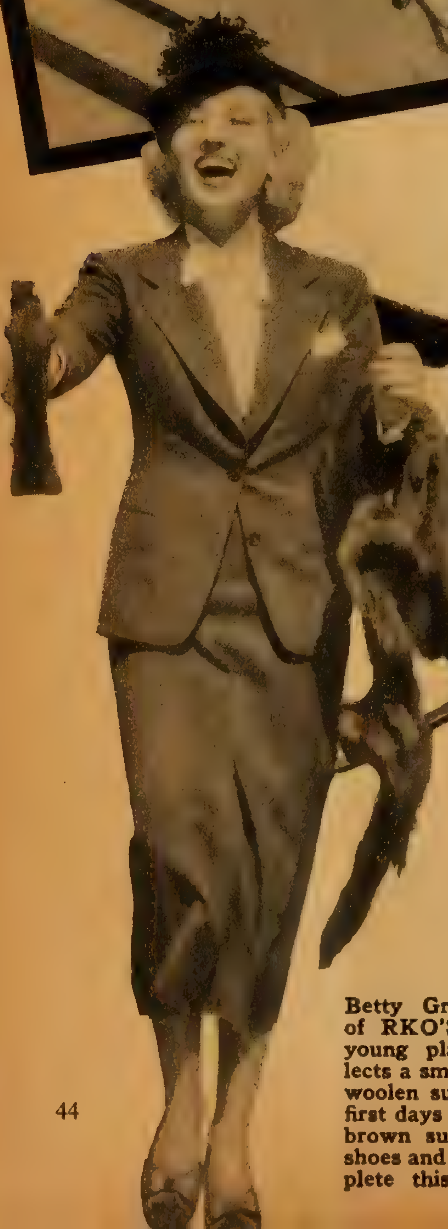
The smartest suit in Hollywood combines a black and white checked jacket featuring a velvet collar and a straight broadcloth skirt (cut short). It is worn by Elizabeth Russell, Paramount



Summer days are over and it's time to consider woolens and furs. Joan Perry has chosen this coat from Willard George of Safari brown Alaska sealskin for her street wear. Shoes from Hollywood Bootery



A lightweight grey wool polka-dotted in silk chenille is the choice for shopping and street wear of Simone Simon who is featured in *Girl's Dormitory*



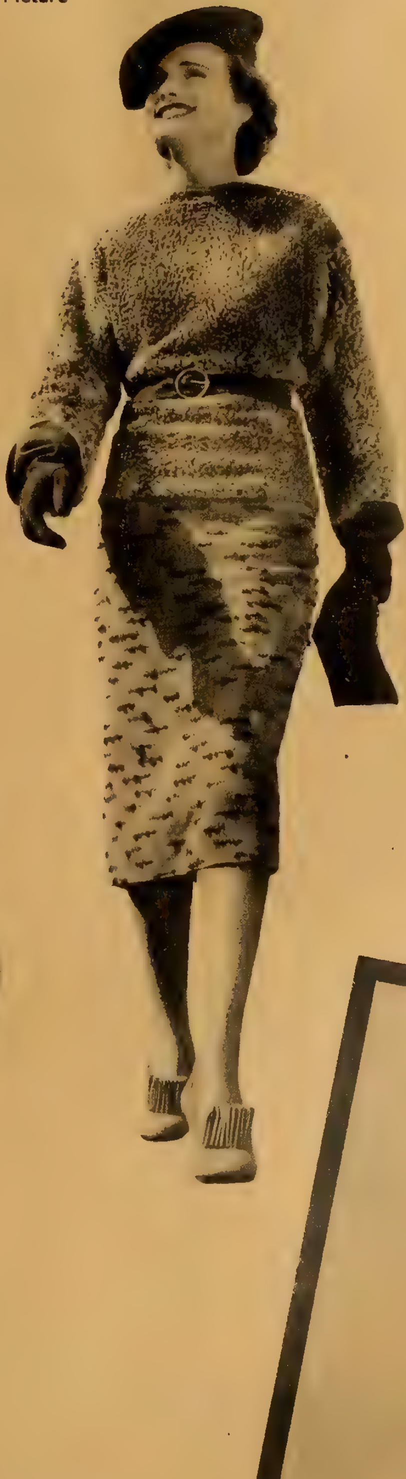
Betty Grable, one of RKO'S popular young players, selects a smart brown woolen suit for the first days of Fall. A brown suede hat—shoes and bag, complete this outfit

Write to Sally Martin, fashion editor, MOTION PICTURE, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, for personal help with your wardrobe. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope

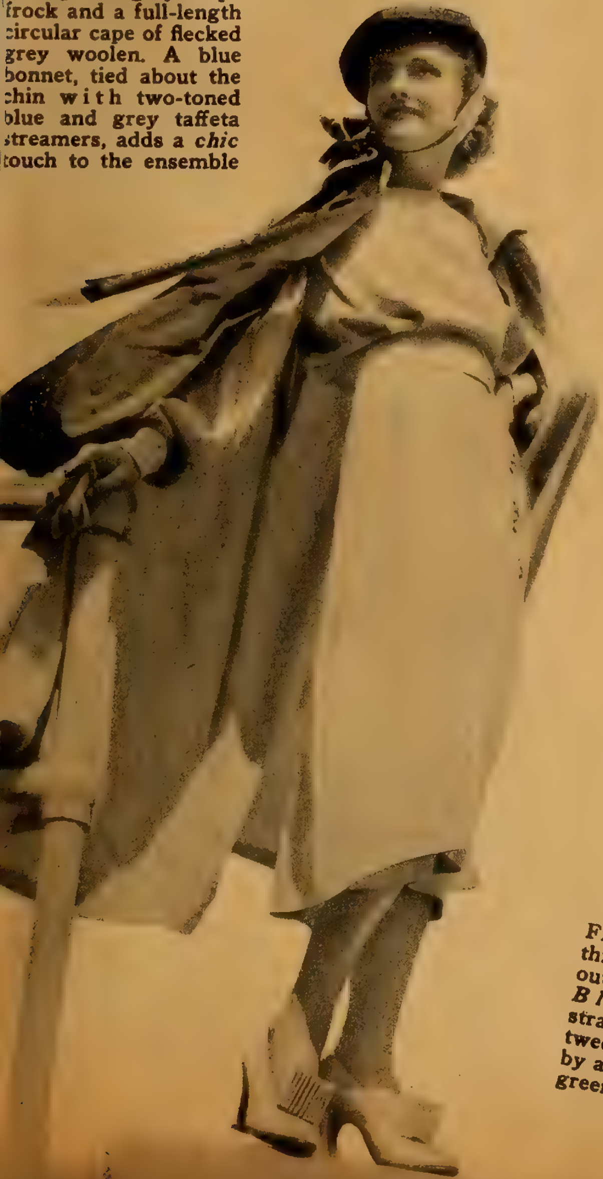
In Sheep's Clothing

By SALLY MARTIN

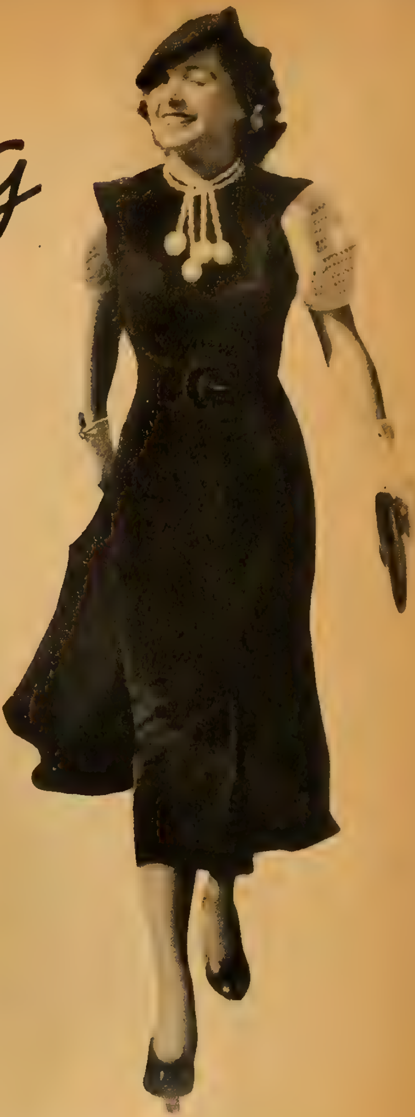
Fashion Editor, Motion Picture



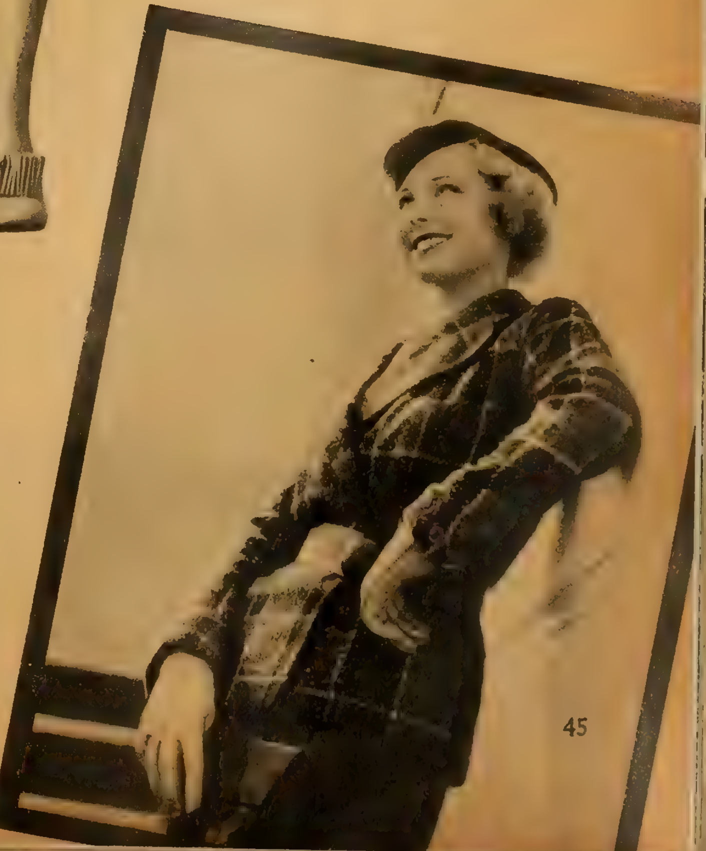
Another style piracy is seen as Hollywood invades the informal sanctum of men's fashions and feminizes the sweat-shirt. A short skirt of grey wool flecked with tufts of grey Persian lamb is worn with a sweat-shirt of Persian lamb. . . . Photo posed by Elizabeth Russell



Elizabeth Russell wears an outfit consisting of a grey crêpe frock and a full-length circular cape of flecked grey woolen. A blue bonnet, tied about the chin with two-toned blue and grey taffeta streamers, adds a *chic* touch to the ensemble



Joan Perry, Columbia starlet, wears this simple frock of navy woolen contrasted with white crocheted sleeves and neck banding. Dress by Nina Foley, shoes, Hollywood Bootery



Florence Rice wears this smart sports outfit in Columbia's *Blackmailer*. A straight line mixed tweed skirt is topped by a brown, blue and green plaid jacket

Portraits by Ted Allen

JAMES STEWART has this "stardom business" all sized up

HE KNOWS What it Takes

By Dorothy Spensley

DO YOU know what a "complete star" is? We didn't until we talked with tall, nonchalant James Stewart, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's acting "white hope." Jimmy is of the new school of the theatre. He studies his craft. There's no "luck" about it. He admires Katharine Cornell, First Lady of the American Stage; worked with her husband, Guthrie McClintic . . . "I had the privilege of working with two fine stage directors," is the way Stewart puts it. "They were Guthrie McClintic and George Abbott." He profited by the experiences. Jimmy appreciates *that.*

Jimmy is the type (he's in his middle twenties, and only four years out of Princeton) who admires George Arliss. And do you know why? Because England's Arliss is the consummate artist. He can write, direct, stage manage, produce, as well as act in his productions. You aren't a "complete star" unless you can do the same. And that's his goal.

That's why Jimmy pooh-poohs the idea of his immediate Hollywood stardom. He's not entitled to it, yet. He says this despite his remarkable work as the young, true-to-life reporter with Margaret Sullavan (he calls her "Peg") in *Next Time We Love.* Stewart has made seven films during his year's session in Hollywood. Others were *Murder Man, Rose-Marie, Wife vs. Secretary, Small Town Girl, Speed,* and now is doing another reporter rôle in Joan Crawford's *The Gorgeous Hussy.*

As far as stardom for himself is concerned he's not ready for it. He has stage-managed, yes, for Jane Cowl in Boston, and had a lot of fun dabbling around with the Falmouth Stock Company the year that Henry ("Hank") Fonda, his present house-mate, and "Peg" Sullavan were a part of it. But as far as being qualified for stardom, no, sirree! "Acting is just a job," he said in explanation. Stardom is the sum total of a number of jobs, all well done. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt of Broadway are worthy of their stardom. They produce, direct. In films it's harder to get that varied experience. Nevertheless, of the filmsters he entirely approves of Greta Garbo and Ronald Colman. It's

[*Continued on page* 89]

BLONDES prefer *Gentlemen* says MAE WEST

(who likes all kinds of diamonds and most kinds of men)

By Dorothy Calhoun

"BLONDES," said Mae to me, in that famous white boudoir which few in Hollywood have ever seen—white carpet, white canopied bedstead, white satin pillows, white lace and fur and flowers, "Blondes cert'nly prefer gentlemen. But I'm broad-minded, the way I look at it, most men are gentlemen—only some *advertise* it more.

"Take the last two pictures I've made. One of 'em called for the drawing-room type of leading men—four of 'em. What's the use of writing my own scenarios if I can't give myself plenty of men? In all Hollywood you wouldn't find four actors with more parlor tricks than they got for me. Nice boys, too. Perfect gentlemen. When I came onto the set you'd have thought the band had struck up the national anthem the way they all stood up. I wasn't allowed to carry my make-up box. I hate to think of what would have happened if I'd dropped my handkerchief.

"And then take the last picture. Naturally, the Klondyke didn't call for door-openers or hand-kissers. Some of the boys would have been kind of uncomfortable in dress suits because they don't have pockets for guns. Maybe one or two of 'em might eat with the wrong knife. But they were certainly polite all the same. As long as he isn't vulgar I consider a man is entitled to be called a gentleman. What difference does it make whether his ancestors came across on the Mayflower or met the boat when it got here, if he comes across handsomely himself?"

"As the poet says, 'East is East and

[*Continued on page* 84]

Having done well by *Klondyke Lou*, Mae West is now making *Personal Appearance*, adapted from the stage hit

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood

Bill Shakespeare (Anthony Kemble Cooper) pays a social call on his immortal lovers, *Romeo* Howard and *Juliet* Shearer

Arline Judge has one of the niftiest figures in Hollywood. She keeps herself curvacious by daily plunges in her swimming pool

The TALK *of*

CHINS dropped, eyes popped, when Marlene Dietrich strolled unconcernedly into the middle of Merle Oberon's house party, the other day. The chin-dropping and eye-popping became even more pronounced when Merle greeted Marlene effusively. Reason?—well, Hollywood had been supposing that there was plenty bad blood between English Merle and German Marlene, due to the fact that Dietrich had been put into the lead in Oberon's place in *The Garden of Allah*.

That Merle was mad over the change is no secret. But Merle's inviting Marlene to her party, and Marlene's acceptance, gave the lie to the Hollywood theory that Merle's peeve extended to Dietrich, too.

Joe's Daily Reminder

EVERY once in a while, out of the welter of press-agentry that befogs the stars, there emerges one of those unplanned and unplanted items that tugs a heartstring. Like the little household thrill that hit Joe E. Brown's menagè the other day. . . . Kathryn Brown (Mrs. Joe E.) noticed a strange quiet. In a houseful of kids, quiet bodes trouble. Mama investigated—and sure enough, there was baby Kathryn scrawling in big black pencil across the headboard of Papa's bed!

"What," screamed Mama, "are you doing!"

"Writing Daddy a love letter," whispered the baby.

"But why didn't you write it on paper?"

"'Cause paper's alla time gettin' lost," lisped little Kathryn, "an' ennyway, this way papa'll see my letter every time he goes to bed an' gets up!!" And when Papa came home from the studio, after driving *Earthworm Tractors* in his new picture, he issued orders that never, *never, NEVER* should Kathryn's love-letters be erased from the head of his bed!

Huston's Happy Hideaway

PRIZE Hollywood-hater among movie-makers is Walter Huston, star of Sam Goldwyn's *Dodsworth*. Walter, stand-pat adherent to the old-school of the theatre, looks with scorn on Hollywood whoopee, gossip, nite-lifing, exhibi-

Newcomer Patric Knowles, from Ireland, is a pal of Errol Flynn and supports him in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*

Just to show Arline, opposite, that there are others in Hollywood who have spiffy pools and nifty figures, we give you Ruby Keeler

Shirley Temple takes Bill Robinson for a spin in her midget roadster. It has two speeds, makes ten miles an hour

Francine Larrimore, famed on Broadway as a stage star, has signed the "papahs" for M-G-M. She débuts soon

Hollywood

tionism. He refuses to live in Hollywood; maintains, for himself and wife (who was Nan Sunderland of stage fame) a house hidden up San Berdoo way in the San Bernardino mountains, 100 miles from Hollywood. And what a house, and what an estate—and what vistas! He won't have a 'phone installed; the nearest one is three miles away. To top it, now that he's working in Hollywood and *has* to be on the set early mornings, he is making his home during shooting of *Dodsworth* inside the tiny portable dressing-room provided for him on the set! He's had an army cot moved in, and sleeps there.

A Let-Down For A Build-up

LATEST touch of woman-trouble to woman-troubled Nelson Eddy is the chatter about him and Eleanor Powell being "that way." Seems that Nelson, who complains that all this publicity about women chasing him irks him, was strolling on the M-G-M lot, and saw Eleanor being photographed. They called him over and snapped a picture of him and Eleanor together. It was published. At once, the gossip-purveyors hinted a Powell-Eddy romance. Since then, Nelse and Eleanor have been furiously and vehemently denying any such thing. Eleanor's denials are even more powerful than Nelson's!

Fruit Rots Waiting For Jimmy

WITH American producers all "laying off" hiring Jimmy Cagney, in fear that they'll get into legal difficulties over Jimmy's battle with Warner Brothers, the prime tough-guy of the screen hasn't made a movie for so long that he's becoming a legend.

Now come whispers that Jimmy will break into celluloid again via either of two routes—(1) an English outfit wants him to make a picture over there, in which he'll play the rôle of an American gangster who joins the British army (won't Jimmy have fun squishing grapefruit in Tommy's pan?); (2) rumor No. 2 is that Jimmy will form his own producing company, financing it, himself, with the money he saved from what Warners paid him before he law-broke their contract.

A Chaplin-O-Type-Or Two

RETIRE? My eye!, says Charlie Chaplin. Back from Indo-China and places, Charlie rolled up his sleeves at his LaBrea Boulevard

Ketti Gallian is blossoming forth again after several months absence from the screen. Brought over from Europe to add to the glamour and pulchritude of Hollywood, she attracted attention through her exotic appeal. She will appear in *Gentlemen's Choice*

studios, told the world that he'll *never* retire. He'll make, he insists, three pictures a year. First will be one wherein Paulette Goddard stars. He will direct it, but won't appear in it. However, he'll follow it up with a new comedy in which he will again star. BUT—he'll *never* talk on the screen, he repeats. All the other characters may, but "the character I created years ago in silent films will not speak a line!" Meanwhile, it seems to be pretty well established that Charlie and Paulette have been married two years.

Victor Moore, Broadway's funniest comedian, has joined the movies to support Fred Astaire in *Swing Time*

Title Changes

JOAN BENNETT went to court to have the name of her daughter changed from Diana Bennett Fox to Diana Bennett Markey. Fox was the name of Joan's former husband, daddy of the child; Markey is the name of Joan's current hubby. And Mrs. Katharine Meilziner went to court, to have *her* name legally changed to Kay Francis. That's who she is. The Katharine is really her name, 'stead o' Kay, and the Meilziner is the real name of Kenneth McKenna, to whom she was formerly married, and whose name she retained in the divorce proceedings. And Jean Harlow is now Jean Harlow, instead of Mrs. Harlean Carpenter Rosson. Jean, too, went to court to have her professional name legalized as her day-in-day-out name, instead of her own marital name.

Rudy Mountain and Mae North

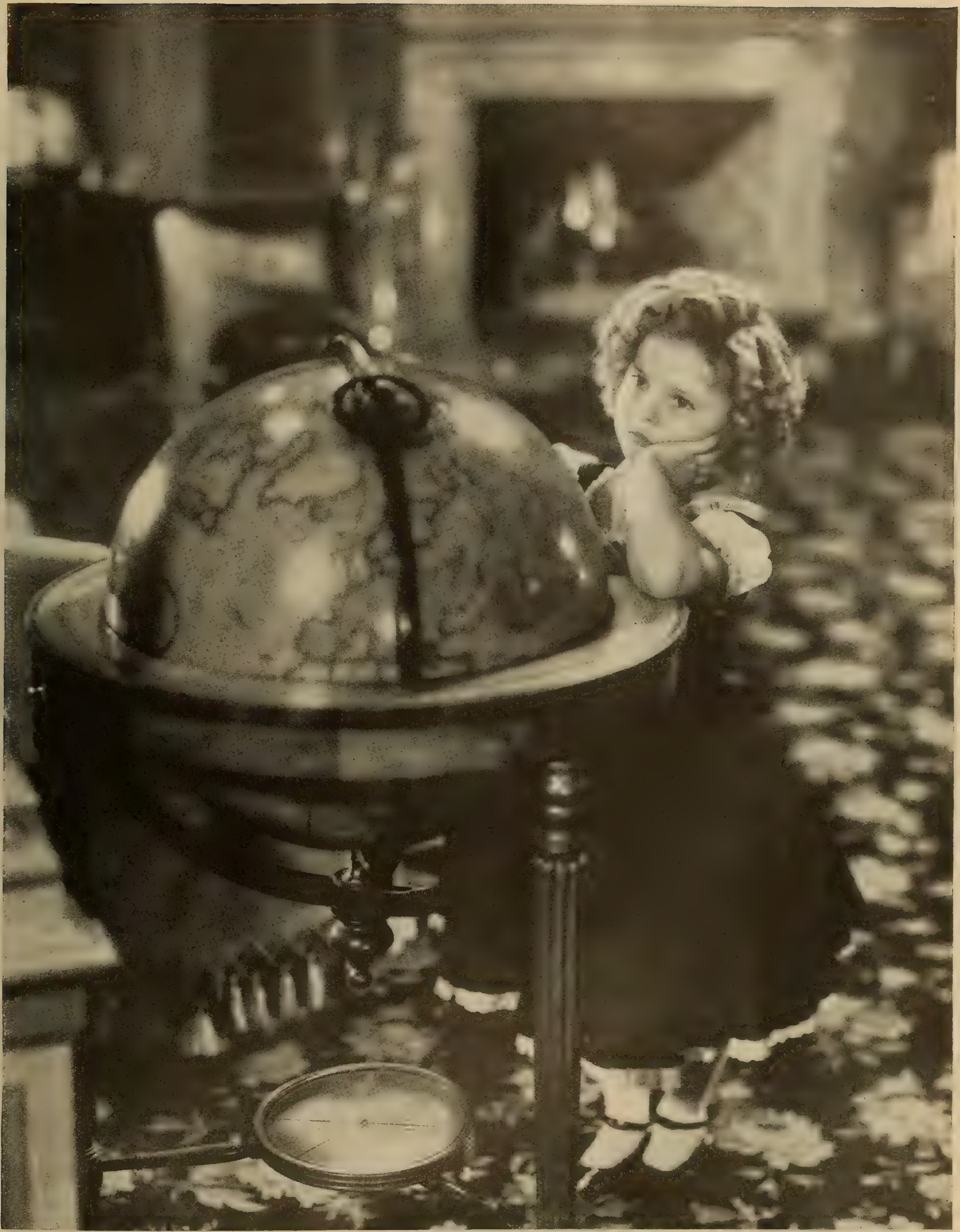
DODGING into incognitos during the month were two of Hollywood's crowd-gatheringest stars. One was Rudy Vallée, back in California again, now that the courts have settled his fight with ex-wife, Fay Webb, so he can come back without fearing lawsuits. Rudy, waiting for picture plans to mature, hid out on Catalina Island in a bungalow under some phony name, to dodge admirers.

Edward Arnold turns to homespuns to present another colorful character in Edna Ferber's *Come and Get It*

And Mae West, stepping her curves into an airplane for the first time in her life, to fly from San Francisco back to Hollywood, registered not as Miss West, but as Miss North. Merely a point of the compass difference! But she escaped reporters and others. But why didn't she make it Miss South—it's hotter!

Hollywoododdling Around

JOAN CRAWFORD has taken to having a cup of hot cocoa on the set each morning . . . Bing Crosby has quit his [*Continued on page 70*]



WHAT! NO MORE WORLDS FOR SHIRLEY TO CONQUER?

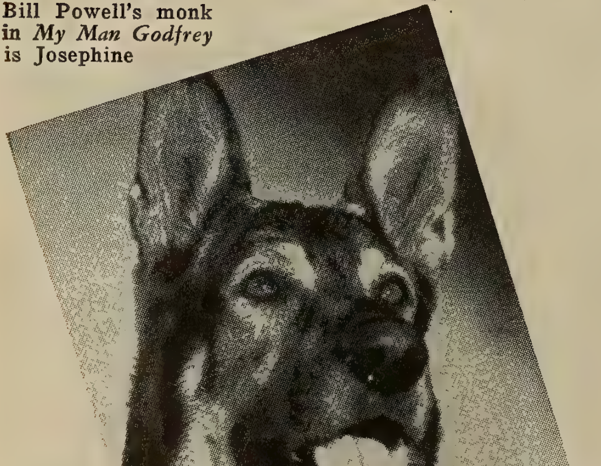
If Shirley Temple looks a wee bit downcast here it's because she has no more worlds to conquer. Spin the globe as much as she pleases America's Biggest Sweetheart cannot stop it and put her finger on a spot where she isn't popular. The civilized world is waiting to see her in *The Bowery Princess*

The white horse supporting Marlene Dietrich is Jadaan, once owned by Valentino

Bill Powell's monk in *My Man Godfrey* is Josephine

ANIMAL

Hollywood's animal actors are never idle. Each is an artist in his field



Lobo has fought plenty of villains in pictures

Buck the St. Bernard sees lots of action in films

THE famous screen star regarded me with a minimum of emotion. His limpid brown eyes, which for years have inspired world-wide oh-ings and ah-ings, were kind but unrevealing. He did not speak. He did not even smile.

"How," I thought, "can I break down his reserve? What is the best approach to this particular star?"

I cleared my throat and wished I had some of his poise. It wasn't that he was antagonistic. He was just calmly silent. And then suddenly he was electrified into action. Throwing himself over on his left hip, he scratched frantically with his hind leg at a flea behind his ear. "Well!" I thought, relieved. "Even film stars have fleas!"

And Buster, one of the most famous—and remarkable—dogs in the world, continued to scratch. But I felt the ice was broken. This dog, half pit bull and half indiscretion, is owned by Rennie Renfro, and it is due to his patience and genius with animals that those delightful Barkie comedies were made. Buster, you will remember, was always the hero. And what a hero!

Buster does everything but speak English. He counts, reads, knows right from left, recognizes colors and takes commands in three different ways—by the spoken word, by gesture, and by printed words on cards. I saw him look at a card on which was printed an order and then execute it, without a word or a look from Mr. Renfro. Don't tell me he can't read! He is a friendly, but unprepossessing little mutt. You wouldn't look at him twice if you saw him trotting along a road. But you couldn't get Mr. Renfro to sell him for any amount of money. Buster makes about $75 a day. Mr. Renfro says he knew he would be an exceptional dog by his eyes.

His intelligence is too remarkable to be written about with any degree of calmness. He knows by name every article of furniture in the house; he differentiates between white canvas shoes and black-and-white shoes; he will pick up any article designated

A horse that can do anything is Buck Jones' Silver, once cow pony

Tuffy, the walking dog, takes a stroll with Terry Walker

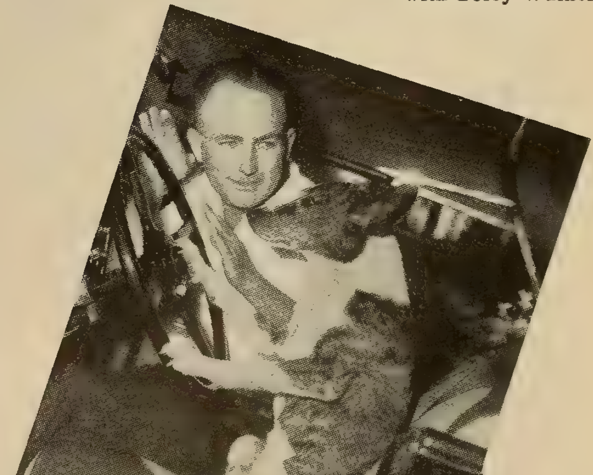
ACTORS of Hollywood

By Winifred Aydelotte

and place it wherever told and then go back, fifteen minutes later, and get it again when Mr. Renfro says, "Buster, get what you picked up and put on the couch a little while ago and bring it to me," an order that might tax even your memory. Another remarkable thing about the dog is that he can receive several commands at a time. Mr. Renfro said, "Now Buster, get up on that stool; then stand up, jump down and walk on your hind legs to the door." And darned if he didn't do it! I left Buster, determined to brush up on my Spanish or something.

ONE of the highest paid movie stars in Hollywood is less than four feet tall, ugly as sin, and covered with black hair. His name is Jiggs, and he is the most famous chimpanzee that ever leered at a camera. He earns $150 a day. Jiggs had a very unhappy childhood. His first master thought him stupid and spanked him until he couldn't sit down. Then Tony Gentry, and his wife, Jackie, bought him, and his life has been a bed of oranges ever since.

When I called on Jiggs, he walked into the room clad in men's bathing shorts. He sat down in a chair, crossed his legs, and folded his hands in his lap. The human illusion was so uncanny that for a moment I felt hurt that he didn't speak to me. He played the piano, looked through a magazine at the pictures, called his sweetheart on the telephone and dialed so accurately that he got a busy signal, and then ate an orange with loud suction noises. He imitated Joe E. Brown and Maurice Chevalier, and then he took my hand and, with grave jungle courtesy, kissed it. He does breath-taking stunts on an elaborate trapeze. He knows instantly when people are afraid of him or dislike him, and then he teases them to distraction. His diet consists of fruit and vegetables. He will chew, reluctantly, on a chicken, but is to all intents and purposes a vegetarian. He helps wipe the dishes and [*Continued on page* 64]



Rennie Renfro's Buster is in a class by himself as a trick dog

Romeo, the Bengal tiger, has acted with Wally Beery

Fred, the well-dressed man, with Ginger Rogers and Victor Moore in *Swing Time*.

Business of Sending FRED ASTAIRE an Open Letter

By Henry Langford

(who tells Fred things about himself)

Mr. Fred Astaire,
c/o RKO Studios,
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Fred:

From what they tell me about you, at RKO where you're making *Swing Time,* I gather that *you don't know who you are . . .* ! Oh, yeah—you know your name's Fred Astaire, and you know where you live and who your parents were, and all that—but you don't know anything at all about yourself!—that you're sort of confused, or something . . .

Well, for instance: *They tell me you insist you're NOT a DANCER, but just an actor!* Well okay, Fred; okay. But look here—

They'd hardly gotten the flannel triangles off you when you toddled after your older sister to dancing school one day, and started hoofing then and there . . . When you were only eight, mind you, you started dancing professionally, with your sister, Adele, and darned if you didn't get $200 a week for it! Since then, you've been dancing for about a quarter of a century, all over the civilized world, before kings, queens and deuces like myself.

During that time, we figured it out, you've been "in the air," so to speak, for a total of something like 50,000 hours!!! Why, Fred, that means that if an endurance flyer should hop off at noon today, and stay in the air continuously, it'd be somewhere around New Years Day of *1942* before he'd equalled your total in-the-air-hours!!!

Why, even today at the studio, when you're working out your stuff, you come to the place at nine in the morning, and you dance until six or eight or even ten o'clock, nights, with maybe a half-hour out for lunch! And sometimes, then, you take your swell wife out, after work, for a spot of dancing at a nice ballroom, for relaxation . . . !

Fred, between dances on the set, you dance for fun!—you've worn out a hundred pairs of dancing shoes during your year or so at RKO alone! (and darned if we can figure out how many pairs of silk sox!)—you've spent as much as three days working out one single step—and as high as 160 hours working out a dance routine that takes about 90 seconds on the screen . . . So I suppose, Fred, that that doesn't make you a dancer, but just another one of these actors that the Hollywoods are full of, eh? Well, okay, Fred; o-KAY . . . !

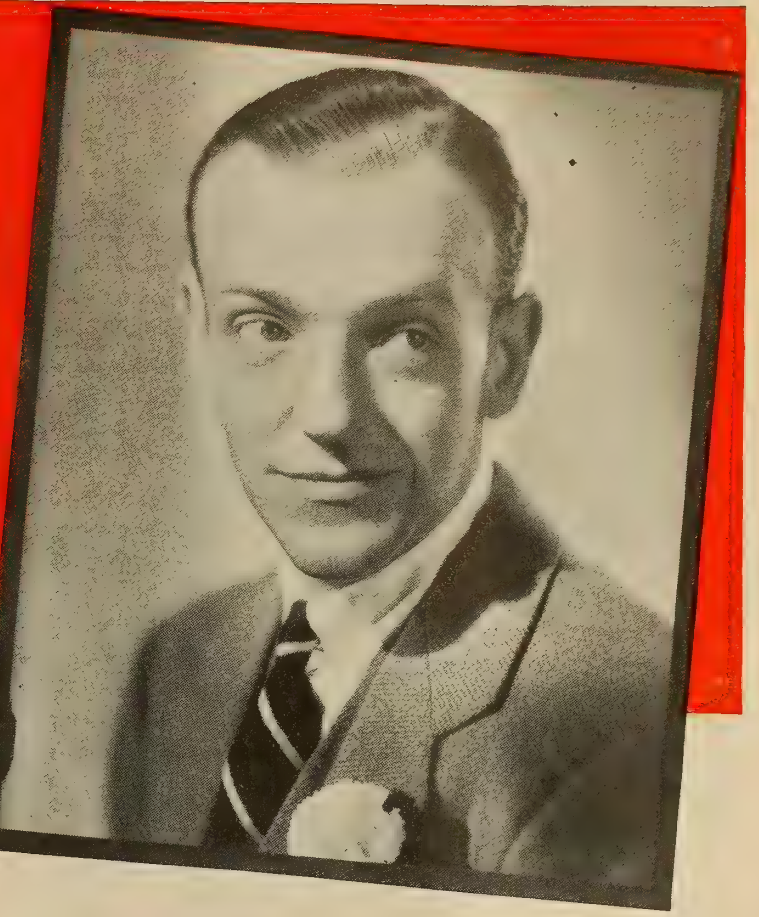
AND another thing they tell me, Fred: *they tell me you don't think there's anything "interesting" about yourself.*

Ha-ha to *that,* Fred. Listen here, and I'll tell you a few things about yourself—With all this business of being the world's outstanding dancer today (although you don't think so) which ought to be enough accomplishment for any one individual, you do several other things so well that you're really a whiz at 'em. You know, for instance, what Irving Berlin says about your singing? He says: "I'd rather have Fred Astaire sing one of my songs than any number of well-known professional ballad-singers or crooners I know!" And Fred, Irv really ought to know, you know.

And then, there's your piano playing. Do you know that at those rare moments when you push Hal Borne away from the little studio piano, and start whanging the ivories yourself, that everybody stops work to listen and watch? Because your improvisations, Fred, are sheer genius.

And when you start clowning around the set, you're a scream, Fred. That's the one thing, maybe, that gives some justification to your assertion that you're an actor and NOT a dancer. Why, when you come stomping in, a la wild-west-desperado style, with that trick face of yours screwed up to look hard like a devil of the plains, and you stick out your hands with fingers extended and yell: "Stickem up, pard; stick 'em up!"—Fred, when you do that, you out-Chaplin Charlie himself! But you don't even seem

Fred wears some snappy clothes in *Swing Time*—and offers new songs an' dances



to know THAT, Fred—because they tell me you think you'd really be swell in a serious, straight, wild-western movie. Well, okay, Fred; o-KAY . . . !

But with all your clowning, Fred, there's nothing mean or cruel about your jokes on others. There was the day you discovered that bit-player on *Follow the Fleet,* who'd fallen asleep in *your* private dressing room. Well, Fred, you could have had him booted out on his so-and-so, for one thing. But you didn't. Instead, though, you called the still-cameraman, and then you made-up the sleeping player in a funny way. BUT when another actor suggested sticking an empty whiskey-bottle in his hand, you told him NIX!—that that wouldn't have been either fun or nice. And darned right and swell of you I think it was, Fred. It was a good joke on him—but what I particularly mean, Fred, is that it was a clean one, where it might have been mean, but you saw to it that it wasn't. No wonder they're all nuts about you and think you're a swell guy, Fred, even if you don't know *that* either . . .

AND then of course, Fred, not knowing you're a dancer, like that, you wouldn't know, either, that you do just about everything in life in constant rhythm. You're the Personification of Rhythm, really. When you walk, you do it in rhythm; you even talk rhythmically; you eat in rhythm. You expect others to do the same. Fred—there was that day some carpenters were hammering on the set where you were practicing your stuff. Finally you stopped and yelled: "Say, boys; I know you have to do that hammering, but *can't you do it in rhythm?!*" But of course they couldn't, Fred—they're only carpenters, not astaires. Why, Fred, I'll bet that if you snore in your sleep, you even do *that* in snappy cadence. I must ask your wife sometime—

Oh, yes, Fred, I know you don't think your private life ought to be mentioned, but that's just another thing where you seem confused, Fred. When we in Hollywood do it, we don't do it meanly. We do it because you're *interesting,* darn you, and everything about you is interesting. That's why it IS interesting and the public IS entitled to know that your wife is Phyllis Potter, a New York socialite, and that you two are still honeymooning like a couple of newlyweds. And now you both are wonderfully happy over your new son—who if he takes after his daddy, will be a genius.

And it's just as interesting, Fred, that your sister, Adele, became cosmopolite enough from your Omaha origin to become the wife of Lord Cavendish of the British peerage, and that they're so happy that Adele'll probably never dance another step—except with Hubby M'Lord or members of royalty in London's Mayfair.

Fred, the private life IS interesting of anybody like yourself, who started at scratch in Nebraska, and became the intimate of kings and queens and potentates of other sorts, and of the 400 of many lands, and of all sorts of interesting people; who built up from a standing start to wealth by your own brilliance and pluck and ability; who showed that any guy who's willing to work and work hard at anything can [*Continued on page* 82]

MOTION PICTURE BEAUTY TALKS

Olivia de Havilland, who appears in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, wears a center-part version of the new up-swept coiffure. For evening she adds a cluster of flowers

BEAUTY ADVICE

Your beauty problems may seem most puzzling to you, but quite simple to MISS CAINE, *our beauty expert. Why don't you write to her today? You may ask her for advice on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. This service is free, of course. All that is necessary is a stamped, self-addressed envelope for* MISS CAINE'S *personal reply to your letter. Simply write to* DENISE CAINE, MOTION PICTURE, *1501 Broadway, New York City.*

"Dear Beauty Editor..."

by Denise Caine

I'VE been doing my hair the same old way for three years. How can I change it?

Why not try a new up-swept coiffure, like Olivia de Havilland's? There are several versions of this hair-style, but, basically, the idea is the same. You must have your hair cut short at the sides—about three inches—and waved *backward* and *upward*. Most hairdressers get the effect by forming dozens of flat curls high along the sides of the head, and then combing and brushing them upward when they are dry. Olivia prefers to have the curls combed out separately but, if you like, you can have them arranged in a single, soft roll above each ear. It's easier to keep the rolls in place when the hair is parted in the center, because then their weight is just about right, neither too heavy, nor too scanty.

As you can see for yourself, this coiffure lends itself beautifully to flower decorations for evening. But that makes it none the less practical for daytime. The new hats perch so high on the head that they present no problem, anyway. Of course, the up-swept coiffure has to be built on the foundation of a good premanent wave—else Old Man Gravity will pull it down around your ears and all will be lost!

My hair is dry and lifeless looking. What to do?

You have a lot of companions in distress right now—all of them foolish damsels who took no precautions against the drying effects of summer sun . . . But a sensible reconditioning program, adhered to faithfully, will solve your problem . . . Have most of the split and brittle ends carefully sheared, in the first place. Then give yourself hot oil treatments, with olive oil or an oil shampoo, at least once a week. The routine is simple: Massage your scalp briskly for five minutes, to step up circulation, then brush your hair thoroughly from the scalp out. Apply warm oil, covering every inch of the scalp, and be especially generous with it on the ends of the hair, which need lubrication most. To increase the penetration of the oil, wrap steaming towels around your head for five or ten minutes. Then proceed with your shampoo. When your hair is waved and dry, spray a very light film of brilliantine on it and brush, brush, brush! Daily brushing will distribute the natural oil along the entire length of hair, giving it a natural gloss.

How can I be sure of getting a good permanent wave? My last one was a terrible disappointment.

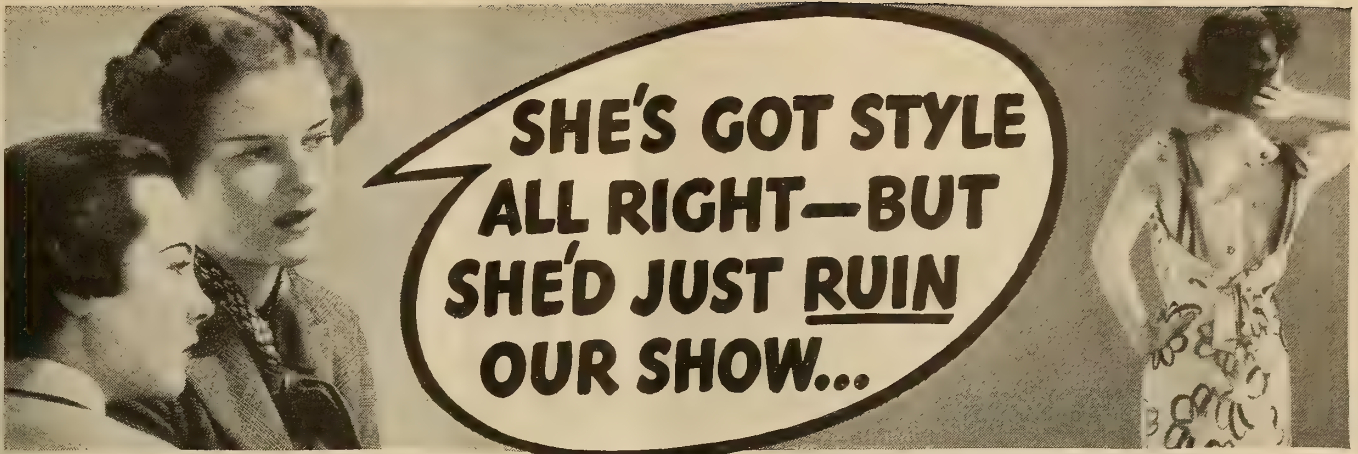
That's easy! See to it that your hair is in good condition, by following the routine outlined above for at least a month . . . Demand a test curl, so that there will be no guessing about the amount of heat and strength of chemical solution . . . Ask for a nationally-known wave and insist on seeing the manufacturer's trade mark on the pads and bottle of solution . . . AND—keep up the practice of brushing your hair daily and giving yourself regular oil treatments *after* you've had the wave. Don't expect your wave to train, itself, into an enticing array of soft ringlets, either! You've got to do that yourself, by setting the waves once or twice a week and by putting the ends up just as often. A permanent wave is like a husband. Neglect it and it begins to act up!

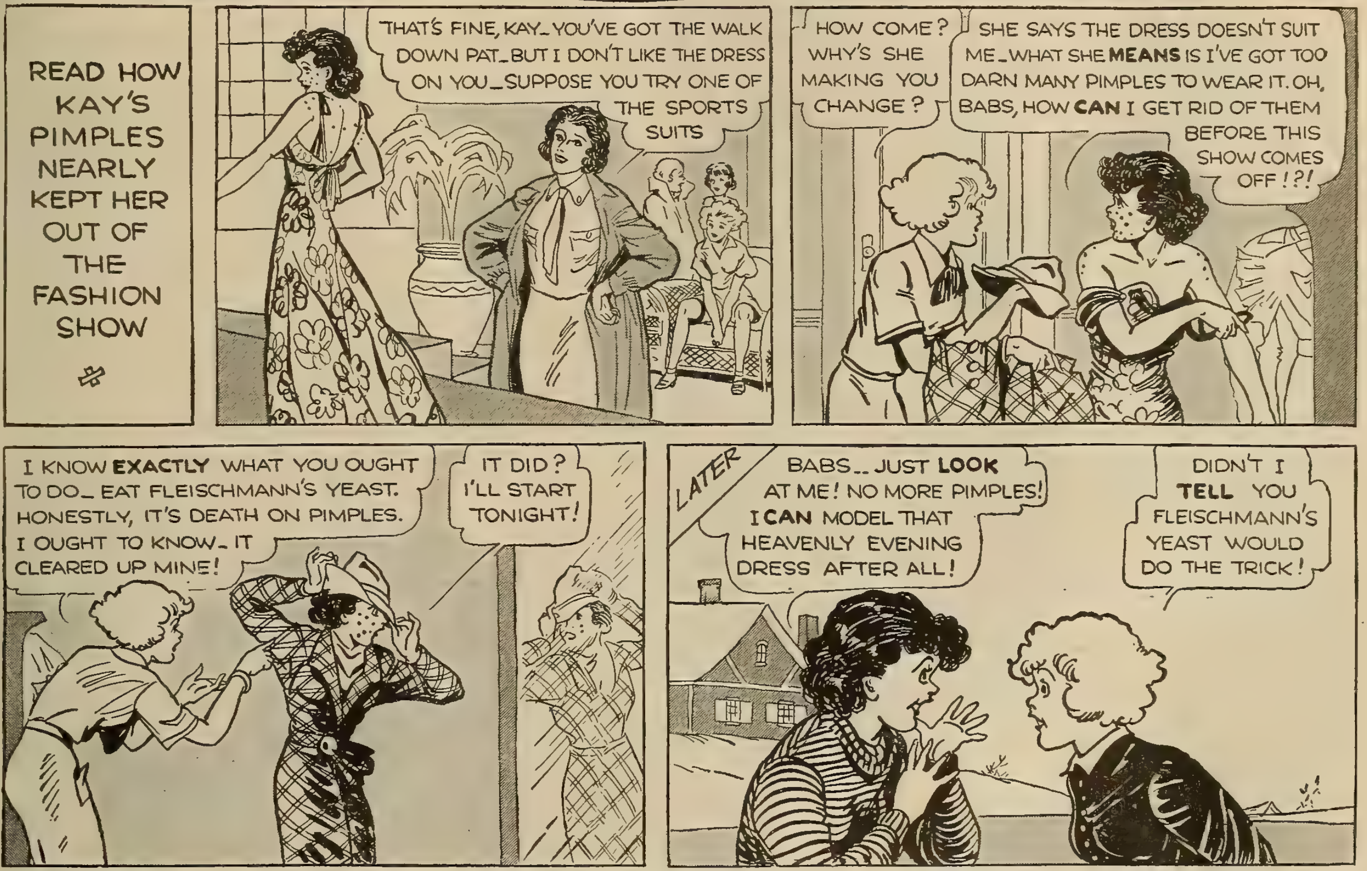
WHAT can I do about my thick bushy hair? It makes me look like a Fiji Islander?

Place most of your faith in an expert haircutter, and tell him not to spare the scissors. Have your hair thinned out properly every month or so; and "properly" doesn't mean having great hunks of hair cut out here and there. The haircutter should work from underneath, cutting the hair in graduated layers, so that each hair will stay waved instead of breaking loose . . . You should use plenty of oil on your hair, too, before shampooing it, for that makes it more pliable; and a touch of brilliantine will also help to keep it manageable. Here again, daily brushing performs near-miracles. Take a single strand of hair at a time and brush it upward and outward.

THE Duart Manufacturing Company makes it easy for you to determine when you are getting a genuine Duart wave, by packaging 30 of their pads (just enough for the average head) in an individual sealed carton. When you go to

[*Continued on page* 68]


SHE'S GOT STYLE ALL RIGHT—BUT SHE'D JUST RUIN OUR SHOW...


READ HOW KAY'S PIMPLES NEARLY KEPT HER OUT OF THE FASHION SHOW
THAT'S FINE, KAY_YOU'VE GOT THE WALK DOWN PAT_BUT I DON'T LIKE THE DRESS ON YOU_SUPPOSE YOU TRY ONE OF THE SPORTS SUITS
HOW COME? WHY'S SHE MAKING YOU CHANGE?
SHE SAYS THE DRESS DOESN'T SUIT ME_WHAT SHE MEANS IS I'VE GOT TOO DARN MANY PIMPLES TO WEAR IT. OH, BABS, HOW CAN I GET RID OF THEM BEFORE THIS SHOW COMES OFF!?!
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU OUGHT TO DO_ EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. HONESTLY, IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES. I OUGHT TO KNOW_ IT CLEARED UP MINE!
IT DID? I'LL START TONIGHT!
LATER
BABS_ JUST LOOK AT ME! NO MORE PIMPLES! I CAN MODEL THAT HEAVENLY EVENING DRESS AFTER ALL!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WOULD DO THE TRICK!

WHAT A PEACH! SAY, DO YOU KNOW HER? HOW CAN I MEET HER?

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from being admired

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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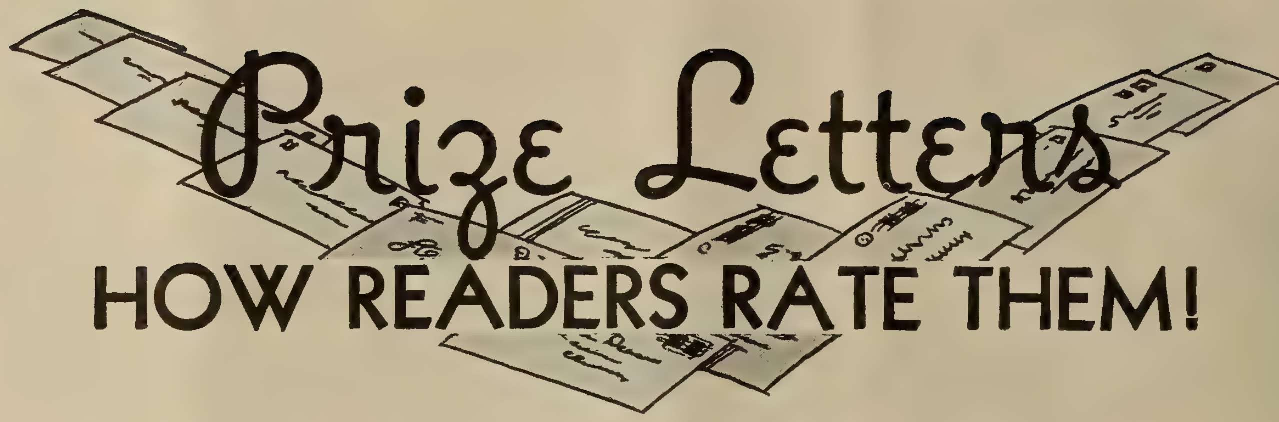


Prize Letters

HOW READERS RATE THEM!

ONLY ONE SHIRLEY

$15 Prize Letter

AFTER the sensational success of Shirley Temple in *Stand Up and Cheer,* it is little wonder that a storm of controversy should have arisen for and against her. There are the loving mothers whose every child is a second-edition-Shirley Temple. But, it is one thing to be cute and adorable and entertain in our home but quite another to face a camera and impart to the audience such genuinely sincere, unaffected and natural acting as does Shirley Temple.

Shirley Temple

In watching many of the other child stars, one is kept aware of the fact that there is a cameraman and others who are guiding them. This is definitely not so with this shining star whose success does not rest on the laurels of one or two pictures, but whose each new work is proving that her genius in acting will never label her as just "a passing fancy."—*Mirthe Bellanca, 72-24 Ingram St., Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.*

ORCHIDS TO JESSIE MATTHEWS

$10 Prize Letter

DANCING FEET, an enticing smile, a delightful voice, and a charming personality characterize the latest European "find" Jessie Matthews, who completely captured my heart and the hearts of millions in her latest musical *It's Love Again.* This production held me enthralled from the opening view of the temperamental stage director to the perfect ending, the union of Miss Matthews and Robert Young, her leading man.

Jessie Matthews

The creation of *Mrs. Smythe Smythe,* an African tiger killer, by a newspaper columnist (Mr. Young), and the complications resulting form the threads around which this story is woven. Miss Matthews' pose as the mysterious lady and her interpretation of sacred temple dances and other novelty arrangements may cause Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire to look to their laurels, for here, truly, is a possible rival to their recent fame. Orchids, therefore, to Miss Matthews and her supporting cast for *It's Love Again,* a four star musical and hit.—*Geraldine Goldberg, 320 W. 87th St., New York, N. Y.*

REAL—NOT REEL-PILOTS

$5 Prize Letter

TO THE motion pictures, noted for their sincere portrayals, I would like to add what I believe is just criticism of modern aviation features.

Most stories of commercial flying are so sensational and far-fetched as to appear silly to anyone with aviation knowledge. Pictures like *Airmail* and *Ceiling Zero,* portraying weeping, worrying wives, and one crash after another, are hard to take because scenes like those do not take place around airports—and I speak from years of experience. There is also the hero (?) pilot of films who defies the elements to get the mail through. Real pilots prefer to be heroes on the ground when the weather bureau reports zero-zero.

Give us more pictures like *Lilac Time* and *Devil Dogs of the Air.* Leave commercial aviation for those who are trying to make their living at it and know what it's all about.—*Mrs. C. Roderick, Hotel Wooten, Abilene, Texas.*

MAKE-UP ERRORS

$1 Prize Letter

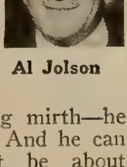
I TRULY enjoy a good costume picture, as it usually presents glamour and romance quite lacking in modern stories. However, there is one annoying feature I wish the producers would correct—which is, having the actresses wear make-up following the latest trend, rather than that of the period depicted—today's butterfly antenna eyebrows, spider-leg eyelashes, gaudily lacquered lips and latest style permanent waves.

This does much toward marring the illusion and taking away reality, giving the film a costume-ball flavor. I have noticed the British producers are less often guilty along these lines. Glamour—let's have gobs of it, by all means, but not too obviously at the sacrifice of authenticity and logic.—*R. L. Chapman, 249 Corbett Ave., San Francisco, Calif.*

THE PEP OF AL

$1 Prize Letter

LIFE BEGINS after 50! And you'll believe it too, when you see and hear Al Jolson. Why, he has more wit, more personality, and more pep than any college cut-up. When he turns them all on . . . oh, oh! hang on to your seats. What a marvelous voice—makes you feel just like breaking out into song yourself, even if you're trying your "demurest" best to make a soothing impression on your latest beau.



Al Jolson

What expressive eyes—that snap and gleam in overflowing mirth—he can't help winning you over. And he can make any song—whether it be about Mammy, Saving Souls, or just Singin'! Well, all I've got to say is, if I have one ounce of the pep that Jolson has when I reach his age, which is thirty-five years hence, I'll thank my heavenly stars!—*Marie Ambagie, 150 Walnut St., Lynn, Mass.*

FANS WANT THE BEST

$1 Prize Letter

WHEN *The Great Ziegfeld* was booked here, our theatres were frankly skeptical as to just how a three hour show would go over with jittery audiences in sizzling weather. The result was astounding. The picture was so magnificent, the audience could have stood an hour more. It played to packed houses day and night and even at its advanced prices, had to be held over to accommodate the eager crowds. Which goes to prove that if you give the public perfection—they will find no cause to complain.

It is gratifying to learn that this outstanding success will be followed by a galaxy of splendid pictures, notably *The Good Earth, Anthony Adverse* and *Mary of Scotland.* Thank Heaven, Hollywood has at last become intellectually-conscious, realizing that there is no certain season for pictures, that as long as they give us the best, we want them, whatever the subject. —*Linda Lawrence, 620 No. Graham St., Charlotte, N. C.*

PRAISE FOR G-B

$1 Prize Letter

I HAVE just come from a performance of Conrad Veidt's picture. *The Passing of the Third Floor Back,* and have only the highest praise for that film. It is the nearest film I have seen this year that can rival Noel Coward's *The Scoundrel.* Quite a coincidence is that both Mr. Coward and Mr. Veidt portray sophisticated gentlemen and yet are so entirely different. Noel Coward, in *The Scoundrel,* is an over-conscious sophisticate who makes his fellow men unhappy, while Mr. Veidt does not show his worldliness, but always stands in some unnoticed spot trying to help those less philosophically sound get out of their private worlds. An excellent cast supports Mr. Veidt. It is nice to know that Gaumont-British will release twenty-four films in America this year.—*Raymond C. Frank, 166 West 87 St., New York, N. Y.*

Conrad Veidt

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

THIS HOLLYWOOD MAKE-UP...

What will it do for you?

HOLLYWOOD'S *make-up originated by Max Factor will do wonderful things for you...it will "discover" beauty in your face that you didn't know was there...it will individualize that beauty, make you interesting, different!*

IT IS an extraordinary make-up, because it was created for extraordinary conditions...screen stars, not wanting to look alike, asked Max Factor to create a make-up that would individualize their type. The result was Max Factor's sensational discovery—powder, rouge, lipstick in color harmony shades that instantly dramatize the individual charm of every star!

You will find that Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade will enliven your skin with youthful radiance...the Rouge will add a lifelike color to your cheeks...the Lipstick will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that lasts indefinitely! Try Hollywood's make-up secret, and note the amazing difference!

Jane Wyatt

IN COLUMBIA'S

"LOST HORIZON"

A NEW LIP MAKE-UP. *Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick in your color harmony shade will dramatize your lips with an alluring color that lasts indefinitely. One dollar.*

A POWDER SECRET. *Your skin will look young and lovely when touched by the magic of Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade. One dollar.*

ROUGE MAGIC. *Max Factor's color harmony Rouge imparts a natural looking radiant color to your cheeks...blends smoothly and evenly...does not look "hard" in any light. Fifty cents.*

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Would you like to see how lovely you can be with powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony shade? MAIL COUPON.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*... FREE.

5-9-17

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY______________ STATE__________

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES* (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

© 1936 by Max Factor & Co.

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

These 26 girls—all members of the 20th Century-Fox stock company, are all 18 years of age or under. They were especially selected for their youth and figures to appear with Simone Simon in *Girl's Dormitory*

[*Continued from page* 24]

that act so long now that they call 'em the See-Saw Sweeties.

• • •

JEAN PARKER'S marriage is so, so, so that Hubby George MacDonald can't even leave her while she works. He spends hours on the set, watching her work! Ain't love gra-a-a-a-a-a-nd?

• • •

WEDDING BELLS: Dorothy Dunbar, actress-ex-wife of Maxie Baer, said her I'do's with Tino Costa, French artist now in Hollywood.

• • •

NICK STUART, once hubby of Sue Carol (what's happened to *her,* anyway?) tries it again. This time Mrs. is Ruth Eileen Skinner, a sturdy lass, who sang torch songs as soloist with Nick's orchestra.

• • •

IAN KEITH, indefatigable marrier, seems out after a record. Fourth matrimonial venture for the handsome actor is Mrs. Hildegarde Pabst Smits, Chicago socialite, who tried it before, too.

• • •

GUESTS at a wedding in Hollywood the other night were Mae Clarke and Dr. Frank Nolan, her about-to-be. Someone asked them if they didn't want to make it a double wedding. "Nope; we're just here taking a lesson," wisecracked Mae. But it won't be long now.

• • •

IT took one of those dreamy things the orchestra plays to touch off Lucille Ball and Broderick Crawford. They'd been thataway for a while, but the other night at the Trocadero, cheek-to-cheeking while the band played *Dream Awhile,* it happened. Brod popped the question right there on the dance floor; Lucille said yes—and the marriage will probably have happened by the time you read this.

• • •

BACK in Hollywood are Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, after their Oriental tour. And still cagey are they over whether or not they're married, or intend to be, or what. "We never discuss our personal affairs," chorused both Charlie and Paulette, when asked point-blank. My! Oh, yes—Paulette's mother accompanied them on their tour, y'know. And yet Walter Winchell tells it in his column that Paulette told him "it's true."

• • •

JUST as busy as the Registrar of Marriages and the clerks of the divorce courts has been Old Doc Stork. Love goes 'round and 'round in Hollywood, and so—Jack Durant, funny man, cut short his personal appearance tour to hurry back to Hollywood to welcome the newest Durant's personal appearance. Wifie Durant, about-to-be-mama, was Molly O'Day, former screen comedienne. It'll be her second. Marriage I mean.

• • •

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT and wifie, who was Marie McKay, are also bassinet-buying, and Joseph expects that he'll be called away from sheiking it in *The Garden of Allah* any moment, to be papa-in-the-hospital-corridor. They hope it'll be a boy, so they can name it Rudolph in memory of Joseph's illustrious father.

• • •

NOW Loretta Young's auntie, for the blessed event has happened for her sister, Sally Blane, and hubby Norman Foster. It was a 6½ pound girl, and they named it Gretchen in honor of Loretta—because Gretchen is Loretta's real name. Loretta hurried in all the way from *Ramona* location, 140 miles away, for little Gretchen's arrival.

• • •

MYRNA LOY, the most delectable bachelor girl in Hollywood, has up and done it. With Arthur Hornblow, the producer and boy friend, winning his final decree of divorce, Myrna and Arthur wasted no time in getting hitched at Ensenada, Mexico, the beach resort below the California border. They expect to honeymoon in Europe in a few weeks or months. Meanwhile, about twenty men who have been awfully in love with Myrna, are now pining away with the blues.

Wide World

Myrna Loy is a bachelor girl no longer—having become the bride of Producer Arthur Hornblow in Ensenada, Mex.

WINNER!

Miss Harriet Brandon is pictured above just after receiving a permanent wave, from Edmond (55th St.), one of New York's fashionable hairdressers.

"Since rinsing my hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, I have become increasingly popular," says Miss Harriet Brandon of Indianapolis, Indiana.

FIRST girl to win the title of MARCHAND BLONDE—OF—THE—MONTH, lovely Miss Brandon told us she early realized how important it is for a girl fully to develop *one* of her charms. "By keeping my hair always soft, bright and lustrous I add immeasurably to my appearance," says Miss Brandon. Whether blonde or brunnette, you, too can gain new attractiveness—a charming appearance your friends will admire, by making soft lustrous hair *your* secret of loveliness.

BLONDES—Keep your hair the popular golden shade with Marchand's. To brighten dull, faded or streaked hair, rinse with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES—Rinse sparkling highlights into your hair, with Marchand's. Or, using Marchand's full strength, you can lighten your hair to any lovely blonde shade.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES—Use Marchand's to make unnoticeable "superfluous" hair on face, arms and legs. Marchand's alone keeps you dainty and alluring—*all over.* Start today! Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in your drugstore. Or use coupon below.

WANTED! ATTRACTIVE BLONDE FOR FREE VISIT TO NEW YORK

Marchand Blonde-Of-The-Month contest. Full details in your bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or use coupon.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 West 23rd Street, New York City
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle.

Name...

Address...

City........................ State........................ F.G. 936

Why You Go For Bing Crosby

[*Continued from page* 33]

The game of soft ball is all the rage in Hollywood—with girl teams having red hot contests as sponsored by movie stars. Here is Bing Crosby and his femme ball team

Bing's action. "He's bashful. He's utterly bashful about having his own recordings played when he's present. He's easily embarrassed that way."

That's why, when he's in the recording studios, Bing always, after singing a number, retires into a tiny room behind a locked door, to listen *alone* to the playback. He can't stand having anybody else in with him when he hears himself. He's the same way about singing. He's always embarrassed when he catches himself singing, when others are around. All the same, he always drifts off into humming or low-voiced crooning between "takes." He doesn't realize he's doing it. Once in a while, he sort of catches himself. Then he grins shame-facedly and shuts up. But in a moment or two, he forgets and he's singing again. The man just can't help it.

He's a whistler, too. When he isn't singing or humming to himself, he's whistling his latest numbers. As a matter of fact, if you hang around the Crosby set for a half day, you'll get several thousand dollars worth of Bing's singing, free.

THIS *Rhythm On the Range* is more fun to Bing than all his other pictures rolled together. That cowboy-playing yen of his has hung over from childhood, and he's giving it full rein now. He loves the cowboy clothes. He has lots of fun with "Cuddles," the big bull in the picture. He has lots of fun with Bob Burns, and Bob's bazooka. You know Bob and the bazooka, don't you? Bob's the comedian whom Bing is credited with having "discovered," and the bazooka is the amazing allegedly-musical instrument Burns "discovered." However, Bing denies he discovered Bob. As a matter of fact, Bing points out, Bob Burns was a vaudeville headliner before Bing was old enough to play cowboy!

OF COURSE, Bing's two biggest interests in life are (1) his family—Dixie and his kids and his home, and (2) his racing stable. Ah, yes—we have to get around to that racing stable, because you can't tell about Bing without including the stable. It's his one big hobby, and the money he's spent on it—wow. . . .!!! It began, like all pernicious habits do, in a small way. Owning a race horse became a movie colony fad, and so Bing got a horse, named "Zombie." He didn't know that Zombie is a word that means one of those resuscitated corpses in Haitian demonology. He knows it now, but thinks it's a misnomer, because he isn't sure Zombie has ever been resuscitated. Zombie won one race in two years. Bing has 15 other horses. They're all as consistent winners as Zombie. No—not at all!—Some don't win that often. "They're all very pretty," says Bing of his racers, "and they eat lots of hay."

"Why don't they win more races?" I asked him.

"Well—I think they've gone Hollywood," he explained. "Everytime they go by the grandstand and see the crowd, they stop to take a bow and forget to win the race."

Bing's conscience is troubling him about those horses. It seems that his friends bet on them, out of sympathy for Bing, and because they don't want to hurt his feelings. And they lose. Bing can't go for that. So he's going to switch from racing to breeding. He's already culling out his stock, and when he is finished, he'll have eight brood mares, and will devote himself to breeding racehorses instead of running them. He has a big stock farm down near San Diego, and he's just finishing new eight-stall barns there. He has a big paddock room, and a library of horse lore that embraces scores and scores of authoritative books. He's going to be a California-Kentucky colonel, interested more in what blood his horses have than in how fast they can run.

He rides himself. But he just rides, that's all. I mean he just gets on a horse's back and rides. He doesn't know about posting and fancy things like that. He's no "gentleman rider." He's just Bing Crosby on a horse. Nothing stylish, you know. But even this horse passion of his takes second place in his life. First place belongs entirely to his family. All Hollywood feels like a sap, now, for even having listened to those silly rumors, a year or so ago, that there was an imminent break between Bing and Dixie Lee. That started when Bing sold his house in San Fernando Valley. The reason he sold it wasn't because he was splitting with Dixie, but because he was building a bigger and better house for her—and the kids. There are three of them now, you know: Gary Evan Crosby, three years old, and the twins—Philip Lang Crosby and Dennis Michael Crosby, two years old.

That new house of Bing's is a wow. Twenty-two rooms!—and the usual swimming pool and tennis courts. There's a whole suite for the youngsters—one room for Gary, and one for the twins, with the nurse's room between, and a completely equipped diet kitchen for the youngsters' food. And a bathroom, with everything—*everything,* mind you!—*double* for the twins! Bet they'll look cute there, side by side. . . .

Bing doesn't remember whether there are five fireplaces in the house, or seven. There's one in each bedroom, and there's a radio in every room. There are two guest rooms. There's a special "powder room" for the ladies. There's a huge and completely equipped playroom inside, and another one outside. Then there's the library, crammed with books about horses. There's an eight-car garage, with apartments above it for the staff of servants. There are eight acres of ground, including a big walnut grove. The house outside is Colonial style, with high white columns.

The only thing it hasn't got is a racetrack. But that's all right. Bing will have a racetrack of his own—or virtually so, anyway. He's just been elected president of the Del Mar racing club, which is going to build a great racing plant at Del Mar on the coast, half-way between Los Angeles and the Mexican border. It's near his breeding ranch.

WHAT little time Bing has left from all these interests—family, house, horses, pictures, radio, records, and so on *ad inf.*—Bing spends going to baseball games, football games and other sports events. He whittles, too. A fan recently sent him a trick jack-knife that has 100 blades and gadgets—all the way from a simple knife to screw-drivers, awls, scissors, saw and even doctor tools. Incidentally, talking of doctor tools, Bing is an amateur veterinary surgeon. One of his close friends is an animal doctor. Whenever he has an interesting case, he calls Bing into consultation. Just the other day, Bing rushed over there on a hurry call.

Bing's three pet hates are: 1—Posing for pictures. The Paramount publicity department has an awful time getting him into the camera gallery for stills. They finally kidded him into signing a promissory note, agreeing to come in every so often for stills. They hold it over his head, and Bing keeps the promise, now. (2) Valets. He won't have a valet. He always used to dress himself before he became rich and famous, he swears, and he'll continue to dress himself. So he has no valet. (3) Jack Oakie. Oakie isn't particularly a "hate" of Bing's. Rather, he's Bing's worst public enemy. It began a long time ago, when Bing, after much argument as to who could do a better tap dance, challenged Jack to a public contest—and beat Jack hoofing. Jack vowed he'd get even, and right now, they're contestants at one-handed cigarette rolling. Jack still beats Bing at that. Bing also beat Jack at growing whiskers, and that made Jack mad.

Have You Got What It Takes to be a Movie Star?

[*Continued from page* 6]

for a person completely lacking in acting talent to become a prominent screen figure because of one or two unusual qualifications.

"Facial beauty or handsomeness are the next things I take into consideration in appraising a newcomer. This is a feature which must be judged solely by the camera. There isn't a man living who can tell in advance how a face will photograph, and that is important because girls still demand handsome heroes and men want lovely screen heroines.

"Another important feature, particularly in the case of girls, is the body. No girl, no matter how pretty her face, can possess screen lure unless she has an attractive figure. Feminine audiences like to see their men well built, too.

"In my opinion, grace and an easy manner of moving about also are important factors in rounding out a potential star's qualifications. However, these are features which shouldn't worry anyone, as they can always be acquired through diligent study."

ANY individual combining all of the above features is virtually certain to reach the very top of the movie ladder, according to Wanger. In fact, considerable success can be attained by a person combining a majority of the requisites set forth by the producer.

And, of course, there always will be certain individuals who will soar to fame because of exceptional ability in one or two fields such as singing or dancing.

Read the rules, fill out your entry blank, and send it in today. This may be that golden chance for fame and fortune for which you have been hoping.

ENTRY BLANK

COUPON

Win a motion picture contract! Attach your photograph, fill out this entry blank and send together with a Hold-Bob bob-pin card (or facsimile) to:

Search for Talent Headquarters
1918 Prairie Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Name..

Street Address..................................

City and State..................................

Height..

Weight..

Age...

IMPORTANT! This entry blank must be accompanied by a Hold-Bob bob-pin card (or facsimile).

[*Continued on page* 65]

JILTED AGAIN!
MOTHER, HERE'S A LETTER FROM MARY BREAKING OUR ENGAGEMENT!
OH JIM, I DID SO HOPE---!
SO DID I HOPE! HONESTLY, I THINK THERE'S A JINX ON ME!
JIM, YOU CRITICIZE OTHER PEOPLE FOR BAD BREATH—DO YOU KNOW THAT SOMETIMES YOU.. WELL, I MEAN, WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST TODAY?
JIM, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY FOOD PARTICLES THAT COLLECT AND DECAY IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
S.S. CO
2 MONTHS LATER-NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

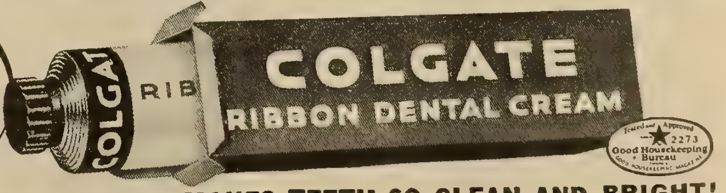
WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with success? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢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COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE MAKES TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT!

Animal Actors of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 53]

Didja ever see a bull in a china shop? Well, here's Cuddles, late of Bing Crosby's picture, *Rhythm on the Range*—and he didn't break a thing. In fact hay had to be placed before he would enter. When he did go inside he promptly laid down and slept

he hates to wear shorts. He was the hero of all the Chimp comedies and the hero (so far as a good many people are concerned) of the Tarzan pictures.

THE best investment Buck Jones ever made was when he paid $100 for Silver. The horse is now invaluable. A far-away look comes into Buck's eyes, and he waxes poetic when he talks about Silver. "A horse in a million," says Buck. "He can do anything. He was, apparently, just a good average cow pony when I bought him, but it didn't take me long to find out that he understood every word I said. Now all I have to do is tell him to do a thing, or show him just once, and he does it. He raises and lowers curtains, opens doors, picks up anything and puts it where he's told, and unties any knot that can be tied. One cute trick of his is opening automobile doors and boosting people in. Once in a while a lady is apt to be pretty disconcerted about it, too."

Silver never has to be shown a thing more than once. The horse won everlasting fame in New York at a dinner given by some University professors who put him through innumerable tests to find out if he really thinks. Silver, majestically unconcerned about being right in the dining room of one of New York's swankiest hotels, obeyed every instruction given him —and sometimes they were extremely complicated—even when his master was not in the room. After much applause the professors awarded him the dubious quality of thought. "He's a horse that happens just once in a lifetime," says Buck. "He's twenty-two now and still has plenty of spunk. A horse to be trained has to have spirit. Take an easy-going horse with no temperament, and he'll just grin at a cue and amble away."

DO you remember the rooster who crowed in *We Live Again?* He's the only educated rooster in Hollywood. He crows on cue and earns, thereby, $25 per day. His name is Pete.

George, the sway-backed horse called *Cupie* in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* sits up, plays dead, shakes hands, and works for a mere $300 a week.

The falcons that worked in Cecil B. DeMille's *The Crusades,* are fascinating creatures. Orin Cannon, the owner, trains a young hawk at the age of four weeks, just when it's beginning to feather out. When a hawk is trained to hunt, he automatically becomes a falcon. A good falcon can fly 120 miles an hour. The lighter, swifter ones are trained to hunt birds; the heavier, slower ones are trained to go after small animals. The ones who kill birds overtake their quarry, double up their fist and give the victim a good sock in the neck, catching the murderee as it falls. The ones who kill rabbits and other small animals drop like a bomb to the ground, and their long, sharp talons pierce the heart and lungs of the animal, killing it instantly.

Cannon's falcons are quite tame. They come when he whistles for they know that means food. They love to ride in the car, and they bother the life out of Mrs. Cannon when she hangs out a washing in the back yard. Whenever she holds out an arm they all alight on it. The birds earned from Mr. DeMille about $25 a day, each.

THE most remarkable burro that ever lived, according to her owner, Ab Hudkins, is Grandma. She's the darndest burro ever, says Ab. Grandma used to be first baseman on the donkey baseball team in Burbank, but having ascended the cultural scale was used as a mount in the Pilgrimage Play. She had great sport carrying Ian MacLaren over the beautiful Hollywood hills in this Passion Play of America, and reduced the entire cast to near-hysteria by her propensity to bray during one of the most compelling scenes. Her sense of mischief knows no bounds. When she is home she follows Ab around like a dog, eating anything, even money, that she can find in his pockets, and sleeping by the side of his bed (she can open any door). One day she wandered across the river bed to Warners studio and ate up all the box-lunches on an outdoor set. For that trick, she had to work one whole day in a picture for nothing.

Ab Hudkins also owns Speed, the little pony who rides around Hollywood in an automobile and the only pony to travel by air; Tarzan, the mule on which Al Jolson went to heaven in *Wonder Bar;* the beautiful white horses seen in *Roman Scandals, DuBarry,* and *In Caliente;* and the fighting horse that doubles for Rex and who came up and draped his head gently over my shoulder.

Speaking of horses brings up Tarzan, Ken Maynard's palomino. Ken paid $600 for this horse. He bought him from a Mexican on the installment plan and had a terrible time meeting the payments. Every month he'd have to hide Tarzan.

"And did you ever try to hide a horse?" Ken asked.

Tarzan is insured for $25,000.

The animal rental business in Hollywood is greater than anyone supposes. John Kerr, who owns "Animaland," just outside of the city, says "If it lives, I can get it." He has at Animaland all kinds of birds, rats, mice, foxes, a trained eagle, pumas, bears, chimps, wildcats, skunks, snakes, cats and dogs. He has had orders (and filled them) for ants, horseflies, cockroaches, moths, bats, lightning-bugs. One never knows what a studio will want next. Mice rent for fifty cents a day; Nellie, the trained puma, makes $50. Kerr has two trained mice in the $25 a day class.

THE Gay Lion Farm, located about fourteen miles out of Los Angeles, is an exciting place. Mr. Gay, the owner, has over 200 lions harbored there. The most famous was the MGM signature lion, named Leo for movie purposes, but in real life answering to the undignified name of Slats. He died several years ago from appendicitis. Numa, another famous Gay lion, made over $85,000 during her lifetime. Lions sell for $1000 up, and their rental to studios is from $50 to $150 a day, depending on their training.

Hopping somewhere around Hollywood is a trained white rabbit which is even house-broken. There is a canary who can sing *Yankee Doodle*; a Chihuahua with a forty-piece wardrobe and her own set of miniature furniture; a steer who is trained to jump over a sedan; a tame deer you saw in *Midsummer Night's Dream;* a cross-eyed cat; some local bats who edged out some imported ones for jobs on Reinhardt's *Dream;* and a couple of lizards that answer to cues—sometimes.

Other animals winning fame and fortune for their owners are the big St. Bernard, Buck, which recently worked with Rochelle Hudson in *The Country Beyond;* Tuffy, the remarkable dog that rides horseback and strolls on his hind legs—and which was featured in *Early to Bed;* Lobo, the German police dog—the logical successor to Rin-Tin-Tin; Romeo, the Bengal tiger—which became very chummy with Wally Beery in *O'Shaughnessy's Boy;* Josephine, the monk that added merriment to *My Man Godfrey*—and the grand white Arabian horse, Jadaan—that once belonged to Valentino. Jadaan comes back to the screen in *The Garden of Allah* where he is ridden by Marlene Dietrich.

Then, of course, there are the elephants—the most famous of which was Wally, named for Wally Beery—and which worked with him in *O Shaughnessy's Boy*. He went on a rampage the other day in a San Francisco zoo and had to be killed. Annie May is another elephant which finds work in circus pictures.

Fortune's Darling

[*Continued from page* 38]

a bicycle. She has even been forbidden to sit out too long in the sun in a bathing suit for fear she would catch cold.

"So you see," she laughs, "my life is limited. I work—and I have worked continuously with only one short vacation for the past year and a half. When I get through at the studio I drive home immediately and by nine o'clock, as a rule, I am in bed. Sundays I usually sleep until nine o'clock. That's late for me because every day in the week I am up at six to report on the set at nine. But Sunday is my lazy day—I read the papers, mother and sister and I go somewhere for lunch, and in the afternoon I take a bus-man's holiday—and go to the movies.

"It isn't a very gay life but it's all I want at the moment. I have my hands full with trying to be a better actress as I go along. But in the next few years—say by the time I am twenty-two or three, I want to get married.

"NO woman, to my mind, has completely realized herself mentally or spiritually until she *is* married. I would love to find someone for whom I would gladly give up a few of my habits, some of my beliefs, some of my own selfish little traits. A woman, to be completely herself, must learn what it means to be loyal and devoted and considerate. A happy marriage imposes these things on a girl.

"Yes, of course, I have an idea of the kind of man I want to marry. But I suppose *I* will be no different. Women have ideals, then go ahead and fall in love with the very opposite. But objectively, at the moment, I should like to meet and marry a man with a great sense of the practical. Not one of those uninspired business men who can deal only in cold fact, with no leavening of imagination.

"He would have to be a man who is interested in the theatrical profession. However, I would be afraid to marry an actor because too many marriages between players fall by the wayside. It really can't be otherwise, for none of us are saints. All of us are heir to human jealousies and human hurts, and where two people have the identical profession, they are wide open to magnified difficulties. One gets a good rôle. The other is assigned to one not as important. One progresses, the other stands still. Friction is inevitable, for all of us take out disappointments on the person nearest and dearest to us. The sad result is divorce and disappointment.

"If I do find a man I love in the picture business," she smiles, "I hope he will be in an executive position. One thing is certain. He will have to be a man who can boss me around. One who will say to me, 'Now Olivia, I think this is wrong! Now Olivia, I think that is the right thing to do.' And because I would have so much confidence in his sound judgment, I would automatically accept his advice. More important to me than a career on the screen is the career of being a woman, and that naturally implies that I want to be protected. I want to be bossed. I want to be advised. I want *him* to have the last word.

"I should like to fall in love and I should like to marry. And when the right man comes along, I'll do both quite quickly."

IN the meanwhile, life has many roseate hues for this girl. She is still shy—still a bit abashed when someone from office boy to an important personage addresses her as

[*Continued on page* 69]

No girl can be too sure of her daintiness to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If the slightest dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, it will cling to the fabric, and the warmth of your body will bring out an embarrassing "armhole odor" each time you wear the dress . . .

IF you have been taking your daintiness for granted, because you deodorize regularly, you will be wise to make this simple "armhole odor" test. You may be unpleasantly surprised!

When you take off your dress tonight, smell it at the armhole. If you have ever perspired in that dress, even slightly, you will find that the fabric at the armhole bears an unmistakable and unlovely odor . . . in spite of your careful deodorizing! The way that dress smells to *you*—is the way *you* smell to others! And the warmth of your body brings out the offending "armhole odor" each time you put on the dress!

Complete protection only in underarm dryness

It is not enough to keep your underarm *sweet*. Only a *dry* underarm can keep you and your *clothes* safe from perspiration. When there is any moisture at all, it is bound to dry on the armhole of your dress and rob you of that perfect exquisiteness that is your goal.

Thousands of users discover with relief and delight that Liquid Odorono gives *complete* protection from "armhole odor," because it definitely keeps the underarm not only sweet but perfectly *dry*.

Your doctor will tell you that Odorono works safely and gently. It merely closes the pores of the small underarm area, so that perspiration is diverted to other less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely without giving offense.

Saves expensive frocks

Odorono is safe for your pretty frocks, too—no grease to make them sticky and messy. It will save you too-frequent cleaner's bills and the often permanent stains that follow underarm perspiration.

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

Send today for sample vials of both types of Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

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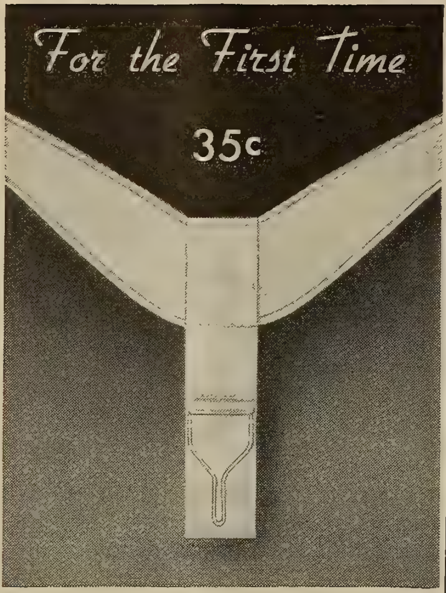

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HICKORY
Lastex
Sanitary Belt
WITH
"MARVELOX"
GRIP

The lowest price for this belt in Hickory history—35c—is sensational!

By a patented process these Hickory Belts are permanently woven-to-shape on the loom to make them conform comfortably and perfectly to your figure. Made of long-wearing, easy-stretch fine quality Lastex. Can be boiled, washed and ironed.

The "MARVELOX" grip is a new, simple, sensible aid to your personal daintiness, protection and peace of mind. Tiny, lightweight, no bulk, unobtrusive. Adjusted in an instant — permanently secure. No. 1395 (illustrated) 35c. Other Hickory Sanitary Belts: 25c-75c. At all good Notions Counters.

If your dealer hasn't Hickory Woven-to-Shape "MARVELOX", send us his name with your remittance and we will supply you. Specify small, medium or large size. Address: 1143 West Congress St., Chicago.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK

Dear Beauty Editor . . .

[*Continued from page* 56]

a beauty shop and ask for a Duart wave, be sure that the starred red seal on the neat little box is unbroken. For a Duart Permanent Wave isn't a Duart Permanent Wave unless the pads and the solution are made by the same firm. The reason this unbroken seal precaution is taken is that some operators will tell you they're giving you what you asked for—when they're actually using cheap, homemade "supplies."

Those bottles in the photo that look like twins, actually contain two different types of oil shampoo—Olive Oil and Pine Tar—but both by Admiracion. The Olive Oil liquid is for dry and the Pine Tar for oily hair, and both of them are treated chemically so that they rinse out in a dash of cold water. These corrective preparations help you to achieve hair beauty by the simplest and best method—promoting scalp and hair health! They are quick-acting and pleasant to use, and not at all expensive.

The Hold Bob curling gadget illustrated is one of several easy and effective ways of keeping your permanent wave within bounds . . . You use the metal tube to roll up a strand of hair and then fasten the roll in place with Hold-Bob Bob Pins before removing the curler. Result is neat rolls that dry in record-breaking time and comb out into soft, flattering curls. Ten cents buys one of these curl kits.

The firm making Raydence, the liquid make-up that stays on so long and acts as a mild astringent, powder base and powder, has introduced a new lipstick and dry roûge. The roûge color range includes Suntan, Rust, Light, Medium and Dark. The first two are grand with any of the luscious, warm summer shades of Raydence and the other three blend nicely with the delicate Fall and Winter shades. The matching cases of the cosmetics are in pink, black and silver. Raydence sells for $1 and $2 a bottle, and the Lipstick and Roûge for $1 each.

There are still lots of mosquitoes cruising around, even though we are beginning to think about Fall hats, so it's not too late to tell you about Roberta Mosquito Repellent—a preparation that spells immunity from those pests. It's a greaseless, vanishing type of cream and has such a delightful fragrance that you'd think mosquitoes would love it. But they *don't!* Before you go outdoors, simply rub this cream on your arms and legs. It is stainless, as well as greaseless, so you needn't worry about your clothes. The retail price is 50 cents.

DUART PADS
Raydence
Raydence
Raydence
HOLD-BOB
Hair Curling Kit
10¢

Pictured here in the top row, left, an individual sealed carton of Duart Permanent Wave Pads, right—the new Raydence rôuge and lipstick, and a bottle of Raydence, the liquid make-up. In the lower row at the left, are Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo and the Admiracion Pine Tar Shampoo. Right—the Hold-Bob Hair Curling Kit

Fortune's Darling

[*Continued from page 67*]

"Miss de Havilland" instead of "Olivia."

"You know," she says, with that enchanting smile of hers, "I have only been 'Miss' for a very few months. When I hear 'Miss de Havilland' I look around, wondering who is being called."

But she, herself, has an amusing little-girl deference towards everyone.

James Melton, the new singing hope of the Warner Brothers' studio, walked into the room where Olivia was being interviewed. He asked if she would autograph a photograph of herself for him.

"I'd love to, Mr. Melton," she replied.

He looked at her and grinned. "How about calling me James or Jimmy or Jack?"

"May I?"—and with hesitation, "Jimmy!"

And these tiny incidents thrill her and are an amazing part of the miracle which brought her into pictures.

"It has been a dream—it is all still a dream," she adds. "Recently I had a letter from a woman who was my nurse when I was three. And she wrote that she had seen me on the screen and that she couldn't believe that the grown-up girl she heard and saw was the youngster who was a hand-full at three. And that is one of the most exciting things about being in pictures—hearing from people whom you vaguely remember as a child. Or from those you haven't seen for years. Mother and I frequently get telephone calls from friends who used to live in Tokyo, where I was born. And as mother and they reminisce over those days in Japan, I sort of listen with my mouth half open, and keep on saying to myself, 'These people wouldn't have found you if you weren't in pictures, and isn't it wonderful?' "

ONLY one thing does Olivia ask of the immediate future, and that is to be cast in a picture in which the heroine is tolerably happy throughout.

"I am getting a little bit worried about all the unhappy girls I have had to play. Wouldn't it be nice if I could have a little joy here and there before the camera?"

She is wise beyond her years, this Olivia de Havilland. Sweet and self-effacing, with a rare gratitude towards the Fates, and towards the people who have given her a dream!

Fifteen Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

Wallace Reid

"MAY the Lord forbid that anyone ever think me a matinee idol," deplored Wally Reid, when interviewed by MOTION PICTURE. "That's one reason why I like race-track stuff—it gives me a chance to get mussed up and honest-to-goodness dirty—which cannot be said of a matinee idol." . . . "At the age of six, Jackie Coogan will head his own company. Despite Jackie's success as the tiny hero of *The Kid* with Charlie Chaplin, he remains unspoiled." . . . "Irene Rich lends her serene beauty to the Will Rogers productions." . . . "Edith Roberts is one of Silversheet's most popular flappers and one of Universal's most promising stars." . . . "*Camille* has been filmed at the Metro studios with Madame Nazimova in the rôle which every actress longs to portray, while Rudolph Valentino plays *"Armand."* . . . "Henry Walthall, the Little Colonel in *The Birth of a Nation*, will return to the screen this month." . . . "Prohibition note: In the future, when tea is served in motion picture scenes it will be necessary to show a close-up of what's inside the cup.

"Double Encore for Dentyne! —for Aid to Mouth Health—for Marvelous Taste!"

DENTYNE'S AN AID TO BEAUTIFUL TEETH. Explorers marvel at the strong, white teeth of savages—their teeth are kept healthy by foods that require plenty of chewing. Our soft, civilized foods give teeth and gums too little exercise. That's why many dentists recommend Dentyne as a daily health habit. Its firmer consistency invites more vigorous chewing—keeps mouth tissues firm and healthy—teeth sparkling white.

YOU NEVER TIRE OF DENTYNE. Its goodness is inexhaustible—A delicious, aromatic taste that's just indescribably good! For many discriminating men and women Dentyne is the *only* chewing gum. They appreciate its superior quality—its delightful, *lasting* flavor—and the smart flat shape of the package that slips so neatly into pocket or purse (a feature exclusively Dentyne's).

Keeps teeth white — mouth healthy

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Milk*...the quick, easy way to win soft, smooth, youthful skin!

TOBY WING, *vivacious, and fair-skinned, Hal Roach comedy star, says, "Summer sun, dust and wind will never give you a dry, aged looking skin if you nourish and protect it with Creme of Milk."*

MARION TALLEY, *former Metropolitan Opera Star, now a Hollywood & Radio celebrity says, "The milk-oils in Creme of Milk are so fine and penetrating you can fairly feel your skin drink them in."*

ROSINA LAWRENCE, *blond, piquant, youthful Hal Roach star in "Mister Cinderella" says, "Creme of Milk is the fastest and most thorough skin cleanser we Hollywood stars have ever seen. It is truly an all-purpose creme.*

*MILK in a beauty creme at last!

MILK contains natural glandular oils that possess superior power to penetrate, cleanse and nourish the tissues of the skin. No creme, lotion or soap has ever been able to equal their marvelous results. And now scientists have discovered a way to extract and condense these precious milk-oils to make Creme of Milk the first really new face creme offered in modern times.

Creme of Milk, is a complete, all-purpose creme. It cleanses, nourishes and clarifies the skin with amazing speed. Dryness goes almost at once. The penetrating milk-oils make short work of blackheads, clogged pores and other blemishes, leaving the skin soft, smooth, fresh and youthful in appearance. Creme of Milk does more and lasts longer than any creme you know of. Every jar is guaranteed to stay sweet and fresh and it will not grow hair.

Try Creme of Milk and you will discover the one beauty creme you have always hoped for.

Use the coupon to order a special one-week trial jar for 10 cents or better still, order a full 2-oz jar for 50 cents or the large 5-oz jar for $1.

DUART'S
creme of milk
ALL-PURPOSE FACIAL CREME

DUART'S
FACIAL
Creme of
Milk
CREME

LENORE SABINE, President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist of Paramount Studios says: "Creme of Milk is truly a NEW TYPE of creme. There is nothing else like it — every star I know is using it to protect the beauty of her skin."

Druggists and Dept. Store Buyers Note!

3 - 50-cent jars and counter display shipped prepaid for $1. Simply attach your store label to this coupon and mail to us with $1.

Creme of Milk is on sale at *All* Drug and Department Stores in California, Oregon and Washington.

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Please send me {1 2 3} {2 oz. 5 oz.} jars of Creme of Milk for which
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CREME OF MILK POSITIVELY AND PLEASANTLY PREVENTS SUNBURN

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 50]

clipping-bureau service because it cost him $2,000 a week; he got that many press cuttings!—who's the big-shot singing star that has to wear corsets for his pictures, so tight that he can work only a few minutes at a time before loosening 'em for another deep breath?—For his screen comeback, Grant Withers has dieted and exercised himself 22 pounds lighter—Wish Lew Ayres'd make up his mind! After announcing he's through with acting forever and will henceforth only direct, he suddenly switches back to greasepaint for a rôle in *Lady Be Careful* opposite Mary Carlisle—Jimmy Dunn's mama just presented him with a tablecloth she made herself; in the center is Jimmy's picture, and around it she embroidered the signatures of all the big shots who ever visited their home—Francis Lederer is the only movie star who has a cable address; it's *FRALEDERER* and he has to have it because he has business interests all over the world—Claire Trevor has a chef who is an ex-magician of vodevil; whenever a party gets dull, she calls him out of the kitchen to do sleight-of-hand for the guests—Margo has the shortest and longest names in movies; "Margo" is her screen name; her real name is Maria Margarita Guadalupe Bastado Castilla Bolado—and try to get *that* on a movie theatre marquee!!!

Bob Building for Batching?

ROBERT TAYLOR, badgered silly by questioners who want to know when and whom he's going to marry, has just announced plans for a *bachelor house* he's building on a newly-bought plot in the Hills of Beverly. It's going to be small, unpretentious, ideal for batching; it'll have a swimming pool and a tennis court. "It won't have any bride's room," he insists. But this ol' listener-inner and jotter-downer has heard, before, of bachelor houses being transformed into honeymoon cottages.

There *Is* a Santa Claus

NO longer will virtually all of Freddie Bartholomew's $1,000-a-week salary be his own. Because the battle waged by his mother to win a share in his earnings has been settled out of court. Henceforth, Freddie's weekly "grand" will be split among himself, his Aunt Cissie with whom he lives and who is to continue as his career mentor, his mother, his father, and his brother and sister, all of whom will migrate from England to Hollywood to live. Moreover, Mama will be permitted to visit Freddie at his Aunt Cissie's whenever she wishes to. And Freddie will be permitted to visit his family, whenever—and if ever—he wishes to. And that, for the sake of peace, is that.

Quintessence of Talkies

IF you think Shirley Temple in a movie is a treat—and if you think the five Dionne babies in a movie are a treat—then what do you think of what 20th Century-Fox is planning to do? . . .

They're planning to co-star Shirley *AND* the Quints in one picture! As yet, the plan is merely under discussion. But inasmuch as the studio has a three-year contract on the Dionne quintet, Hollywood's betting that as soon as the babies get to the age where they can do some talking, it's a cinch that the Temple-Dionne biggie will go into production. But in three years Shirley will have "growed up to be kite a bid dirl."

Tin Lizzies for Tin Weddiners

WHEN the Johnny Mack Browns celebrated their Tin Wedding anniversary, it remained for Gene Raymond to give the gaggiest gift. Gene hiked to a used-car lot, bought the gosh-awfullest old 1926 flivver he could find, and presented it to the celebrants.

Wally's New Teamer-Upper

WONDER whether MGM's going to be successful in rebuilding the popularity of the old Wally Beery-Marie Dressler comedies with a new teammate for Wally? She's going to be Elizabeth Patterson, borrowed from Paramount to play opposite Beery in *Old Hutch.* It's a tough job she faces—replacing Marie—and she's to be commended for her courage in undertaking the program.

Fatoff of Ratoff

TO reduce, Gregory Ratoff (of ALL people!) is taking up tap-dancing. And Alice Faye is his teacher.

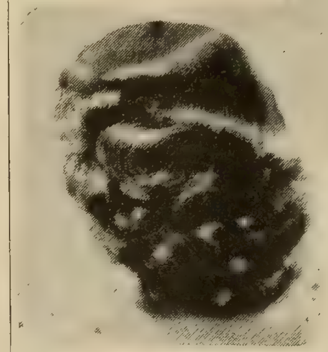
Out Where the Vest Begins

THE head-waiter at the Brown Derby was telling me some of his steady patrons' peculiarities, the other day. (If these head waiters ever tell ALL they know, it'll be just too bad!) These are some of the innocuous little things he mentioned:—

Joe Penner eats roast duck, yes, but he always blushes when he orders it! George Raft will never dine at a table at which five are seated. Barbara Stanwyck skips the first three courses of a full meal, eats celery instead. Marlene Dietrich must have a German-speaking waiter. Mary Brian always begins every meal with a cup of coffee. Because a table once upset on him, W. C. Fields never sits down without carefully testing the balance of his table. Stuart Erwin always walks away with his napkin in his pocket.

Boo!

BING CROSBY thought the kidnapers had caught up with him at last, the other night. Driving home from the studio in his car, he suddenly felt (as he traversed a dark stretch of street) something poked into his back, from the rear seat. He envisioned bandits, who had hid there while the car was parked; he was sure it was a gun in his shoulder. He screwed up courage, slowed down, and faced the menace. There was an 11-year-old girl, poking her finger into his back. "P-p-p-please," she stammered, "wilya gimme your autograph?" Bing gave her the autograph. And a bub-bub-bub-bub bawling out.



June Lang

OFFERS YOU HER FAVORITE HAIRSTYLE

JUNE LANG, feminine lead in "THE ROAD TO GLORY" starring Fredric March, Warner Baxter and Lionel Barrymore. 20th Century-Fox.

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, California. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and a copy of your new booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures, 1936."

"NATURAL BEAUTY," says June Lang, "is the most important thing to demand when you have your hair permanent waved." And isn't she right! What magic charm there is in a shimmering halo of soft wavy hair. Because of its natural beauty, the Duart wave has long been the choice of the Hollywood stars and is featured in more than 100 Hollywood beauty salons. The Motion Picture Hairstylists' Guild, the stars' personal hairdressers, endorse the Duart wave exclusively, because Duart is the *only* method providing *automatic heat control* for each separate curl. Duart takes out the guesswork — no possibility of frizzy ends, kinky waves or dried out hair when you say to your hairdresser, "Give me a genuine Duart permanent wave."

FREE BOOKLET enables you to copy a screen star's hairstyle. Page after page showing all types of smart modern hairdress. Book sent FREE with a 2-Rinse package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse, 10 cents. 12 correct shades listed in coupon below. Not a dye — not a bleach.

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PERMANENT WAVES

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE, AND THE FREE BOOKLET

☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
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☐ Henna
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☐ Black
☐ White or Gray Platinum
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☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
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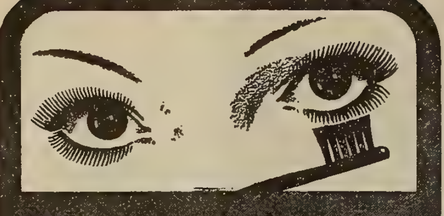
DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS



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PINAUD'S
SIX-TWELVE
is the *only* Mascara
that gives eyelashes
Natural-Looking Beauty

This creamy mascara does away with the artificial look given by old-fashioned cake mascaras. Colors: black, brown, blue and green. Choose one to match eyes; others to match costumes... *It's French.*

50¢

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APPROVED WAY TO TINT
GRAY HAIR

● Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

EARN EASY EXTRA MONEY

Sell Personal Christmas Cards And Stationery from album of 100 samples. Also special low priced line of personal humorous cards—newest thing in greeting cards. Big commissions. **Also New 21-Folder Xmas Assortment**—Master Creation of 1936. Sells for $1. Your profit 50c. Quality—Style—Value plus latest innovations bring quick sales, big profits. 6 other boxes—new style Etching, Gift Wrapping, Humorous, Religious, DeLuxe, Every-Day. Extra Bonuses. Experience unnecessary. Early starters make most money. Write today for 21 card box on approval and free sample personal cards. **SAMPLES FREE**

WALLACE BROWN, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave. Dept. FG-2, New York

IF YOU AGREE TO SHOW THEM TO FRIENDS, I'LL SEND YOU 2 ACTUAL SAMPLES AMAZING SNAG PROOFED SILK HOSE ABSOLUTELY FREE

AND SHOW YOU HOW TO EARN UP TO $22 IN A WEEK! Thrilling news! Show FREE ACTUAL SAMPLES wonderful Snag-Proofed Hosiery to friends. Earn up to $22.00 in a week—easy! Patented process RESISTS snags and runs. *Wear twice as long—cut hosiery bills in half.* Individual lengths. Low prices. No experience needed—no house-to-house selling. SEND NO MONEY. Write for two actual samples silk hose FREE. **AMERICAN SILK HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. E-61, Indianapolis, Ind.**

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TORTURE STOPPED *in one minute!*

For quick relief from the itching of pimples, blotches, eczema, athlete's foot, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for—

D.D.D. *Prescription*

What Are Your Chances in Hollywood?

[*Continued from page* 34]

and small parts at Twentieth Century—Fox for four years, but she's listed among the new discoveries. "The most perfect photographic face and figure in Hollywood," an enthusiastic cameraman told me. *Captain January, The Country Doctor, Every Saturday Night* and now, the only woman in *The Road To Glory* with Fredric March, Warner Baxter and Lionel Barrymore! When she's a star, we'll be writing how she disproves the theory "once an extra, always an extra!"

And if Mr. Zanuck casts Don Ameche and Simone Simon in *Seventh Heaven?* Don is a man and Simone a girl. Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor? They, too, were newcomers, but exceptions rather than the rule, since that was ten years ago! Mr. Ameche, college man, is one of the popular radio actors. (*Grand Hotel* and *First Nighter*). He came to Hollywood to play *one* of Jean Hersholt's sons in *Sins of Man.* He played both—in completely different make-ups. No, he'd never been before the camera before. A scout saw him.

Twenty-year old Mademoiselle Simone Simon has had much screen experience—in France. Look out boys—she's a stunner. And when it comes to clothes and a knack of wearing them? Twenty trunks came to Hollywood with her. She bought a blue car, without knowing the name of the manufacturer. But blue is her favorite color! She can't swim but has a pool where she "dips" every morning. And she's perfecting her English from the reading of fairy stories because—well, perhaps it's because she looks like a girl from a fairy story. She has made one picture to date, *Girls' Dormitory.* But *Diane* of *Seventh Heaven* was French and if she plays the Gaynor rôle—

Helen Wood was a contest winner. From three states: Tennessee, Kentucky and Alabama. And when three states agree upon beauty! They put her into the choruses of singing pictures and Helen decided she'd stay there unless she lost that Southern accent. It took six months—then she secured a job playing in tests given by studios for *other* players. This gave her a chance to study and—she has *High Tension, Charlie Chan At The Race Track* and *Sing, Baby, Sing* to her credit, a long term contract at Twentieth Century and *no* accent.

THERE are dozens more at this studio but we'll list them at the end of the story. Now let's jump to Warner brothers'-First National. They called her Kay Hughes, but with Kay Francis on the lot, Miss Hughes was given the new name of Carol. She came from vaudeville where they gave the little girl a great big hand with her singing and dancing. Tiny parts at first, then the second lead with Bette Davis and George Brent in *Golden Arrow.* She's a cute trick with a dash of paprika in every movement. Never wears nighties, but makes pajamas really feminine; manicures her own nails because she can't sit still long enough to let anyone else do it; would eat roast beef three times a day if it were convenient.

June Travis was born June Dorothea Grabiner and her father is Harry Grabiner, Vice-President of the Chicago White Sox. A fashionable finishing school, the University of Chicago—and a first rôle in *Stranded.* She was to go emotional in her first scene. The studio was frightened. Although it is the fashion to give strangers a chance, still for a beginner to play drama—and when she finished, director Frank Borzage said, "No re-takes" and Kay Francis rushed over and threw her arms around her. And the next month she was a leading lady. *Ceiling Zero* with Pat O'Brien and *The Gentleman From Big Bend* with Warren William.

There's Olivia de Havilland, Warren Hull and Errol Flynn on this lot but we're leaving them until we come to Robert Taylor and Fred MacMurray and other "sensations" who have been not only born, but grown up in a year.

JAMES STEWART rooms with Henry Fonda. The two boys were pals. When Henry went to Twentieth Century-Fox—Jimmy got his chance at Metro. I've watched him working with Una Merkel and about the only thing one thinks about when he watches Jimmy is: I didn't know a boy could be so natural. If he wears make-up, even a reportorial eye doesn't catch it. He's loose limbed and—well, impish is a funny word to use for a man, but to me it fits Jimmy. Track, high jump and hurdles—at Princeton. Stock companies where he met Henry Fonda. *Murder Man* and *Rose Marie* at Metro, plus a five year contract. Jimmy still likes jumping hurdles.

Andrea Leeds did a school motion picture at the University of Southern California. Director Bill Hawks saw it and telephoned producer Sam Goldwyn. Such excitement! Now she's playing in *Come and Get It.* And she's running around with Frances Farmer, over at Paramount, another college girl who hadn't made a picture a year ago, but is considered "almost a star" today. She won a popularity contest in Seattle, when she was graduated from the University of Washington and the prize was a trip to Moscow—where she studied government and economics. Economics in Russia in the spring of 1935! A baby star in Hollywood in 1936! A friend suggested Paramount test her in New York—And there's Elizabeth Russell, too, a former photographic model from New York, who is also getting a big chance to make good.

THEY sound like fairy stories. They are the modern Cinderella yarns—true ones! A year ago Robert Taylor was unknown. After one recent radio broadcast, he received 10,400 letters. His mail averages over 1000 communications a day. A scout found him in a Pomona College production of *Journey's End.*

Henry Fonda—Margaret Sullavan's ex-husband who couldn't "get a break" when his wife slipped away to Fame without him, until *The Farmer Takes A Wife* got his chance when a scout dug him from his lodgings in New York City. And there's Fred MacMurray, whom Paramount offers as its competition to Robert Taylor. A saxophone player originally, much to the annoyance of his father, a fine concert violinist. But it headed him for Hollywood, via "The Collegians"—a musical outfit and *Roberta,* in which he sang—on the stage—as well as blew his sax. A Paramount scout—Oh well, the magic wand and Aladdin's Lamp.

Max Reinhardt was the scout in the case of Olivia de Havilland, when he chose her, a California girl who had done only amateur work, for *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* And now she has played with that Irishman, Errol Flynn in *Captain Blood* and with Fredric March in *Anthony Adverse.* Olivia and Errol are the newcomers upon whom the Warner Brothers are betting their bankrolls.

NATURALLY, we could fill the whole magazine with this story. It's a hopeful little yarn for those of you who have screen ambitions but wait! Did you notice how many times I used the word "scout" in this story? The movies are hunting for *you.* If you are hunting for the movies, it's the same sad old story. *Talent scouts* are scouring the world. If you want your chance in this new Hollywood fashion, find a scout. They're covering the colleges, the big cities, the small towns. Perhaps your local theatre manager can help you find the nearest one. This is a serious game with the producers. They want new faces.

Or, better still, enter the Search For Talent Contest which is featured on page 6.

As a final proof, here's a list of newcomers from each studio who have found opportunity within a year:

Universal: Gloria Holden; Mary Alice Rice; Jack Dunn; Janice Jarratt; Nan Gary; Diana Gibson; Jean Rogers; Jane Wyatt; Doris Nolan; Jeanne Dante; Michael Loring; John King; David Oliver; William Hall; Marla Shelton; Elizabeth Jenns.

Twentieth Century Fox: Brian Donlevy; Astrid Allwyn; Delma Byron; Murial Robert; Gavin Muir; Charles Tannen; Inez Gorman; June Storey; Lynn Bari; Esther Brodelet; Simone Simon; Julie Cabanne; Dorothy Dearing; Anita Thompson; Marian Wilson; Don Ameche; Sonja Henie; Tony Martin; Michael Whalen; Helen Woods.

Warner Brothers-First National: Paula Stone (daughter of Fred Stone); Carol Hughes; June Travis; Marie Wilson; Winifred Shaw; Robart Cavanaugh; Humphrey Bogart; Craig Reynolds; Beverly Roberts; Henry O'Neil; Carlyle Moore, Jr.; James Melton; Jane Rhodes; Dick Foran; Jane Froman; Warren Hull; Alma Lloyd; Barton MacLane; Patric Knowles.

Paramount: Frank Forrest; John Howard; Johnny Downs; Robert Cummings; Smith Ballew; Eleanore Whitney; Patricia Wilder; Elizabeth Russell; Frances Farmer; Frances Langford; Olympe Bradna; Alan Baxter; Fred MacMurray.

R.K.O.: Owen Davis, Jr.; Anita Colby; Betty Grable; Lucille Ball; Louise Latimer; Doris Dudley; Frances Sage; Charles Collins.

M.G.M.: Ann Loring; Harry Stockwell; Ray Bolger; George Walcott; Joseph Calleia; Winifred Shotter; Shirley Ross; Edith Atwater.

Columbia: Joan Perry.

United Artists: Gregory Gaye; Andrea Leeds; Kathryn Marlowe.

THEN—In 1910, King Baggott and Florence Lawrence were idols of the fans as leads for the Imp Company, one of the earlier film organizations. King Baggott, still a handsome figure of a man is seeking employment in pictures, gets an odd job every little while and is pointed out to tourists at the Hotel Christie where he lives. Florence Lawrence retired several years ago, operated a cosmetic shop in Hollywood, which eventually succumbed to the depression and is playing extra rôles in pictures, when she can find a spot.

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● Ginger Rogers, Jeanette MacDonald, Jean Harlow—these and other glamorous queens of the films have made headline news for you in HOLLYWOOD Magazine! Don't fail to keep up with the movie times. Read HOLLYWOOD for news features, romance stories, candid camera pictures and breezy news. It's complete, concise—and fresh!

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Your Questions

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Ronald Colman's next picture is *Lost Horizon*

James Cagney—This is his real name. He was born July 17, 1904, and is five feet nine inches tall. He married Frances Vernon. Has been in Hollywood since 1930 and his last picture was *Ceiling Zero*. (L. H., Spring, Texas)

Errol Flynn—Was born June 20, 1909. He has no children. He appeared in *The Case of the Curious Bride, Captain Blood* and *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. You can reach him at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. (A. O., Tacoma, Wash.)

Bette Davis—who is 28 years old and Sybil Jason, who will be seven in November, may be reached at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Franchot Tone hasn't let us in on the secret of his age. His address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. (A. M. J., Gallup, N. M.)

Eleanor Powell—She is not Dick Powell's daughter. In fact they are not related at all. MOTION PICTURE Magazine published an article about Henry Wilcoxon in the January, 1936, issue. Copies are available upon request. (Southern Girl, Claredon, Va.)

Lloyd Nolan—He played the male lead in *One Way Ticket*. His address is Columbia Pictures Corp., 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. (B. H. L., Humphrey, Nebr.)

Olivia de Havilland—Was born July 1, 1916; Binnie Barnes, March 26, 1907; Joan Blondell, Aug. 20, 1909; and Evelyn Venable on Oct. 18. Eleanore Whitney is 18 and June Travis 21. Eleanor Powell, Rita Rio, Peggy Wood and Paula Stone are keeping their birthdays a secret. (S. Cy., Chicago)

Shirley Temple—She was born April 23, 1928. Sybil Jason was born Nov. 23, 1929. Her parents are May and Jack Jacobs. Jackie Coogan made *Old Clothes* in 1925. He has been making personal appearances on the stage. (J. J. T., Salt Lake City, R. J., Murray, Utah, A. N. R., Denver, Colo.)

Robert Taylor—He is planning to build a small bachelor house with an outdoor swimming pool and tennis court. He has brown hair. There are no other members of his family in the picture business. His recent trip to New York was his first vacation from Hollywood since he signed his contract. You can write to him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. (J. W., Jersey City, N. J.)

Norma Shearer—She was born on Aug. 10, and her address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Freddie Bartholomew's birthday is Mar. 28, and his address is also M-G-M. Fred Astaire may be reached at Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. His birthday is Nov. 26. Ronald Colman's address is 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (F. J., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.)

Charles Boyer—He was born in Figeac, France, on Aug. 28. He is five feet and nine inches tall, weighs 154 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. He spends his spare time writing short stories and playing the violin. (A. E., Ocean Grove, N. J.)

Dick Powell—His pet hobby is music but he enjoys making home made movies and sneaks up on people with his quick action camera. He is under contract to Warner Bros. and his last two films are *Hearts Divided* and *Stage Struck*. (H. P., White Plains, N. Y.)

If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Francis Lederer—He is six feet tall, weighs 170 lbs., has unruly dark hair and flashing dark eyes. He loves music, literature and the arts. Was last seen in *One Rainy Afternoon*. His next picture is *My American Wife*. (V. B., Clarksburg, W. Va.)

Dolores Del Rio—She was born on August 3, 1905, is five-feet-three and one-half inches tall and has black eyes. Her hobby is antiques and she loves tennis, swimming, fishing and hiking. (A. L., Springfield, Mass.)

Madeleine Carroll—Her husband is Captain Philip Astley, an Englishman. Her latest picture is *Secret Agent* for Gaumont-British. She is not superstitious, but believes that all important things in her life happen on the 26th of the month. (W. R., New York City)

Anita Louise—She made her stage debut when she was only seven and has been in pictures since she was 13. Her first picture was *The Sixth Commandment* and her latest is *Anthony Adverse*. (L. M., Portland, Oregon)

Ann Sothern—She has signed an exclusive seven-year contract with RKO. Her next picture will be *Count Pete* in which she will co-star with Gene Raymond and Helen Broderick. (B. R., Redwood Falls, Minn.)

Simone Simon—She was born in Marseilles, France—and, as you can judge by her name, she's a genuine French girl, and has numerous European picture successes to her credit. She makes her American debut in *Girl's Dormitory*, a 20th Century-Fox production. (C. S., Toledo, Ohio)

Steffi Duna—Her latest picture is *Dancing Pirate*, a one-hundred-per-cent Technicolor production, released by RKO. (S. R., Metuchen, N. J.)

Carole Lombard—Recently seen in *The Princess Comes Across* with Fred MacMurray, is five-feet-two inches tall and weighs 110 lbs. She has blue eyes and golden hair and loves dancing, tennis, swimming and horseback riding. (M. H., Austin, Tex.)

Buck Jones—He started his career on a 3,000 acre cattle ranch at Red Rock, Okla., where he grew up and learned to ride, rope and shoot. He realized one of the ambitions of his life when he directed as well as starred in the Universal western picture *For The Service*. (H. E., Jacksonville, Fla.)

Brian Donlevy—He is nearly six feet tall, weighs 190 lbs., has light brown hair and grey-green eyes, and is single. He has appeared in *Barbary Coast, Another Face, Strike Me Pink*, and *13 Hours By Air*. His latest is *High Tension*. (M. E., Rochester, N. Y.)

James Stewart—He is six feet, two and one-half inches tall, has brown hair and grey eyes. He is a Princeton graduate and an accomplished accordionist. His address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. (T. D., Louisville, Ky.)

DID YOU KNOW THAT Wendy Barrie is a living League of Nations, having been born in Hong Kong, educated in London, attended finishing school in Switzerland, and lived in Italy, France and Austria before coming to Hollywood?

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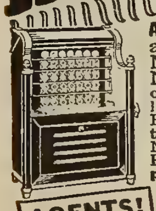

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Men Behind the Stars

GEORGE CUKOR

Director of *Romeo and Juliet*

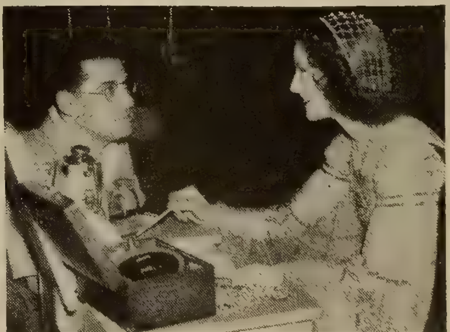
NO GRADUATE of the Broadway stage has pitched into the more intricate task of picture directing with more enthusiasm or more success than George Cukor.

Cukor's list of film successes, including *Little Women, David Copperfield, The Royal Family, Dinner at Eight,* and the forthcoming *Romeo and Juilet,* reads like a list of banner attractions of the past five years. Certainly no director can point with greater pride over what he has accomplished since he set foot in Hollywood. Making five such distinctive pictures almost on top of each other is an accomplishment closely allied with genius.

A young man, filled with tremendous force and vitality, but still ranked as one of the most patient and considerate of Hollywood's cinema-makers, this director makes no secret of his preference for the screen over the so-called "legitimate" stage.

"HOLLYWOOD has helped the stage by giving it new ideas," he says. "At the same time the films have shot far ahead of the best the stage can possibly do, in point of entertainment, vigor, and scope. I approached pictures with great skepticism. Sound had not been in vogue very long when I first arrived in Hollywood, and everyone told me Eastern stage directors weren't very welcome. I was most happily surprised. Not only was I made to feel like a long lost relative, but I discovered motion pictures offered far more engrossing and interesting problems than had the stage.

"I think the fact that Dickens and now Shakespeare have been intelligently and effectively handled for films deals a body blow, for once and all, to the critics who used to say movies were handicapped from a literary standpoint. The movies can, and will, do anything that is both literate and good entertainment. Best of all, producers have approached famous authors with a freshness of mood that is a great asset. Dickens is not somebody to be taken out of moth balls and handled in a stereoptican slide manner."



Director Cukor visits Norma Shearer in her dressing-room to discuss progress of "shooting" *Romeo and Juliet*

Some of Cukor's greatest triumphs have been scored with multiple-star casts. *David Copperfield,* for example, had a star, virtually, for every character part. *Dinner at Eight* had a dozen starring names, and *Romeo and Juliet* has Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, Edna May Oliver, Basil Rathbone, Reginald Denny and other luminaries. Cukor has the knack, apparently, of being better able to make all these diverse temperaments flow more smoothly together than any other director in Hollywood.

DIRECTOR CUKOR has an easy way with his players—if you consider kindness and constructive criticism count more than harshness and "bossism" in getting results. His expression: "That's very nice" has become proverbial in Hollywood. Whenever a player finishes a scene, whether it is exactly right or not, the director is quick to respond with a word of praise or encouragement. The players, naturally being human, respond more quickly and are always striving to please him.

Born in New York, Cukor graduated from DeWitt Clinton High School just in time to become a member of the student training corps for the duration of the war. After the war he determined to ally himself with the theatre. He got a job in 1919 as assistant stage manager of the Chicago company of *The Better 'Ole.* He proved himself such a skilled technician that his services were widely sought by stage producers. He interested the Shuberts and Edgar Selwyn and eventually became the stage manager for several of their productions. He also conducted a stock company in Rochester, N.Y., that proved one of the most successful in the country. With his stage enterprises he was soon recognized as one of the best talent pickers. He had such an aptitude for all branches of stage production that it became only a question of time before Hollywood bid for his services. And got him.

He is unmarried, six feet tall, athletic, fond of swimming, and goes to the movies and theatre incessantly, perhaps more than anyone else in Hollywood. The stage may not be his first love now, but he still has a soft spot for it. In fact he makes special trips to Broadway to take in the latest shows. It's his hobby.

Why Men Go Mad Over Janet!

[*Continued from page* 30]

was the Nobleman. His title dates back to the days of William the Conqueror and she could have worn it in her hair if she'd had a mind to. But Janet was sweet and gracious—and illusive.

And in Paris it was the Sailor. She met him in the old, charm-filled bookstalls along the Seine. He said, surprisingly, "Gee, it's good to see a face from home!" And Janet stood there and talked America with him for an hour. He's been talking Gaynor ever since...

In Madrid, the Chief of a Morocco tribe who could have given any Hollywood hero a handicap on looks, took up the old Spanish custom of serenading. He had never seen her on the screen. Her fame meant nothing to him. He simply knew that here was a five-foot bit of delectable femininity a good Riff could fight for—as well as sing to. So Janet left for Italy—

Then there's the highly successful young writer who sold his home in the East so he could be out here near her. She knows him only slightly but she's been the heroine of at least a half dozen of his stories.

It goes on like that "ad infinitum." Directors cherish her as if she were a perishable bit of Dresden. "If this is going to be too much for you, Janet, we can do it tomorrow—"... "Take it easy, kitten."... And the funny part of it is, no one can work harder than she can. And no one can be fooled less. She's a brunette Mary Pickford when it comes to driving a bargain. A capable, assured little modern who is well able to take care of herself—but wise enough never to let a man know it.

IN FACT, there's many a tip a girl could take on men from this Janet. "*To be a success with a man, he has to come first,*" she told me once. "Let him talk about his work. Most men are more interesting when they're talking about their enthusiasms, anyway. But I definitely don't believe they like the 'yes-girl' type. They like intelligent questions—and intelligent response. They welcome a good, lively argument now and then—but they much prefer keeping it impersonal. Just start saying, 'Now in *my own case*, for example...' and see what happens. He'll cock an eyebrow at you, give you a tolerant smile and say, 'Ah, *there* you go! Women simply *have* to inject the personal note!'

"To me, it isn't the spectacular things a man does which make him fascinating. It's the things he *won't* do that dignify and define him. The confidences he won't break, the lies he won't tell, the little acts he refrains from because they might possibly hurt someone.

"Frankly, I'd rather have a man an expert at his job than at his favorite sport. One who's a considerate companion rather than the Life of the Party. I'd rather have him a step ahead of me mentally than a step behind. (It's always a stimulating challenge to a woman when she has to strive to keep pace with a man's intellect!) I wouldn't want him stodgy in any single way. Not in his dancing or viewpoints or clothes or conversation! *Definitely* he must not be the type that always drives along the same old road because he's been doing it for years.

"Amusing and tolerant—those are two essentials for him. And he'd have to be tall, very tall, of course." (It's no great difficulty to appear so with Janet, herself, so short...) "Maybe he'd be masterful. Certainly he'd be kind. He'd love the sea and to drive along a hill-top in the face of a sunset. And to be very quiet about both..." And there you have the composite picture of Janet's Dream Man.

"WHAT do you think makes a girl most popular?" I asked her.

"Knowing how actually to be a friend with men," she said directly. "And that isn't quite as casual as it sounds. You aren't *coy* with a friend. You trust them and expect them to trust you. You share their interests and their hopes and anxieties—and look for them to share yours. You don't play one friend against another. They must. If that is Janet's secret. It's a winner. For she's as popular as a bonus check with the males for miles around.

There are no Favorites at present. It appears as if Robert Taylor was out of the running even though he did send her a lei of gardenias not so very long ago. And fans throughout the country have been clamoring so for them to appear in another picture together that the studios have begun searching for a suitable story. Meanwhile, Janet will play in her last production for Twentieth Century-Fox under the old contract. It looks very much as if a bright new one will be offered her and that she will accept it... And be the unconscious cause of another fifty million men going slightly mad...

SHE'S the White Hope of the Average Girl, this Gaynor. I mean she has none of the trimmings that the average girl cannot have—and still she's the Stag Line Miracle. There are no trunks of Parisian clothes, no exotically beautiful background with swimming pool, and masseuses flying around and French maids spraying perfume in the air.

Janet hasn't even a personal maid. She has Fanny, the cook, who has been with her for years and who makes the best Italian spaghetti and apple dumplings this side of Heaven. (How Janet ever keeps down to 102 pounds is one of the major mysteries of life to me.) And she has Clifford, who drove the first car she ever owned in 1928 and still serves as chauffeur and general houseman. That's all. No secretaries or footmen underfeet.

She rents a comfortable, but by no means pretentious home on Doheny Drive—the same one she's been renting for years. And owns two equally comfortable but unpretentious beach cottages, one near Venice, California, and the other in Hawaii. She has the same three dogs—Timmy, a soulful-eyed Scotty; a cocker Spaniel who was the outcast from *Delicious*; and Jock, a huge fellow who dives for the door every time the bell rings.

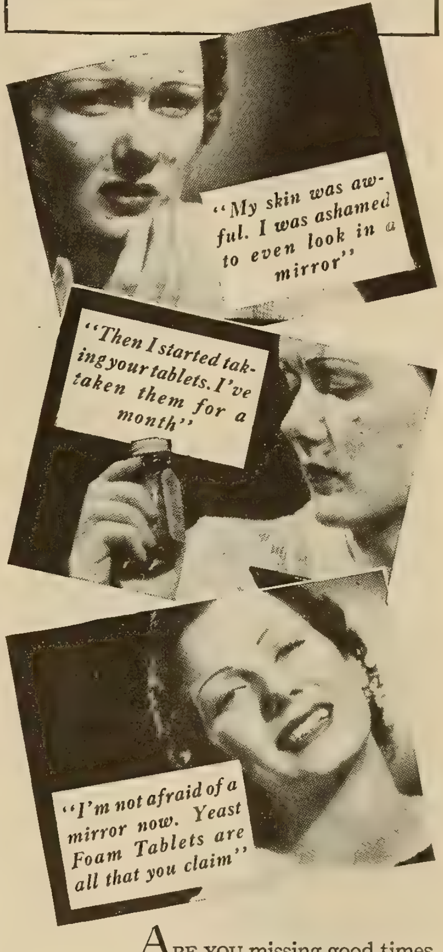
"I suppose," she said the other day as we sat on the warm sand in front of her cottage, "I ought to get out and do something different. Something startling..." But before she could think of anything the telephone rang and it was that exciting young engineer her Uncle Bill introduced her to. Over the fence I could see Al Scott, Colleen Moore's ex-husband, coming along the road. And I knew she'd had to refuse three dinner dates that evening with three of Hollywood's Most Eligibles because she already had one with the Navy...

"Janet doesn't need to do anything different," I thought. "All she needs to do is be herself!"

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC


"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"
"Then I started taking your tablets. I've taken them for a month"
"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are all that you claim"

ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim—just one of thousands of letters from grateful users of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

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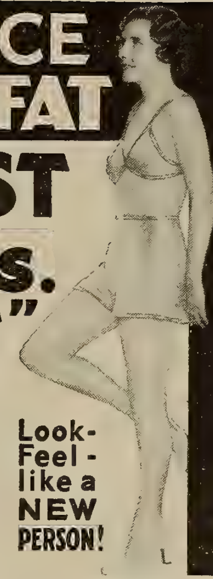

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writes Michigan Lady

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Gladysse L. Ryer, Registered Nurse, Dayton, O., writes: **"Lost 47 lbs.,** though I did not diet."

Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Iowa, writes: **"Lost 34 lbs.** RE-DUCE-OIDS are pleasant to take."

Mrs. V. Haskett, San Francisco Graduate Nurse, writes: "I took RE-DUCE-OIDS according to directions and was soon delighted to find my weight steadily decreasing until **I lost 27 lbs.** I worked every day and felt fine all the time. I can recommend RE-DUCE-OIDS."

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Your money back in full if you are not delighted with the results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS. You are the judge. Sold by leading drug or department stores everywhere, or if your dealer is out, send $2 for 1 package; or $5 for 3 packages, direct to us.

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They're Standing in Line for Lionel Stander!

[*Continued from page* 36]

of the Upper Bronx. His father is a certified public accountant—which, he once fondly hoped, his first-born would be. Lionel's mother, a native of New York, studied to be a physician before she was wooed and won by the young Latvian accountant, abandoned medicine for matrimony, and produced Lionel, who became an actor after trying everything else; Alvin, who is studying to be a physician; and Frances, who is an advertising copywriter. Mrs. Stander—who recently arrived in Hollywood to visit Lionel for a week and was still present eleven weeks later—looks like a brave little woman. She would almost have to be, after watching Lionel for twenty-eight years. She never has known what he would do next; in fact, she still doesn't know. But she has come to be prepared for anything. And if you ever have a chance to know Lionel personally, you had better be forearmed yourself.

I LOOKED in on him the other afternoon, in his house on a Hollywood hillside. And its exterior, like Lionel's, fools you. On the outside, it looks like an old farmhouse, which it once was; inside, it is super-modernistic, with glass partitions, odd-angled rooms, streamlined furniture. Lionel was upstairs, playing pool with his stand-in, Al Matthews. He was dressed in nothing but bathing trunks, that cherubic-Satanic grin and a three-day beard. He drafted me into the game, offered to let me win if I'd call him "Handsome" in this story, then beat me, anyway. We went out on his spacious, well-hedged lawn for a sun-bath interview—another Stander innovation in Hollywood. He insisted that he couldn't talk about himself until he had had lunch. (This was at 3 p.m.) He was just biting into a large sandwich that his Filipino boy had brought him, when I asked him what he thought of himself on the screen. He nearly choked.

"I never go to see any of my pictures," he said, "—because I don't believe in self-torture. That's why I don't shave myself, too. I'm liable to cut my own throat."

He added, with his face creased by a grin, "Everyone likes to have an illusion about his being a Don Juan, a man to agitate feminine hearts. I'm human. And when I see this ogre on the screen, I refuse to believe it. I refuse to identify myself with that gutteral accent of creation . . .

"Seriously, though, I have no illusions about myself. I understand why people laugh when I get up to act—and why I'm getting more money in one week now than I earned in five years before I saw Hollywood . . . the last stand of the American dream. The one place where terrific profits are not only still possible, but certain; the only town in the United States where young people have money. I pity youth today, the kids just starting out in life. Every field is overcrowded, including the movie field. But if you have a nose longer than anyone else, or a voice different from anyone else, or any other idiosyncrasy, you can commercialize it in Hollywood—if you're lucky."

NOBODY told Lionel that. He learned it after he had lost much valuable time, experimenting with innumerable other jobs. Some lasted one day, some two weeks; a few even endured for a month. He first trod the thespian boards at nineteen by getting a job as an extra in a Greenwich Village piece of dramatic art. Thereafter, over a period of eight years, he appeared in twenty-eight Broadway plays—"all flops." And between shows he had to eat.

"I had a good line for getting a job—even if I couldn't keep it. I tried everything. I was a reporter on the Charlotte (North Carolina) News-Observer while I was at the University of North Carolina—which wasn't long; then on the New York Daily News, the New York Evening Journal, the Yonkers Statesman, the City News Service. I was a salesman. I sold everything, Photo-lithography, automobiles, insurance, bank accounts. I was a porter at Gimbel's for three days. I was in the bookkeeping department of Stern's for about two weeks. I was a tile-setter's helper. A hack-driver for two weeks. A waiter for one day. Every job I ever had, between stage jobs, was drudgery. And I always detested drudgery. That's why I detest the actual work of picture-making. Sometimes we do the same stupid scene fifty times before it's 'right.' There's no sparkle and color in that kind of acting.

"I always had the feeling I'd end up on the relief rolls or in some place where an economic misfit finds himself. When I was fifteen, I joined the army. Falsified my age and got in, and was in it four months, getting up in the middle of the night and cleaning the stables, before my father got me out.

"The reason why I couldn't hold any job was the same reason why I couldn't last in any school. I never believed in the divinity of authority. I always questioned it. I'm like most human beings. I want a good time and nobody bothering me. And a decent living. No, I didn't get bounced out of school because I was a clown. I wasn't a comedian in those days; just a rebel. I didn't like the idea of being told to do a certain thing in a certain way at a certain time. Now, I'm in this business. And if I'm not there on time, doing what I'm told, staggering sums are lost . . ."

He grinned at the irony of it. Then he continued: "I even earned a living once by writing. God, was that torture! I ground out Sunday magazine features, wrote on economics, ghosted some awful tripe, wrote blood-and-thunder fiction. I was lazy, and on top of that, I'd pick apart what I had done, never content. That's another reason why I don't like to see myself in a picture. I'd feel like a murderer haunting the scene of his recent crime. And next payday I'd have to accept my check with a rosy blush on my puss for taking money under false pretenses.

"But writing was what gave me my start toward Hollywood. I had been on the stage, and off, for five years, in one flop after another, when I wrote a radio program. My agent submitted it to Fred Allen. Most likely, he thought it had a very putrid smell, but he liked the way I developed one character—a crazy Russian whose pet word was 'Nyottnik.' He put me on his program, playing the character. That was the first time in my life I really got two jumps away from the breadline. I played tough gangsters, Italians, Greeks, Russians, all kinds of dialects. Finally, I was on nine radio programs at once, and having trouble keeping my characters straight. A movie scout caught me in a broadcast, and I came out to Hollywood—to be a dialect comedian. The producers didn't know I could speak English until they saw *The Scoundrel,* which I had made in the East. Then they gave me a chance.

"I don't see myself as a comedian, even though I've had only two serious scenes so far—both in *Deeds.* I still think of myself as a character actor. That's what I was on the stage, doing weird, melodramatic rôles. I'd rather do comedy on the screen. It isn't so hammy. And it's more difficult. The least little thing can kill a laugh, and you never know when you're going to get a laugh. The secret seems to be; 'Don't let the audience see the wheels go around. Don't let them know you're trying for a laugh.' I never consciously mug. To mug is to make a false face. I try to make my expressions the natural expressions of a character."

WHAT gets Lionel down is that movie-making can't be just an art; it has to be an industry, too. "The thing that smothers it is personality. Movies are sold on the personalities of the people appearing in them. No wonder hams believe their own publicity after a while—when they realize that the flicker of an eyelid, or the twist of a lip, will be seen the world over. The product of the industry is personality. And it is the only industry in which the product that you buy is unseen. You don't go in and sample it first. What you buy is the advertising." He had an amusing idea. "It ought to be a terrific influence for better pictures if the audience paid *after* seeing a picture—with the privilege of getting up and walking out after the first reel."

It hands him a laugh whenever a Broadway actor says that he's going back when he has made his pile. "No one ever goes back—not if he's wanted by the movies. I know I won't go back to Broadway as long as I have a living here."

The pictures he wants to do? "I'm all for Cinderella-man stories, told in hard-boiled terms. Stories like *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*—which even had the temerity to suggest that there still are unemployed in the United States. And to intimate that wealthy people should be conscious of that unemployment, willing to do something about it."

As for Hollywood itself, "It may be Davenport, Iowa, with palms, but it's a much-maligned place. The most cultured people from all over the world can be found here today, as part of the industry. The trouble is that they're careerists, most of them; they're individualists, too jealous of each other to have any social life, any genuine fraternizing. And they live miles apart, scattered in different suburbs. The only people clannish here are the tourists, and they all get together in the Brown Derby."

Lionel complains bitterly that he seems to be the only person in Hollywood who can find anything to do after midnight. He has discovered all the stay-up-late spots in the Los Angeles area and never sees any actors in any of them. He explains that he still has "the Broadway hangover." "I can't go to bed at night," he says, "any more than I can get up in the morning."

That three-day beard, however, was an expression of his love for Hollywood. "I'm having a lot of fun, not shaving. I couldn't get away with it anywhere else—but here I can just tell people I am growing a beard for my next picture. (I hope I play a beachcomber.) That's what I like about Hollywood. You can dress any way you like; you can let your face blossom out into any sort of look—and nobody cares. It's the life for a lazy man. I can retreat into my little ivory tower and just be myself. Ah, me—the last of the ivory-tower artists."

HE bought his house just after his first Hollywood contract expired, when he was free-lancing and had not yet signed with Columbia (at four figures per week). "I had faith in myself . . . The next time you come up, you'll probably see the sheriff camped outside and a couple of hard-boiled guys walking away with the baby grand."

He has only three close actor-friends—Ray Mayer, J. Edward Bromberg and Victor Kilian. Most of his friends are writers. Like Dorothy Parker, Donald Ogden Stewart, Clifford Odets, Arthur Kober. You can step right up and call him one of the intelligentsia. And if you're a friend of his, you can also call him "Jay."

One of his eyes is brown; the other, green. His once-red hair is now a brown shock. He says that his favorite actors, of those with whom he has played, are Gary Cooper ("Wasn't he a natural as *Deeds?*") and a trained seal in a Warner Brothers short. He drives a black sedan, wears no garters, and has read Dostoievsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* sixteen times. He believes that "you never choose your job. You're forced into it. I can't imagine anyone being an insurance salesman, for example, because he likes the work." He claims that, since his movie affluence, he is supporting fifteen people. "I'm calling a halt when there are thirty-five," he adds. Previously unheard-of relatives are popping up by the dozen. And ex-classmates by the gross.

His voice, he insists, is the one that he has always had. The devastating rasp of it is less noticeable in private life, however. "Unconsciously, on the screen, I go into a lower register. I was on the stage for eight years, and on the radio also during the last three of those years, and was never particularly conscious that I had an abnormal voice. Hollywood told me about it. On the stage, I was always a character actor who had to have a voice like mine. That was all."

He once rebelled against becoming an accountant like his father, but today—"I'm statistically minded. I've read somewhere—and if I haven't, I should have—that the average screen life of an actor is three years. That means I've got a year and a half to go, before I'm ready for the relief rolls." He has his own cure for his own brand of depression. "When I'm really low, I take in a lousy burlesque show. 'If theatrical art can degenerate to that state,' I can then tell myself, 'I'm entitled to something. I'm not stealing Hollywood's money.' "

The explanation of his proficiency at pool is this: "I've spent the best nights of my life in poolrooms. It's my favorite—and only—sport. The life athletic appals me. My idea of an ideal existence," he told me, "is to try to live every moment as if it were my last—to do the things I wouldn't mind being found doing if The Summons suddenly came. And to try not to hurt anybody, or myself. That's my only morality."

He was abroad once, as a wiper on a steamship. He saw Liverpool for three days—from the ship's fo'c's'le. If he ever gets two weeks off between pictures, he's going to take a quick trip across as a passenger. But that prospect isn't imminent. He's too much in demand. Every studio in town could use him. And that's what happens sometimes to bright little boys who *don't* become teachers' pets.

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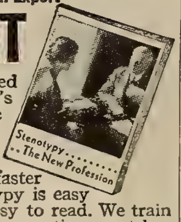

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The Last of the Mohicans

[*Continued from page* 41]

swirling river and were saved only by the desperate efforts of rescuers on shore.) The Indians became so infected with film fever that, after one week, most of them acquired slacks, sweaters and berets, to swagger around Crescent City in the nonchalant Hollywood manner . . .

MEANWHILE, the principals of the cast have been working in Sherwood Forest, only forty miles from Hollywood. Sherwood Forest is a Southern California phenomenon: a thick cluster of old and stately trees, none of which is a palm. It is located on irregular-shaped, three-mile-long Lake Sherwood in the San Fernando Valley, at the northern base of the Santa Monica Mountains. It used to be identified as some rancher's "woods." Then Douglas Fairbanks filmed *Robin Hood* there. Thenceforth, it bore the name of Robin Hood's old camping ground.

Once you turn off El Camino Real—the old Spanish highway between Los Angeles and Ventura—toward Sherwood Forest, you cannot smoke. The country is too dry, too inflammable. A spark could spread disaster for miles in every direction. For four or five miles, over a rough, dusty dirt road, you drive through sun-dried sagebrush, mesquite, cactus country. Then, suddenly, you round a sharp curve—and there, before you, are a green wood, a blue lake, shade and a breeze. The heat is intense and dry, even at 11 o'clock in the morning.

You see a corner of a wooden stockade behind some trees near the lake. You see some big war canoes drawn up on the shore. You see a big truck unloading equipment beside a stream. You ask where the company is.

Everybody is at lunch—at long picnic tables in a lakeside grove of towering oaks. (They start work so early that they become hungry early.) Director George Seitz is wearing a tropical helmet, a sweater and slacks. Everybody else is in a state of semi-undress. Randolph Scott is wearing a pair of white trunks, with a damp cloth tied around his head. Henry Wilcoxon is in trunks. Likewise Robert Barrat. Phillip Reed is in bathing trunks. Bruce Cabot, scorning lunch, is out on the lake, fishing. Binnie Barnes is wearing a shorts suit, abbreviated to the maximum. Heather Angel is in a bathing suit. And you soon discover the reason for all the rest-hour exposure of epidermis. The costumes they wear in the picture are suffocating—at least in Southern California's climate.

RANDY SCOTT—playing *Hawkeye*, the allegedly cool-headed Colonial scout—has to wear a cap of squirrel skins and a long-sleeved leather suit, laced at the sides, corset-wise. It takes him ten minutes to get in or out of it. Wilcoxon—playing *Major Duncan Heyward* of the British army, *Hawkeye's* arch-rival for the affections of *Alice Munro*—wears a heavy red coat with a high collar, heavy blue trousers, heavy boots. Barrat and Reed—playing Mohican father and son—are bare to the waist, but wear long leather trousers; also, tight-fitting, raven-haired wigs. Binnie and Heather—playing *Alice* and *Cora Munro*, British visitors to America in the year 1757—wear heavy wool dresses, ground-length skirts, voluminous underskirts. The two girls wear wigs also. Binnie's is auburn, matching her own hair; Heather's is blonde for contrast. (She is actually a brunette.)

As *Hawkeye*, man of few words and quick, positive actions, Randy is a natural. He talks little; he is tall, ruggedly built, with piercing blue eyes; he is deeply tanned from living the year around at the beach; and he handles *Hawkeye's* long, heavy (20-pound) rifle in expert fashion. As a boy, he used to wander through a thin patch of woods on a Virginia hillside, with a squirrel rifle in his hand. With Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales feeding his imagination, the wooded hillside became virgin forest, in which he was the only white man who knew its secrets and could see its beauty, as well as its dangers. And the gun in his hand was not a short squirrel rifle; it was almost six feet long, and it had made him famous as a sharpshooter. Nor was he alone. He always had three imaginary companions—two Indian braves who were the last of their tribe and a pretty English girl who had trusted her life to him.

"*Hawkeye* was my favorite character, and I used to pretend I was a little like him," Randy tells you. "I guess every boy does. I never dreamed I'd actually bring him to life. . . . Sure, I'm enjoying the rôle. It's different from anything I've done. It's keeping me outdoors, and I'd rather be outside any day, ten to one. We're staying at Malibou Lodge, up in the mountains about ten miles from here, and I'm getting a kick out of taking six- and eight-mile walks at night. . . . Another thing I like about the picture is the restrained love scenes. People are coming to see an exciting story, not a lot of mush."

PHILLIP REED expresses the same sentiment. While *Hawkeye* and *Alice* are gradually drawn closer together by the adventures they share in the wilderness, *Uncas* and *Cora*—who are of different races—are silently falling in love. "And it's more what we do than what we say that tells the story," he tells you. "It means much more that way. It gives the audience a chance to use its imagination. More movies should do that."

Maybe you haven't been particularly conscious of this Phillip Reed. But you will be conscious of him after you see him as *Uncas*. Tall, slender and athletic, he plays an inarticulate idealist; and if you suspect him of being an idealist—an articulate one—in real life, you're correct. "I was the kind of boy who saw beauty in everything, but no sex in anything," he tells you, with a grin. Moreover, he was a Boy Scout. He takes some heavy ribbing from the company on that score. But he still remains the expert on Indian lore and woodcraft; in fact, he taught some of the Indian extras how to talk the sign language, and how to make a fire without matches. *And* how to scalp a man. (He studied up on the technique for a scene.)

He's a native New Yorker, which makes his accomplishments all the more amazing, until you discover that he used to spend his summers in the Catskill Mountains. He learned his canoe-paddling and hatchet-handling there. . . . He was on Broadway when the movies found him, two years ago. Except in *Accent on Youth* and this picture, he hasn't had even fair-sized movie rôles; and now he hopes he's on his way. He gave one war-whoop as *Uncas* and nearly tore his vocal chords loose. After that he had a "whoop double" (something new in doubles!) . . . He has "never been close to getting married"—partly because of his career, mostly because he hasn't met the girl. He thinks it's a fallacy that young actors can't be romantic to the Susie Glotzes of the world if they're married. . . . His tan for his rôle is "make-up in front, the real thing in back."

Binnie Barnes tells you that she had "practically no education" until she started in show business—as "Texas Binnie" Barnes, cowgirl-singer and rope-twirler extraordinary, in London music-halls. Her father died when she was very young, and after that she saw more of work than of school. But when she became "Texas Binnie," she started reading. American books particularly. After all, if she was passing herself off as an American, she had better know something of the country. That was when she first encountered—and liked—*The Last of the Mohicans.*

"I never realized I'd be playing in it some day," she adds, "any more than I dreamed that I'd play one of the wives of Henry the VIIIth. America was far, far away. . . . Now England seems far away, particularly when I'm in a place like this. I haven't been home in fifteen months."

This is, she tells you, only her second location trip—and it is "much more interesting than the first, because of the Indians." They represent something American that she has not seen before. Rattlesnakes are something else; they have found two near the cabin where she has been staying. Since then, she has been super-snake-conscious—especially during a scene when she was in the water up to her waist, a scene that was three days in the filming. ("I was even afraid of water snakes.") But she concealed her nervousness, trouper-fashion.

THAT three-day water siege was a tough assignment. But the most difficult—that is, physically difficult—scene was the one in which Heather, Randy, Phil, Henry, Barrat and she had to run upstream through a brook over rough rocks, to elude enemy pursuers. And every one of the others agrees with her. . . . Something else that wasn't easy for Binnie was to ride side-saddle for a scene. Her horse went skittish, almost throwing her, and then started for the hills on the double-quick. She had some bad moments before she regained control of him, the saddle, and herself. . . . After spending months at Las Tunas Beach, "getting tanned like an Indian," she had to "bleach out" for her rôle. The company was served American barbecued beef for lunch and Binnie went for it in a big way.

Heather Angel has had *her* bad moments, weathering the heat. "Ever since I was in India, several years ago, I haven't been able to endure heat. I almost collapsed from it that time" . . . But the tiny Heather has amazed everyone with her horsemanship; she has had control of her mount at all times. The explanation is that she has two horses of her own and plays on a Hollywood women's polo team. . . . In far-off England—the quiet university town of Oxford, to be exact—she also first read *The Last of the Mohicans.* And, like Binnie, "never dreamed I'd be playing it some day."

Henry Wilcoxon grew up in the West Indies, where, according to Noel Coward, only "mad dogs and Englishmen got out in the midday sun"—but he never encountered any heat there to equal the temperature inside *Major Heyward's* great-coat. And he had to run up and down in it, to get out of breath for certain scenes. . . . In his uniform and his white wig, he looks amazingly like George Washington, as some school children near the studio discovered (and called to his attention!) before the company departed on location. . . . He was a bit distressed at first about drawing another costume rôle, but thinks "this chap is close to being human." . . . He carries an antique revolver, wishes he had one of his own from his collection in England.

You won't recognize Robert Barrat, in the title rôle, as the same man who played the surly *Bill Falin* in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* and mussed up both Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda. As *Chingachgook,* chief of the Mohicans and last of his race, he has gone heroic. And, in his make-up, he looks more like the Indian on the nickel than the model who posed for that bit of bas-relief. But if you think this is his first sympathetic rôle, you're mistaken. "I've just played *Lincoln* in a Warner Brothers short," he tells you. He may soon do a feature-length portrait of Lincoln.

Bruce Cabot has reversed the Barrat procedure. He is a hero who has turned "heavy," with new success. He is the villain of the piece—the renegade half-breed, *Magua,* who is a French spy and who incites the homicidal Hurons to massacre. According to his studio biography, Bruce is one-sixteenth Cherokee. Even so, you will find it difficult to recognize the Cabot of yore behind the mask of *Magua.* A rôle, by the way, that Wallace Beery played in 1921 in the memorable Maurice Tourneur picturization of the Cooper classic.

AND what are the movie-makers doing this time to the story that made James Fenimore Cooper immortal? Enhancing it! On celluloid, it will move much faster than it does between book covers. It will be pulled together, intensifying its drama, its suspense. It will bring the book to vivid life. It will point out what Cooper, a passionate patriot, hinted: though the title is *The Last of the Mohicans,* it is also the story of The First of the Americans.

Hawkeye, Uncas and *Chingachgook* are the Three Musketeers of American literature. All for one, and one for all—though two of them are dark-skinned and the third is white. Their saga remains intact.

Intact is the rivalry in courage, in a hostile wilderness, of *Hawkeye* and *Heyward*—with *Alice Munro* as the prize. So is the poignant, silent love of *Uncas* of the dark skin and *Cora Munro,* whose skin was pale. So is the tragic treachery of *Magua,* who could not forgive a man who had whipped him. So is the sincere sorrow of *General Montcalm,* at the massacre that followed the surrender of Fort William Henry.

Drama, adventure, romance, tragedy, comedy, a bit of history—they all are in the picture. And in the background always, *obligato,* is the beauty of a great forest that once overspread America and still can be found in isolated spots, by men who make movies.

Ten Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

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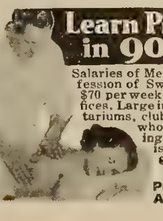

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Business of Sending Fred Astaire an Open Letter

[*Continued from page* 55]

make a go of life in a big way . . . Because it HAS been hard work, Fred. That's one thing you DO know, isn't it? You say so yourself . . . "Dancing," you say, "is 95 to 98 percent hard work; and 2 to 5 percent fun." And that's why, isn't it?, you refuse to advise any young man one way or the other about following in your footsteps—literally, that "footsteps."

"I won't take it on myself to advise," you say, "because it takes years of hard, hard work to become a dancer, and it'd be cruel to advise anyone to take it up and have him waste years then find that for some reason he can't make the grade. And yet I won't advise anyone NOT to try—because if I did, some young fellow who'd easily be greater than myself wouldn't even make the effort." Decent reasoning, Fred.

NOW, let's get back to some other things about you—There's that time over at Catalina Island, when you—the world's best-known dancer—weren't admitted to the public ballroom because you didn't have on any tie, being in sports clothes! So did you tell the manager who you were? No, Fred—you meekly went back to your hotel, put on a tie, came back, and asked if they'd let you in to do a bit of dancing now. And they did, and not until days afterward did the manager get wise that he had high-hatted Fred Astaire.

And there's that laugh, Fred, on Paramount about you. You remember the screen test they made of you? Well, they just filed it away with countless others, with a not-so-hot routine wording on it—telling your name, age, height and so on, and finishing up with: *"Also dances."* "—also dances," Fred; omigawd!

Another thing they tell me you don't know about yourself: *they tell me you say you don't go into training for your dance work.* Why, Fred, I never saw a professional athlete who went more positively into training! Fred, you silly, you're in training ALL THE TIME, don't you know that? You eat sparingly and carefully, you keep regular-as-possible hours, you do everything in moderation and with the care of an athlete training for the Olympics. You hunt, golf, fish, hike. You live as clean a life as anyone I know about. And yet you say you don't go into training—

Well, naturally, with that routine, and your six to ten hours of dancing daily, you've got a body like a lightweight champion's, I happen to have learned . . . . . And there isn't an extra ounce of fat or flab on your body—and at your age, that's SOMEthing! . . .

AND anyway, you've been dancing ever since. And that brings us back to the safe subject of your dancing—Let's go back to that business about how you wear out dancing shoes, Fred. You know you have them made especially for you—of the finest leather, fitted to your feet as perfectly as the best craftsmen can make 'em. You've always got thirty pairs on the shelves of your dressing-room, and most of them new.

Well, you use the old ones up in rehearsals. And when you do a dance for your picture, you break in a new pair. Well, in each dance you do, you WEAR out at least one pair, don't you? For the *Piccolino* number in *Top Hat* alone, you wore out five pairs, Fred, did you remember that? Because after once using a new pair for a "take" for the screen, they're so worn out by the terrific-ness of your steps that you can't possibly wear them for another take. They're just old rehearsal-shoes after that. You've worn out thirty new pairs for each of the pictures you've danced at RKO—and more'n ten pairs in rehearsals. Say, Fred, I'd hate to pay your shoe-bills.

And silk sox—lord, Fred, I hate to think of it. Me—I can wear out a pair of 'em just walking up and down the Boulevard. One of your dances, on that basis, must give a million silkworms jobs! And yet,—and this I think, Fred, is one of the most amazingly interesting of ALL these facts about you!!—*you've never had a minute's foot trouble in your life,* have you?

THE way you listen to the music first, and then from that get the idea of the kind of dance you ought to do to it. So you plot it out by yourself. From 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. each day—dancing, dancing, dancing. So gradually your first ideas grow and grow until after a hundred or two-hundred hours of that sort of thing, you've got the thing pretty well worked out—even though you do spend as much as days on just one step, Fred. So then you call in Ginger Rogers, and you tell her how you've got it worked out. And she steps in while the dance director steps out, and she picks it up, and with the pianist banging away, you finally get down to the perfection you show on the screen. And by that time, you've brought in the regular orchestra, and you're dancing to that, or to its "playbacks" from records—although you prefer the orchestra, because you "can feel the rhythm better," so lots of times the studio pays for the full orchestra for your practice, when the playback might suffice, for somebody less perfect.

And so you're ready to do it for the picture—and you're so darned nervous and taut and tense and worried by now that they've dubbed you the world's champion worrier. So they're smart—Director Sandrich gives you one of the picture's dances to do in the very first hours of actual shooting—because they've learned that after you've got ONE dance in the can, you're loose and over your worry. Did you know that they play that trick on you, Fred?

And so then you go ahead, and you fly through the air with the greatest of ease—and audiences sit back and marvel and marvel and marvel about how easy it looks. Because you don't seem to be even exerting yourself. They don't know that one of your truisms is: "an athlete may puff all he wants to, but a dancer DAREN'T puff ONCE!—or it'd spoil the whole effect." And that's why when you and Ginger do a dance that looks as easy as falling off a log, you're really working harder in those few minutes than an average day-laborer works in a whole day, by actual scientific measurement.

Well, anyway, Fred—that stuff I've just told you covers a lot of territory, doesn't it? Was it interesting?—I don't know for sure; I merely think so, Fred. And yet, the other day you told that studio publicity man who asked you for something new to write about: "Why, I don't know a darned thing about myself that's interesting, Bill. Honest, I don't."

Okay, Fred; o-KAY . . . !

Admiringly yours,

HENRY LANGFORD.

There's No Explaining Luise Rainer!

[*Continued from page* 37]

replacing Miss Loy in *Escapade,* opposite William Powell, who was cooling his expensive heels waiting for a leading lady. Although her English needed a lot of repair work done on it, she learned her lines, and so great was her artistry in *Escapade* that she made millions weep when it was released and shown.

She did even better than that, while playing the role of *Anna Held,* in *The Great Ziegfeld.* She made even the case-hardened electricians on the sound stage cat-walks shed such a volume of tears while doing scenes that they feared they might short-circuit the lights with their weepings. Making a studio electrician cry with the sheer power of your art is something like making *Il Duce* give Ethiopia back to Haile Selassie, only much more difficult.

Miss Rainer—and if you don't know better than to pronounce her name as it sounds, it's pronounced *Rhine-er*—did not start out in life to become an actress. Her first ambition? "Gloves!" she will tell you naively; she wanted to sell somebody gloves. Now most people desire, above gold and jewels, to be happy. They enjoy being happy and are never sad, if they can help it. Miss Rainer insists on being different. She is never quite so happy or so well pleased with Life as when she is very, very sad. Her idea of an evening's entertainment is to attend a theatrical performance which would make her cry her eyes out. As she became older and older, she also became sadder and sadder—and she was never more happy in her life.

ONCE *The Great Ziegfeld* was "in the can," the studio following the customary line of studio logic, cast her as a Chinese peasant in *The Good Earth.* Being Viennese, she was, of course exactly suited to a Chinese rôle and being exceedingly beautiful, they decided upon a Chinese rôle in which she became a bedraggled Chinese peasant.

She was getting along famously. She hung around for three months, driving her automobile up and down, over and across Hollywood's palm-shaded sidewalks, and still the picture did not start. She drives on sidewalks not from preference, but because she is known as the world's worst driver and cannot manage to keep off them—occasionally.

"I WOULD never marry an American man," she pouted so charmingly that you were sorry she had just made that statement, "for they spoil their wives too bad. If I should ever fall in love with an American man, I should fall out of love with him, oh, so quick."

She's off again, falling out of love, before she has fallen in. What a girl! She takes more care to see that she is the most beautiful creature on earth before she will consent to appear before a camera but when in mufti she doesn't care whether she looks like Judy O'Grady or the Colonel's Lady or even Apple Annie. She will not wear make-up. And she likes to have her hair look "wind-blowny." She wears slacks, which, while cute in a sense, don't flatter her five-feet-three-inch figure. Tall girls look better in them, anytime, anywhere. If you don't know her well, you would say that she is the church-mouse type which would be something like saying that a tiger resembles a lamb. She likes men who have personality, preferably the neurotic or the temperamental type—or even those considered dizzy. She wishes making pictures gave her more opportunity to be an actress. And *THAT,* after making studio "juicers" weep!

A prophet is said to be without honor in his own country, and Luise is without it in her own family. She will shrug her pretty shoulders, lift her perfect eyebrows and roll her perfect eyes and tell you: "All the relatives and my family, they say: 'O Luise, yes, she is quite nice but very, very dumb!'"

She thinks she is about to fall out of love with Hollywood, too, get married and have babies. Her mama and papa, incidentally, have at last forgiven her for being, as they put it, "an actress instead of a lady." Luise spreads out her hands and works the shoulder shrug on you again, "Everything in Hollywood is funny and, what you say, screwy. I don't know but I think maybe Hollywood is dumb, like the relatives say Luise. Anyhow, every woman must have the husband and many babies sometime, and I don't know, perhaps it is not so good, like papa says, to be an actress. Maybe I will get married and have the babies, for there is a man in Vienna . . ."

"But why did you become an actress in the first place?" she was asked. Imagine any Hollywood actress wanting to retire and have babies, just as she got started toward stardom. Luise said: "I became an actress, just like I told Louise Dumont. I had gone to the theatre and become very, very sad. I had something in me, that had to come out. Perhaps it has all come out now. I am not sure."

LUISE RAINER—and don't forget, it's Rhine-er—is as complex a fluff of feminine charm and pulchritude as Hollywood ever knew. She can be glorious, she can be dowdy. She can be happy when she is sad and sad when she is happy. She can be all fire one minute and ice the next, brilliant and completely naive. She sees no reason why she should not run around—when she is not before the camera—not caring a whoop how she looks—or when she is working, for not looking her best.

She always falls out of love but never in. She was Max Reinhardt's choice to replace one of the world's greatest actresses, Elisabeth Bergner, and still Hollywood, or at least a part of it, says she can't act. The other part of it insists that she is always acting, on the screen and off. She has a great future ahead of her on the American screen, and yet she says she would be happy if she could be back in Vienna. She is as intricate as the Einstein theory, only there are some men who can figure that out and understand it. No man ever understood Luise Rainer. Trying to explain her is like explaining why the music goes 'round and 'round, and comes out here.

In spite of every argument to the contrary in putting a beautiful Viennese actress in the rôle of a Chinese peasant woman, Luise will appear in *The Good Earth* as *Olan.* And before she gets through, we'll lay you two to one that she falls out of love with the Chinese—while she contributes another cameo of fine acting.

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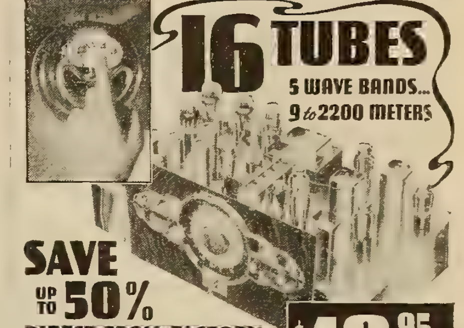

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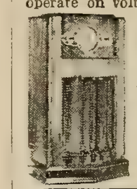

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Blondes Prefer Gentlemen Says Mae West

[*Continued from page* 47]

West is Mae and never the twain shall meet. But they did the other day, on a Hollywood studio set, under the cold white glare of cinema suns, under the blank eyes of the grips who move all day among the beautiful and famous of the land, and see only joists and beams and ten-penny nails.

MAE WEST'S leading men have come from strange ends of the earth to hold her startling blondness in their arms. There is Victor McLaglen, son of a British bishop who came West by way of the Southern Cross and Bagdad, and Ivan Lebedeff whose father was a friend of czars. He wears a ring with a very proud and ancient crest, he wears brave scars underneath his perfect tailoring—won in defending the Caucasus, and he kisses the hand of every woman from eight to eighty as though she were a queen. As far as the East is from the Wests with their undulating walks, and sidewise glances, these two have travelled through blood and war and exile to make movie love to Mae.

Only in Hollywood do such things happen. Victor McLaglen, ex-officer of His Majesty, Ivan Lebedeff ex-courtier. She extended to them a small hand blazing with jewels a Czarina might have worn; she answered their accents from overseas with a wisecrack no Czarina had wit enough to make. And so, in her last two pictures, East met West and gave the lie to Kipling.

"It isn't only manners and tricks that go with being a gentleman," Mae murmured, while a dozen mirrors gave back her secret smile. "Sometimes I think too much schooling and polishing educate the sex out of people! The great lovers of history weren't professors, were they? They were the he-man type . . . Scratch a prize-fighter and you'll often find a real gentleman under an East Side accent—if you don't scratch him too hard! And he's got a title too, even if it isn't 'Count' or 'Duke'—

"A man is no less a gentleman because he gives a woman a ten carrot stew instead of a twenty-five carat ring . . . I don't believe in marrying for money, though it's just as easy to fall in love with a millionaire as with a poor man while you're about it. And lots easier staying in love. Still—the important thing is—is he a gentleman?

"Hand-kissing is all right. But it's kind of a waste of time. The drawingroom type of man is slow as a suitor. You know they say that it takes seven generations to make a gentleman, and that's too long for most women—"

WHEN Mae West talks about men she knows her subject. She may not have taken an M.A. degree, but when it comes to M.A.N. nobody has done more research. All the prop boys, grips and cameramen beg to be assigned to a West picture. When she takes an occasional night off, as she did recently, and steps out to some of Hollywood's glittering night clubs she has not one escort, but six. The trip from her town car to the studio stage is a procession of executives, directors, scenario writers and publicity boys. Men dressmakers design her amazing wardrobe. A man secretary takes her dictation. She has an attachè, Mr. Ventura, to arrange her interviews,—a young man, handsome, European. And most of the cast of her pictures are men. In a man's world, Mae West is a man's woman.

"I've met all kinds" Mae told me, the sunshine through the trellis of white wood which forms a screen of one side of her boudoir, scattering symbolic diamond patterns everywhere, "rich and poor, actors and politicians and business men. I've known foreigners and I understand their ways. I've known cowboys, pugilists and playwrights, cops and Indians. I've met old men and young men, singles, ex-husbands, grass-widowers and a few that were still working at it. And there isn't as much difference as you might suppose between one man and another, except in appearances. But girls wouldn't jump out of skyscraper windows grieving over losing one man if they realized that most men are alike under sack suits, flannel shirts, tails, Bond Street labels or what have you."

IT IS impossible to spell out in cold type the drawling delivery of a Mae West wise-crack, to describe in black and white the slow crimson curling of the famous West smile, contradicted by the baby-bluest eyes in all of Hollywood. It is impossible to realize that this small, soft-voiced woman in the midst of all this utterly feminine and charming clutter of silver and lace and crystal and fur is probably the hardest-working human being in Hollywood, writing plays, books and the scripts for her own pictures, managing her own business affairs, sometimes working all night until party-goers begin to straggle home in the dawn, and players with early calls at the studio stream over Cahuenga Pass or through the golf greens to Culver City.

Other stars who write, refuse to give out interviews. Their words are worth space rates and syndicate checks. But Mae West scatters her colorful epigrams, her quips and cracks generously from an unfailing source. In a tired world her zest for life is like a charge of electricity. It would be interesting to study the effects of three weeks of contact with the West personality upon the gentlemen, hard-boiled, sophisticated, blasè, naïve, slightly world-weary, and enthusiastic, who have played with Mae in her last two or three pictures.

Victor McLaglen has lived through a war, Lebedeff, a revolution. Gilbert Emory and Paul Cavanagh and Monroe Owsley a panic and depression, but Mae West was a new experience to them, a sort of phenomenon of Nature. Together and separately they said it: "Amazing!" And to this amazing woman they brought gifts, the tributes of men of the world, not pearls or orchids, but remedies for a cold in the head from which Mae was suffering!

"The important thing about a man is how he expresses himself toward a woman," Mae declared to me. "A coat of arms is all well enough, but the way I look at it the fellow in the business coat probably makes love better. A diamond bracelet on the hand is worth a silver spoon in the mouth to any woman. The question she asks herself about a man is not 'who is he' or 'what is he' but 'how much does he earn' and when that's answered, satisfactorily, the next most important question is 'where is he'?"

MAE'S jewels tinkle like tiny laughter. Otherwise she sits quite still, as she scatters words of wisdom in the modern vernacular, but, in sense and meaning, as old and wise as Time itself.

"If he works hard to make money to

spend on her—and what else except a woman is there worth spending money on?—he's a real gentleman whether he can do tricks with the tea-cups or not. A woman's got an instinct about such things. She knows right away that she can trust herself with a gentleman—at least she's afraid that she can!

"A man that's a gentleman signs his love letters with his full name and address and not 'Toots' or 'Honey-bunch,' or like that. He'd be more afraid of a breach of good manners than a breach of promise suit. He wouldn't give a girl a diamond with a flaw in it for an engagement ring. He wouldn't crab about the bills for her beauty treatment when he's married or about the alimony afterward. I've noticed that the more educated and polished a man is, the more he hides away his feelings as if they were bad manners. He may know Greek and Latin and all the other languages, dead or living, but if he doesn't know a lot of different ways of saying 'I love you' in English what good is all his education?

"Blondes prefer gentlemen and probably brunettes do, too, though I wouldn't know about that in spite of the pictures they printed a while back of a black-haired woman who called herself 'Mae West' and married a vaudeville actor fifteen years ago. Only I've got a wider definition of the word 'gentleman' than some. So long as a man isn't vulgar or stingy with his bank account, or a nagger or a show-off, the chances are that he's a gentleman even if he isn't quite sure of himself among the forks. Maybe he's a diamond in the rough, but what of it?" Mae smiled softly, "I like all kinds of diamonds—and most kinds of men!"

Five Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

Joan Crawford

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Being in Britain Is a Bit of All Right to Sylvia

[*Continued from page* 43]

as though it were maudlin, and making Chumley of Cholmondeley. Was aware, too, that on High Holborn, called 'Igh 'Oburn, Beauchamp becomes Beecham and Berkeley is Barkly, as in a bow-wow.

Being familiar with our own Skaneateles, Schenectady, Poughkeepsie, Puxatawney, Kalamazoo, Hohokus, Secaucus, Patapsco and Wyalusing, she didn't balk at Stoke Poges and similar British vagueries—mild, indeed, in comparison with America's Puckey-Huddle, and the dunks—Po and Squee. Nor was she startled to find that Weems is spelled Wemyss, that Sillinger is really St. Leger, and that if your name is Trotterscliffe the neighbors over yonder call you Trosley. A girl who comes from a land where the Taliaferros are Tollivers, the Farinholts answer when Fernall is called, and the names of Crenshawe and Granger are interchangeable, must make allowances. Sylvia's nothing if not broad-minded about such things.

BUT, just the same, there's a limit to everything. And had Sylvia known the truth, the whole truth, about what lay before her in the right little, tight little Isle, it's peanuts to popcorn the petite star of *Fury* and *The Hidden Power* would have stayed home in Hollywood where a knowledge of English isn't essential to the earning of a livelihood, nor polite social intercourse.

How, for instance, was the poor chick to know that in England ten-pins is really nine-pins; that a hundred-weight, be it pearls or pigs, is 112 lbs. rather than 100; that a girl weighs eight stone instead of 112 lbs., and that a billion of anything, even dollars, is $1,000,000,000,000 and not a mere $1,000,000,000! When she described a boy as a clerk in a drug-store, she was told that she meant a clark in a chemist's shop. She had occasion to inquire for a hardware store where she could purchase a monkey-wrench, though for what purpose we know not, and the query had to be translated into a search for an iron-mongery which sold screw-spanners.

To go down in the elevator she had to take a lift. The 'bus to the studio didn't leave on schedule, but the char-a-banc left on schedule. The subway is the underground, and a tunnel is a tube. When she wanted rare roast-beef at a lunch-counter, she had to be content with an under-done cut off the joint in a snack bar. Plain, ordinary, everyday aluminum becomes alyuminyum in British. A public school is a private school. Street cars are trams. And, believe it or not, a tart is a pie. Neither is a bum a hobo.

Her broiled chops were grilled; if she asked for a biscuit she got a cracker, and to get a biscuit she had to call for scones. A boy-friend asked her to accompany him to a drygoods store where he could buy a derby hat, and they ended in a draper's shop purchasing a bowler. She has learned that corn is maize, that to get oatmeal one asks for porridge, and that the sticky stuff we've been calling molasses all this time is really treacle. All this Sylvia took in her stride. But it kind o' got her down to find that the second floor is really the first.

FOR a moment the Amurrican girl thought she was being called a horse, or something, when the theatre-ticket man sold her a stall when she wanted a seat in the orchestra. But she recalled that pretty nearly anything can happen in a land where shoes are boots, and are blacked but never shined; where the radio is the wireless, and the phonograph is a gramophone. She bridled a bit, too, when a fellow said she was the homeliest girl he'd met. Then she remembered he was English and meant homey.

IN her Claridge suite, Sylvia discloses more discoveries.

"Considering Hollywood's quarter-century head-start the progress of British pictures is amazing. I knew they were doing big things in England when I saw *The Thirty-Nine Steps, The Man Who Knew Too Much, The Ghost Goes West* and such fine films follow *Henry* and *Catherine*. But I wasn't prepared to find such development in the industry.

"The new studios recently erected are the last word in modern equipment. Every known improvement has been introduced, and they are the finest I've ever seen. Our own studios, where Alfred Hitchcock is directing Robert Donat and me in *The Hidden Power* is just out of London, about as far as the Hollywood studios are from the center of town. The stages are not spread all over the lot as is the case at home, but are in one seven-story building.

"Since my last visit I notice tremendous improvement in the technical side of the picture, and while I believe there are still things to be learned from our Hollywood technicians, there are things we can learn from this side, too. There seems to be more and more of a reciprocal understanding between English and American producers. The interchange of stars is one indication. The making of movies equally entertaining on either side of the Atlantic is another. *It's Love Again*, which teams the English favorite, Jessie Matthews, and the American, Robert Young, is a case in point.

"I LOOK to see England supply many players to Hollywood pictures. They've already contributed some of the most successful and popular stars. An English actor knows his trade, for to play on the London stage, from which picture people are recruited, a player must serve a long apprenticeship touring the provinces in our equivalent of a stock company, the best possible training-school.

"Personally, I am being treated splendidly. I couldn't ask for a better set-up than a Joseph Conrad story with Mr. Donat as its hero and Mr. Hitchcock to direct. I am sure the picture will be approved by American movie-goers as well as English. I came over for one picture. There have been several interesting offers. But there are my Hollywood contracts to be considered, too. It remains to be seen how the time may be fitted in.

"Right now, I'm awfully busy house-hunting. Every hour I can spare from the studio, I whip around town looking for a home. I think it will be fun to have my own place in London, and when I find a suitable one, I'll probably be able to persuade my mother to join me. I'm not in the least lazy, but England is in such comparitively close proximity to so many delightful vacation lands, that I can't help but look forward to a holiday practically before I've begun work."

He Knows What It Takes

[*Continued from page* 46]

okay with Stewart that they are stars.

Jimmy is no "grind," even if he has definite ideas about the theatre. Meet him and you find a six-foot-plus youngster, gray-eyed, Scotch-Irish, with unruly dark-brown hair and a physique that is now too well-proportioned to be called "lean and lanky." A studio edict recently forced him to add thirteen pounds to his one hundred forty-three. The weight is a vast improvement. He put it on in two months by drinking two and one-half quarts of milk, daily. Still, he's no Adonis. Chiefly, he's an actor, and a good one, to the finger-tips.

At Princeton he studied to be an architect, enlivening his spare moments with track work—such as high jumping and hurdling. His life, today, is far less complex, much more simple, than it was in his undergraduate days. Jimmy graduated into a world gripped by economic depression. Jobs were at a premium. He had to work. After four years he is earning a nice weekly salary and has a permanent profession in acting.

JIMMY lives with three young men in a rented Brentwood house; a colored couple cares for them. The only complaint he has to make is that the cook repeats too often on the menus. Fried chicken, Southern style, gets a little monotonous. However, the other gentlemen, Henry Fonda, Joshua Logan and John Swope, don't object, so Jimmy holds his peace. Fonda, Logan and Stewart, all connected with the theatre (Logan is a director), shared an apartment in New York, near Sixty-third Street. "We lived there for a year, until the raids began, without knowing it was the gangster district," grins Jimmy, enjoying the thought of his proximity to crime.

When Fonda got his Hollywood chance and Stewart followed, later, with his M-G-M contract in his hand, the two decided to repeat their New York housing arrangement. Logan came West, too, and another friend, Swope, who had been busy with Mr. Roosevelt's late NRA, joined them. "It makes it very cheap," says Jimmy, not yet thinking in the Hollywood grand scale. He probably never will think that way, no matter what success comes to him. The boys don't budget their expenses, he says, nor does one wave the 'phone bill at the month's end, and ask who is going to pay it. Instead, they total their debts, divide by four, each pays his share, and the balance (we hope) goes into the bank.

OF COURSE, the Hollywood "glamour girls" cost the boys money. There are flowers to be sent, dinners to be bought, and a man can't get away from the Trocadero (where "Hank" Fonda takes "Peg" Sullavan, and Jimmy Stewart takes Jeanette MacDonald or "Ginger" Rogers—now that she's available—and others) without giving the bank-roll a good drubbing.

Jimmy's preference in girls (he's not serious about any of them . . . Well, I think he rather likes *one*) runs to those who have a sense of humor. If a girl can't laugh and be witty, she's a dud with Stewart. As an after-thought, he said he liked a girl to be "frank." He thinks "Ginger" Rogers is simply swell, and "Peg" Sullavan, too. She's just about his ideal woman.

JIMMY'S acting talent comes from an unknown source. His father, in Indiana, Pa., is a hardware merchant. He probably thought his only son belonged in the nuts-and-bolts bin when he heard that he wanted to take a whack at a theatrical career. With Jimmy's open intention to pursue the arts, his sisters, Mary and Virginia, followed with demands for careers, too. Mary, whom he calls "Dotty," went to art school in Pittsburgh, specializes in cuddly infants' pictures, has a contract with Scribners. "Ginny" (Virginia) is just through Vassar, and intent upon a life of literary endeavor.

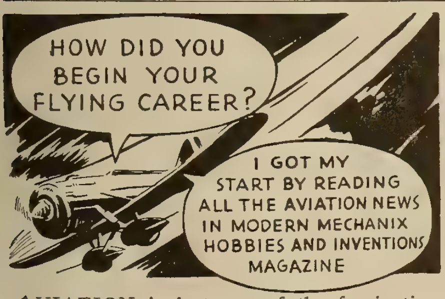
Graduating from Princeton, and finding no work in a depression-ridden commercial world, Stewart finally listened to friends' advice and joined the stock company on Cape Cod. From that theatrical opening, he went to Broadway with *Good-Bye Again*. Ultimately, he played in *Spring in Autumn, All Good Americans, Yellow Jack, Divided by Three, Page Miss Glory.*

One summer, in pursuit of the experience necessary for the "complete theatrical career," he stage-managed Jane Cowl's *Camille,* in Boston. It failed, dismally, but not before it brought him one of the most amusing occurrences of his short, almost uneventful, life. Nightly Miss Cowl, for whom Stewart has great respect, did her lengthy death scene to a stilled house. Stage-manager Stewart saw to it that the entire theatre resembled a morgue in silence.

Nightly, he stood in the wings watching *rigor mortis* take possession of one of the theatre's foremost ladies. Her body stiffened, just before the final curtain, her breath came quick and fast, her eyes glazed, the lids with their lustrous lashes closed slowly over her huge brown orbs. It took a long time for her to die, but it was worth it. Worth the silence, too. You could have heard a pin drop.

Shortly after (what are a few years in a life-time?), he found himself playing Jeanette MacDonald's renegade brother in *Rose-Marie*. His performance stood out like a flaming pine tree. "He's a whale of a good actor," said the film director, "Woody" Van Dyke. "Van" is usually right. Jimmy was on the road to success.

Whether James Stewart ever measures up to his own high standards of stardom, when it arrives, is another matter, but in Hollywood's opinion he is starring material right now.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Between Ourselves

A MAN has passed away who is deeply mourned by his friends—none of whom mourn him more than those who were associated with him in his publishing enterprises. His name was Roscoe Fawcett—Captain Roscoe to all who knew him. He is particularly mourned by Hollywood. His heart, which always beat double-quick for the studio city, suddenly stopped beating—and the movies lost one of the best friends they ever had. Roscoe Fawcett was more than just a friend of the stars. As Editor-in-Chief of MOTION PICTURE and its sister magazines of FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, he was a friend of the readers. Those who knew him well (and he was easy to know) would call him a fighting idealist. Indeed, publishing was more than just a business to him; it was a great game of fighting for ideals.

CAPTAIN ROSCOE FAWCETT

Captain Roscoe was a born fighter—and a fair fighter. He had the competitive spirit, whether it was manifested on the golf links or in business. But above all he stood forth for fair play.

Everyone who knew him respected his honesty and his fairness, not only as friend and acquaintance, but also as an executive. He was the kind of man who did not let business interfere with friendships. Once he made a man's friendship he kept it—and he numbered his friends—legions of them—in all walks of life. He was a grand fellow, a fine athlete, a daring soldier (he served as a captain in the United States aviation corps during the World War) with a grand sense of humor that was irresistible. He loved to laugh, and laughter came easy to him, as he relished the comedy relief in this more-or-less tragic Scheme of Things.

He was colorful, too—more colorful, perhaps, than most of the stars he wrote about. MOTION PICTURE and its sister magazines of FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS—as well as his friends and associates in Hollywood and elsewhere, grieve the loss of such a good friend. We will surely miss one of the gamest square-shooters who ever lived.

THERE'S romance in the headlines these days which fairly scream to the movie moguls: TAKE ME! A few of the alert producers have been headline-conscious for some time. Note the cycle of gangster and G-Men pictures. Doubtless these wide-awake producers and their story scouts have already seen the picture possibilities in a couple of these news yarns—and have probably "sicced" their ace writers on them to whip up a plot or two. Certainly these stories contained large gobs of romance.

One of them told of a young romantic couple from Brooklyn. The parents of the boy and girl frowned on any immediate marriage—so the youngsters up and eloped. With practically no funds they hitch-hiked and worked their way to Denver. But work was scarce once they reached the Colorado city, so, with the money giving out, they were forced to sleep in hallways.

These youngsters could afford to smile. After all they had youth on their side and this was a romantic adventure. And the romance of it all made them forget the craving for food. They would feast their eyes on a movie instead. So a good Samaritan happened along and gave them the price of admission to a movie theatre which was holding a Bank Night. Guess what happened? This is what happened. Their winning ticket won them a $25,000 home. It's as if Lady Luck, smiling kindly, was determined that this loving pair should be together in a house of their own.

But the overjoyed couple sold the house for $15,000—and with this tidy fortune set back home for Brooklyn. Where they hitch-hiked before, they now rode in style in their own new car. You can rest assured they received the parental blessings. The money they have left will tide them over nicely. They've already set up housekeeping.

That's sheer romance. It loomed large on a front page because it gave the human touch to unemployment. The city editors gave it the space it deserved. One could forgive the columns devoted to the boring bleatings of politicians. Can you imagine what any ace scenario writer could do to this story—how he could make it sing with the romance, humor and human highlights of *It Happened One Night?*

THE OTHER news yarn played up a romantic girl, also from Brooklyn, who, having a terrific crush on Clark Gable, was determined to see him at any cost. Not having heard from him after writing him voluminous fan letters, she decided to go to Hollywood and camp on MGM's doorstep—with the hope that he would see her and talk to her.

The plot thickens. Her father, who was on relief, came into his bonus. He hid it away as he perfected plans to set himself back on his feet. But the daughter found it and flew to Hollywood. Remember, she was a jump or three ahead of her pursuers who thought she might go by train. Living in style in Hollywood the money was quickly spent. So the father, through his Brooklyn Legion Post contacted the Los Angeles Legion and funds were raised to send her back home.

Here's sheer romance, too—even though the girl met frustration.

While she didn't meet Gable the scenario writer can write in a Gable from the workaday world. Such stories as these form the structure of most of the screen plots. None of us need a map to know that they form the pattern of life—which also includes making movies.

IT MAY be true what they say about Dixie, but it certainly isn't true what they say about Hollywood—that it scorns newcomers who would storm its studio gates. Not since the halcyon days of silent pictures has there been such an influx of talent, with most of it placed under contract. Each studio's roster carries a complement of new names. These newcomers have not only been recruited from the stage and radio, but also from such workaday and workanight pursuits as modeling and tooting saxophones in bands. They've also been recruited from contests, sponsored by newspapers and magazines. Right now MOTION PICTURE is sponsoring a contest—one that gives its entries an opportunity to win movie contracts. The screen needs new faces—it's getting them.

Larry Reid

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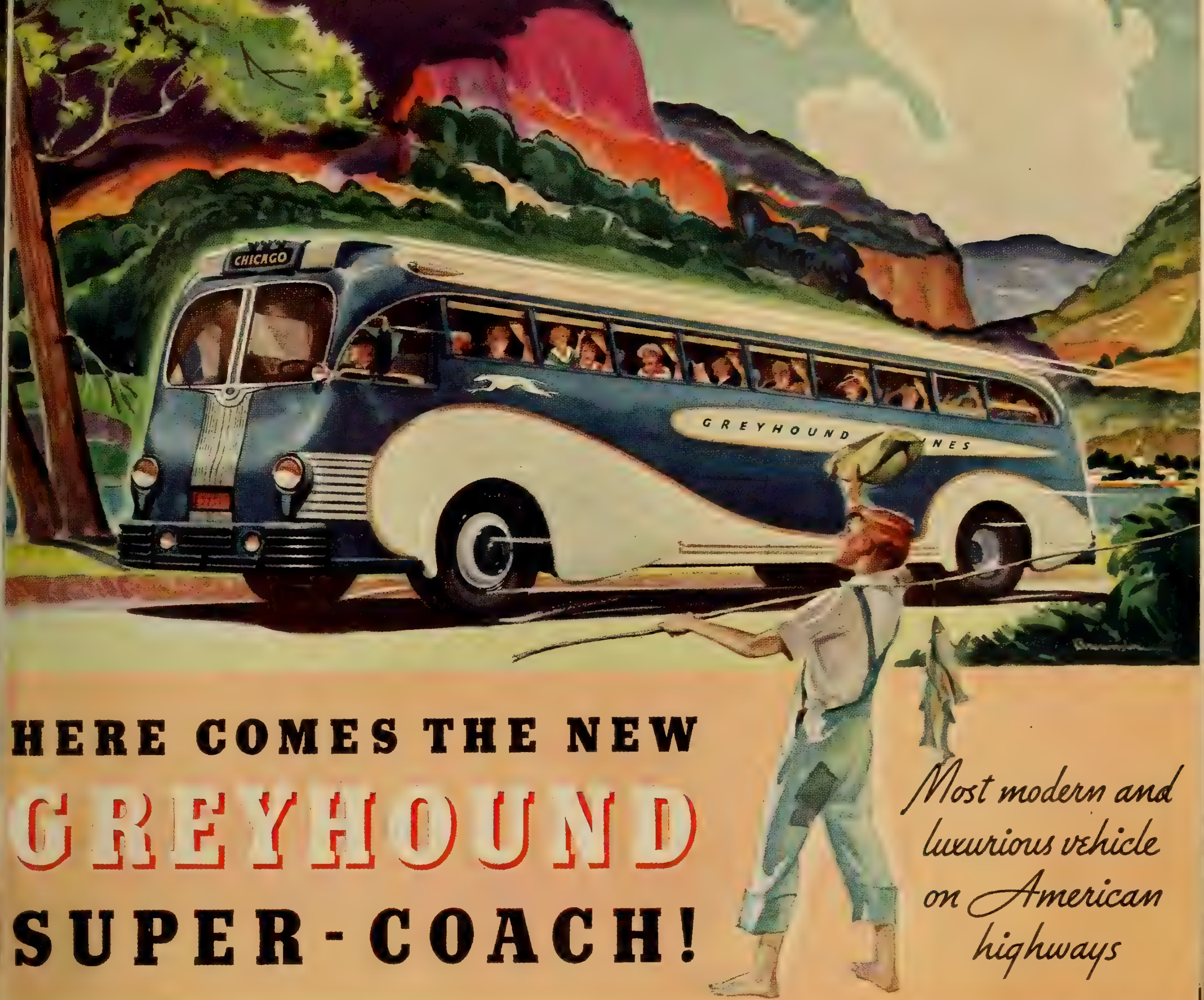

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GREYHOUND
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Just compare this new Greyhound coach with *any* type of travel—land, sea or air—for smooth-riding comfort and luxury. Yet fares are far below even the lowest *second-class* rates of other transportation!

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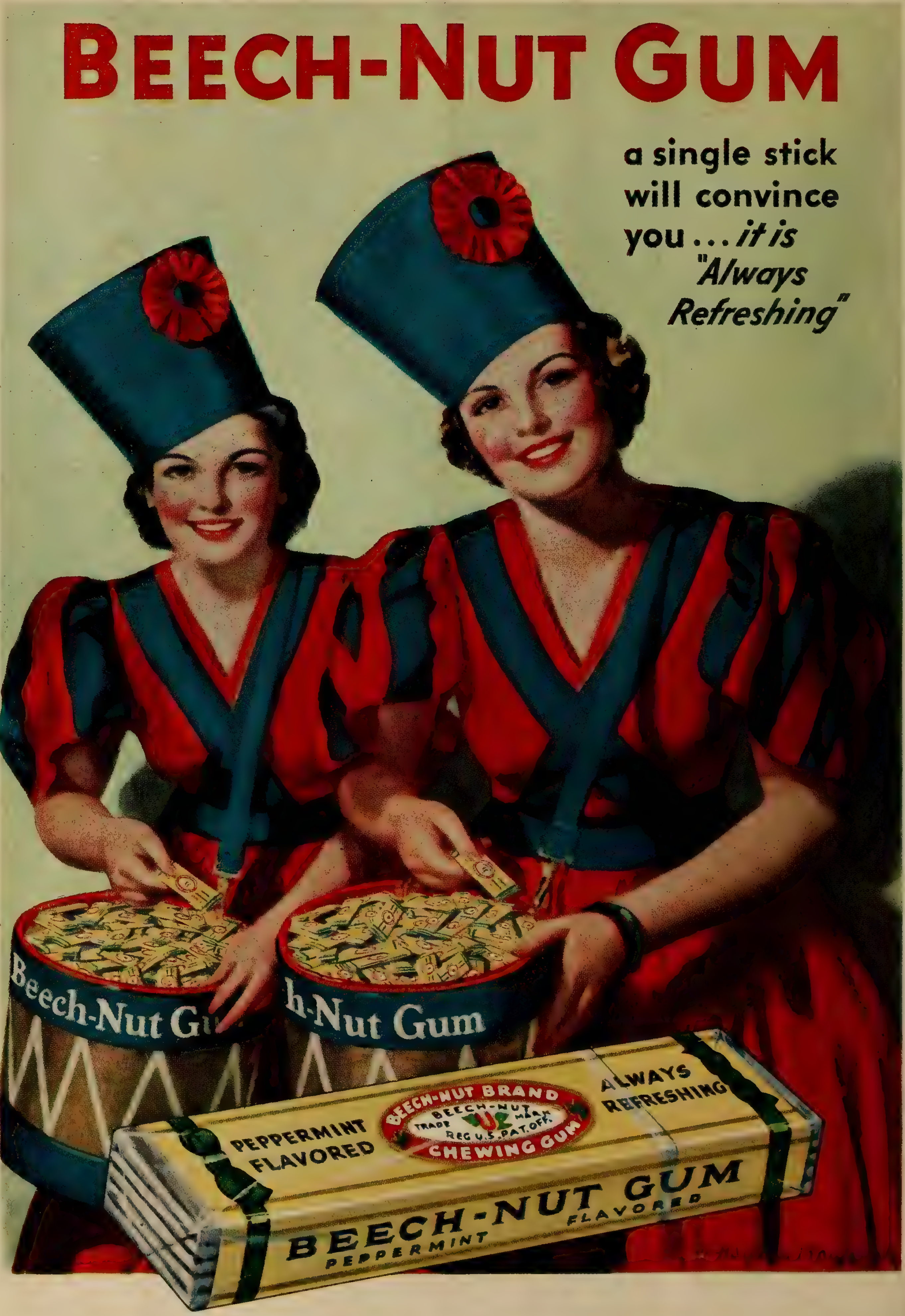
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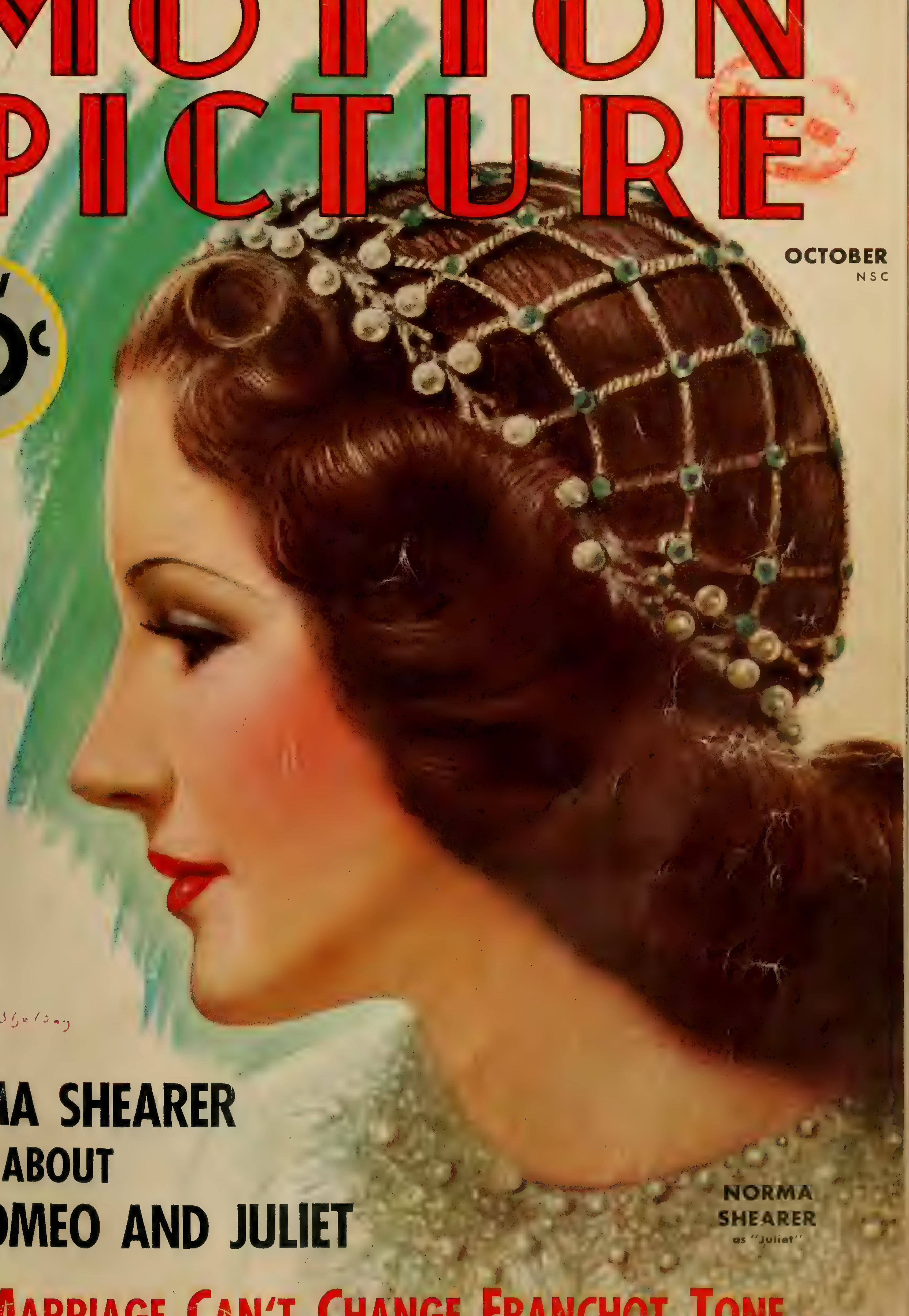
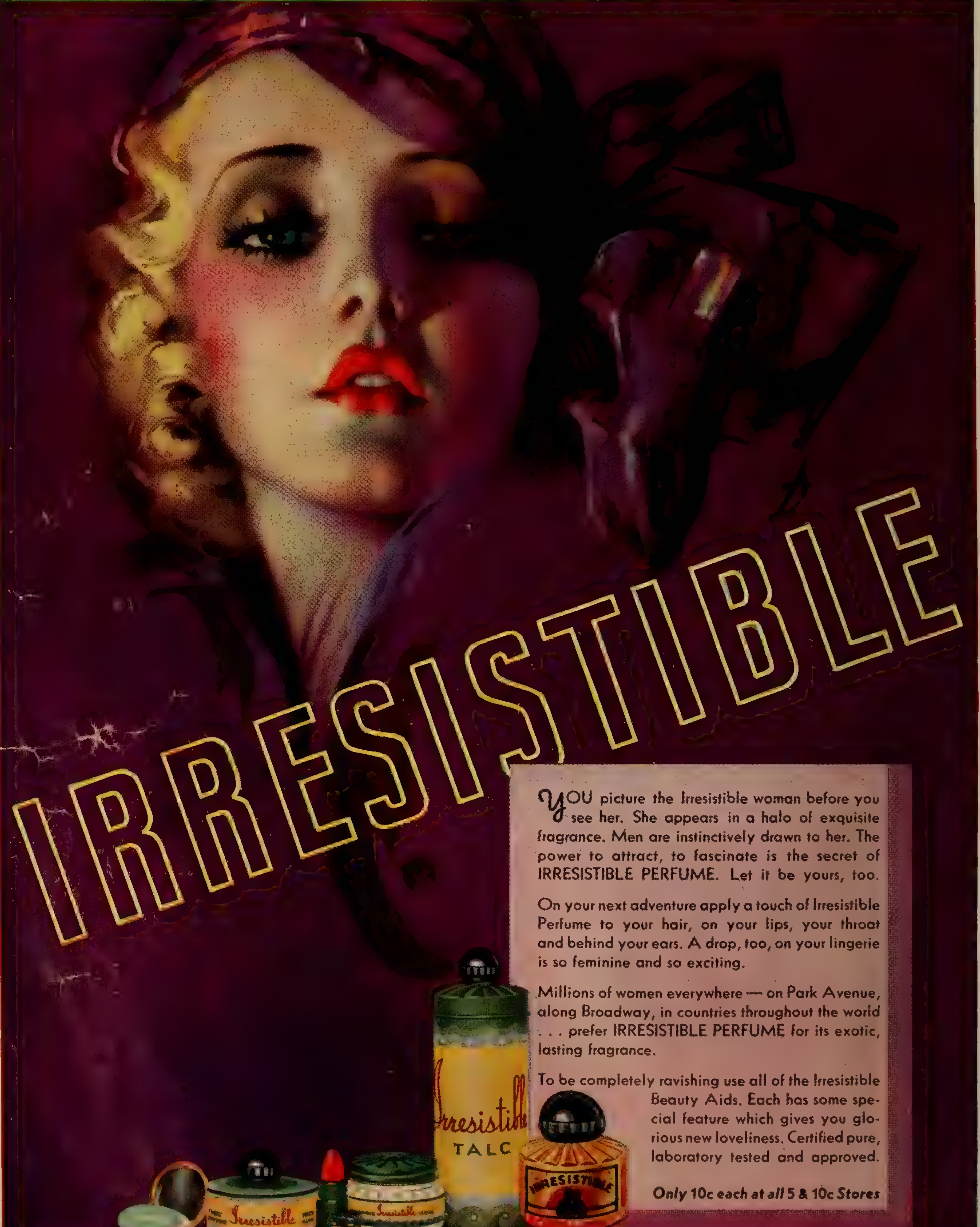

Charles Sheldon

NORMA SHEARER
as "Juliet"

ORMA SHEARER
ALKS ABOUT
ROMEO AND JULIET

MARRIAGE CAN'T CHANGE FRANCHOT TONE

BE IRRESISTIBLE—USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



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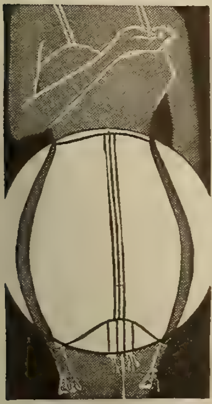
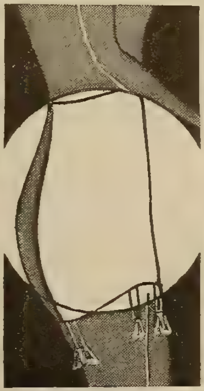


Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs

■ Nothing ruins the graceful lines of an expensive gown more than billowing hips . . . they are quickly brought back to beauty with the gentle massage-like action of the Perfolastic Girdle.



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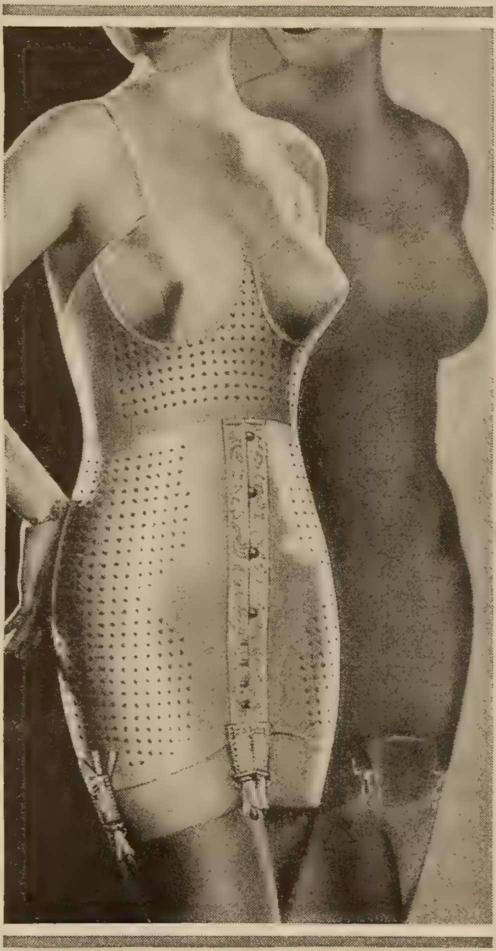
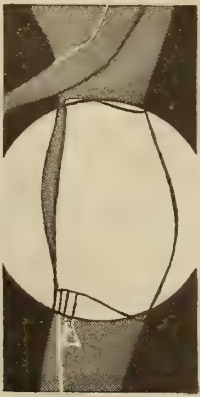
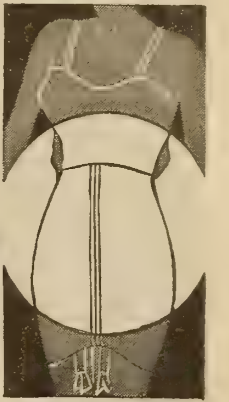




Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

■ Prominent "tummies" are almost universally due to relaxed muscles and resulting fat. Perfolastic will correct the appearance at once and then surely and safely reduce it, without dieting.



Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear

■ Until the development of the new Perfolastic Brassiere the woman whose figure was marred by unsightly "rib-rolls" had to reduce by expensive massage. Now Perfolastic does it.

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS . .

. . . IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING!

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APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere...and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you cannot realize that every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at hips, waist, diaphragm and thighs, where fat first accumulates.

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

■ No longer will surplus fat sap your energy and steal your pep and ambition! You will not only be gracefully slender, but you will feel more like doing things and going places!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION ACTUALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS FAT!

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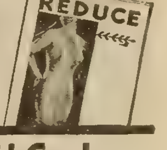
"REDUCED MY HIPS 12 INCHES" WRITES MISS RICHARDSON

■ "Lost 60 pounds," says Mrs. Derr. "Reduced from size 42 to size 18," writes Mrs. Faust. Miss Browne "immediately became 3 inches smaller," etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove whether it will do as much for *you!*

DON'T WAIT! SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF PERFORATED MATERIAL!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon *now!*



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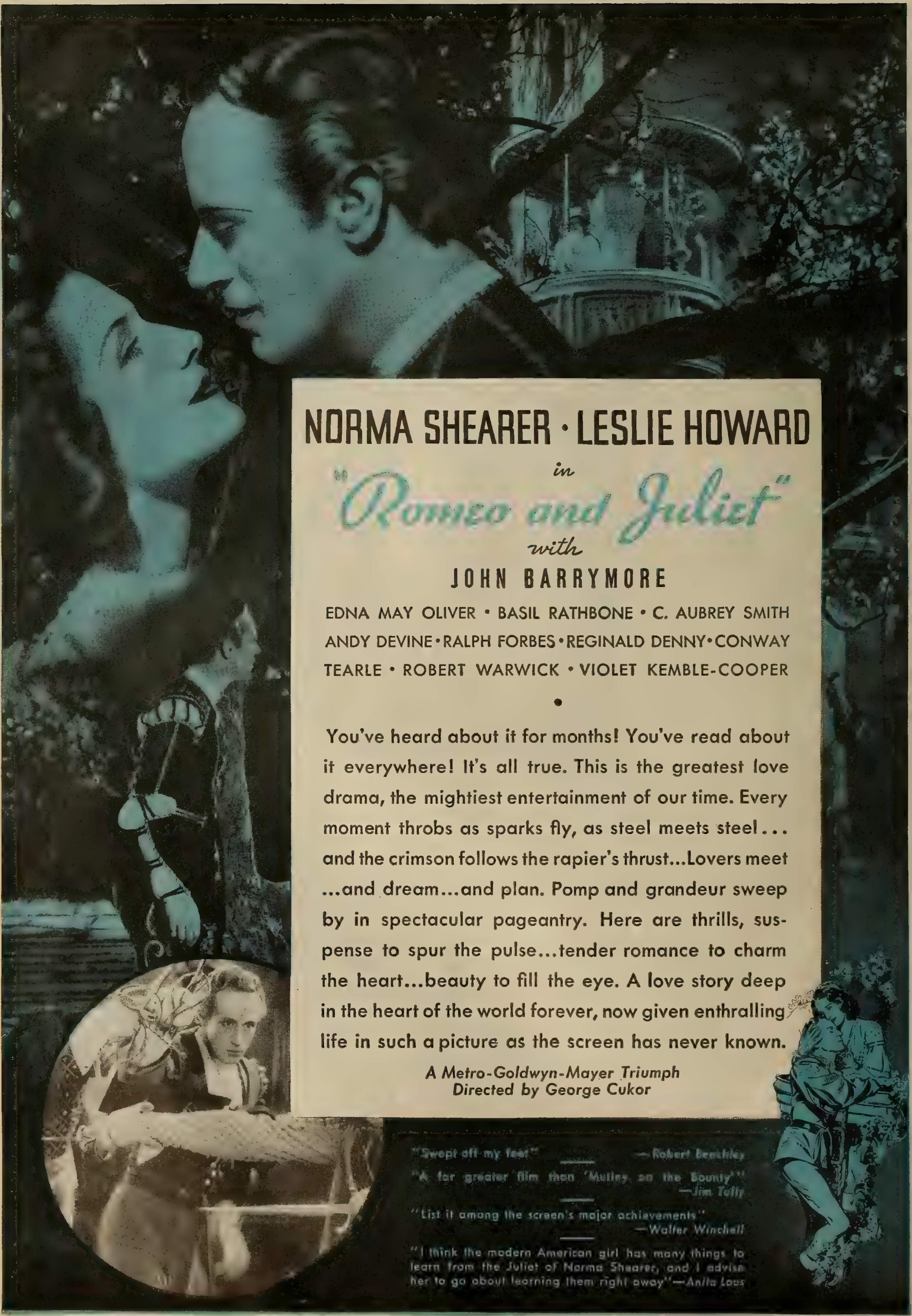

NORMA SHEARER · LESLIE HOWARD

in

"Romeo and Juliet"

with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER • BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH ANDY DEVINE • RALPH FORBES • REGINALD DENNY • CONWAY TEARLE • ROBERT WARWICK • VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER

•

You've heard about it for months! You've read about it everywhere! It's all true. This is the greatest love drama, the mightiest entertainment of our time. Every moment throbs as sparks fly, as steel meets steel... and the crimson follows the rapier's thrust...Lovers meet ...and dream...and plan. Pomp and grandeur sweep by in spectacular pageantry. Here are thrills, suspense to spur the pulse...tender romance to charm the heart...beauty to fill the eye. A love story deep in the heart of the world forever, now given enthralling life in such a picture as the screen has never known.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Triumph
Directed by George Cukor

"Swept off my feet" —*Robert Benchley*

"A far greater film than 'Mutiny on the Bounty'" —*Jim Tully*

"List it among the screen's major achievements" —*Walter Winchell*

"I think the modern American girl has many things to learn from the Juliet of Norma Shearer, and I advise her to go about learning them right away" —*Anita Loos*

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MOTION PICTURE

LAURENCE REID
Editor

OCTOBER, 1936

Volume LII, No. 3 Twenty-fifth Year

TELLING YOU ABOUT WILLIAM POWELL

You may think you know William Powell well, but you don't know the half of it. Wait until you read about him in the November issue of MOTION PICTURE and you'll get a new picture of the popular star. You'll learn all about his romance with Jean Harlow...and you'll discover a Bill Powell you never knew before. You'll also find a revealing article on Jean Harlow...as well as headline stories on other top-notch favorites...in the big November MOTION PICTURE

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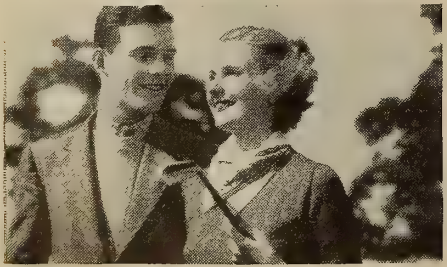

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The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

By HARRY LANG

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

Rhodes

When Bob Taylor stepped out of Irene Hervey's life, Allan Jones stepped in. And they fell so hard for each other that they up and became Mr. and Mrs.

IRENE HERVEY and Allan Jones, after going around together for a coupla months or more finally decided to get married. The ceremony had to wait until Massa Jones got his divorce. Once the final decree was granted Allan and Irene wasted no time in getting hitched. Just a short while back, Irene and Bob Taylor were having a hot and heavy romance. But when Bob stepped out, Allan stepped in and he romeo-ed so romantically that Irene forgot that Bob ever existed. We reported the engagement last month—and here's the marriage.

● ● ●

FOR the new baby girl which Ol' Doc Stork has just delivered to Molly O'Day and Hubby Jack Durant, they've chosen Hollywood's trickiest name—Jacqulyn. Yes, that's *not* a typographical error. This makes two for Molly and Jack; their other daughter, Suzanne, is more'n a year old.

● ● ●

TEN years ago, Gary Cooper was "awkward, shy and bashful." But today, he's worth $5,000,000. At least, that's what Paramount says, right out in writing. They said it in the five-million-dollar suit they've filed against Sam Goldwyn who, they charge, unfairly lured Gary from the Paramount fold after Paramount had built him up into stardom. Gary himself says nothing about the suit, other than to grin garily. But his rotund manager, Jack Moss, remarks that the whole matter "is just one of those things!"

● ● ●

POOF! goes another Hollywood romance. This time it's Jean Rogers and Radio-man, Jimmy Wallington, who aren't that way about each other any more! And only last month, I tipped you off to their hand-holding. Ah me, how time flies!

● ● ●

ELAINE BARRIE had her 21st birthday, the other day—and from John Barrymore, she got final possession of the diamond engagement ring which she threw at Jawn not many months ago, during that spat of theirs. As to when she's going to become Mrs. Barrymore, Elaine merely remarks: "That is a matter I would prefer not to discuss." Which makes her the only person in Hollywood who doesn't discuss it.

● ● ●

NOW it's official. I mean that Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz (call him "Kosty," because that's what Lily calls him for short) are go-

[*Continued on page* 8]

Andrea Leeds is the world's champion kisser. Three likely males kissed her in relays, hour after hour. In the test Andrea looked fresher than the boys!

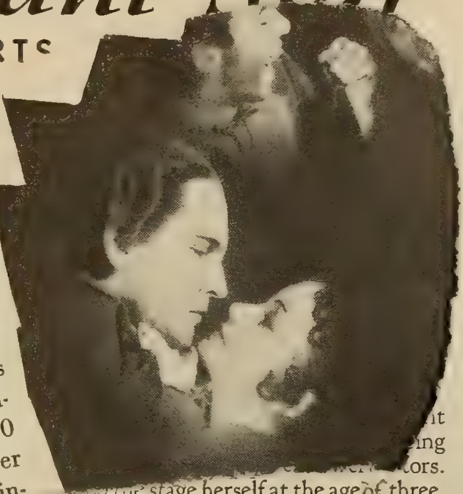
A Valiant Picture For a Valiant Star

By MARY ROBERTS

IT WAS a strange title for a bo
"Valiant Is the Word for Carrie,"
when it came out some months ago I se
out and got it, and I read it through at
sitting.

Women are often brave, perhaps alw
brave; but to be valiant implies also gallan
and an indomitable spirit. And here we
both a valiant woman and a remarkable sto
the woman an outcast and a pariah in a sm
Louisiana town, but humorous and genero
the story one of pure courage and sturdy
generation. It was evident that there w
a great motion picture here. Carrie had
illusions. If the French half of her was ca
tious the Irish half would dare anything, an
had. But the picture began, of course, when one day a small boy with two buckeyes in a treasure box wandered into that secret garden of hers and told her she was not bad; and Carrie promptly fell in love with him.

Here was everything for a picture, humor and pathos and deep human understanding. There was nothing mawkish about Carrie. Sometimes she told herself she was crazy, and sometimes that she was an old fool, but her love for this boy and later on for a small waif of a girl is the very essence of womanhood. For the time came when Carrie had to plan so that she could face them both without shame, and the picture is a story of that struggle.



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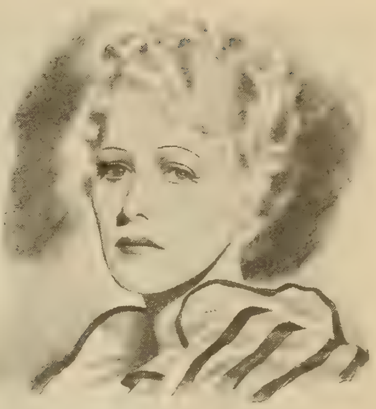
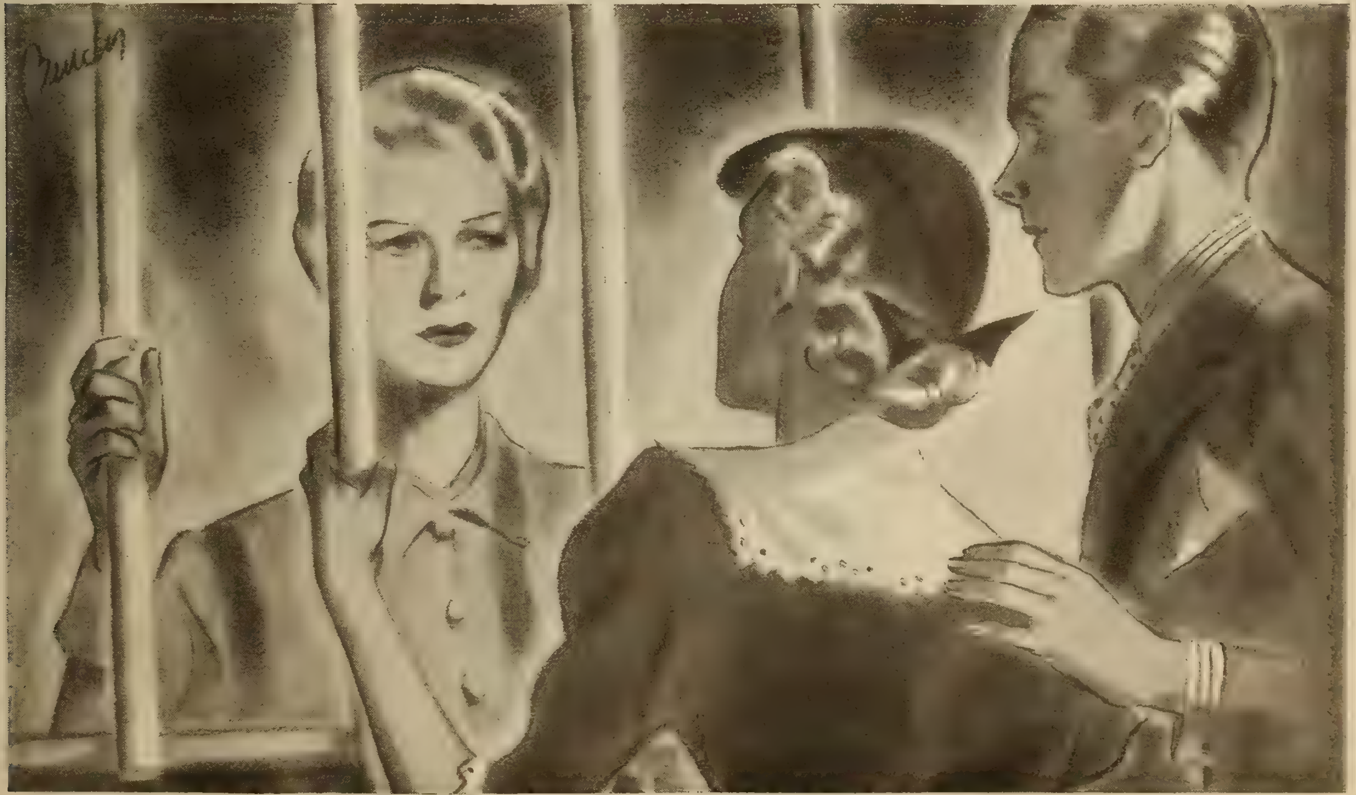
tors.
stage herself at the age of three, and as a youngster in small towns paraded the streets with a sandwich board which said: "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight at ——— Theater?" It is quite typical of her life that she got her first real chance while nursing a badly broken nose, and not surprising that after almost seven hundred riotously successful appearances as the star of "Personal Appearance," some one took a plane and signed her up for Carrie in this picture.

She will play it with skill, understanding and honesty, for Carrie was always honest, even with herself. But above all she will play it as she has lived, valiantly, with courage and an indomitable spirit.

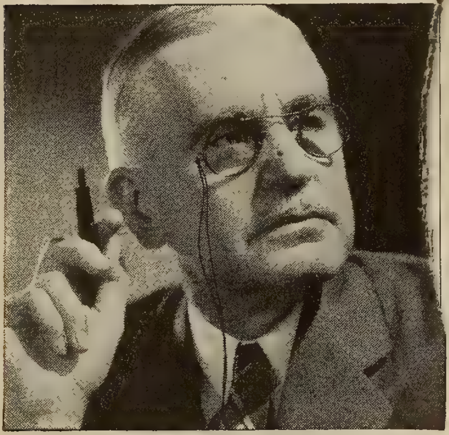


GLADYS GEORGE, *famous American actress, who makes her screen debut in Paramount's "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," with Arline Judge, John Howard, Harry Carey, Dudley Digges, William Collier, Sr., Isabel Jewel, Charlene Wyatt, Jackie Moran, Maude Eburne, from Barry Benefield's best seller, produced and directed by* WESLEY RUGGLES.



What was sacrifice to her, if it could bring them happiness?

Are *you* as strict as your doctor in choosing a laxative?



TODAY, the doctor studies "Prevention" as closely as anything in his profession. He tries to guard his patients from even a single error which may affect their health.

Before approving a laxative, for instance, he sets up a strict standard of requirements which must be fully met. This code is printed below, point by point. And *every* point is important.

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this one fact: Ex-Lax checks on *every* point the doctor looks for. Physicians everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own homes. For over 30 years, mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax remains the outstanding leader...the largest-selling laxative in the world.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative and see how accurately it meets the doctor's requirements. It *is* gentle. It *is* thorough. It is *not* upsetting. Not nauseating. Not habit-forming—no increased dosage necessary.

Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate. It's pleasant for anyone to take, especially the youngsters. And it is equally effective for children and grown-ups.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dep. F. G. 106, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

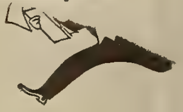
EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page 6*]

ing to be married. Kosty is, and has been, the Pons orchestra leader and musical guide for a long time. Nobody in Hollywood is surprised at [illegible] announcement the other [illegible] will marry as



Here are the latest inside an
romances, weddings, divorc

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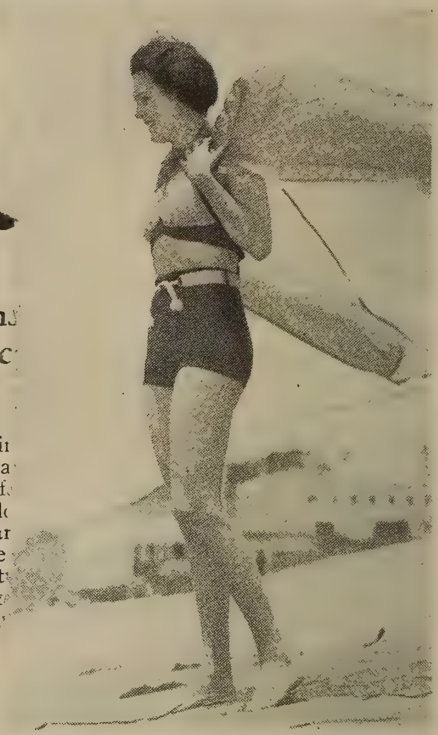
ODDEST casualty of the [illegible] Hollywood was what happened to Maureen O'Sullivan—*she broke her tooth on her fan mail!* It was like this: in her fan mail was a gift package from North Africa. Unwrapped, it revealed a loaf of Arab bread. Maureen tried to bite it. It cracked a tooth. Hereafter, Maureen says, she hopes they send her angel food cake.

• • •

LATEST to go temperamental on the set was—of *all* people!—Jean Arthur. Annoyed by some little things, Jean stalked off the set of *Adventure in Manhattan* in high dudgeon. But she got over it—and felt so repentant that when she finished the rôle, she presented everybody in the cast with a bottle of Scotch!

Martha Raye, a 20 year old night-club singer and swinger, is a film newcomer who debuts in *Rhythm on the Range*



Mary Astor, who is having ex-husband trouble, is making a determined fight to win the custody of her daughter

BY the time you read this, Jean Chatburn, that beauty you remember from *The Great Ziegfeld*, will be married. Hubby: Frank Orsatti, actors' agent. Among those attending were movie tycoons, Louis B. Mayer and Joe Schenck.

• • •

LATEST twosome, noticed as we rush to press: Conrad Nagel and Mary Ellis Rice, the erstwhile Ziegfeld beauty who is now emoting for Universal.

• • •

LARRY CRABBE (who used to be just "Buster" until they formalized him) is a papa. Ol' Doc Stork brought a seven pound girl to their house. They've named her Claren Lynn Crabbe.

• • •

EVEN though he's abroad, Junior Laemmle isn't letting the June Lang romance cool. He's spending plenty of Laemmle dollars on cables to the li'l beauty. June recently flew to Gotham for the first glimpse of the big town.

• • •

ELEANORE WHITNEY seems to be getting all warmish over a certain non-movie chap. He's Robert Howard, son of a millionaire Los Angeles auto man, and he's been squiring Eleanore plenty of places these last few nights.

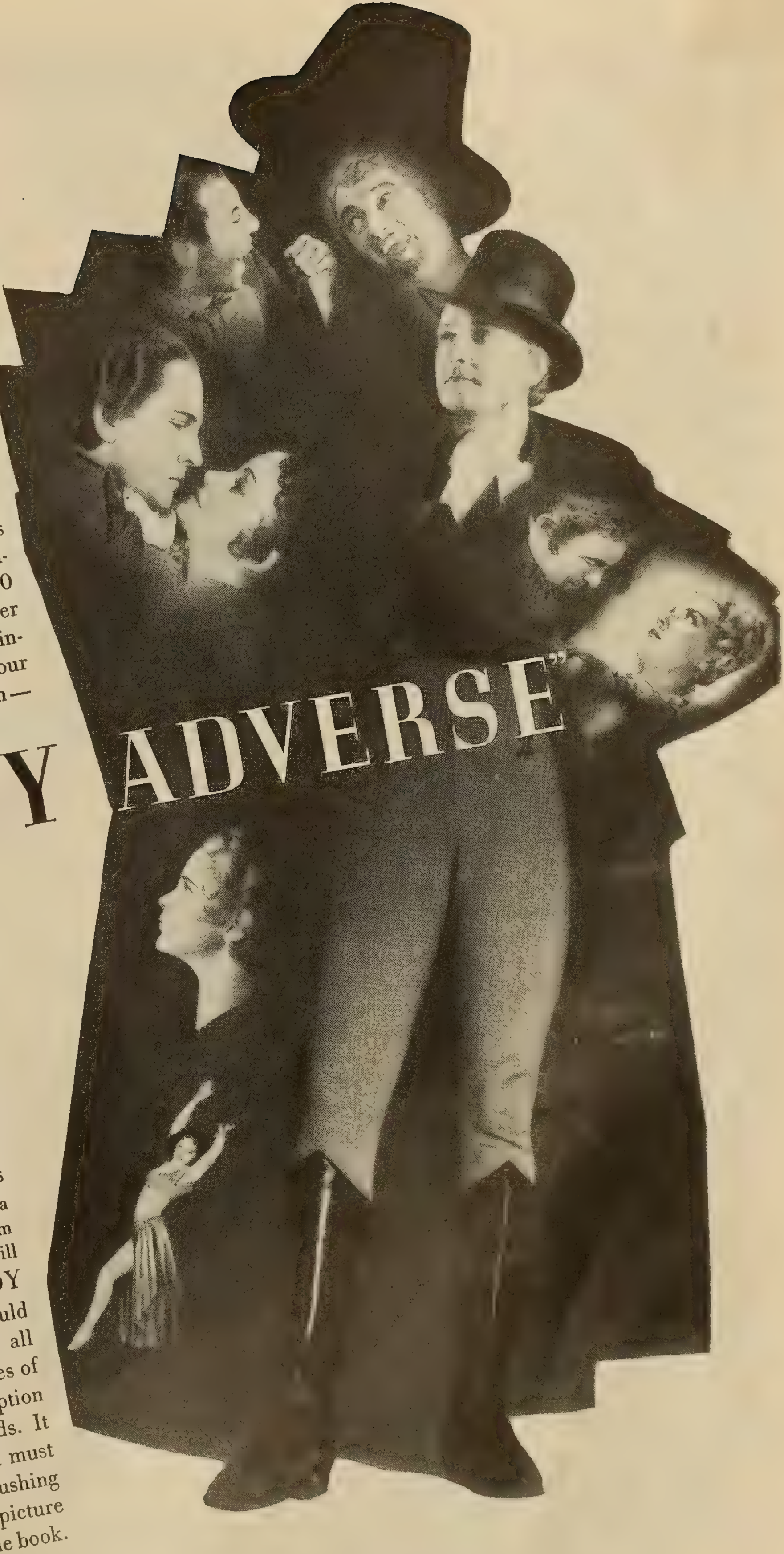
• • •

THE ol' Wild West had its Two-Gun-Men, but Hollywood has its Two-Man-Women and its Two-Women-Men! Consider, for example, the tongue-titillating cases of Alice Fay, out at Twentieth-Fox, and of Jimmy Stewart, down MGM-way. Alice is the favorite big moment of both Tony Martin and Michael Whalen. So

[*Continued on page 10*]

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

● Screen history will remember 1936 as the year of Warner Bros.' herculean picturization of "Anthony Adverse." In sheer physical grandeur and emotional immensity, here is a picture that dominates the screen of the year as completely as Hervey Allen's mighty novel dominated the world's bookshelf in its two-year reign at the top of the best-sellers. Reader millions who called it impossible to film will now acclaim it as impossible to describe—as it sweeps through three heroic generations, across the turbulent frontiers of three continents, to pack highlights of the 495,000 most exciting words ever put on paper into 2¼ hours of high-tension entertainment. The supreme adventure of your movie-going career awaits you in—



"ANTHONY ADVERSE"

From the biggest and biggest-selling novel of modern times, by

HERVEY ALLEN

Starring, among scores of featured players,

Fredric MARCH

With a cast of more than 2,000 including

Olivia de HAVILLAND

Anita Louise · Donald Woods
Edmund Gwenn · Claude Rains
Louis Hayward · · Steffi Duna
Gale Sondergaard · Billy Mauch · Akim Tamiroff · Ralph Morgan · Henry O'Neill

Directed by MERVYN LeROY

● Another "Anthony Adverse" would have to be written to catalogue all that is to be seen in the 412 scenes of the photoplay. Accurate description seems beyond the power of words. It is like all miracles, a thing that must be seen to be believed—a crushing answer to those who said a picture could never be made equal to the book.

TO MAKE "ANTHONY ADVERSE" COME TRUE ON THE SCREEN

The novel Hervey Allen turned hermit four years to write was read 11 times by Sheridan Gibney in planning the screen play . . . 17,437 fans wrote letters asking Warner Bros. to give Fredric March the title role . . . Sets were built in duplication of scenes in France, Italy, Switzerland, Cuba, Africa and America . . . Olivia de Havilland won her role before the public knew her, studio officials having seen her tests in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

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ANY Size You Want —to fit any room—sizes you can't get elsewhere.

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The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

Possessing one of the shapeliest figures in Hollywood, Cecilia Parker poses prettily while you give her a gander

[*Continued from page* 8]

what—well, Tony waits on the set until Alice gets done with her movie-ing, and then off they go, tra-la, hand-in-hand to where Michael Whalen is working. And then, tra-la-la, the threesome goes out someplace! Alice isn't playing either as favorite, as far as we can learn. The case of Jimmy Stewart is somewhat like that—it's Ginger Rogers and Eleanor Powell that share the young man. Eleanor seems to have the edge, though. Anyway, Jimmy uses her car a lot, if that's any tip-off.

● ● ●

BUT the prize Two-Man-Gal of Hollywood is Margaret Sullavan—and the big kick is that both the men are her ex-husbands—Henry Fonda and Director William Wyler! Not long ago, all Hollywood just about had it settled that Margaret would remarry Henry. They were even making bets on it—but then, a lot of Hollywood people bet on Joe Louis, too! Anyway, what I mean is this—Margaret has suddenly switched, and how, back to Willie Wyler. They're out night after night together. But when Henry Fonda returns from England he'll probably be back in the picture. Peg's theme song is probably: "Wyler Fonda You."

● ● ●

THE Cary Grant-Mary Brian torridity seems to be unchecked. Mary, it seems, is due to return to England to make another series of pictures. Meantime, Cary is the faithful boy friend. He's loading her bracelet down with those little gold and silver love-tokens Hollywood wears these days. Mary was out, one night not long ago, with Phillips Holmes. I saw 'em. But it was only one night—and probably they were just reminiscing about London, both having spent much time there. Anyway, next night it was Cary again.

JUST when a lot of premature reporters had engaged Al Scott to Janet Gaynor, they were knocked for a row of sillies by the public announcement of Al's betrothal to Marian Marsh. Of course, it was a surprise to a lot of people who don't know their Hollywood inside, but a few in-the-knowers realized that Janet and Al (who was once Colleen Moore's husband, remember?) are just grand friends, but Marian is his real heart.

● ● ●

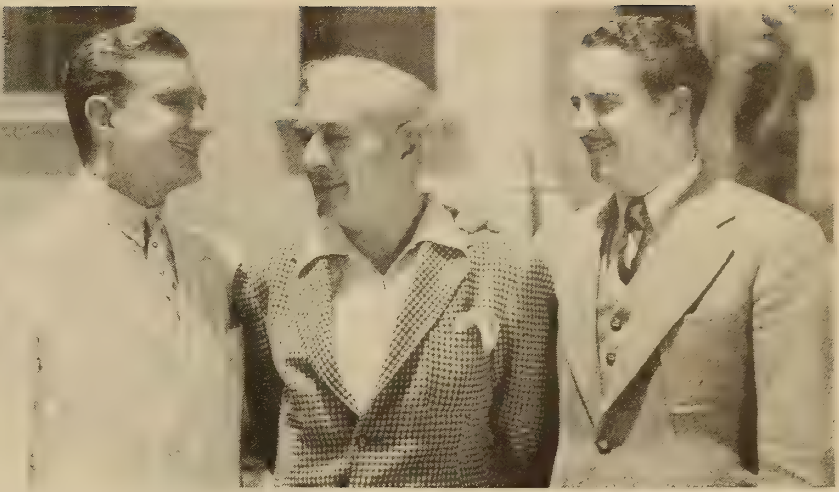
HERE'S a lot of twosomes—old and new—that your Hollywood heart-tester has been watching: Toby Wing and Tom Brown are still at it . . . Steffi Duna and Johnny Carroll have it so bad that they eat hamburgers *with onions* together, and that must be love . . . Fritz Lang, the monocled European, has been visiting the *Dodsworth* set, over at Sam Goldwyn's movie factory, a lot since Ruth Chatterton started working there. Wonder whether it means anything? . . . Rochelle Hudson, man-killer in a big way, has a new scalp dangling from her belt. This time it's Lieutenant Monty MacCauley, of Uncle Sam's navy forces in Honolulu. Rochelle met him on her Hawaiian vacation, and they clicked and now the young officer is coming to Hollywood to visit her. He knows his Hollywood. The girl who is now Director Woody Van Dyke's wife used to be Mrs. MacCauley . . . Anne Shirley seems to be quite het up about young playwright Owen Davis Jr., who also movie acts. Anyway, they were very very warmish when Anne bade him goodbye on Owen's recent trip east—and he promised to hurry back . . . Elissa Landi and Nino Martini are hitting it off beeg. And what's more, they both talk Italian, so even the radio gossipers can't figure out what they're cooing about . . . Tony Moreno, not long back from Spain, is quite that way, it seems, about Sally Rand, who fan dances. Anyway, they've been two-ing it here and there . . . Patricia Ellis and Warren Hull appear to be approaching the willya and I-will stage . . . Now, what about Glenda

A baseballer at heart, Joe E. Brown explains to Kay Hughes why he'll never be taken for Pedley. Joe's next is *Polo Joe*

Farrell and Addison Randall again?! My, my—just can't keep track of 'em. Either they're so torrid they scorch the palm-trees, or it's all off. Just at present, they're cooling, and while Glenda's being seen places with Craig Reynolds, Addison's been going out with Louise Brooks. But, ho, hum, it'll probably be Glenda-and-Addison again, in a week or so!

• • •

JUST the other day, as this is written, Roger Pryor was advised that his wife had gotten her final divorce decree back in New Jersey. And so the Hollywood insiders are waiting for Roger to up and marry Ann Sothern. And where does Scenarist Norman Krasna fit in this picture?



It was a fine gesture on the part of Paramount to round up a group of old-timers who were favorites a few years ago, and give them parts in its picture, *Hollywood Boulevard.* Grouped here are Francis X. Bushman, Maurice Costello and Bryant Washburn

International

Joan Crawford keeps fit and retains her youthful figure by playing badminton. Joan plays the game as a daily exercise

JIMMY BLAKELY and Olivia de Havilland are saying "honey' and "dear" to each other, these warm days and nights. That puts the finish on Jimmy's romance with Mary Carlisle, apparently, and to make it more definite, Mary is now being squired here and there by a young fellow who came some 6,000 miles just to see her. He's Paul Mitchell, a Londoner whom Mary charmed while moviemaking in England, and who's been phoning her transatlantically ever since Mary came back to America. Now Paul's in Hollywood for a visit, and while both just insist there's nothing more than admiration, both admit that in Hollywood, anything may happen.

• • •

RANDY SCOTT and Binnie Barnes do their twosoming at the roller skating rink, despite the heat . . . Frances Langford and Kenneth Dolan seem to be thataway. Ditto Anita Colby and Walter Kane . . . And Gertrude Michael, Paramount's seductive lass, has been stepping out places with Erik Rhodes, of RKO. Maybe that's the imminent Paramount-RKO merger there've been rumors about!

• • •

THE Gail Patrick-Robert Cobb romance seems to have taken an icewater plunge. Just when Hollywood expected to hear wedding bells, it all faded, and now Gail's been going here and there with John King.

• • •

VIRGINIA BRUCE and Cesar Romero are still twosoming it. And Hollywood's other long-time romance—the Mary Pickford-Buddy Rogers thing—is still alive, it seems, for Buddy has been taking Mary plenty of places recently . . . Jean Harlow and Bill Powell, too, are as inseparable as ever. The other day, when Jean felt faint from the heat and went home, Bill developed a sympathetic case of heat-stroke, and took the afternoon off, too, and brought some chicken soup and ice-cream to Jean.

• • •

AND Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor are still gazing into each other's eyes without a calory less . . . And by the time you read this, there'll probably be a new Mr. and Mrs. in the persons of Bert Wheeler and Sally Haines. Not long ago, they had a bit of a spat, and off went Sally to New York. Bingo—Bert followed her, and he carried a beega ringa with him. And as I write this, I understand that they're going to marry and honeymoon in Europe—or maybe they'll go to Europe with Sally's ma as chaperone, and get married later.

The girls arched so prettily here are members of the chorus of Dick Powell's new opus, *Stage Struck.* The scene is but one of many similar routines that feature the picture

• • •

INSIDERS report that Lillian Gish, still one of the first ladies of the movies despite her long absence from films, is going to marry Broadway Producer George Abbott . . . Another old-time silent star, Corinne Griffith, married the other day. Her new hubby is George Marshall, sportsman, business man, movie dabbler, and big laundryman from Washington, D. C.

• • •

IT won't be long before Isabel Jewell, who used to be Lee Tracy's heartbeat, not so long ago,

[*Continued on page 95*]

Madam

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You get the Best

AT THE PRICE
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Plus a Money Back
Triple Guarantee

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HICKORY
BOILABLE LATEX
"Marvelite"
LATEX DRESS SHIELDS
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BE DOUBLY SURE to get the genuine "Marvelite" by Hickory because: First—Substitutes cost more in the long run. Second—If you can get *the best*—at the price of the next best—we'll leave it to you—what's best?

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The Picture Parade

CARD INDEX OF THE LATEST MOVIES

ROMEO AND JULIET

—AAAA—

Magnificently staged, directed and acted, Shakespeare's famous love story will certainly go down in motion picture history as an award-winning triumph! Norma Shearer's portrayal of *Juliet*, flawless in feeling and artistry, is a picturization that will live forever in the memory of theatre-goers. Her sheer persuasive skill, which at all times keeps her simply human and spiritually beautiful, places her on a par with the greatest actresses of stage and screen. Leslie Howard gives the rôle of *Romeo* poetic grace, deep conviction and grave tenderness. His is a carefully considered performance, hauntingly tragic. Basil Rathbone is magnificent as the cold, deadly *Tybalt* and John Barrymore's *Mercutio* is a superb piece of stylized clowning, deft in every imaginative detail. Edna May Oliver creates a rich and gusty maid-in-waiting to *Juliet*. C. Aubrey Smith is impressive as *Lord Capulet*, *Juliet's* stern father, and Robert Warwick matches him splendidly as the reigning *Montague*. The entire supporting cast is excellent in every respect. The musical score is one of the finest contributions of this kind in any picture and the photography is superb. Don't miss it!—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

MARY OF SCOTLAND

—AAAA—

Maxwell Anderson's successful stage show of a couple of seasons ago loses none of its "good theatre" in RKO's cinema version of this great romance torn from the pages of history. In fact, it is more attractively and elaborately presented by an admirable cast directed by John Ford who won the Academy Award, recently, for *The Informer*. Katharine Hepburn as *Mary Stuart*, the tragic Queen of the Scots, turns in a very sincere and sympathetic characterization, while Fredric March is superb as the *Earl of Bothwell*. The stars are ably supported by a great cast including such well known character players as Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Fredric March), Ian Keith, Robert Barrat, Donald Crisp, David Torrence and others too numerous to mention. Beginning with her return to Scotland, the picture relates the life and love of *Mary Stuart*; her short and unhappy reign as Queen; her love for *Bothwell*; her many years imprisonment, concluding with her tragic end when she is innocently sent to the scaffold by *Queen Elizabeth*. A distinctive picture with a distinctive cast.—***RKO Radio.***

[*Continued on page* 14]

RING OUT THE OLD SEASON SWING IN THE NEW

to Jerome Kern's glorious new tunes in the most dazzling musical entertainment in the careers of the queen and king of song and swing! It Follows the Fleet and tops Top Hat!

Hear these Jerome Kern
SONG HITS
"The Way You Look Tonight"
"Pick Yourself Up"
"A Fine Romance"
"A Waltz in Swing Time"
"Bojangles in Harlem"
"Never Gonna Dance"
Lyrics by Dorothy Fields

FRED ASTAIRE GINGER ROGERS

JEROME KERN'S

SWING TIME

with their best supporting cast to date
VICTOR MOORE • HELEN BRODERICK
ERIC BLORE • BETTY FURNESS
and **GEORGES METAXA**
A PANDRO S. BERMAN Production
He gave you "Roberta," "Gay Divorcee," "Top Hat" and "Follow The Fleet" • Directed by George Stevens
AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

YOU can't help feeling sorry for her —the girl who seems to be "in wrong" with everyone.

She's pretty—but men avoid her. She's good company—but girls let her alone. She's simply out of things. *Why?*

Well, bluntly, because underarm perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be near.

And the pity of it is, she has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get this helpful habit—it pays socially! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!

The Picture Parade

[*Continued from page 12*]

SUZY

AAA½—An excellently acted and directed spy drama that should please all audiences. Jean Harlow, a stranded Broadway showgirl, meets Franchot Tone, a young Irish inventor, in London after leaving Paris in 1914. On their wedding day, Tone is shot by a woman spy (Benita Hume). Jean, believing him dead and fearing complications, flees to Paris where she meets Cary Grant, a famed French ace, and marries him. Later, during the war, the trio meet. Grant is involved in an affair with the same woman spy who had shot Tone. The story is brought to its conclusion amidst a concoction of highly dramatic situations. Tone steals the picture, both through the character of his rôle and his fine acting. Grant has never been better. Benita Hume is excellent, as is Inez Courtney in a small rôle and Lewis Stone walks away with every scene he appears in. "Did I Remember," sung by Jean Harlow, is certain to top every other tune on the air once it is released for broadcasting.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE ROAD TO GLORY

AAA½—A drama of stark realism, this picture primarily concerns the record of one French regiment in the World War and portrays vividly the personal story of several individuals. It earns its stand amongst the finest of war dramas and has the high heroics, grand pathos and pictorial grandeur that holds all humans spellbound. Fredric March and Warner Baxter are impressive in their restrained rivalry for the love of June Lang, war nurse. Both display their best talents in the military requirements and romantic interludes. June graces her part with unaffected sincerity and tenderness. Second to none is Gregory Ratoff in a magnificent characterization of top sergeant and the laughs of the picture are mostly his. Lionel Barrymore scores as a relic of another war who joins his son, Warner Baxter, in the fighting and helps build up some of the finest scenes with Baxter, March and Ratoff for high pathos. The supporting cast is well-selected. The battle scenes have tragic beauty never excelled in any war picture. Settings and photography are magnificent.—*20th Century-Fox.*

TEXAS RANGERS

AAA½—*The Texas Rangers* is a fine tribute to the courageous group of law enforcement officers that made the Lone Star state a worthwhile place in which to live. It is picturesque, exciting and of historical value. The performances of Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, Lloyd Nolan, Jean Parker, Bennie Bartlett, and Edward Ellis are perfect and all contribute to the story, itself. The plot deals with the rangers and their various problems of Indians, rustlers, crooked politicians and bandits. MacMurray, Oakie and Nolan are buddies working a stage-coach robbing racket when they are surrounded by rangers and are very nearly captured. In the ensuing fight they become separated. MacMurray and Oakie, hungry, and out of a job, join the rangers expecting a soft spot but find it otherwise; and also realize that the rangers aren't such a bad lot after all and that the organization stands for something worthwhile. The picture finishes with a rush when MacMurray is forced to hunt down his former pal, Nolan, and finally kills him.—*Paramount.*

GIVE ME YOUR HEART

AAA½—Intelligently handled, this superb picture gives Kay Francis a strong emotional rôle in which she triumphs. Kay, in love with Patric Knowles who is married to an invalid, Frieda Inescourt, is an expectant mother. She is persuaded by Patric's father, Henry Stephenson, to surrender the baby at birth to Knowles and his wife for adoption. Kay goes to America and there falls in love with and marries George Brent. Haunted by her secret and the memories of her baby in England, she develops a neurosis that threatens to drive her marriage on the rocks. Roland Young, as a light-hearted novelist and understanding friend, brings Kay, the child's father and his understanding wife, now restored to health, together. Frieda instinctively realizes Kay's secret and in a beautiful scene leaves her alone with her sleeping baby. Young, who almost steals the picture, and Helen Flint are very effective in comedy rôles.—*Warners.*

[*Continued on page* 16]

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On the sixth day
try to drink
a sweet beer

You will want the
Budweiser flavor
thereafter

NEVER SWEET • NEVER SYRUPY • ALWAYS UNIFORM • ALWAYS DISTINCTIVE

HINTS for the EYES OF WIVES!

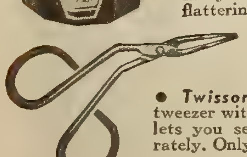
by *Jane Heath*

● Unless you have one of the rare husbands who is amused to watch mysterious beauty rites, it's up to you to join the secret association of Kurlash enthusiasts. These wise ladies keep a little private *cache* of Kurlash products and slip away for a few minutes' beauty conference with them daily. Husbands are entranced with the *results*—and *never know* why wives look prettier.

You can whisk your lashes into Kurlash ($1 at good stores) in a split second. When they emerge, they'll be curled back soulfully—looking longer and darker, making your eyes larger. No heat; no cosmetics—nothing to arouse husbandly suspicions. Do not hesitate to use these other *absolutely undetectable* Kurlash products also. Try them in private . . . and give your husband a BEAUTIFUL surprise today.

● ***Lashtint Compact.*** A patented mascara case with a little sponge, *ensuring just the right consistency* to darken the lashes naturally without stiffening or caking them. Waterproof. In black, brown or blue. $1.

● ***Kurlene.*** Dresses the lashes, keeps them soft and silky, darkens them, tends to make them grow longer and thicker—and, either alone or mixed with a little Shadette (not illustrated, $1) in a shade to match your eyes, gives the youthful shiny-lidded look that is so flattering. 50c and $1 sizes.



● ***Twissors.*** The little miracle tweezer with curved scissor-handles lets you see to trim brows accurately. Only 25c.

Kurlash

Write Jane Heath *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. FG-10. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.*

The Picture Parade

[*Continued from page* 14]

RHYTHM ON THE RANGE

AAA—This picture, Bing Crosby's best to date, will make a hit with his fans. The story deals with an heiress, Frances Farmer, about to marry a Wall Street broker, whom she doesn't love. Her aunt, Lucille Webster Gleason, convinces her it would be a mistake. Lucille is the owner of a ranch in Arizona and her cowboys, headed by Bing, are performing at the Madison Square Garden rodeo. Frances hops a freight, to avoid the marriage, and finds that her box car companions are Bing and his prize bull. Bing falls in love with her and wants to help, believing her to be a working girl in trouble. When he learns she is an heiress his pride is hurt, but there's a happy ending when he hears that Lucille is her aunt. Bing does a splendid job and scores with three new songs. Two new personalities, Martha Raye and Bob Burns, who carry the comedy, will prove to be popular with the fans.—*Paramount.*

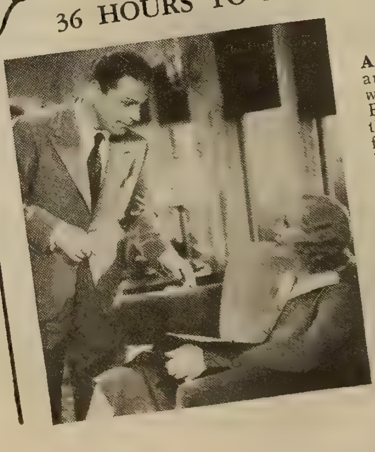
TO MARY—WITH LOVE

AAA—Keynoted with an atmosphere of convincing realism, this picture tells a searching dramatic story of the problems of modern marriage. The setting is in New York, where Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy marry. Baxter, inspired by high ideals and driving ambition, aspires to business successes. His devotion to business creates a domestic rift, and he seeks relaxation in the company of Claire Trevor. Myrna finds solace in the companionship of Ian Hunter, true friend of both. The death of their child, which, it was hoped, would cement the affection of husband and wife, widens the gap. Myrna contemplates divorce, but the market crash temporarily brings them together again. In renewing his climb up the ladder, Baxter repeats his actions that made Myrna's life a continual torment. Another crash and Hunter, who has watched the marriage going on the rocks, intervenes and brings about a reconciliation between Baxter and Myrna that promises happier days for all. Appealing to all audiences.—*20th Century-Fox.*

SEVEN SINNERS

AA½—A drama that opens with beautifully photographed scenes of the carnival at Nice, where Edmund Lowe, an American detective, discovers a murdered man in his room during the carnival ball. The body mysteriously disappears and Lowe, determined to find the guilty person, enlists the aid of Constance Cummings. Following a railway smash, the missing body is found in the wreckage. Lowe and Miss Cummings follow many clues that lead them through many adventures to Paris and London. The highlight of the picture is a series of three train wrecks, breathtakingly realistic and comparing with anything of the type yet seen on the screen. A good deal of humorous dialogue is cleverly introduced and combined with suspense and action to make satisfactory entertainment to lovers of thrillers.—*Gaumont-British.*

36 HOURS TO KILL



AA½—An entertaining melodrama centered around a G-Man's chase of Public Enemy No. 1 with most of the action taking place on a train. Brian Donlevy heads the cast in a straight rôle that gives him little chance to shine. As the fearless G-Man, posing as a reporter, he falls in love with Gloria Stuart, the girl reporter who poses as a fugitive from justice. He finds he has a rival in Public Enemy No. 1 (Douglas Fowley) who is travelling east to collect a winning lottery ticket. Isabel Jewell, as the crook's moll, highlights the proceedings with fine display of fury ending in deadly rage when she kills Fowley to preserve the girl (Gloria) she had believed her rival. Warren Hymer and Stepin Fetchit supply the comedy. There is plenty of action leading to a whirlwind finish that has the audience on the edge of their seats.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Future Favorites

BEVERLY ROBERTS

By Hal Whitehead

BEVERLY ROBERTS got her first big break in pictures, because Bette Davis quarrelled with Warner Bros. Beverly stepped into a place that was made for an Academy Award winner . . . You saw what she could do in *The Singing Kid* . . . She is full of pep and ambition . . . She puts you in mind of an English girl just out of finishing school . . . The throaty accent to her voice has something to do with that . . . She wears her hair rather short . . . Around the lot, she always looks as though she had just come out of a cool swim . . . She walks as though she had some place to go . . . With an athletic swagger in her stride . . . Warners have just given her the feminine lead in *God's Country and the Woman,* the rôle that Bette Davis was slated to have . . . Some people call it a break, but you don't get breaks in this town unless you have earned them . . . Such pictures as *Two Against the World* and *Hot Money* showed Warners what their new "find" could do . . . Warners brought her to Hollywood from New York after scouts spotted her singing in a restaurant . . . Beverly says that her singing is really "dramatic talking," but it went over in New York and saved her career for her once when she was in France . . . She was stranded in Paris a couple of years ago, and her singing came to her rescue . . . Beverly has appeared on the stage in London, too, with great success . . . all of her experience in Europe, combined with her youth, leads people to believe that she was born in England . . . Beverly is a native of New York . . . Beverly's hobby is sculpture, and she is very good at it . . . Her favorite color is green and her pet aversion is wrought iron statuary . . . She is a very hearty eater for a girl her size, but that probably accounts for so much energy . . . Spinach is her favorite vegetable, and she likes roast beef! She loves to play tennis and is almost a champion horseback rider . . . Beverly is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall and weighs 115 pounds . . . She has large, expressive brown eyes and a very snappy golden tint to her shortly cropped brown hair . . . She likes to read good books and is quite a conversationalist . . . Funny thing, her suppressed desire is to become a slinking, smouldering and glamorous siren . . . Don't do it Beverly, stay as sweet as you are!

☆ Fastidious women everywhere now bathe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . the lovely perfumed soap that keeps you sweet and clean, and also fragrantly dainty!

Now! This lovelier way to Avoid Offending

Bathe with this exquisite perfumed soap!

How different from any other soap . . . this lovely Cashmere Bouquet!

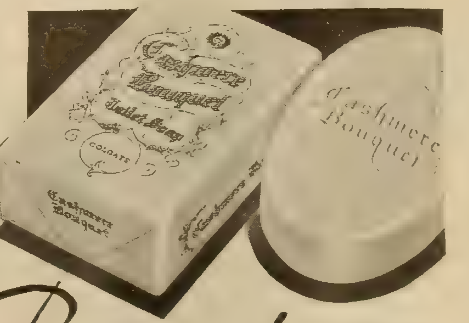
For it not only keeps you sweet and clean, with its rich, deep-cleansing lather . . . utterly free from any fear of ever offending . . . It also keeps you *fragrantly dainty,* with its lingering perfume!

So rare and costly is the perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet, that it clings about you long after your bath . . . lends you the subtle glamour of a fine imported perfume! What other soap could bring you such *perfect* daintiness?

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics, makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth!

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which, for generations, has been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes. At all drug, department and 10-cent stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢—THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE



BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE SOAP THAT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

Your Witness ON THE STAND

with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. Who is the shyest, most modest star in Hollywood?

A. The shyest is Greta Garbo, of course, and reports from those lucky ones who know her indicate extreme modesty. But not being able to speak of her with first-hand authority, I nominate Zasu Pitts, for I know her, and without doubt she is the most modest player in pictures.

Q. What is Marlene Dietrich's real name?

A. Mary Magdalene Von Losch.

Q. What is a stock shot?

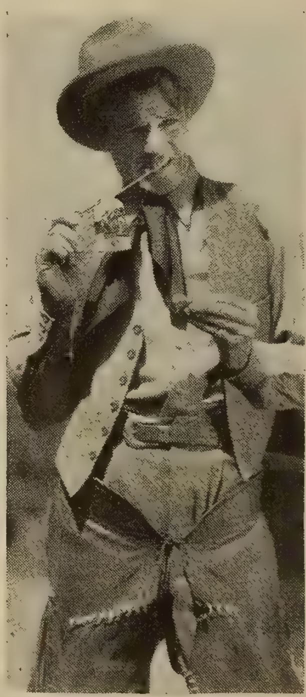
A. Every studio has a film library, which contains reels and reels of negatives showing fires, floods, earthquakes, wars, riots, street scenes, marine scenes, air scenes. When a picture is filmed that requires a fire, earthquake or war scene, these negatives are used, either as the scene itself, or as a background for action that is filmed on a set. If you see a picture in which Claudette Colbert is walking down Fifth avenue, New York, ten to one she walked on a set in Hollywood before a camera which was trained both on her and upon a screen set up behind her on which was shown a stock shot of Fifth avenue, with its teeming traffic. If you see a $5000 a week movie star in the cockpit of a mile high airplane, he is undoubtedly sitting in the stationary cockpit of a plane in one of the huge sound stages in Hollywood, with a camera catching his action and also the action of a bunch of clouds being filmed on a screen behind him.

Q. What was the first studio built in Hollywood? When was it built and where?

A. The old Famous Players studio at Vine and Sunset, which Cecil B. DeMille opened with The Squaw Man in 1910. The next studio was Universal, at the corner of Gower and Sunset. The first Los Angeles studio was over a Chinese laundry at Olive and Ninth street and was run by Frank Hobbs who starred Hobart Bosworth.

Q. How does a player come to be a star? Who makes her star? What is a star, anyway?

A. A star is a screen player sufficiently established in public popularity to justify billing ahead of the title of a picture. Therefore, it follows that you—the public—make a star. When a player becomes box-office DRAW and the picture in which she appears is of secondary importance, the producer presses a button on his desk, and announces to all those who come running that from now on Greeba Vere de Vere is a star. In other words, when you go to see the actress rather than her picture, the producer taps her on the shoulder with a brand new contract and says, "Arise, my subject, you are now a star." Then he kneels!



Gary Cooper was never a real cowboy. He started out in westerns and they brought him cowboy fame

Q. Was Gary Cooper ever a real cowboy?

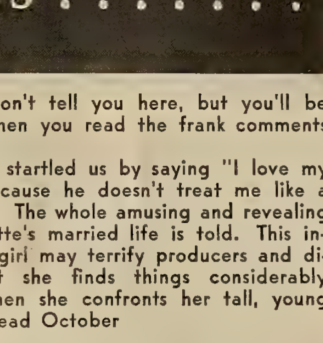
A. Well, not exactly. He was born in Helena, Montana, but went to school in England when he was nine. Later, he spent two years on his father's ranch in Montana, recovering from an automobile injury. It was the accident of being cast in westerns at the beginning of his career that stamped him as a cowboy.

Q. Do you know how much money is paid weekly to screen players in Hollywood?

A. About $1,500,000.

Q. Do you see many odd and queer sights on Hollywood Boulevard?

A. Yes, indeedy. Once, as I turned away from peering wistfully into a shop window, I bumped into a full-grown mountain lion. It was on a leash. Somebody's pet. Couldn't get my heart out of my mouth for two days.



Claudette COLBERT'S Brother Says . . . . . . !

Well, we won't tell you here, but you'll be surprised when you read the frank comments he makes.

Bette Davis startled us by saying "I love my husband because he doesn't treat me like a movie star." The whole amusing and revealing story of Bette's married life is told. This independent girl may terrify producers and directors—but she finds things considerably different when she confronts her tall, young husband. Read October

SCREEN BOOK

Rosalind Russell Tells How to Get Rid of a Rival is an article no girl will want to miss. Rosalind knows whereof she speaks—and she says plenty!! You've never known before about *The Four Unseen Women in Bob Taylor's Life* because nothing has been printed about them. These and a host of other behind-the-scenes stories, pictures and gossip items are the things that make up newsy October SCREEN BOOK.

10¢ AT ALL NEWS STANDS

Future Favorites

JOSEPH CALLEIA

By Lee Blackstock

A GOOD man that likes to act tough . . . A professional bad man because it is his job, and a good one . . . That's Joseph Calleia! But don't get any mistaken ideas about him . . . he is only that way on the screen . . . Born on the Island of Malta, young Calleia was destined to become a business man and follow in his father's footsteps . . . But Joe turned a deaf ear to his father's plans and organized a harmonica band with a group of youngsters . . . The band made a hit, and proved to Joe that his fortunes lay in following the stage. Joe Calleia was educated by priests but it was not until he entered St. Julian's College in Malta that he took to the stage in seriousness . . . At St. Julian's, he studied singing and developed a marvelous tenor voice . . . After leaving college, he made a concert tour of continental Europe . . . It was while he passed through England that he chanced to see Sir Harry Lauder . . . The next day, Joe forgot all about singing and turned Scotch comedian . . . He changed his name to that of his mother's family, Spurin, at the time, because his father objected to having a Scotch comedian in the family. In 1918, Joe brought his Scotch act to America, but it proved to be a terrible flop. Joe then went to work in the car barns of New York. Then something happened . . . By coincidence, he met stage producer Henry W. Savage and ended up with a part in his *Have a Heart* road company . . . This led to other rôles with other companies . . . Strange as it may seem, Joe was selected for several important rôles on the stage because of his distinct Latin type, but at the same time, landed several important parts because of his ability to be a perfect Scotchman . . . Between theatre jobs, he fired furnaces . . . It was not until Joe landed the starring part in *Small Miracle* that he was seen by studio scouts . . . Now he's playing "menace parts" . . . The jobs he did in *Public Hero* and *Tough Guy* are enough to prove that he is on the way up in Hollywood! . . . He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has flashing black eyes and black hair . . . He lives in a modest home in Beverly Hills and loves to play the piano for his friends . . . He's a great golfer . . . Joe says that he likes golf because of the Scotch in him . . . There isn't any, however, Joe is a mixture of English, Italian, German and Spanish.

Now...

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

Superb! Says TAMARA GEVA

★ glamorous comedienne and Continental dancer, star of "On Your Toes."

"It's truly amazing, this symphony of colors to blend with my eyes that Hudnut chemists have achieved. Because my eyes are blue, I wear Marvelous Matched Makeup, Dresden type. The powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara are all of such exquisite quality."

Tamara Geva

IT'S the new way to beauty, welcomed by stars of the stage and screen, approved by beauties and men who know beauty . . . choose your makeup by your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes.*

Wear Marvelous *Dresden* type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow or mascara if your eyes are blue; *Patrician* type if your eyes are gray; *Parisian* type if they're brown; *Continental* type if they're hazel. Discover how much younger, lovelier, more attractive you can be when all your makeup is scientifically color-harmonized.

A million women have already discovered this remarkable new makeup. Nine out of ten say they like it a lot better. Your own drug or department store has full size packages of Marvelous Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Eye Shadow or Mascara for only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢).

Be lovelier . . . wear this new Marvelous Makeup . . . and you'll join the ranks of the popular girls . . . the girls men like to look at!

COPYR. 1936, RICHARD HUDNUT

MARVELOUS REG U.S. PAT OFF
The Eye-Matched
MAKEUP
by RICHARD HUDNUT

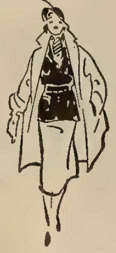
MARVELOUS
RICHARD HUDNUT
Harmonizing FACE POWDER · ROUGE · LIPSTICK · EYE SHADOW · MASCARA ·
55¢ each

SHOPPING WITH SUE

Here is what I learned about personal hygiene accessories. You can have complete confidence in these intimate items.

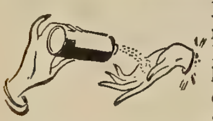
Susan Lee
Shopping Expert

For Utmost Comfort



Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c; De Luxe at 35c. "Cheap" belts can't compare, because inferior grades of elastic fray and wear out—make for the discomfort women dread.

For Personal Daintiness



If you've listened to the radio story of Mary Marlin, you've heard how Quest, the *positive* deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness. And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and on sanitary napkins—it doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. Buy Quest, and you'll agree 35c is a small price for the personal daintiness women treasure.

For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type — and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may be carried in your purse for emergencies. Box of 12 is 25c.

A Gift For You! In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation". The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write for the ones you want. Room 1402, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

A riot of comedy that earns unlimited laughs is *Pepper*—with Jane Withers, Irvin Cobb and Slim Summerville

Sworn Enemy—AAA—Robert Young surprisingly displays his ability for dramatic acting as a young attorney who avenges the death of his brother by running down Joseph Calleia, head of organized thugs. Young doesn't miss a trick in his romance with Florence Rice, who is excellent as his aide. Nat Pendleton gives the finest performance of his career with a rare brand of comedy. Lewis Stone and Harvey Stephens are also excellent.—*M-G-M.*

High Tension—AAA— With the plot built around deep sea diving, this fast-moving comedy should please all audiences. Brian Donlevy scores again, proving his ability to walk away with acting honors. Glenda Farrell, as Brian's sweetheart, deserves honorable mention. Norman Foster, as always, is outstanding as a juvenile. Helen Woods, as a secretary, handles her part well. Jasper Sawyer, Robert McWade and Theodore Von Eltz are effective.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Women Are Trouble—AAA— Although this comedy-drama, woven around newspaper reporters and gangsters, lacks A-1 rating and box-office names, it is rich with laughs. Stuart Erwin and Florence Rice, as reporters, head the cast. Paul Kelly, city editor, and Margaret Irving, his former wife, whom he remarries in the end, after she has built up their bank account with the alimony she squeezed from him, are excellent in their rôles.—*M-G-M.*

Pepper—AAA— A riot of comedy with Jane Withers as the undisputed leader of her gang in the New York tenement district, Irvin S. Cobb as a crabby millionaire and Slim Summerville as a street cleaner. With tomatoes pinch hitting for machine guns and a Coney Island scene between Jane and Cobb who is supposedly at death's door until he eats ten hamburgers and takes in everything from the scenic railway to the fun house, the picture gets unlimited laughs and deserves them all.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Where There's a Will—AAA— With slick direction, excellent photography and every modern comedy twist, this picture is a credit to everyone concerned. Will Hay, as a broken-down lawyer, with a taste for liquor, gets kidded by crooks into being their tool. Hartley Power and Gina Malo are swell as the crooks and Eddie Houghton, as a cockney confederate.—*Gaumont-British.*

The Devil Doll—AAA— Decidedly unusual, this mystery-drama is about a maniac (Henry B. Walthall), who reduces humans to doll-size figures and masters their will. He dies, but leaves his formula to his friend, Lionel Barrymore, with whom he escaped from prison. Barrymore, disguised as an old woman to escape police, uses the formula in vengeance on three bankers who framed him into getting a life sentence. Maureen O'Sullivan is good as Barrymore's daughter and Frank Lawton does an excellent job as her fiance.—*M-G-M.*

Meet Nero Wolfe—AAA—*Nero Wolfe,* the corpulent, beer-drinking and tight-fisted detective, who solves murder mysteries without leaving his armchair, reaches the screen in a lively and interesting characterization by Edward Arnold. Lionel Stander, as Arnold's assistant, supplies much good comedy and Joan Perry, Victor Jory, Russell Hardie and Dennie Moore are effective in their rôles. It is a fine mystery thriller.—*Columbia.*

My American Wife—AAA— A most enjoyable comedy-drama that holds from start to finish. The story deals with Francis Lederer, a foreign nobleman, who marries an American girl, Ann Sothern, and wants to become an American. Her family wants him to be strictly continental. Only the grandfather, Fred Stone, understands Lederer. After weeks of parties, receptions, and a phoney job Lederer becomes a farmer. Ann is ready to leave for Reno but decides to return to her husband.—*Paramount.*

Satan Met a Lady—AA½—The old story of crooks trying to outwit other crooks, this fairly amusing production is centered around Warren William, a detective with a shady reputation—hired by rival crooks. One of his clients is Bette Davis, a mysterious woman who turns murderess in her desire for the treasure, and who is tricked into a confession by William when she falls for him. Alison Skipworth and Arthur Treacher do nice work as crooks.—*Warners.*

The Bride Walks Out—AA½— A sprightly comedy with Barbara Stanwyck, in her debut as a comedienne. Barbara, a young bride with expensive tastes, is married to Gene Raymond who can't support her in luxury. His pride is hurt when he discovers she has secretly returned to her work. Robert Young, wealthy and generous, tries to win Barbara, but steps aside when he learns that Gene is to sail to South America on a hazardous job. Helen Broderick and Ned Sparks supply the comedy.—*R-K-O.*

White Fang—AA½—Adventurous tale of the gold rush days of 1900 in Alaska. Michael Whalen and Jean Muir head the cast, sharing honors with White Fang (Lightning), the wolf-dog who has the title rôle and who comes to love a man, forgetting his wild past. Slim Summerville supplies the comedy as the tippling frontier doctor, while Charles Winninger gives an excellent performance as a perpetual drunk.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Charlie Chan at the Race Track—AA½—This is one of the best of the *Charlie Chan* series and

A Hollywood Preview

How would you like to sit in your own home—(as many of the Hollywood great do)—and have a private, advance showing of 20th Century-Fox's biggest romance picture of the year, LADIES IN LOVE, the picture starring Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon?

HERE'S THE ANSWER:—You can have that privilege!

One magazine, and one magazine only, is printing the complete fiction story of this simply swell picture, a novel and thrilling situation of three girls and their love affairs. The fiction story is elaborately illustrated with pictures from the production. Read this story in your own home and know all the thrills of a private preview.

Other coming movies fictionized in this issue include ADVENTURE IN MANHATTAN, starring Jean Arthur (of MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN fame)—and Joel McCrea; LOST HORIZON with Ronald Colman, Isabel Jewell and Jane Wyatt. Those are but a few of the many complete fiction stories in the October issue, now on sale. Amaze your friends and add to your own enjoyment of the movie by knowing the complete fiction story before the picture comes to any theatre. Get your copy of ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES at your favorite newsstand today! 10c everywhere.

Meet Nero Wolfe, a mystery thriller offers lively entertainment—featuring Edward Arnold and Lionel Stander

will please all admirers of the Chinese detective. A fast moving story about race tracks and horses with Warner Oland giving his usual splendid performance.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Down to the Sea—AA½—With spectacular and outstanding under-water photography, this exceedingly interesting and educational story is woven around the sponge fishing industry off the Florida Keys. The cast is well chosen with Irving Pichel as the troublemaker. Ann Rutherford and Russell Hardie furnish the love interest. Ben Lyon plays his part well in the love triangle.—*M-G-M.*

Ticket to Paradise—AA½—Roger Pryor, an amnesia victim as a result of an auto accident, arrives in New York and becomes a taxi driver. His first fare, Wendy Barrie, falls in love with him and when her father, Claude Gillingwater, sets a time limit by which Pryor must establish his identity, the couple set out on a tour to find someone who recognizes him. The episodes that follow supply plenty of laughs.—*Republic.*

Three of a Kind—AA½—The efforts of three men, Berton Churchill, Bradley Page and Chick Chandler, to play each other for a sucker, none knowing motives of their intended victims, is the plot of this amusing story. Evalyn Knapp and Patricia Farr are good in their romantic rôles.—*Invincible.*

Mister Cinderella—AA½—A comedy filled with laughs and giggles, this story concerns the topsy-turvey experiences of Jack Haley, a barber, who substitutes for Monroe Owsley, a millionaire. Haley's befuddled experiences in posing as a rich man furnish plenty of laughs and action. To climax the situation he falls in love with Betty Furness.—*M-G-M.*

The Arizona Raiders—AA½—An unusual amount of comedy is woven into this western with Larry Crabbe as the hero and Marsha Hunt as the beautiful heroine. Larry rescues Raymond Hatton from hanging only to discover that he has a horse thief on his hands.—*Paramount.*

Bengal Tiger—AA½—A thrilling melodrama with a circus background. The story is centered around Barton MacLane, a lion tamer, who marries June Travis, the daughter of his assistant who is killed protecting MacLane from his tameless tiger, and Warren Hull, an aerialist. Upon discovering that June and Warren are in love, in a fit of rage, MacLane throws his rival into the cage with the tiger. He then saves Hull from the tiger, but loses his own life.—*Warners.*

Don't Miss

the following big pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine:—*The White Angel,* based on the life of the famous nurse, Florence Nightingale, and starring Kay Francis. . . . *Anthony Adverse,* a magnificent picture of the famous novel, featuring Fredric March, Olivia de Havilland and a large cast. . . . *San Francisco,* a highly romantic and dramatic film of the San Francisco earthquake and fire—and co-starring Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . *My Man Godfrey,* a rollicking show that sparkles under the acting of William Powell and Carole Lombard. . . . *Poor Little Rich Girl,* a fine little picture starring Shirley Temple. . . . *Nine Days a Queen,* an historical and moving story of the tragic days following the death of Henry VIII, with plotters active in seeking England's throne. . . . *Earthworm Tractors,* shedding laughter and thrills as dished up by Joe E. Brown, Guy Kibbee, June Travis and others. . . . And don't forget that if you haven't seen *Green Pastures, The King Steps Out, It's Love Again, Show Boat* and *The Great Ziegfeld*—you're missing some excellent entertainment. Be sure to see them.

★
AN ADMIRER
OF ADMIRATION

JOAN BENNETT
STARRING IN
PARAMOUNT PICTURES
★

★

What do *You* consider most important?

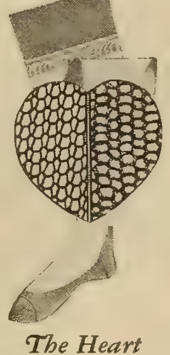
WHAT is the most important factor to you in buying hosiery? Some say lasting quality, others say beauty and still others say cost.

If any or *all* of these are what you are looking for—there is a new treat in store for you. Try ADMIRATION! For formal dress wear you'll want ADMIRATION two-thread because of its beauty. For afternoon teas you'll find ADMIRATION three-thread ideal because it gives the sheer appearance of two-thread, but has greater lasting quality. For business and general use choose ADMIRATION four-thread for maximum service.

ADMIRATION gives you truly superior hosiery—hose that looks better and lasts longer because of our secret method of preparing silk thread. Its advantages will be apparent to you in buying—and still more impressed upon you, when you have worn them longer than you would wear hosiery made by any other method.

You doubtless will be buying hose soon. Why not tear the ADMIRATION name out and slip it in your bag as a reminder to try them just once? We feel certain you'll like them just as well as Joan Bennett and many other leading movie stars who wear them. (And we hope you will look just as lovely.)

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
ST. JOSEPH · · MICHIGAN
Manufacturers of
Ladies', Men's and Children's IRONCLAD *Hosiery Since 1878*



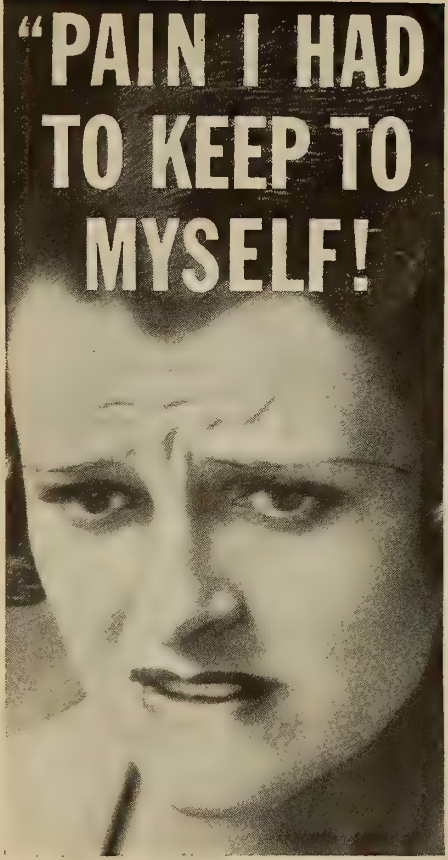
The Heart of Your Hose

These magnified sections show what gives ADMIRATION COSTUME HOSIERY its superiority. On the right is the loosely twisted silk used in ordinary hosiery. On the left is silk twisted by our secret process. This gives longer wear and added beauty. ADMIRATION COSTUME HOSIERY fits every leg and ankle perfectly and never twists or gets out of shape.

Admiration
COSTUME
HOSIERY

FOR THE WOMAN WHO CARES

"PAIN I HAD TO KEEP TO MYSELF!



I Got No Sympathy Because I Couldn't Explain!"

WHAT an affliction Piles are! What a tax, physically and mentally. Piles not only cause you untold torture, but they make you look the suffering you feel.

Piles can take various forms—internal or external, itching or painful, bleeding or non-bleeding—but whatever form they take, they play havoc with your health, strength and efficiency.

A Scientific Formula

Real relief for the distress due to Piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment. Pazo acts quickly and definitely. Pazo stops pain and itching. It assures comfort, day and night.

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Hollywood Home Hints

Rochelle Hudson chats with Victor Aleidies, owner of the famous Victor Hugo restaurant, in preparation for a dinner for six. Note the nicely appointed table with its novel center piece. That's 1881 Rogers Silverware on the table, too

JOEL McCREA has something to say about how he likes his breakfasts served. . . . Frances Dee, his wife, listens for she knows that breakfast is a man's most important meal. "I always insist on plenty of toast and I think that most men do. . . . One thing about toast, it has to be done to a turn and must taste as good as it looks." Many people out here in Hollywood are of the same mind when it comes to their selection of toasters. . . . Landers, Frary & Clark seem to have answered the question of good toast for the stars with their Universal toaster.

● SO MANY of the film folk seem to be "moving out in the valley," or, at least, to some spot where they can do a little ranching or gardening when they feel the urge. Bing Crosby is one of our latest ranchers with his new place down at the Rancho Santa Fe. . . . Bing is going in for lots of trees and shrubs on his place, too. Of course, there is always the insect hazard about any garden or grove, but not for people who are smart enough to use Black Flag as an insecticide. Take a tip from people who know and protect your garden in this simple manner.

● EVERYBODY ADMIRES the work of famous Hollywood costume designers, but few people know exactly what goes on behind the scenes to make a dress "fit for a movie star." . . . Many an hour is spent by the wardrobe departments in turning an idea into cloth, and don't ever think for a minute that they are not equipped with the most modern machines to help in their work! Singer Sewing Machines are playing a big part in turning out dresses for the stars, but you don't have to be a star to own one!

● WHILE WE are on the subject of clothes, we might tip you off to a "sure fire" way of keeping your clothes in top shape. The modern housekeeper no longer worries about the temperature of her electric iron. . . . The new Proctor & Schwartz iron, equipped with its Dial of Fabrics Heat Control, banishes all fears of scorching your clothes. You should really see one of the new irons to appreciate it!

● ABOUT THAT little problem of fixing your furniture up for winter wear. . . . Perhaps you did change things around a bit for summer, and now is the time to think about changing them back again. . . . Did you ever consider new covers for your furniture? Why not go down now and see what the Sure Fit people have to offer through your local store. . . . Remember, a new cover will almost give you a new chair.

● HERE's a suggestion on how to overcome cooking odors in the cases of onion, cabbage, or oyster plants and also Brussels sprouts: They should be dropped into boiling salted water to which a level teaspoon of sugar has been added. Cover closely until the vegetables come to a boil; uncover and set it back on the range and allow it to simmer but not boil. The boiling breaks the cells too quickly and the vegetable salts are carried off in the steam. This suggestion comes from Peggy Wood.

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

NEATEST party-trick of Hollywood's month: Madge Evans invited a lot of folk from the studio to come to her house for a big swimming party in her pool. At the last moment, she discovered that the pool had been drained and the intake pipe had gotten colic, or something, and wouldn't work and couldn't be fixed in time for the party. So Madge sent downtown to a skating rink, hired dozens of pairs of roller skates, and when her guests arrived, she had the party in the pool after all—but they skated on the floor of the pool instead of swimming in it.

PARTY-HOSTESS attire, as exemplified by Arline Judge when she and Hubby, Wes Ruggles, entertained 300 at their big shindig: In the late afternoon, Arline received her guests, wearing a snappy little bathing suit. Later, for dinner, she changed to a suit featuring a white mess jacket and a black skirt, a la male summer evening attire.

DIRECTOR Richard Boleslawski used the desert cafe setting of *The Garden of Allah* for a big party he gave, the other night. In the midst of the desert garden, he planted a huge circular bar, with two expert bartenders. There were two huge tables full of gorgeous eatments. A set of loudspeakers gave out dance music. And Marlene and others made merry—and Marlene's daughter, Maria, was one of the chief entertainers at the party, with a tap dance and a mean snakes hips routine. It was a farewell party from the director to Marlene, and not only the entire company on the picture, but also many other Hollywood stars, were there.

IT SEEMS that Hollywood's directors are stealing the stars' thunder by doing party tricks. Latest seems to be to display cooking ability. Director William Wyler cooked up a mess of spaghetti the other party-time, for the party Merle Oberon gave for such as Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Los Angeles British consul and wife, Mary Astor, and others. And the same week, Director Mitchell Leisen put on a new gastronomic delicacy when he cooked sauerkraut in champagne at a party attended by George Burns and Gracie Allen, Jack Benny, Martha Raye, Bob Burns, Leroy Prinz, Betty Bryson, Katherine DeMille, *et al.*

JEANETTE MACDONALD'S friends ganged up on her the other night. There were Anita Louise, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, Shirley Ross, Jimmy Stewart, Bert Lytell, Gene Raymond, Nelson Eddy and others. Unknown to Jeanette, they had discovered her birthday date. That night when she got home, she found the whole gang gathered at her house—and waiting around a great birthday cake in which was buried a music box which played Jeanette's song, *Rose Marie, I Love You!*

GOOFIEST Party Trick of the Month: Ted Healy arrived, all dressed up, in answer to a party invitation to the home of Stu Erwin and Wifie, June Collyer. Only trouble was that Ted arrived a week after the party. He'd misread the date.

JACK OAKIE is always the life of any party he's at. He did his stuff again at the Sedgwick party for himself and his new wife. New wife, incidentally, recently presented Jack with a love gift in the form of a big emerald ring. Now Jack says he's waiting for the bill. But back to the party—the entertainment was all by Oakie himself, despite his being honor guest. He gave imitations of Al Jolson, Bing Crosby, Eddie Cantor, Rudy Vallee and then imitated himself. What made it funniest was that Jack was still wearing the whiskers he grew for *Texas Rangers.*

NELSON EDDY does a funny trick to his party guests. He has hidden microphones, behind settees and in cozy corners. They're connected up with a recording machine elsewhere in the house. Toward the end of the evening, Nelson stages a "playback" of some of the conversations his secret microphones have picked up. And my, oh my, are faces red. . . . !

FILM STARS' mamas are having a round of parties of their own. They're based on a motif which calls for each to be a sort of "nationality party." Jeanette MacDonald's mother started with a Hawaiian luncheon party. Second came Helen Ferguson's ma with a Chinese luncheon. Others in the group—all of whom will give exotic parties—include the mothers of Joan Crawford, Jack Oakie, Nelson Eddy, Gene Raymond, Woody Van Dyke.

FUNNIEST party gag of the month: Thelma White arriving at Bob Galer's movieland party, astride a donkey!

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THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY ADVANCEMENT IN MATTRESS COMFORT, BEAUTY, CONSTRUCTION and LONGEVITY

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TAKE A TIP FROM THESE FAMOUS STARS

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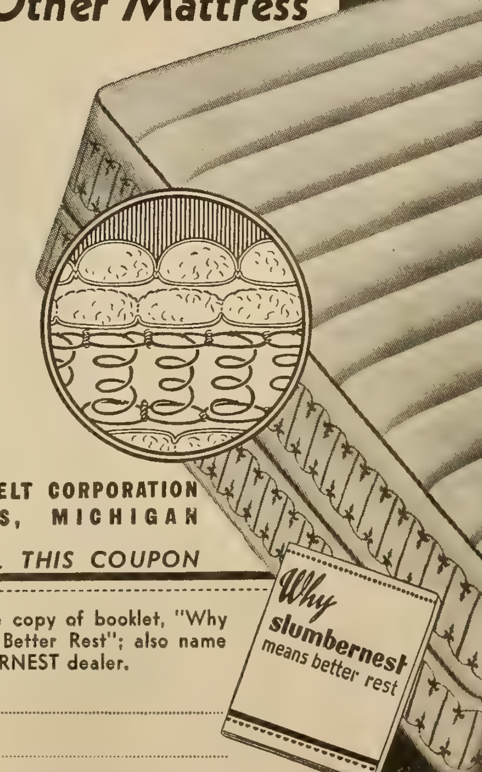

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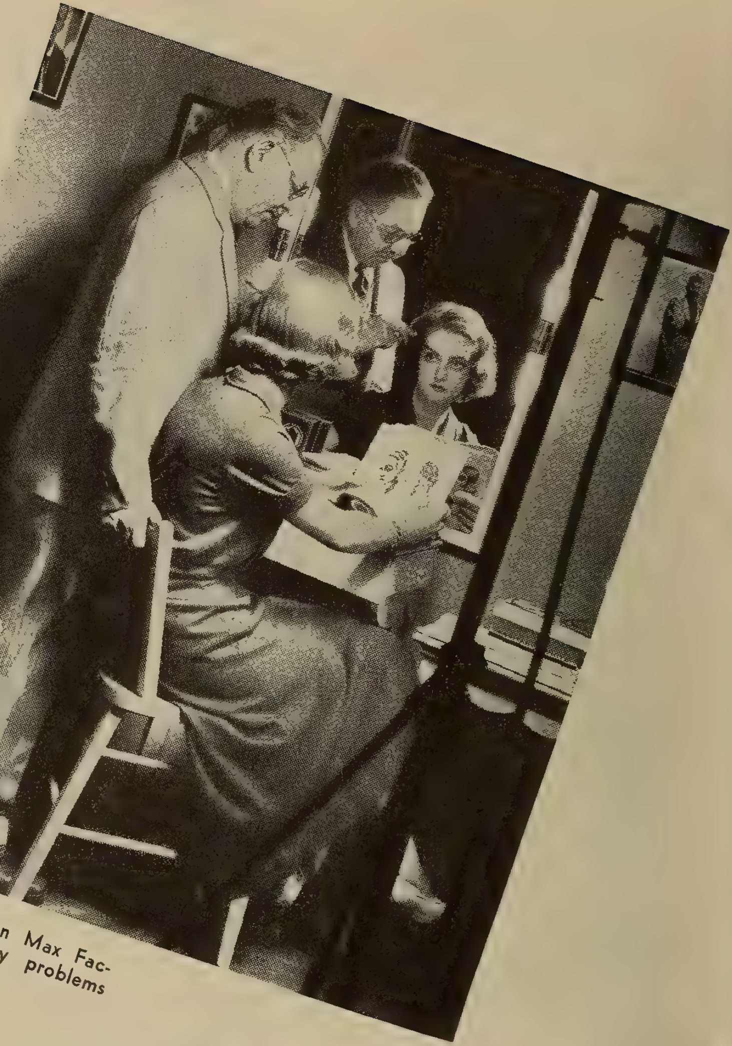
By Frances Kellum

At the right is how Bette Davis looked before Max Factor beautified her. Below, as she appears now



Bette Davis calls on Max Factor to solve beauty problems

Adventure in Beauty!

From The Dramatic Records of Hollywood's Make-up Expert, Max Factor

CECIL B. DeMILLE was making *The Squaw Man* in an overgrown barn. Wally Beery had just bought his first automobile and was scaring the chickens off Hollywood Boulevard by his terrific speed of fifteen miles an hour. And Max Factor was working eighteen hours a day, testing makeup formulas in his tiny laboratory. That's when his Hollywood records in beauty actually started. You can imagine the drama—*the off screen drama*—that has poured across their pages since then!

Not all of it has to do with the stars, although their's, of course, is the more spectacular. Take a recent case from those records, for instance. The case of Bette Davis . . . Max Factor loves to talk about Bette. He likes courage in a woman, the will to make the very utmost of her looks. And it was this courage of Bette's which made her a star.

"One day she came to see me. She had been in Hollywood about five months and she hadn't done very much work even though she was under contract to one of the major studios," he said.

" 'Is there any feature about myself that I can make *outstanding?*' she wanted to know. 'You have to personalize your looks to get ahead here I've found out—and I've been wondering how to go about it.'

"Her eyes were her most striking feature. They were lovely—but undefined. That is the real secret of being attractive: *To define each feature so that every bit of beauty in it is brought out with cameo clearness.* We shaped her eyebrows. We used a soft gray shadow on the lids that intensified the color of her eyes. After the eyelash make-up had been applied to her lashes we taught her to separate them with a small dry brush. That gives greater distinction to the eyes. Then we swept back the hair to reveal that rather exquisite hairline of hers.

"You know the rest of the story. How, a few days later, George Arliss sent for her. She was put under contract by First National and less than seven months later she was a full-fledged star. . . . "

IT'S part of the emotional life of every woman finding new beauty. They use it as a means for regaining love, to win companionship, as an aid to a career. . . .

[*Continued on page* 92]

BEAU BRUMMEL
and
MADEMOISELLE CHIC
in Hollywood

THESE Hollywood gals are having *more fun* with hats!!! Of course, Betty Furness is the hat-champ of movieland. Betty can think of more trick things to wear on funnier hats than any other dame in pictures, believe me. But others are in line, not only with odd and queer and funny hats, but with outright interesting ideas for you to copy, if you want to. . . .

UNA MERKEL strolled the Boulevard the other day, wearing a hat whose crown consisted of a huge daisy, created in white pique and yellow yarn, with a wide, natural-straw brim. Marguerite Churchill (George O'Brien's wifie) has a new hat with a huge red linen brim dotted with polka-dots the size of five cent pieces, while the crown, of white straw, extends below the brim, too, to form a bandeau. The hatband is blue-green and falls from a knot into streamers in back.

ELEANOR POWELL is nuts about the new Juliet caps, particularly since they're what she calls perfect for dancing. She's having flocks of them made, to match her clothes. Marlene Dietrich, who's been working in *The Garden of Allah,* has gone for the Arabian desert head-dress in a big way, as a result. She's adapting the turbans she wears in the picture for street wear.

NORMA SHEARER is going in for patent-leather hats, as a fall feature, she tips us off. The one she showed has a flat crown and a slightly rolled brim—and looks something like the hats you see the old California padres wearing in those pictures.

CULOTTES still hold their Hollywood popularity. Myrna Loy wears them for tennis—suède culottes, in various colors. Hers are made with the wide-open sunback and halter. Myrna insists they're more comfortable than shorts. Norma Shearer likes culottes, too. Norma never went for slacks, but culottes have her okeh, and she has a flock of them in linen.

JEAN HARLOW, when you see her around these days, is startling because of her UN-suntan. Jean is one of those tender-skinned gals who can't take the sun straight. So, while the Crawfords and others brown in the California light, Jean hides and stays as white as she can. So—whether you tan or stay white, you've got good authority. Either Jean or Joan.

NEATEST hair trick of the month is Phyllis Clare's. Phyllis is an English actress, new in Hollywood. When a baby, she was dropped by a nurse. The head injuries resulted in the hair in front of her scalp growing blond, while the back hair is brunette. In England, Phyllis used to dye her light hair so it was all brunette. But in Hollywood. she's given up the dye—and her two-tone hair effect is too striking!

THE swing from blonde to brunette goes merrily on. Alice Faye, not sure whether she ought to go brownette or return to her light blonde, recently balloted 300 male voters on the Twentieth-Fox lot. She asked them, on printed forms, whether they preferred her new "amber blonde" dark shade hair, or her old very-light locks. Of the 300 voting, 272 said the new shade was preferable. Only 11 said right out they preferred her light hair. The others said they weren't sure.

RUTH CHATTERTON is championing the new new ringlet hairdress. She even wears it for scenes in *Dodsworth*—the locks brushed back off her face into a sort of halo of ringlets. It's gorgeously becoming—and youthifying!

"Sanitary Protection is not complete without these exclusive Kotex features"

Mary Pauline Callender
Authority on Feminine Hygiene

Can't chafe

Because the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—thus chafing and irritation are prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

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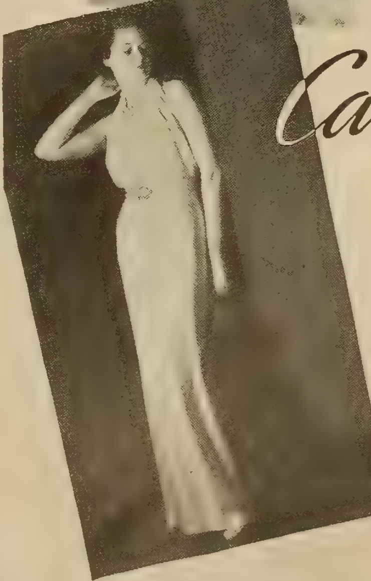
Because Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.



Can't show

Because the ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines or wrinkles.

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1. REGULAR — IN THE BLUE BOX — For the ordinary needs of most women.
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THE GREAT LOVE DRAMA OF THE GREAT WAR!... fired with the inspired acting of the year's most impressive cast!

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LIONEL BARRYMORE

THE ROAD TO GLORY

with

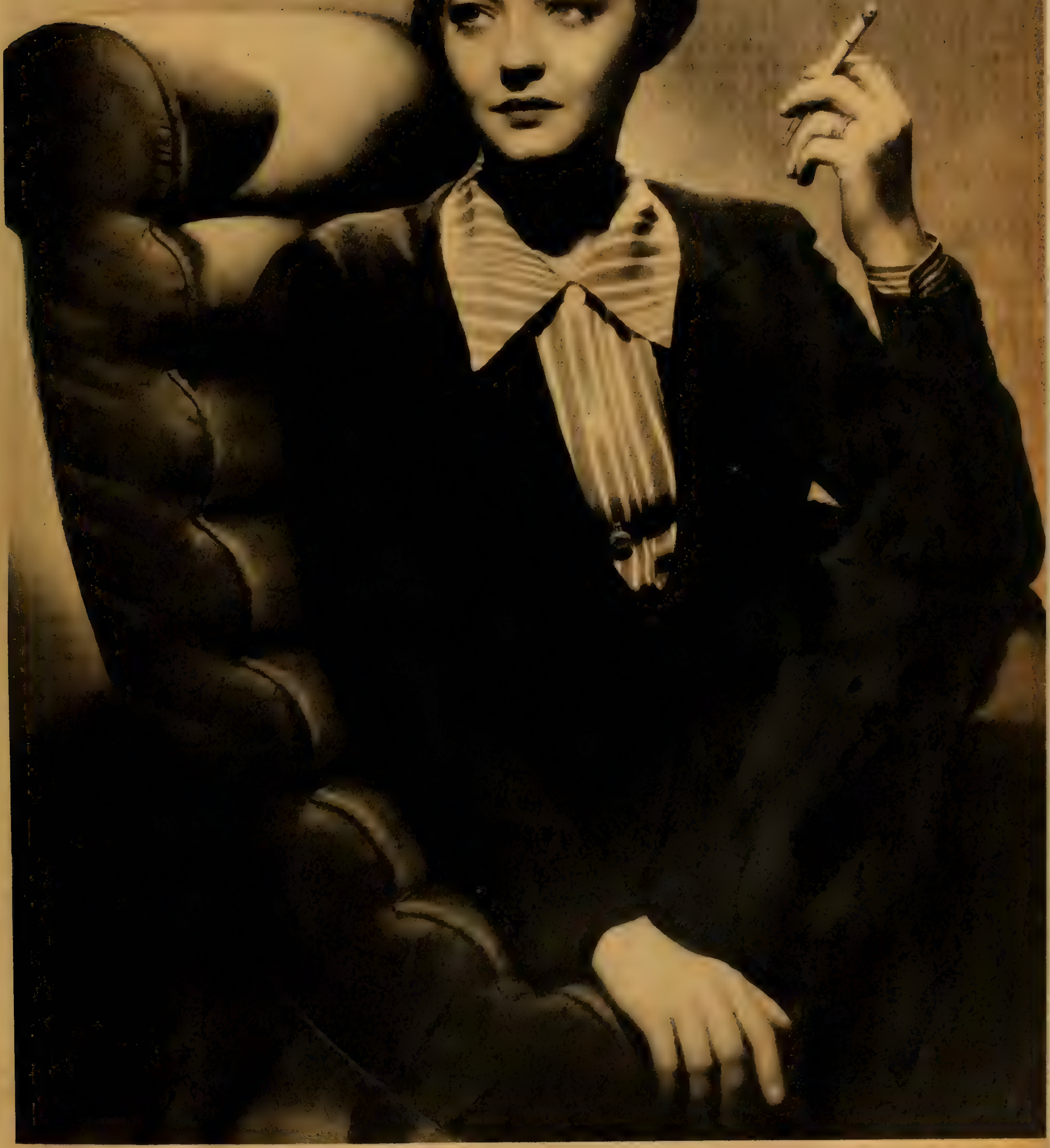
JUNE LANG
GREGORY RATOFF

Directed by Howard Hawks
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

STAR-GREAT! EMOTION-MIGHTY! THE STRANGEST DRAMA EVER LIVED!



England has a yen for American stars. That's one reason why Sylvia Sidney traveled over to make *The Hidden Power* for G-B. Another is—she craved a change of scenery. Of course, Sylvia has found London okay, and London, in turn, found Sylvia a bit of all right—not only as a personality, but also as an actress. Even a King takes time to make Sylvia feel at 'ome

Sylvia Sidney

Tap-Beats and Heart-Beats of ELEANOR POWELL

by Leon Surmelian

THOSE jugglers of movie magic, the gentlemen who work in the art and prop departments, had dressed up one corner of a huge, bleak stage to look like a gay nitery on the Gay White Way of New York. The glittering scene was adorned with radiant, shapely creatures. Strains of raucous music blared from a number of loud speakers, pulsating with strange African sounds. On the polished floor a laughing girl pranced and pirouetted around, her electric heels clattering out volleys of amazing rhythm. It was Eleanor Powell, "The World's Greatest Tap Dancer," emoting in *Born to Dance.*

"She lost two-and-a-half pounds yesterday," her mother tells me, a worried look on her face. Mrs. Blanche Powell is Eleanor's pal, confidante, nurse and manager. You take to her immediately. She has the kind of eyes and smile all mothers should have.

"Eleanor is a sensible girl, not hard to manage. But she must look after her health. She neglects everything when she dances. There has never been a girl on the lot who works so hard," says her fond mother. You can be sure that she is not exaggerating. It took Eleanor 36 pairs of dancing slippers to finish *Broadway Melody,* in which she tapped herself into the hearts of millions of moviegoers. She is being starred in her second picture, the Metro moguls having given her a rôle into which she can really sink her teeth. She had already danced 35 miles by pedometer for the rehearsals alone. Now, if she would only eat something more than half a sandwich and a glass of milk for lunch, her mother would feel more comfortable. But she doesn't get hungry when she is working. She even doesn't drink water until she is so dry she can't stand it any longer. She *lives* her dancing, does our Eleanor, and enjoys every minute of it. She is liable to jump out of bed at 2 A. M. to practice a new step. She originates her own steps, and the headwork is harder than the footwork. She has that complete absorption in her work plus the divine industry which distinguishes the artist from the artisan.

I had to trust to my reporter's luck to interview her. I hadn't been half an hour on the set when she hopped over to tap a "hello." Now, if I could only do a time step, I thought, an interview with her would be a cinch. But as it was, all I could do was to tell her, apologetically, what I was after. Well, I had to say it and get it over with. I was there to ask her a few questions about her romances . . . Was it true that she was engaged to Abe Lyman, the orchestra leader, but broke her engagement?

"I don't know who made up that story," she laughed. "There is nothing to it. I have played with Mr. Lyman for years, but we are just friends, and nothing more. We have never been engaged. It's silly to connect us romantically."

"You have been reported as interested in a certain young man who sings and dances, and the studio has put

You can't resist Eleanor Powell, the TAP-tation wonder, since she is tops in taps. An unspoiled star who *lives* her dancing, she climbs to new heights in *Born to Dance*

him under contract because of your interest in him. Anyway that's what the columnists say."

"You mean John Payne? Why, he is just a kid. He is only 24. Mother has him over for dinner now and then. He plays and sings beautifully. But there is no romance—that is, so far as I am concerned there isn't. And he is not under contract to this studio, but to Samuel Goldwyn."

"If anything, that's *my* romance!" the mother added. "I am very fond of him. He sends Eleanor flowers every day, phones her good-night. But he is too young for her."

"You see," Eleanor explained, "like every girl I have formed a certain mental image of the kind of man I'd like to marry. First, he must be a man who has achieved something really worthwhile, and I can look up to him and respect him an awful lot. I don't care if he has only a little money, if he is a man of some distinction in his profession. That comes first.

"I don't think I'll marry a young man. Of course, you can never be too sure about these things, but I am inclined more toward older men, between 35 and 40. Maybe because I have had no father and I want to be fathered. I have worked so hard, I have had such a hectic life, that I want peace and quiet in my home. I want my husband to be able to enjoy a book instead of wanting to drag me all the time from one party to another. One reason why I prefer older men is that they are more settled, take things easy, while young men are always on the go, always want to do something, go to a dance or party, play tennis, rush here and there. I want my home life to be altogether different from my professional life. At home, I want to relax and go completely domestic. At home I don't want to be a dancer, an actress, a movie star, but just a girl, one who enjoys cooking a meal or making a hooked rug or working in the garden."

The assistant director beckoned her. "Tell him about the Englishman and the South American!" she told her mother, as she trotted away to dance some more in the hot lights.

She is smaller than [*Continued on page 70*]

By Ida Zeitlin

Norma didn't waste any time accepting when she was offered the chance to do *Romeo and Juliet*. And she tells all about it—and hopes you'll like her in her greatest rôle

NORMA SHEARER *talks about* ROMEO and JULIET

HOLLYWOOD, bless her, practices a curious little habit for which she should have her paws slapped. It's called clay-foot-hunting, and consists in prowling about the pedestals of movie idols to discover a flaw by which they may be tripped up. Be it ever so human and understandable, said flaw is then harped on and exaggerated till this star becomes a show-off, that one a boor, and the other a lunatic playboy on the strength of such superficial foibles as we all enjoy. Read a book, and you're a highbrow. Don't read a book, and you're a lowlife. You can't win.

Norma Shearer is a lady of dignity and taste, and, as such, proved difficult quarry for the clay-foot-hunters till she married Irving Thalberg. Then the game turned easy. "Oho!" they cried, "she's Mrs. Thalberg now, and you've got to approach her in fear and trembling." "Oho!" they cried again, "she's married to Thalberg. Of *course* she gets magnificent parts like *Elizabeth Barrett* of Wimpole Street and *Juliet* of Verona."

Easy conclusions to reach, if you don't mind ignoring a few glaring facts by the way. The fact, for instance, that she won her first, most inaccessible laurels through her own efforts and became a person of note in her own right; the fact that though she were married a thousand times to Thalberg, it would do her career no good if the fans didn't continue to clamor for Norma Shearer; the fact that she's capable of *rising* to magnificent parts, that she did well by *Elizabeth Barrett* and, judging from advance reports, that she does still better by *Juliet;* the fact that, if you approach her in fear and trembling, it's far more likely to be your fault than hers—either you're daunted by the quiet reserve of good breeding or you quail at the very name of Thalberg—a name synonymous with genius.

Certainly there is nothing remotely forbidding about the slender figure in blue, sitting at her tea-table in a patio that overlooks the sea, her manner simple, straightforward, devoid of any artificial airs or graces. She still wears her hair in the *Juliet* coiffure—a sleek crown, falling to a border of curls. Her eyes are frank and friendly. I once heard an artist struggle to describe them. "Most blue eyes," he said, "are like cornflowers or the ocean, ultramarine. Hers are a blue you rarely find in eyes—a kind of light cobalt—not a deep, but a gentle blue, hard to compare with anything. Sometimes in California, you look over a hedge of roses, and the sky is that color—or sometimes, very seldom, you see it in Chinese porcelains. Their expression is striking, too—they have a caressing quality, something innocent, fragrant, like a child's." It's that quality of innocence, tenderness, candor, they say, which she brings to her *Juliet,* and which makes it a performance to ring bells about.

THOUGH I haven't seen it, there's another quality I'm sure she brings to it—a lurking gaiety which she seems to have in common with the daughter of the *Capulets.* For *Juliet* was a merry girl, so long as she had any excuse for merriment. There's nothing obvious about the humor of either. But in both you feel that laughter bubbles at some secret spring, rearing its delicious head in a word here and a gesture there. In Miss Shearer's account, for instance, of how the news came that she was to do *Juliet.*

"Well, it was this way," she began demurely. "My husband said: 'Gosh, you certainly need a good story, let's see, what shall it be, how would you like to do *Romeo and Juliet?*' And I said: 'Oh, marvelous!'" A chuckle escaped her. "I knew quite well, myself, that it was a case of the fool—me—rushing in where angels fear to tread. But if I hadn't known, there were plenty of well-wishers waiting to inform me. And I don't mean that ironically, mind you. They *did* wish me well. Even my own mother came to me."

"You're *not* going to do *Romeo and Juliet,* are you?" asked her own mother.

"Yes," replied the daughter, mirth in her voice. "Why?"

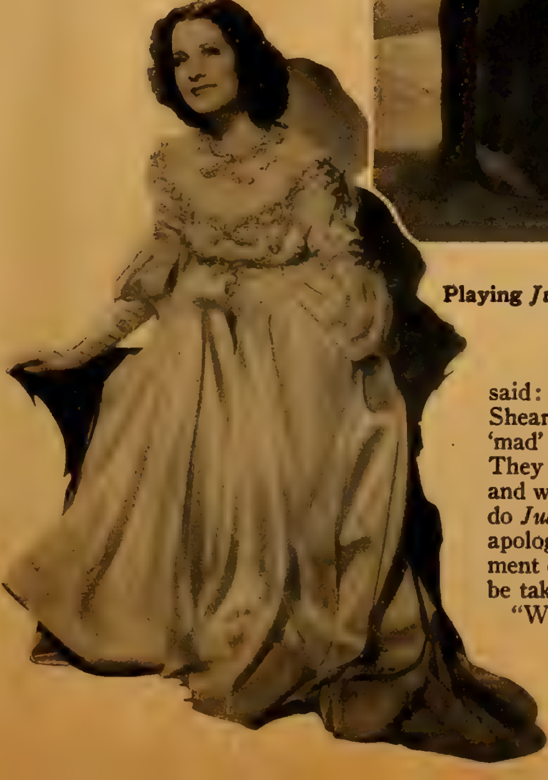
"Well, I don't know—do you think you dare?—do you really think you can do it?" Reluctance to hurt her child's feelings struggled with concern at her child's temerity, and Miss Shearer's reproduction of the whole was a comical thing to hear.

"Of course," she went on, "my 'Oh, marvelous!' was an impulse. All I could think of was the impression Katharine Cornell's lovely *Juliet* had made on me, and that here I was being offered a chance to say those beautiful lines myself. I didn't think of the hazards. I didn't realize how conspicuous you make yourself the moment you attempt anything like Shakespeare. I had no idea so many people would be worried about how my *Juliet* would compare with other *Juliets.* I didn't even stop to consider whether I'd be a good *Juliet.* Joy at the prospect of doing it overcame precautions. I decided on impulse—which, on the whole, seems to me the best way. Otherwise you'd do little more than take your bath and brush your teeth in the morning — cross the street, maybe — if there wasn't too much traffic. Once the decision was made, I tried to fit myself to do the job as capably as I could. And that," she smiled, "was the beginning and the middle. The end remains to be seen.

"ONLY I'm not quite accurate when I say I decided. Most of my decisions are made for me. Which is pleasant, because I trust the *decider* so completely. But he *is* the decider. I think there may have been one or two people—" mockery lingered behind the blandness of her eyes, "who said: 'They're doing the picture because Norma Shearer has a mad ambition to play *Juliet.*' My 'mad' ambition wouldn't have moved them a hair. They decided it would be a good picture to make, and were kind enough—or rash enough—to let me do *Juliet.*" She wasn't justifying, or excusing, or apologizing. She was making a tranquil statement of fact to correct a false impression—and to be taken or left, as you chose.

"Well," she continued, [*Continued on page* 59]

Playing *Juliet* transported Norma to emotional heights



"It's been a glorious adventure," says Norma, "and I'd like to do it all over again"

An OCEAN of LOVE Between Them

It was love at first sight when Madeleine Carroll met Philip Astley. And so they were married. An ocean separates them, but the love spark lingers on

By Dorothy Spensley

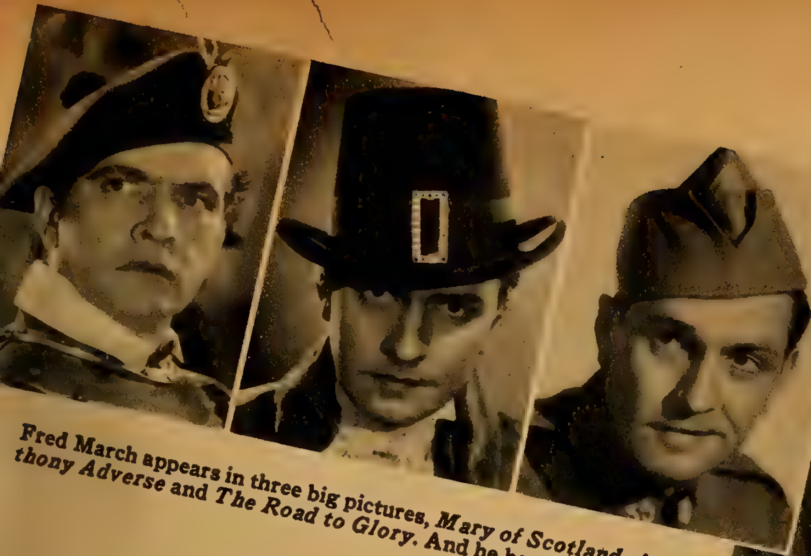
MADELEINE CARROLL, blonde, blue-eyed, slim-legged, British, a Walter Wanger star, is the kind of girl who naturally evokes orchids and square-cut diamonds, from gentlemen admirers. For five years, however, her floral tributes have been lush red roses, delivered the twenty-sixth of each month, from the same sender.

They mean more to her than would orchids and rare gems, although she does admit to a weakness for fine furs. The roses are from her husband, Captain Philip Astley, former Life Guards officer of the English Army and very much "old family." He's an intimate of Edward the Eighth. The red roses not only commemorate the monthly anniversary of their first meeting and their wedding, August 26, 1931, at Lake Como, Italy, but they serve to sweeten the air of Madeleine's "lucky" day.

Madeleine Carroll (born Marie Madeleine) is not French and Irish for nothing. She has the hearty superstitions of both races; the full heritage of the imaginative French, the Irishman's half-belief in leprecauns that pop out of bogs. Her mother was born in France's Lyons; her father, a professor of languages, is South of Ireland farming stock. You can't convince Madeleine, born at West Bromwich, England, that the twenty-sixth of each month is not her "lucky" day. Everything of importance, from being born (February 26, 1910) to meeting and marrying Philip Astley, plus the signing of important theatrical contracts, has always occurred on the twenty-sixth day of any month. She will admit, however, that she took fate into her own hands and set her wedding date for August 26, seven months after meeting Captain Astley.

[*Continued on page* 84]

Madeleine and Gary have romance in The General Died at Dawn



Fred March appears in three big pictures, *Mary of Scotland*, *Anthony Adverse* and *The Road to Glory*. And he hasn't gone arty

MARCH—Not a Pedestal-Percher

Fredric March is one star who won't go starrish

By Kay Osborn

"SUCH a big star—I suppose he takes himself awfully seriously." That is the natural conjecture made by a lot of people who don't know Fredric March. And they reason that he is *entitled* to take himself seriously if he wants to. A respected stage actor—an Academy-Awarded "movie" actor. One of the highest priced men in the business. And the star of one important picture after another: *Les Miserables, Anthony Adverse, The Road to Glory,* and most recently, *Mary of Scotland,* with Katharine Hepburn.

Yes, he is *entitled* to go arty on us, but *not so inclined!* As his old friend, Walter Abel, says: "He's still the same fellow that I used to share a dark, dingy, hall bedroom with back in our Automat days. Still the same fellow who used to press his pants under the mattress—even if he does have a swanky portable dressing-room now! Have you seen it? His boss at 20th Century-Fox gave it to him about a year ago. It must have cost a fortune. Everything built in: radio, ice-box, bookshelves, everything. Freddy's come a long way, but he's still the same fellow. He can still pull off a good joke and, what's more, he can still take one. That first morning on the *Mary of Scotland* set, for example, when they turned that dressing-room inside out. Another star might have had a fit. Freddy just had a laugh out of it!"

I discovered that it was a story with a prelude, so, as most stories are told, I shall begin at the beginning. *Mary of Scotland* had already been in production several weeks before Mr. March joined the cast. But came the afternoon when he finally finished work on *The Road to Glory* at 20th Century-Fox, and decided to wander over to the *Mary* set at RKO to see what was doing. Precisely nothing was doing. Nothing that was fun, at any rate. Just work, hard work, and long, worried faces. After all, wasn't this an historical costume drama? Weren't the sets stupendous? And wasn't RKO spending more money on this than they had ever spent on anything—even an Astaire-Rogers musical? By gum, this was something to be serious about!

But, still, Mr. March refused to be impressed, or subdued. Costume dramas and "colossal" productions mean nothing in his busy life. For years now he has hopped, blithely, from one to another with the sure-footed ease of a Canadian log roller cutting capers in midstream. Mr. March stood there quietly in the shadows, unannounced, unseen, and decided on his caper.

At that particular moment they were filming a scene of Hepburn, in a ruffly nightie, in a big old-fashioned bed, with the wind machines in the background blowing breezes through the windows. An old *New Yorker* cartoon came to his mind, and he smiled. The one that showed an actor crawling into bed with an actress and the director saying, very formally, "Miss So and So, I want you to meet Mr. Zilch." Mr. March was smiling because it had just occurred to him that it might be amusing to bring it to life. And so that's how it happened.

[*Continued on page* 74]

Who, Me? I'm Lucky!! —FRED MACMURRAY

Fred thinks that luck alone is responsible for his success

THE curly-headed, happy-go-lucky romantic hussar who put Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, on the cinematic map seemed to be in a particularly good mood as we met him on the set of *Champagne Waltz,* his new picture that has a Viennese background and in which Gladys Swarthout supplies the singing and feminine charms.

Jack Oakie was cutting up on the set, and a formidable reception committee of top hats and canes was practicing an Austrian song of welcome for the famous American musicians who had just arrived from Paris—the California Collegians, with whom Fred used to toot a saxophone. He led us to a quiet corner, away from the noise and the confusion. "I don't know if you can go from Paris to Vienna in a box car," he chuckled, "but we have to do it in this picture."

Apparently he was still under the influence of Oakie's gags. He fumbled in his pocket for his pipe, which is a great comfort and inspiration to him during interviews. His fingers caressed the briar bowl nervously, as he filled it with tobacco. Beads of perspiration sprung out on his forehead and upper lip. You couldn't help feeling sorry for this shyest of shy actors. "Aren't fan magazine writers awful pests?" we asked him.

"Can't get along without them in this business. And I am getting used to them. I used to cringe at the sight of them, but now I can act pretty brave and nonchalant!"

Fred had returned from his honeymoon trip to Honolulu only the day before. He had eloped with Lillian Lamont while still shooting it out on the *Texas Rangers.* Taking care not to mention the word "honeymoon," we asked him how he enjoyed his vacation.

"I had a nice rest," he said, the color deepening in his sunburnt cheeks. "It was my first vacation in almost a year. But I had only three weeks off, and couldn't stay more than five days in Honolulu. And that's hardly time to shake your sea-legs."

Lillian Lamont is, or rather was until her marriage to the likeable and highly successful Fred, a professional model. For three years Fred couldn't see any other girl in Hollywood. No glamorous star was half as beautiful to him as his Lilian. She is a tall, willowy brunette, a former Baltimore society girl with puh-lenty of class. Really, a striking beauty. She was born in North Carolina, and speaks with a slight Southern accent.

It's hard for Fred to talk about himself, but harder still, to talk [*Continued on page 76*]

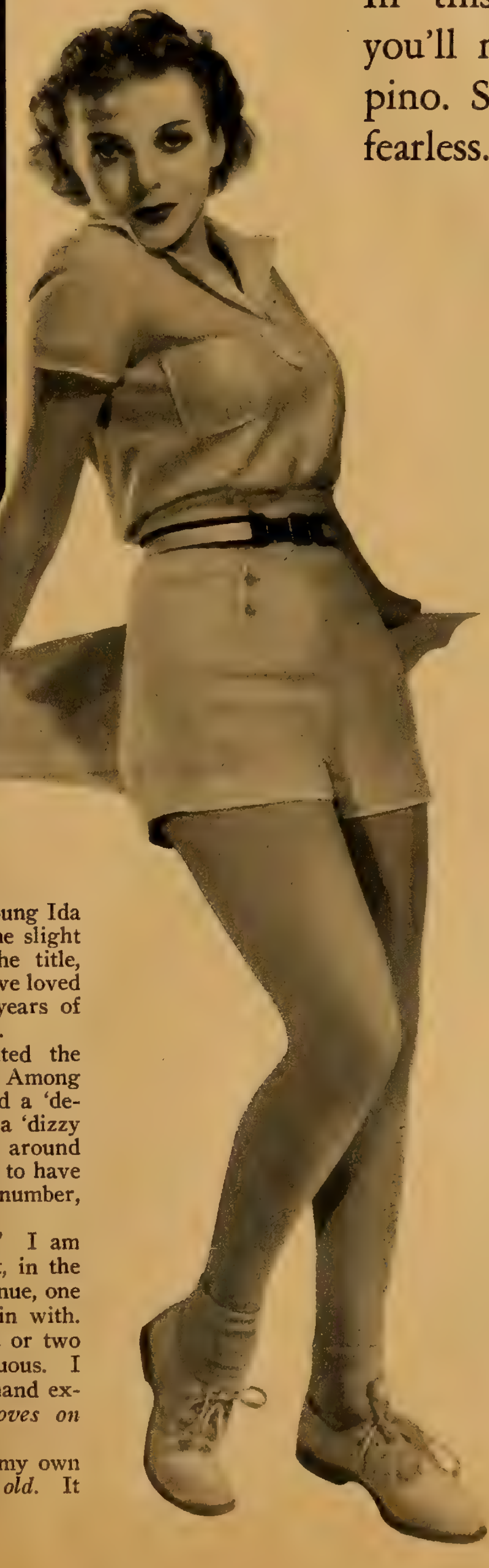
Hyah thar, MacMurray and Oakie, you Texas Rangers you!

By Cyril Vandour

The Loves of LUPINO

In this all-revealing story you'll meet the real Ida Lupino. She's honest, frank and fearless. There's no faking!

By Gladys Hall



Ida may be only twenty but she knows what it's all about—having lived ten lives in nine years

"THE Loves of Lupino," said young Ida Lupino to me when, with some slight embarrassment I told her the title, 'The Loves of Lupino'—are *two*. I have loved twice and only twice in my twenty years of life. And one of those loves—is dead.

"It is Hollywood that has invented the legend of the many loves of Lupino. Among many other things, I have been called a 'delectable ingénue.' I have been called a 'dizzy little thing.' I hear that I have run around with this boy and that. I am rumored to have intrigues, romances. A 'hot little number, that Ida Lupino'. . .

"I am NOT a 'delectable ingénue.' I am NOT a 'dizzy little thing.' I am not, in the first place, an ingénue at all. An ingénue, one always believes, is ingenuous, to begin with. An ingénue has been 'out' for a year or two at most. I am far from being ingenuous. I know what it is all about, from first hand experience, *hands without any kid gloves on them.*

"I have been on my own, earning my own living ever since I was *eleven years old.* It was then I told my father that I was leaving school, that I would be a star at fourteen, that I would support them all. It wasn't ego that made me say this—and do it. It was because I, so passionately, wanted to do things for them, in return for all they had done for me. My father, Stanley Lupino, as you know, was well off. He could give us comforts, even luxuries. But I wanted him to be free of responsibility, able to finance his own companies, do the things on the stage he wanted to do. I wanted my father and my mother, who is Connie Emerald, you know, also a noted actress—I wanted them to have good times together while they were still young enough to enjoy them.

"But my father would have none of it. He told me that if I insisted upon leaving school, that was that—but either I would have a job within twenty-four hours or I would return to school and remain there until I was twenty-one. And if I got the job I could take care of myself and he would have none of me. I got the job. And my father kept his word. Not a penny did he send me from that day forth.

"I have traveled the length and breadth of England, with repertory companies. I have been without enough money to turn on the gas for heating or cooking. I have met up with all kinds and conditions of men, held my own with all kinds of women. You are neither an 'ingénue' nor a 'dizzy little thing' when you have taken such a nose-dive right into the very mid-stream of life—at eleven.

"And I have survived and succeeded because I have some kind of a psychic sense—a sense that tells me when death is near, when danger threatens, when deceit is in the heart. Only the other night I woke in a cold sweat. I had felt a chilly hand passing over my face. I called my companion and said, 'Put in a [*Continued on page 72*]

Is It True What They Say About DICKSIE?

No, Sir! Dick Powell hasn't changed! He works hard to please you—he has eyes for only one girl, Joan Blondell—and his voice is okay now

By James Reid

AN EXTRA stood on the sidelines of *Stage Struck*, watching Dick Powell . . .

The shot was a close-up. That meant measuring with a tape the distance from the camera to Dick, to guarantee that the lens was set at the correct gauge. Dick watched the measuring seriously, looked faintly bored. Director Busby Berkeley called, "Quiet! It's a take!" A hush descended upon the set. The cameraman pressed his electric button. Everything was ready. And Dick went into action.

In the flutter of an eyelid, he changed from Dick Powell into a young, harassed Broadway dance director with an irrepressible sense of humor. He was watching two burly detectives hustle his two chief harassments toward the stage exit. His face lighted up with comic, inexpressible satisfaction. With staccato energy, he voiced his exuberance, radiating a comic faith in the fates. Minus two such headaches, the show could go on in a big way! . . . Berkeley called, "Cut! That was good—but let's try it again, from another angle!"

The camera was shifted, the measuring was repeated, once more the stage became quiet, and again Dick registered excitement and exuberance. Not once. Not twice. But four times. And each time with the same inflections, the same amount of energy. At 9:30 in the morning, in a stuffy studio sound-stage.

The eyes of the extra followed Dick off the set. Over to an inconspicuous chap in an inconspicuous corner. His secretary, waiting with letters and a stenographic pad, for Dick to do some dictating between scenes. The extra, who looked intelligent, commented, "And people envy movie stars! All they see are the glamour and fame and money. They don't see the work and the worry. Look at Dick Powell there. Maybe he woke up this morning groaning, the way I did, but no matter how he felt, he had to pretend to be the happiest guy in the world at 9:30 sharp—under hot lights, with a camera right on top of him. And between scenes, can he relax? No! He has mail to answer, people to see, dialogue to worry about. And after he gets through the day's work here, he has a radio program to think about. No, thank you, I don't envy him. I'll take my job, and Dick can have his, with its ten million worries."

Dick sports a moustache now—otherwise he hasn't changed. He and Joan Blondell are much in love

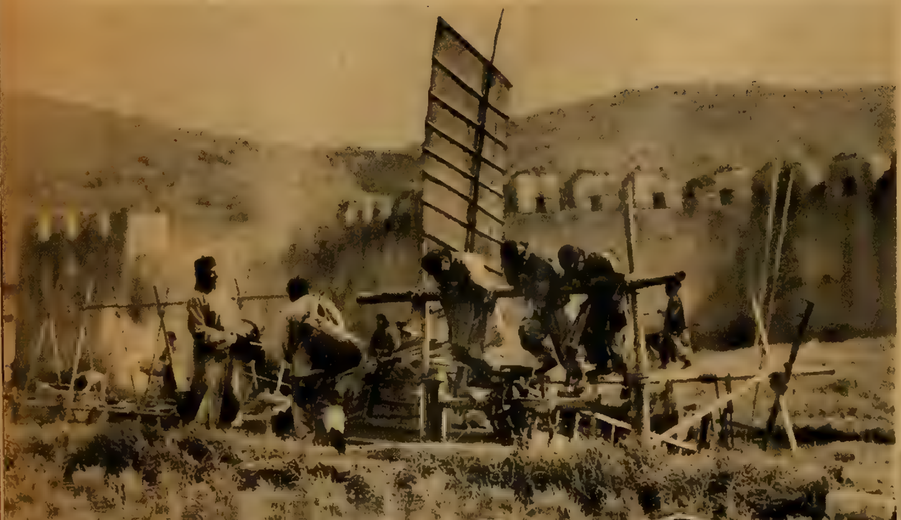
WHAT the extra said about Dick Powell's worries interested me. That was what I had come on the set to quiz Dick about—his worries.

Hollywood has it that Dick Powell Has Changed. Tap the Hollywood grapevine at any given point and you will hear that he is no longer the happy-go-lucky, carefree lad of yesteryear, but The Movies' Champion Worrier. Alongside Dick, if you believe what you hear, Fred Astaire is practically an [*Continued on page 78*]

ROMANCE OVER *Lost Horizon*

A two-million dollar picture is in the making in *Lost Horizon*, adapted from James Hilton's mystery-romance —and which presents an earthly paradise, two thousand miles from civilization in Tibet, the Forbidden Land. In this unreal, serene world illness, worries, fears and even age disappear. In fact it offers youth, romance, peace and contentment for those who are guided to the magic spot. There it is that Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt fashion a beautiful love. And Margo, representing a woman 60 years old, becomes a girl of 20. With Frank Capra directing it should be something UNUSUAL

On Location with The GOOD EARTH



Here are Chinese farmers at work pumping water out of the ditch into the rice fields

Luise Rainer, among others, learned Chinese details from General Theodore Tu of China

Jack Dawn, the make-up man, helped Muni perfect the most realistic make-up ever used for Chinese rôles

England's Tilly Losch has been chosen for an important rôle

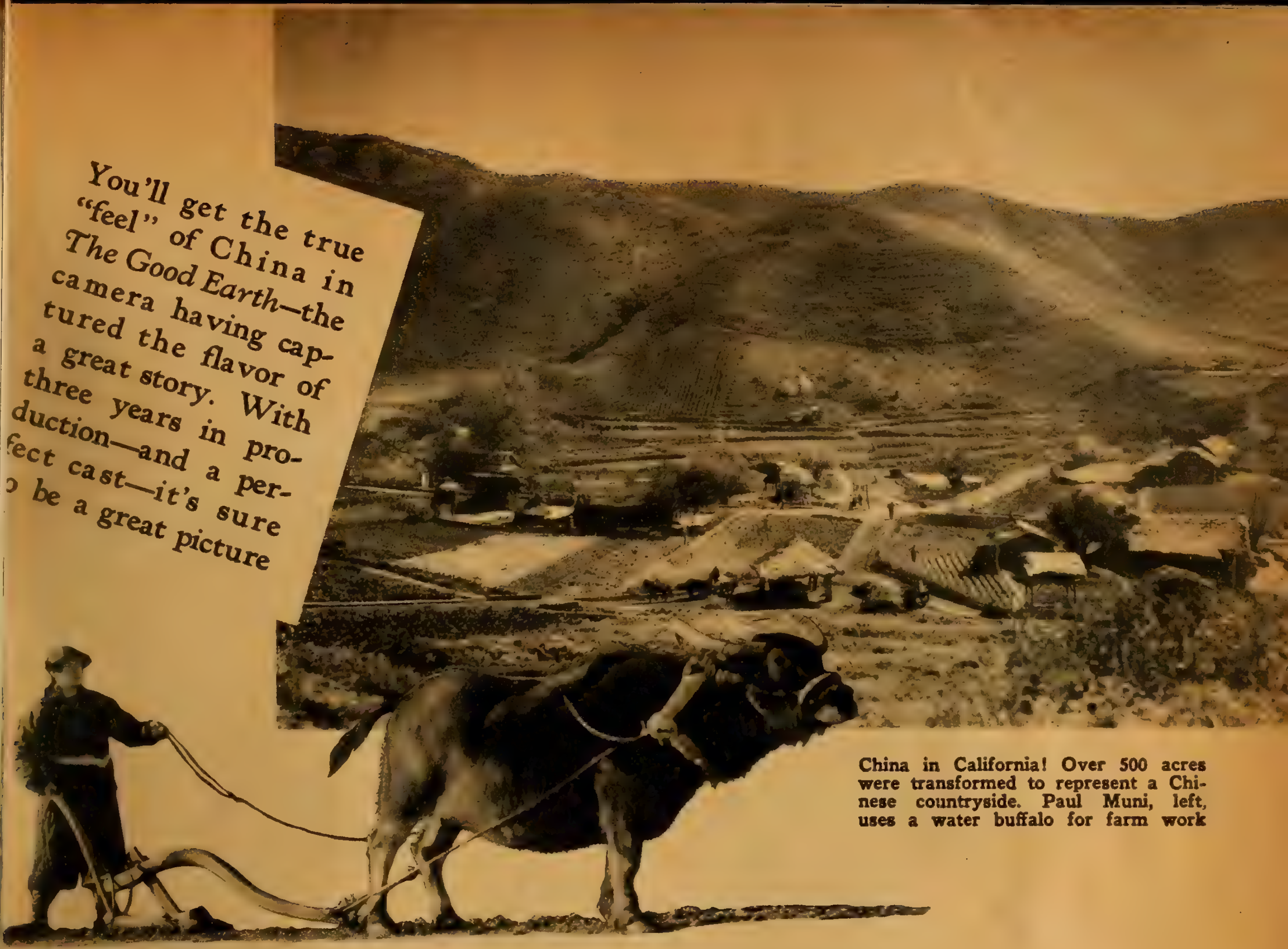
By John Schwarzkopf

A LOCATION trip to the semi-desert country twenty miles out of Hollywood would soon convince you that *The Good Earth* will be one of the biggest pictures produced this year. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picked the Santa Clara Hills for their location because it is one of the few spots in Southern California that closest resembles China. But that isn't all, the mere fact that the hills are arid has little to do with the actual picture, for whole hills had to be transformed. A Chinese village had to be transplanted there.

Upon approaching the village of *Wang* and his fellows, the first thing that impresses you are the wheat fields that stretch as far away as the eye can see. A whole canyon has been planted to wheat, and the low hills that surround the canyon have been terraced and furrowed by hand so that grain could be planted there for *Wang* to harvest when the tender blades were ripened by the desert winds. Down the centre of the little canyon trickles an artificial stream. And every so often along its course appear small check dams to stop the flow so that water might be pumped to the parched hillsides. Here at these check dams, we see China recreated in brick and stone and wood; here are the ancient water wheels and the time-worn water buffalo tread mills where man and beast lift water by brute power, working side by side.

When we came up the little canyon, that is exactly what we saw. Down-town Chinese merchants had been recruited for

You'll get the true "feel" of China in The Good Earth—the camera having captured the flavor of a great story. With three years in production—and a perfect cast—it's sure o be a great picture



China in California! Over 500 acres were transformed to represent a Chinese countryside. Paul Muni, left, uses a water buffalo for farm work

the picture and worked with water buffaloes as their ancestors did, but they were being trained by an expert in Chinese mannerisms so that there would be no hitch in the production when it came their time to perform.

THE story behind those water wheels and mills and buffaloes is an interesting one. Almost as interesting as the Chinese vegetables we see growing close to the stream and the Chinese huts we see every so often on the hillsides. Practically every stick or stone or growing thing we see has been brought over from China by a crew Metro sent over when, three years ago, the decision to produce *The Good Earth* was made.

Metro sent to China a Cantonese known as Jimmy Lee, a resident merchant of Los Angeles. With a crew of Occidentals he left for China and spent three years in the interior, the province of Ho-Nan where the story of *The Good Earth* gets its background. Mr. Lee has many a funny story to tell about how he had to haggle with Chinese farmers for their water buffaloes . . . how he had to be the perfect diplomat on every article he exported out of China, and into this country. He tells stories of exorbitant taxes he had to pay, to get his goods past the government of China. However, the job was accomplished and, after three years, the production is in full swing. The wheat has been planted on the hillsides for *Wang* and his wife to harvest.

That day we were on location was the day that Paul Muni (*Wang*) and Luise Rainer (*Olan*) were harvesting the wheat . . . and in her portrayal of *Olan*, Miss Rainer is as charming as the tinkling of temple bells before sundown.

We saw her faint in the wheat fields that day, just as a terrible storm was breaking. Muni rushed in to save her from the fury of the storm. As she sank to her knees, her lips parted to say something to her movie husband . . . she swooned before the words came.

It was real China we saw. It was China during a Summer monsoon. It was China with women working in the fields with their men. But it was not the field that made it China, nor was it the rain—it was the superb acting of those two principals out there in the field that made it China. Those lips of Luise Rainer's parting like a true lotus blossom made it China.

HOURS before that one scene was shot, director Sidney Franklin and his crew were busy setting up the wind machines, figuring out camera angles and preparing great pieces of canvas on poles so that part of the crew could hold the poles and thereby shut out the sun.

It took exactly one hour to shoot the scene. Every time the wind machines were started, parts of the canvas would blow away or the artificial rain that was being sprayed by a fire hose would not hit the scene correctly. But, disregarding the wind machines and all the properties that went to make an ideal monsoon, the scene was perfect and Muni and Rainer got soaked to the skin from spending an hour in the rain.

As Muni told us, "I am putting more thought and effort into this picture than I have in any other three pictures I have ever made." He told us himself that this picture is costing him three times the effort *Black Fury* did and three times the thought *The Life of Louis Pasteur* did. For a man like Muni, great actor though he is, it is a Herculean job to become Chinese over night. The same may be said of Rainer. They both have made a complete study of Chinese life.

For two months, Muni lived among the Chinese to learn their gestures, their thoughts. He helped them solve their petty problems and ate with them. Muni is a serious man and it is his job to become *Wang* the farmer. Muni must starve with Wang, cut wheat with *Wang*, marry *Wang's* wife before he can give you *Wang* as you will know him.

Walter Connolly plays the part of the crafty uncle. He and Muni are neither the Oriental type.

[*Continued on page 63*]

JOEL McCREA—*Still Swinging* HIGH

By Mark Dowling

Joel McCrea can swing high above most of the Hollywood crowd. He has made a success of pictures and family life

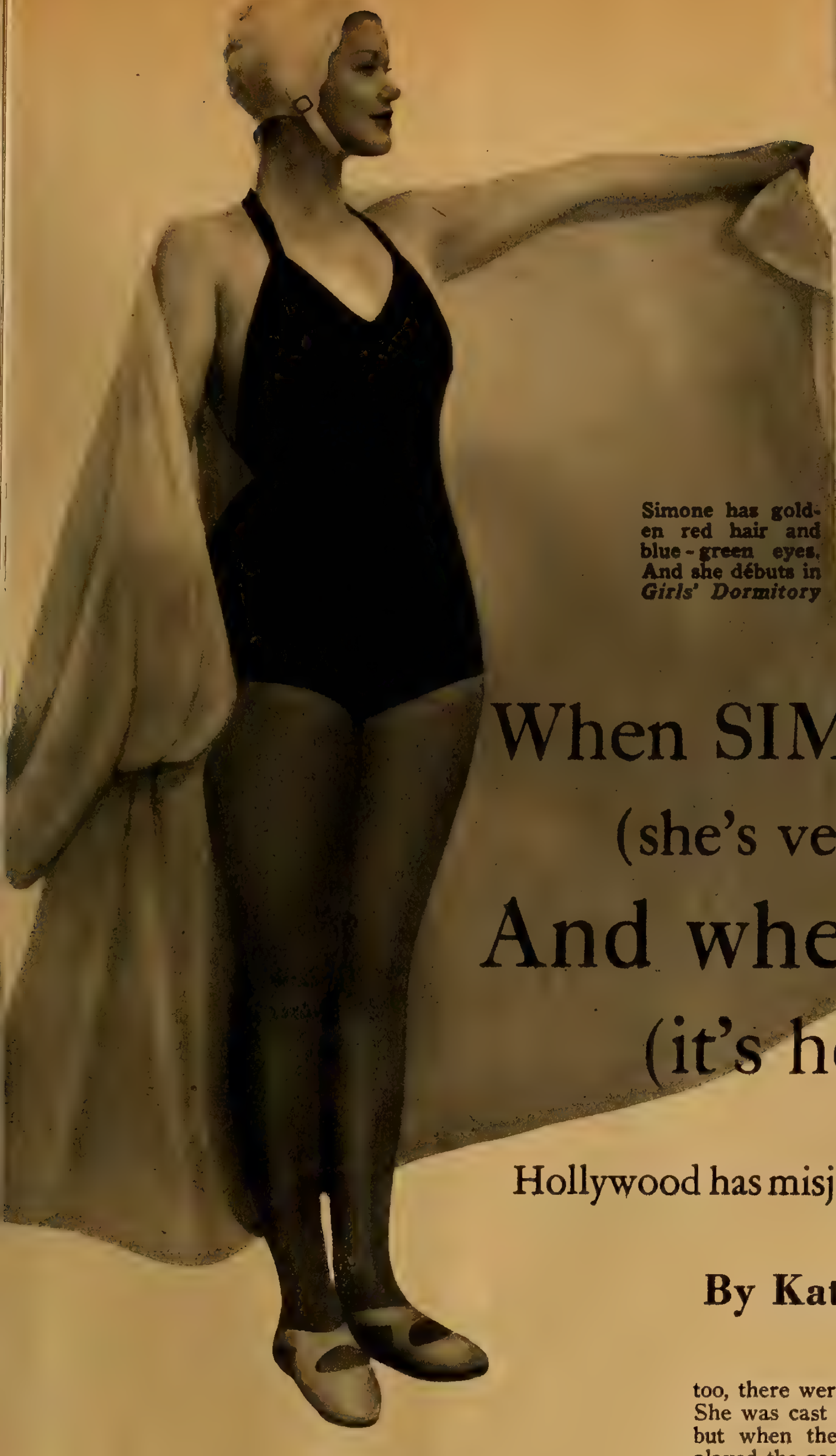
IF YOU mention the name of Joel McCrea in a group of Hollywood sophisticates they usually consider him rather patronizingly. . . . "Okay, but a little dull." They continue to qualify: "Oh, sure, his box-office holds up well enough, and he has a contract with Sam Goldwyn, along with such important stars as Miriam Hopkins, Eddie Cantor, and Merle Oberon. *But . . .*"

Here are the true facts: He never goes to any of the important places. He and his wife, Frances Dee, hardly ever attend social functions in the film colony. And when they do, they are decidedly not a part of the gayly gossiping, showy, and glamorous group of Most Important Stars.

"I'm afraid Hollywood thinks us—or me, at least—a bit dull," Joel admitted. He smiled with complete satisfaction, for if Hollywood thinks Joel a dumb boy, he is perfectly happy, without a trace of conceit, over his attainments. And why not? *Here's what he has accomplished*:

A perfect marriage, first of all, with a girl who was one of the most popular belles in town. A marriage that is lasting, despite two careers in one family. You should have had dinner with them, as I did the other night at a little old-fashioned inn at Santa Monica, where the Special Dinner costs $1.50—"That's for actors who've just had their options taken up," Joel confided—and a Regular Dinner for $1.00. (We had the second one.) Joel had just finished at Columbia, where he is making *Adventure in Manhattan*. Frances wasn't working, and seemed pretty downcast over this stop in her career as if everything were over. [*Continued on page* 86]

Swinging thru life in perfect contentment—that's the aim of Joel and Frances Dee



Simone has golden red hair and blue-green eyes. And she débuts in *Girls' Dormitory*

When SIMONE'S Good

(she's very, very good)

And when She's Bad

(it's her English)

Hollywood has misjudged Simone Simon all along

By Katharine Hartley

WHEN Twentieth Century-Fox brought the French cinema star, Simone Simon, to this country in the middle of 1935, she was heralded throughout the country's press as "La Sauvage Tendre," "L'Artiste Temperamentale" . . . respectively, (and respectfully, if you never studied French,) "The Tender Savage" and "The Temperamental Artist." She brought with her twenty trunks full of clothes, so the papers said, and the first thing she was going to buy in America was a leopard, for a pet.

As the weeks and months went by stories of her exoticism grew by leaps and bounds. One example is the legend which had to do with her "perfume acting." Miss Simone was reported as saying that she must have a change of perfume with every change of scene, for perfume gave her her mood. Then, too, there were the "difficulties" they had with her in casting. She was cast in *A Message to Garcia* months ahead of time, but when the picture was finally made Barbara Stanwyck played the part. Again she was cast for the rôle of *Cigarette* in *Under Two Flags*—and again somebody else, this time Claudette Colbert, took her place. In the light of what Hollywood already knew about Simone, or *thought* it knew about Simone, this could mean only one thing: the temperamental young lady had walked out!

"It is not so! There is not a word of truth in it anywhere!" said Simone when I accosted her with the above rumors. "Do I look temperamental? Do I look like wild woman? How could they say such about me before I even come here, before they even take one look at me? At home I have an old paper. A paper that was printed two days before I arrive in New York. It make me sound like a—how do you say it, like satin? You know—shiny . . . wait, I have it now! It make me sound like a slinky vamp. Tall, slender, with black hair, a long cigarette holder like this, and dangerous eyes . . . like *une femme fatale*. Tell me, do I look like that?"

[*Continued on page* 80]

IT'S ALL

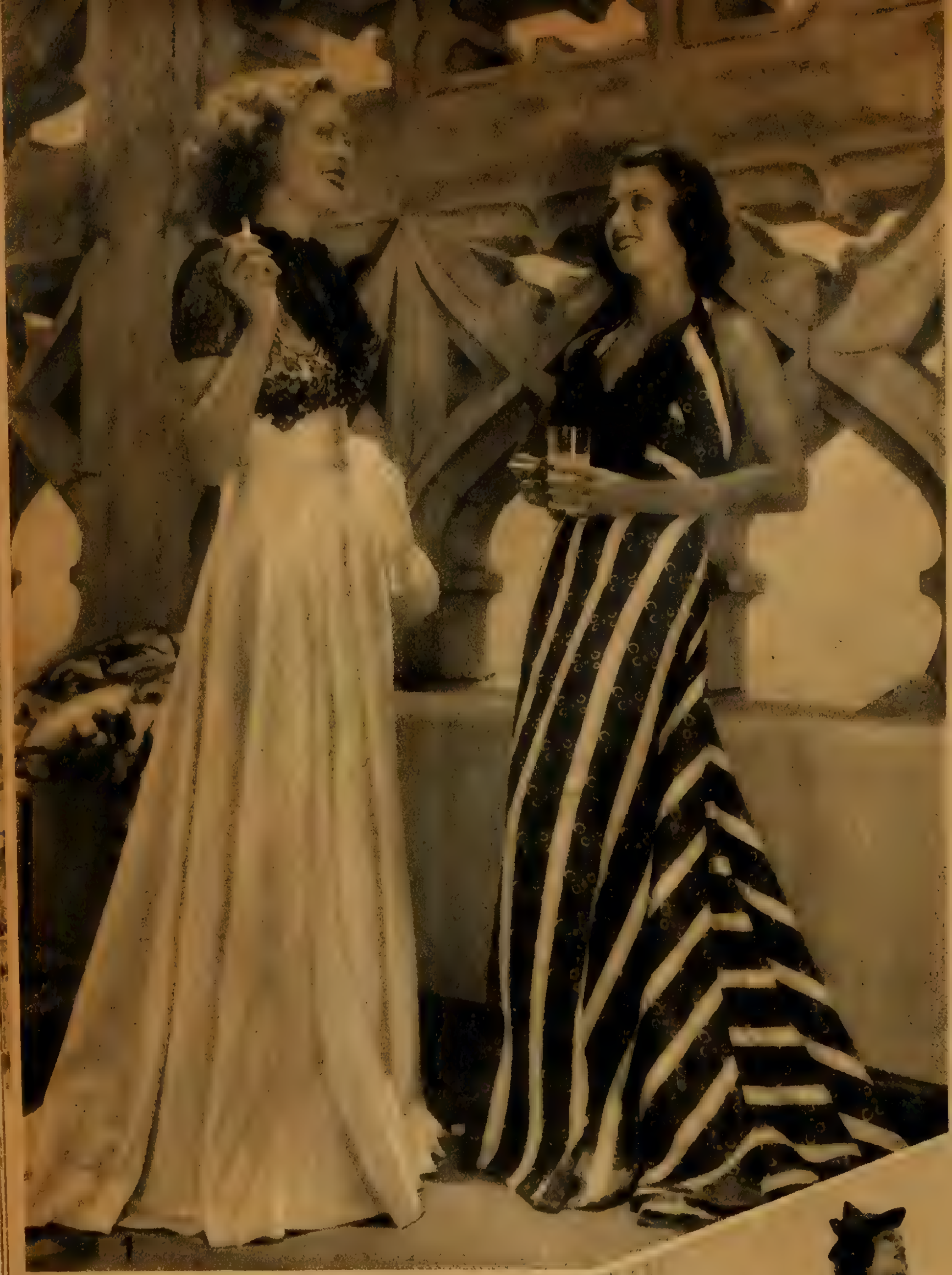
DRESSES—LETTIE LEE •

1—Two stunning gowns in black and white are worn by Delma Byron and Phillipa Hilbere, 20th Century-Fox players. Delma's gown of white slipper satin features a black lace blouse and jabot while Phillipa wears stripes and a train

2—Mary Blackwood, another 20th Century-Fox stock player, wears a white metallic tunic dress lavishly trimmed in sequins for the formal date

3—The flared tunic, so popular this season, has been brought out in a novel way in this ensemble worn by Phillipa Hilbere. Broad shoulders and an unusual neckline are interesting fashion notes

4—Delma Byron poses in black velvet with a short jacket that features interesting sleeves striped in white ermine. The high pointed turban is trimmed with white flowers



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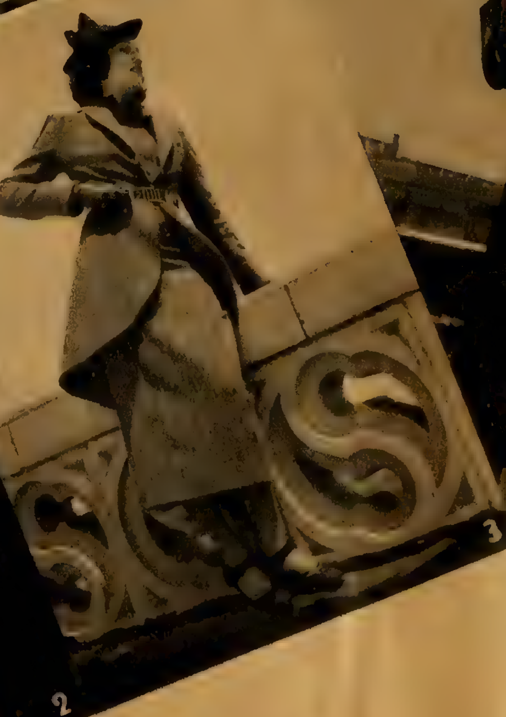


3

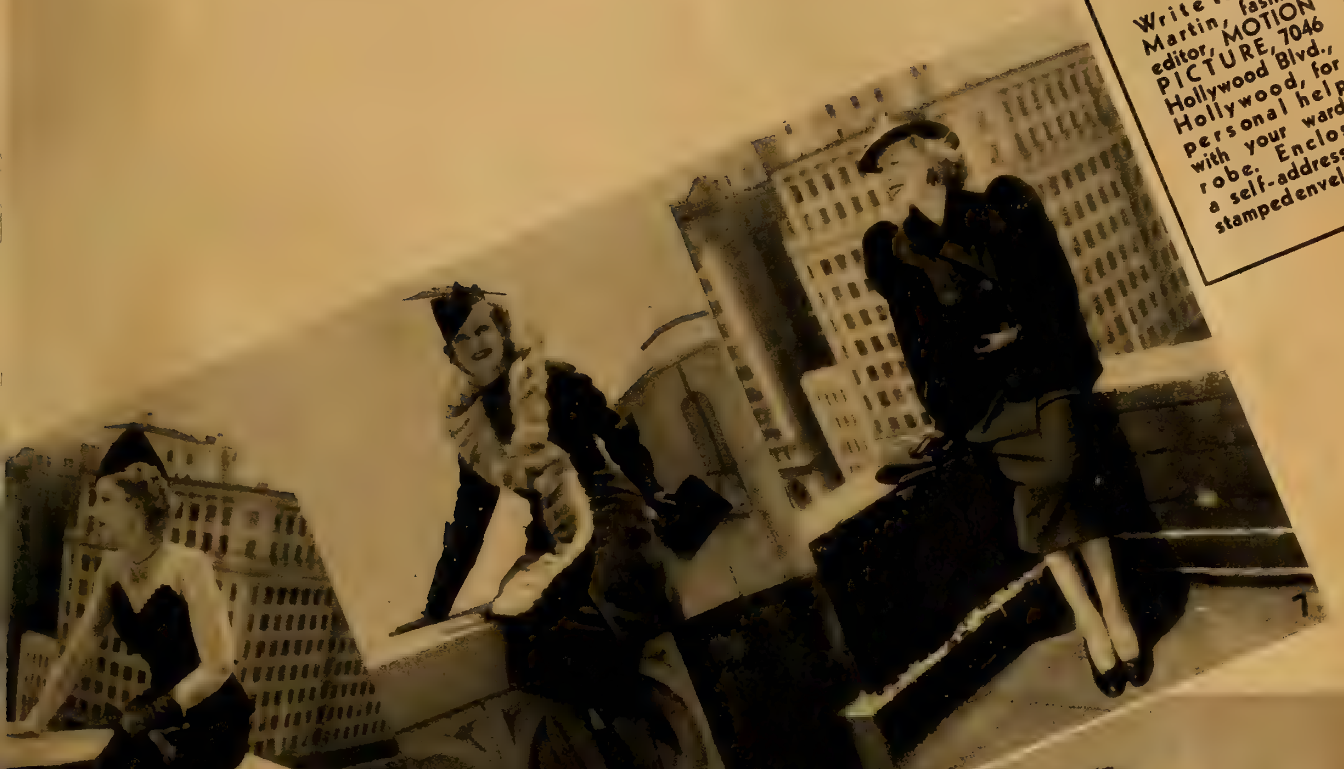
By SALLY MARTIN

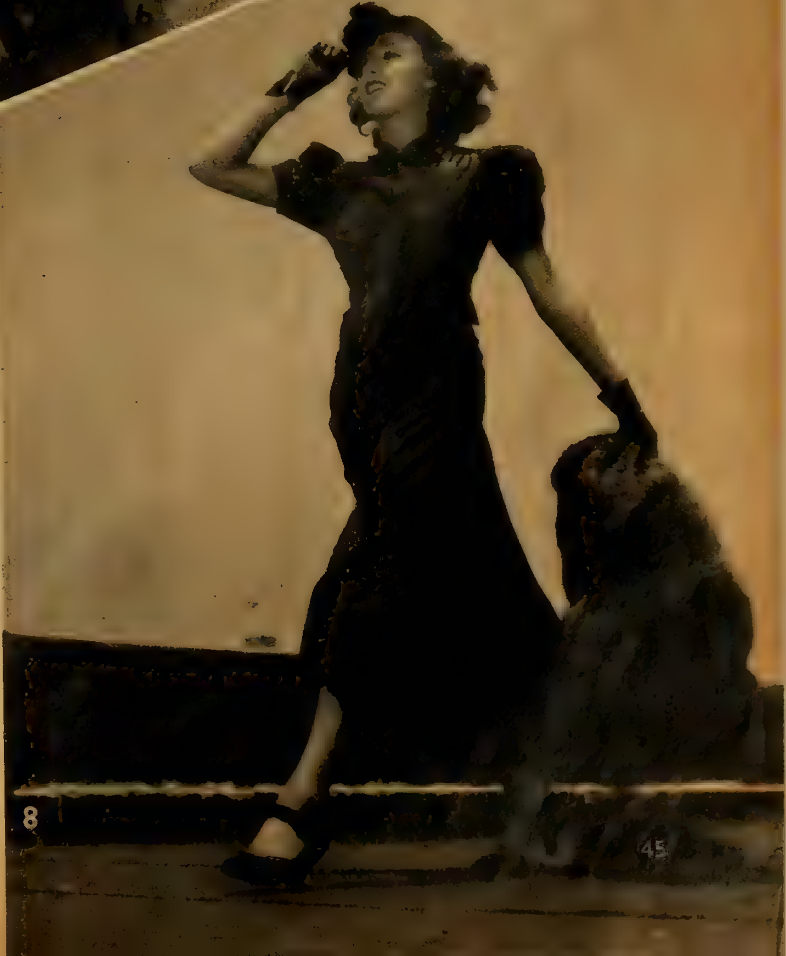
Fashion Editor, Motion Picture

IN BLACK and WHITE

HATS—JACQUELINE DUVAL • PHOTOGRAPHS—CHARLES RHODES

Write to Sally Martin, fashion editor, MOTION PICTURE, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, for personal help with your wardrobe. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope





5—Mary Blackwood is charming in this black crêpe afternoon dress made with an apron front and yoke of white lace

6—Mary Blackwood suggests this stunning suit of black wool trimmed with a collar and border of Fitch and worn with a satin blouse as the correct attire for street wear

7—Delma is attired for a shopping tour in a smart wool suit with an intricately cut coat trimmed in mole. The shoulder line shows the new upward tendency

8—Phillipa Hilbere wears a new length cocktail dress of black taffeta trimmed in a design of black sequins. Her chic bonnet with ostrich tips is extremely high crowned

MARRIAGE *Can't Change* FRANCHOT TONE

By Henry Langford

At the approach of the first anniversary of the Tone-Crawford marriage (a perfect union incidentally) Franchot is still Hollywood's most ideal husband

Franchot's not afraid of Joan now. They play opposite each other in *The Gorgeous Hussy*

HE'S nearing the end of his first year of marriage—and today, Franchot Tone is still just about Hollywood's most perfect *husband.* I've learned that it's impossible to write a story about Franchot *alone.* Not that he isn't an individual, in every sense of the word, as I hope to show you here. BUT—even granting that individualism—the fact still remains that Franchot Tone's whole life—his work-life, his play-life, his home-life, his personal life, are all so inextricably fused with Joan Crawford's that you simply *can't* write about just Franchot Tone. You've got to write about Tone AND Joan!

And so I start by telling you, again, that at the near-end of their first Mr.-and-Mrs. year, Tone is still Hollywood's most-nearly-ideal husband. And all the croakers, who wondered out loud how long it'd last, are hiding their noses.

TONE and JOAN—THEN and NOW

Hardly as long ago as *that* (snap your fingers), Franchot Tone, a newcomer in Hollywood, was given the rôle of Joan Crawford's *brother* in *Today We Live.* He was scared to death to play the rôle, because he knew Joan only as The Great Star, and was afraid he couldn't measure up to her . . .

But now—Franchot Tone, no longer a newcomer, but a star in his own right, is playing the rôle of Joan Crawford's *husband* in *The Gorgeous Hussy.* No longer is *he* scared, because now he knows Joan; he's married to her. But now Joan, herself, is scared to death to play opposite Franchot, instead! She admits it. "He's such a great actor," she explains, "that I have to work three times as hard when I'm playing opposite him in order to measure up to him. He demands so much of me."

In a million ways Franchot Tone shows his love to Wife Joan. Not only when they're alone, but on the set, with the whole studio-full of workers to look on. Tone makes no secret of his love. Oh, don't get me wrong—he doesn't go mooie-mooieing around, making a saccharine spectacle of it; but at the same time, he's not ashamed of it. Look at their dressing-rooms on the set where they're shooting *The Gorgeous Hussy.* They're side-by-side. Look inside

Franchot's a fierce idealist—in that sense marriage can't change him

Franchot was afraid he couldn't measure up to Joan when he played opposite her in *Today We Live*

Joan's—and every day, you'll see it filled with fresh, new favorite flowers. They're Franchot's flowers. Every day, he sees to it that new, fresh offerings are placed in his wife's dressing-room—to remind her he loves her.

That's a pretty gesture. He makes another, though—a gesture far more practical than flowers. You'll see, in Joan's portable dressing-room, a *telephone!* It's the only telephone in any star's portable dressing-room in all Hollywood. Ask Joan about it, and she tells you, happily, that it was Franchot's idea. He thought it up as a surprise for her—had a special telephone fitted with a plug, so it could be plugged in on the studio circuit, no matter on what stage or in what part of the stage, Joan's dressing-room might be. It's more than just a pretty gesture; it's a thoughtful one. Because Franchot knows how Joan loves to phone.

"The man's always thinking of little surprises like that for Joan," say those who work with them. "Always some new little gift for her, some little touch of courtesy, of affection, of respect." That affection goes beyond just little gifts. It goes so far that Franchot, keen psychologist as he is, realizes that the privacy of any person—even one's wife—must be jealously respected. And so, even though their dressing-rooms on the set are so close they virtually touch, Franchot *never* visits Joan's unless he's invited. There's more than either a pretty gesture or a thoughtful one—there's a *smart one!*

Of course, he's often invited—*very* often. Many times, during those long waits between takes on this picture wherein they're working together, Franchot spends the long minutes inside his wife's room. They play backgammon, usually—or just talk of the things they enjoy in common. And when, at last, the assistant director knocks at Joan's door and calls Joan and Tone, there's always a little brief tableau as Franchot leaves his wife's chamber—always, they stop on the threshold, and Franchot takes Joan in his arms and kisses her. Nothing gooey, nothing dramatic—just a kiss. But in Hollywood, that's something.

AND when the day's work is done, they don't (like too many other Hollywood husbands and wives) go dashing about their own selfish interests, apart. They hurry home, instead. That home in Brentwood is their heaven. There is where the real life of Franchot Tone begins and exists . . . There they become Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone. Sometimes—most of the time, in fact—their home life is as prosaically "homey" as that of any Mr. and Mrs. in America. Franchot will drape himself in one of the great easy chairs with one of the abstruse books he loves. His dachshund, "Puppchen," clambers up on his lap, curls up and goes to sleep.

At his feet, usually, curls Joan. She's utterly content there, just being Mrs. Tone. Her own dachshund, "Baby," is beside her, and they play. And there you have a simple home-life tableau—and all the cynics who'll read this and grin, and make a sound once termed the "raspberry," can go jump in a lake for all of me. Because this is the truth—not just press-agent twaddle.

Franchot doesn't like many people. He's frank about it. I'll explain it, in his own words, later. But what I'm trying to get at now is this—because that's Franchot's attitude, and because Joan respects it, the Tone-Joan home is never the scene of any big Hollywood parties, as you can imagine them. They frequently have guests to dinner—but never more than a handful. There's no chattering about who's gonna have the next baby, who's two-timing whom, what star is going out with what director, and all that sort of Hollywood tongue-clacking. There's fine, deep, rich talk, such as many in Hollywood wouldn't and couldn't understand. Franchot is a great reader, a great talker when the talk is on abstract subjects such as he loves and knows—philosophy, the state of the world, politics, human problems, sciences, music. He is a good talker then—but only then. For when there is small talk about, Franchot is dumb. He can't talk on airy nothings.

And he's not only a fine talker when the talk is in his line, but a smart one, too. You can't trip him on any statement he makes. He makes no statement unless he *knows* it's so. More than once, guests of his have challenged him. Franchot goes at once from the dinner table, in the middle

[*Continued on page* 82]

The TALK

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood

By the expression on Shirley Temple's face Frank (Old Gentleman) Morgan must have denied her candy money in *Bowery Princess*

Mary Alice Rice, noted stage beauty who decorated the Ziegfeld Follies, is now a dramatic actress for Universal

TALK of Hollywood at the moment is the new "Four-Day Diet." It's supposed to shuck off six pounds in four days!

Remember the famous 18-day-diet of a few years ago? Well, that died out. But now, all of a sudden, a lot of the stars—the male stars, particularly—have startled their acquaintances by dropping poundage over week-ends. And they all followed the same regimen—and now the 4-Day Diet is as famous in Hollywood as the 18-Day Diet was a couple years back. Clark Gable knocked off half a dozen pounds in four days via the new route. Here's the program he followed:

FIRST DAY—BREAKFAST: One large orange and one cup black coffee. LUNCH: One large broiled lamb chop. DINNER: Medium-sized broiled lean steak, salad of lettuce, tomatoes and cucumbers with mineral oil dressing.

SECOND DAY—BREAKFAST: Same as first day. LUNCH: Two broiled lamb chops, two sliced tomatoes with only salt and pepper, a half grape-fruit. DINNER: Two broiled lamb chops, one boiled egg, spinach, half grape-fruit, cup of black coffee.

THIRD DAY—BREAKFAST: One large orange, no coffee. LUNCH: Two scrambled eggs, spinach, three small saltines, small amount jam. DINNER: Small tenderloin steak, broiled; two tomatoes with salt and pepper, half grape-fruit, cup black coffee.

FOURTH DAY—BREAKFAST: One large orange, no coffee. LUNCH: Half broiled chicken, spinach, half grape-fruit, two saltines. DINNER: Two broiled lamb chops, two tomatoes with salt and pepper, half grape-fruit.

Then, on the fifth day, there's a sort of hangover treatment that consists of a dose of citrate-of-magnesia, and copious drinking of fruit juices, as you return to your regular meal routine. And that's that.

Playing Postoffice

AT 8 A. M., she began getting kissed. Three handsome young actors took relays at the kissing. By 6 p. m., then, Andrea Leeds, newcomer to movies (but you'll see her in Sam Goldwyn's *Come and Get It*) had the title of the most-kissed young woman in Hollywood. And THAT, dear readers, is *some* record. It was all during tests to pick a leading man for Andrea—and the aspirants who kissed were Francis X. Shields, ace high tennis star; Bob Lorey, young stage actor, and John Payne, New York player. After the day's 467 (cameraman's count) kisses, Andrea mumbled through swollen lips that working in pictures was nice.

No Side Car Either

NUTTIEST gag-of-the-month in Hollywood was the supposedly sedate and dignified Ruth Chatterton's

If you don't think English girls go in for startling beach attire, then take a gander at GB's Glennis Lorimer

f Hollywc

midnight capers on a motorcycle in Beverly Hills! It all came about because Ruth is an airplane enthusiast, while Director William Wyler is a motorcycle fan. They talked it over, and Ruth revealed she'd never ridden on a cycle, and Wyler countered that he'd never ridden in Ruth's airplane.

"You take me for a ride, and I'll take you for one," offered Ruth. The deal was set—and at midnight one party night, Ruth hitched up her skirts, straddled the seat of Wyler's motorcycle, while Wyler moved forward a bit to give her room. He gave it the gas—and allah, allah, what a spectacle! He gave her all the motorcycle tricks he knew. Ruth's reaction was, after she dismounted, to gasp: "Humph!—but wait 'til I take you up in my plane!!!!"

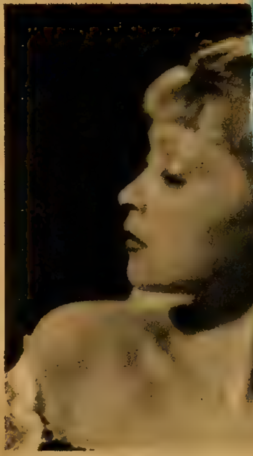
Jack Left a Lot of Jack

JUST before John Gilbert's death, there were all sorts of rumors floating about Hollywood. One group insisted that the former star had gone stony broke. Another group whispered that he was making a killing on the stock market. Jack himself said nothing . . . But now comes the formal appraisal of his estate, and it can be judged that the latter group was right. For the Gilbert fortune totals more than $400,000! Of it, about $300,000 will go to Virginia Bruce, who divorced Jack a couple of years before he died. Virginia had

been his fourth wife
in her share is the $
bert mansion where

Giving Dad a

LEO CARRILLO c
his foster-daugh
Antoinette Carrillo, is
ciative child. For he
graduation gift, Leo s
her eyes by surprisi
what she'd wanted-
yellow roadster with
gram on it. A couple
Marie went out of t
for a week-end. She
before her foster-dad
at his breakfast plate,
bunch of keys and



England's challenge to Hollywood Sex-Appealers is Lilli Palmer, who supports Richard Arlen in *The Great Barrier*

Marie: "Dear Daddy—here are the keys to my car—in case you want to use it while I'm gone."

Etiquette

IF YOU'RE one of these chaps who sings or hums the tune the ork is playing, while you're dancing, don't ask Jeanette MacDonald to dance with you. It makes her soo-o-o mad!!

Something new in rhumba costumes is worn by June Knight. She's gone to London for a musical show

Do You Measure Up?

THIS is for you gals who think you ought to be in the movies, and figure that crashing in via the chorus is a good way: Averaging the dancing girls at Warner's, here are the "ideal" film girl's proportions—Height: 5 feet, 5½ inches; Weight: 115; Neck (noun, not verb): 12 8/9 inches; Bust (ditto): 34¾ inches; Waist: 24¾ inches; Hips: 35 inches; Thigh: 21 inches; Calf: 13¼ inches; Ankle: 8¼ inches; Shoe size: 4½-A.

So run along and borrow mommy's tape-measure, and see if you'd fit. . . .

Bye-Bye to the Bike

NOT satisfied with prohibiting their male stars from risking (a) their necks and (b) the studio's investment, by playing polo and riding airplanes, the movie-moguls have found a new "thou-shalt-not" for at least one of their stars. She's Eleanor Powell, and M-G-M executives have forbidden her to use her bicycle she bought for riding from her dressing room to the rehearsal hall and stage where she dances. They're afraid

RED AND GINGER
RE AT IT AGAIN
will be new dances, songs and
ings in the forthcoming Fred
nger Rogers picture, Swing
some, who can't make
always furnish new

TALK of Hollywood at the moment is the new "Four-Day Diet." It's supposed to shuck off six pounds in four days!

Remember the famous 18-day-diet of a few years ago? Well, that died out. But now, all of a sudden, a lot of the stars—the male stars, particularly—have startled their acquaintances by dropping poundage over week-ends. And they all followed the same regimen—and now the 4-Day Diet is as famous in Hollywood as the 18-Day Diet was a couple years back. Clark Gable

GINGER ROGERS is a conscientious girl. She'd rather lose $15 than be late to work. Anyway, that's how it worked out the other day when a motorcycle officer clocked her at 65 miles an hour, down Sunset Boulevard.

"What," he asked, unswerved from duty by the fact that it was piquant Ginger he was pinching, "is the big idea?"

"I'm late to work," explained Ginger.

Neither the judge nor the cop thought it was a good excuse, and Ginger paid a $15 fine.

Jinx Junks 'Em

JINX-COUPLE champions of Hollywood are the Adolphe Menjous. They're more at home in hospitals than in their own quarters! For the last two years, they've been hospitalized more than they've been out!—illnesses, examinations, injuries, operations. For the first time in months, as this is written,

both at large—and if an Jinx will kindly lay y plan a European trip r. in celebration or ng.

Up With the Joneses

R Allan Jones—he ught life would be easy, once he landed p-notch movie actor. ng to do but go to the and rest the rest of time. . . ." Oh, yeah? at Allan's record the last month-and-: Flew to New Motored to Memphis ersonal appearance cotton Carnival; o St. Louis and Chi-r more personal ap-es; flew back to ork on business; o Hollywood with a ake City side-trip.

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George Brent's best friend and p his prize Dobermann-pinscher— keeps him company in his Malibu h

Then he had two whole days to re —before they sent him flying to Ne York again. And when he got bac to Hollywood once more, he wa dated up to go to Texas for the Ex position and to Seattle for a Shriner convention. Irene Hervey, who mar ried him, hopes maybe the marriag will settle the man!

Uprising

JOHN BARRYMORE didn't used mind when he was younger, bei photographed by news-cameramen. B the other night, when he arrived at t Hollywood Bowl for one of Hollywoo famous Symphonies-Under-the-Stars, news-cameraman took a flashlight sh at John and his gal-friend, Elaine Bar (who, as usual, was with him.) Jo (now in his fifties) bellowed so loud th half the audience thought it was the b

ginning of a Wagner number. Then he took a wallop in the photographer's direction. He missed. The photographer didn't. The picture was published, next day.

Entree

NOW, when you go to the Brown Derby on your trip to Hollywood, you can eat Edward G. Robinson's favorite dish—just as Eddie himself likes it. It's on the menu—"veal paprika se Robinson." It used to be "veal paprika Eesterhaze," but Eddie bellyached so much about how it was prepared that the chef, mad, said: "All-a-right-a, Meestair Robeeson; eef you can cook heem better than what I can, then all-a-right-a-, you do eet!"

Eddie took the challenge. He dug up an old recipe of his mother's and showed the chef how to do it. It was so good that it's been adopted as the cafe's official veal paprika recipe. And that's that.

Gangway Fo De Lawd of Censor

TALK of Hollywood at present is the fool censorship business that's buzzing around *Green Pastures*. This homely, lovely, warm production was actually barred in Canada and England because it was held irreverent and sacrilegious! Arose such a storm of protest from not only the laity, but even prominent Canadian clergymen, that Canada's premier hastily back-tracked, admitted his judgment might be wrong, and now the picture can be shown in Canada. But England—(where they *still* drive on the left side of the road!) [*Continued on page* 88]

FRED AND GINGER ARE AT IT AGAIN

There will be new dances, songs and witty sayings in the forthcoming Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture, Swing Time. This twosome, who can't make their feet behave, always furnish new and novel steps in their screen appearances. This time they swing into fast foxtrot [illegible] Pick Yours [illegible] number known as [illegible] which they execute [illegible] style. Whatever [illegible] ing the high [illegible] it's also hard [illegible] together they spell ART.

Ameche, featured in *Ramona* and *Ladies in Love*, is six feet tall, has brown eyes and black hair. He's married, has two sons and two Irish setters

Your *Newest* Rave

Don Ameche, Hollywood's new sensation seems to have something on the ball

By William F. French

WHO is Don Ameche? What's he really like—and what has he on the ball? That's what everybody wants to know these days. Is he merely a transient newcomer whose romantic name, good looks and pleasing voice have caught the public fancy for the moment? Or is he, as his studio and many others claim, a permanent fixture in pictures—a personality whose flashing rise to popularity may even exceed the skyrocketing of Fred MacMurray and Robert Taylor?

Have his features—as sharply cut as though chiseled from cameo and possessing that same softness which marked Valentino, Navarro and Russ Columbo, thrown Hollywood off its balance and caused him to be cast in pictures faster than were either MacMurray or Taylor? Or was talent responsible for him being given leads in three important pictures in ninety days' time?

So rapidly has he been pushed ahead that he ranks already as one of Hollywood's most promising leading men before the public has had a chance really to recognize him on the screen. Yet there is no doubt in Hollywood's mind as to the wisdom of getting this man in as many pictures as quickly as possible.

Except for the euphony of his name and the memory of a young man whose gracious manner and peculiar timbre of voice added an elusive charm to the
stamp the picture of
public mind. Perhaps t
regarding him—becau
our lack of facts.

The tales of Don's
rushes and previews o
Nor has the fact that
him for romantic lead
has expressed a desire
desire to learn somet
rushing him into new l
of the old parts off hi
this lad *has* something
decidedly "different" in

A PHYSICAL descri
department; Height
twelve stone, the calcula
eyes, brown; hair, pra
15½"; chest, 40"; wais

Beating His WAY BACK to the Top

It has been a long uphill climb for Paul Kelly---with plenty of ups and downs. He's back on top

By Gordon Crowley

MOST people think that Paul Kelly, the tall, rugged, brown-haired Irishman who played the romantic Mountie in *The Country Beyond* is a comparative newcomer to the screen. They remember him for grand performances in *The President Vanishes, Public Hero No. 1, Broadway Through A Keyhole, Death On The Diamond* and several other comparatively recent pictures, but few people know that in point of service, he is one of the oldest of the screen actors.

Paul was born in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, so near the old Vitagraph studio that they often borrowed his cradle for a cradle shot. At the age of seven, kid-like, he crawled through a hole in the studio fence one day and before he knew it, he was a kid star at five bucks a day. When his family heard of it, they quit speaking to the neighbors.

"A picture actor in the family and speak to the common Irish?" Paul laughed, "why Vitagraph used to borrow all our furniture, shoot a scene, then take it back for us to use that night. They'd let the still man shoot a picture of the house or us kids, now and then, for our pay.

"I don't know why people think I'm new to the screen
ex

should not complain for
nd I'm doing okay now,

a Talmadge and Maurice
e made of painted canvas
alls of castles around like
wo-reeler ever made, too.
ge Cooper, who has played
was *Billy*. I played the kid
w kid parts on Broadway.
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ose days."

e-up. He returned with his
with perspiration. It may
ousness for Paul is one of
rive on excitement but it

aking of Dorothy Mackaye,

Life has battered the Kellys (Dorothy Mackaye) but it has not beaten them. And together they find perfect contentment

"Still worrying because I'm playing polo," grinned Paul, "but otherwise she's swell."

"Polo?" I asked in surprise, "isn't that a rich man's game, Paul?"

"Not any more," he told me. "I've got my first pony and it would surprise you if I told you how much I paid. I don't belong to any expensive polo club but play at least once a week and more when I'm not working. It doesn't cost any more than golf."

These two, Paul and Dorothy have traveled a long, hard road together and today, in their Beverly Hills home, they are like two sweethearts in a honeymoon cottage. Except on the set, for where one is, the other can be found, too. Life has battered them, but not beaten them. Hollywood has taken them to her heart.

"There seem to be a lot of splinters in the ladder of success," grinned Paul, "but you have to keep climbing. You know what Dorothy and I want to do some day, when I've put enough in the bank? We want to buy a little farm, somewhere in Connecticut and spend the rest of our lives there. We have both lived and will have plenty of memories to sustain us and we will always be in love. You couldn't ask more than that, could you?"

A gallant gentleman, if there ever was one, this tall Irishman who has beaten his way back. I know of no man in pictures who is more highly regarded than Paul Kelly. A good contract, a polo pony, a home of his own and Dorothy. No matter how long the road has been, Paul Kelly is taking it with his head up, and best of all—he has found contentment.

What Price *SWEETNESS?*

By Carol Harte

WORK had begun that morning at nine o'clock, and at midnight they were still working. The picture was *The Country Beyond,* released a few weeks ago—with Robert Kent and Rochelle Hudson as featured players. The scene was an avalanche slide, with Robert and Rochelle right in the middle of it! It was the kind of scene that would be uncomfortable enough at nine in the morning. At midnight it was unbearable. First, they had to have several tons of snow and ice dumped on them. Then, lying on the cracked ice, (real cracked ice—several feet deep!) Robert discovers that his leg is broken, and Rochelle gets down on her knees to help him.

The whole scene might have been over with in twenty minutes except that Robert had difficulty in remembering which leg was hurt, which was the moment to groan and which to speak. Time after time he got them all mixed up, and time after time the director called "Cut! We'll have to do that over." So down would come the snow, and down would go Robert and Rochelle, and as the hours dragged on, down would go the temperature! Robert could be forgiven his mistakes—after all, he was a beginner—but his complaints, and his language were not so easily dismissed. "Somebody get me a blanket and get it damn quick!" he finally demanded. "I won't lie on the ice another second without something under me. Don't you know I'm soaked clear through, and freezing?"

A blanket was brought and the husky 175-pound boy laid himself carefully down on the warm wool blanket. "There, that's a little better!" he muttered. "Now we can go on." Beside him knelt a frail 100-pound girl, her teeth chattering, her knees all but bleeding, her clothes a damp frozen shroud about her body. "Are you all right, Rochelle?" asked the director.

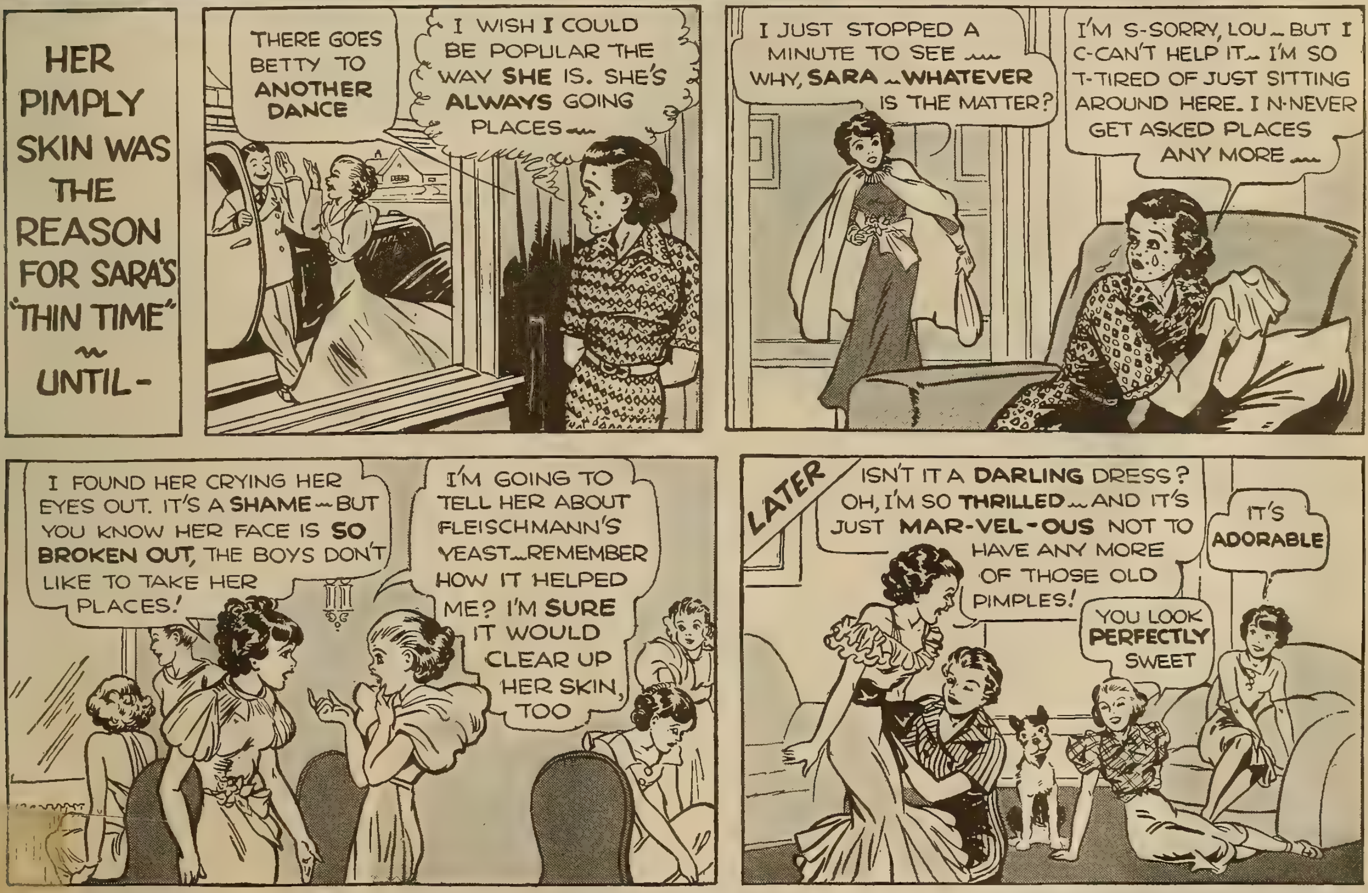
"Sure," she said, smiling.

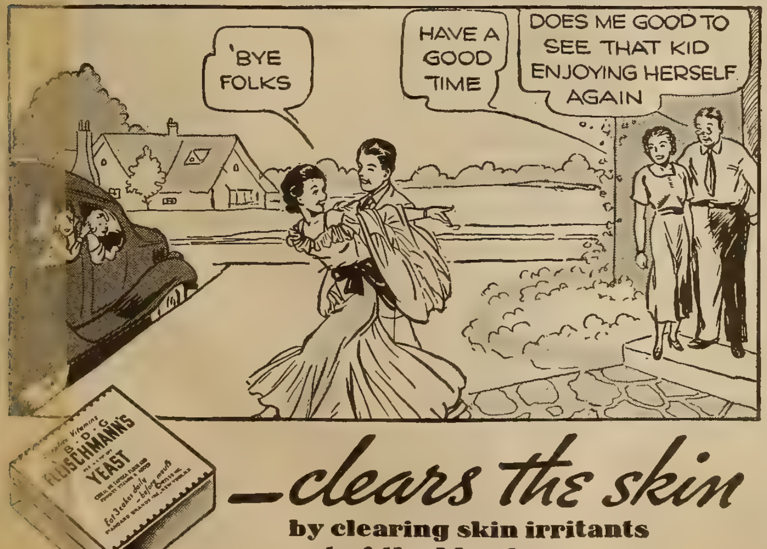
No complaints. No temperament. No blanket. Just a good-natured kid, keeping her chin up and smiling. That's Rochelle Hudson, from nine until midnight, 365 days of the year. A sweetness that makes her adored by everyone who knows her. But I wonder, isn't it perhaps the kind of sweetness which is bad for her professionally?

I HAVE followed Rochelle's career carefully for a number of years. Four years ago everybody said, "watch Rochelle Hudson! She's going places!" Two years

Ha
pr
to

NOBODY ASKS ME OUT ANYMORE!


HER PIMPLY SKIN WAS THE REASON FOR SARA'S "THIN TIME" ~ UNTIL-
THERE GOES BETTY TO ANOTHER DANCE
I WISH I COULD BE POPULAR THE WAY SHE IS. SHE'S ALWAYS GOING PLACES ...
I JUST STOPPED A MINUTE TO SEE ... WHY, SARA ... WHATEVER IS THE MATTER?
I'M S-SORRY, LOU ... BUT I C-CAN'T HELP IT ... I'M SO T-TIRED OF JUST SITTING AROUND HERE. I N-NEVER GET ASKED PLACES ANY MORE ...
I FOUND HER CRYING HER EYES OUT. IT'S A SHAME — BUT YOU KNOW HER FACE IS SO BROKEN OUT, THE BOYS DON'T LIKE TO TAKE HER PLACES!
I'M GOING TO TELL HER ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST ... REMEMBER HOW IT HELPED ME? I'M SURE IT WOULD CLEAR UP HER SKIN, TOO
LATER
ISN'T IT A DARLING DRESS? OH, I'M SO THRILLED ... AND IT'S JUST MAR-VEL-OUS NOT TO HAVE ANY MORE OF THOSE OLD PIMPLES!
IT'S ADORABLE
YOU LOOK PERFECTLY SWEET


'BYE FOLKS
HAVE A GOOD TIME
DOES ME GOOD TO SEE THAT KID ENJOYING HERSELF AGAIN
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel neglected and forlorn

PIMPLES are often a real calamity to girls and boys after the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is an effective remedy for adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples vanish!

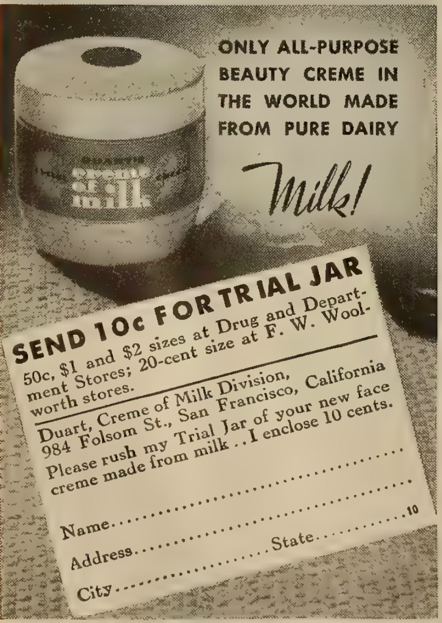
Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* —a cake about one-half hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

ADRIENNE AMES, beautiful screen star

My beauty creme is made from Milk!

NEW TYPE FACE CREME
wins hundreds of Hollywood Stars and thousands of women everywhere

You know that no other creme in the world is like Duart's Creme of Milk the very moment it touches your skin. Because this delightful new kind of face creme is actually made from the rich natural oils found only in pure dairy Milk . . . it PENETRATES more deeply . . . CLEANSES more thoroughly . . . NOURISHES more completely and BANISHES DRY SKIN almost at once. If your complexion is not as fresh, clear and youthful as it should be, do as the beauty-wise Hollywood Stars and thousands of other women have already done, start using the newest beauty discovery . . . Creme of Milk. Results you can SEE and FEEL will come amazingly quick. Use coupon to send for Special Trial Size Jar (not a tube).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Creme of Milk

SEND 10c FOR TRIAL JAR
50c, $1 and $2 sizes at Drug and Department Stores; 20-cent size at F. W. Woolworth stores.

Duart, Creme of Milk Division,
984 Folsom St., San Francisco, California
Please rush my Trial Jar of your new face creme made from milk . . I enclose 10 cents.

Name.. 10
Address..................... State...............
City..........................

Look For CREME OF MILK At Your Beauty Shop Too

This month's three winners are Betty Middleton (center), 576 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn, who wins a screen test and a cash prize of $50. Betty is 17, weighs 118, and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. The other two girls are Margaret Dolph (left) 608 Liberty St., Aurora, Ill., and Betty Bickel (right) 8904 St. Charles Rd., St. Louis

Have YOU Screen Talent?

We'll Help You Find Out!

By Jack Smalley

EACH month is bringing a grand opportunity to girls who want an answer to that important question—have I screen possibilities? MOTION PICTURE Magazine is supplying that answer, through the generous support of Hold Bob bob pins in the second national Search for Talent now going on.

And again three girls have been selected for special attention this month—three girls whose entry in the Search for Talent may bring them fame and fortune in the movies.

For Walter Wanger, ace producer of box-office hits who formerly was the key man at Paramount and now has joined the far-flung United Artists group of producers, is positively going to give a screen contract to the girl we select at the end of this present series of talent selections.

Think of that! A contract in your pocket, all expenses paid to Hollywood and back home again, weeks of work and play and excitement as an actual member of the film colony—all yours if you have the talent Hollywood wants to see!

Of course, the expenses of such a huge search as this runs into a great deal of money. MOTION PICTURE Magazine was fortunate enough to interest the makers of Hold Bobs in supporting the Search, for we know that all women are interested in this problem of how to get into the movies. There are hundreds of pretty girls who have never been called to the attention of producers—girls with latent talents eager for a chance to prove their ability. Can you dance, sing, ride horseback, swim? Have you a good figure? Are your features regular? And above all, do you have that sparkle called personality? That's all Hollywood asks—not raving beauty, not superlative talent, not a vast amount of stage experience. Not a bit. Hollywood knows how to teach those things. How to beautify. How to train a girl for films. But Hollywood does need new talent, and needs it badly.

As you may know, Hold Bobs are sold everywhere. In all stores handling these bob pins you can get entry blanks, folders, and details of this contest. Inquire today, or send in the blank in this magazine. We hope you discover the value of these bob pins, too, which are so indispensable to the stars whose hair must be groomed to photograph correctly, for Hold Bobs have made this search possible.

THIS MONTH'S WINNERS

And now to present the three girls selected this month. For a screen test and fifty dollars cash prize, the judges chose: Miss Betty Middleton, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Betty has a soprano voice, which has not been trained but shows possibilities. Some work in amateur theatricals is to her advantage.

The other two girls who are also entered, with Betty, in the grand finals, are: Miss Margaret Dolph, Aurora, Ill., Miss Betty Bickel, St. Louis, Mo.

Both girls have done dancing, have had some dramatic experience with amateur theatricals, and have special talents which would be of value in picture work.

RULES

1. Any woman 16 years or over who is a resident of the United States may enter the "Search for Talent." Girls from the ages of 16 to 18 years must have the consent of guardian. It is not necessary to purchase any article to enter.

2. The "Search for Talent" opened May 1st, 1936, and closes at midnight December 31st, 1936, unless extended by announcement in MOTION PICTURE and SCREEN PLAY Magazines. This program will consist of eight monthly contests.

3. Each photograph must be attached to an official entry blank or facsimile.

4. Each month three persons will be selected and their photographs will be published in MOTION PICTURE and SCREEN PLAY Magazines. At least one of these girls will be selected by the judges to receive a free screen test at some convenient place and time to be selected by the judges, plus $50.00 in cash. The screen test will be submitted to the officials of the Walter Wanger Productions at the United Artists Studios. If this screen test is acceptable, this person will be brought to Hollywood immediately for motion picture work in a Walter Wanger production.

5. At the conclusion of the entire program, we guarantee at least one of the winners of the monthly contests will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for motion picture work in a Walter Wanger production.

6. Entries for each monthly contest will close at midnight of the last day of the month. Entries received post-marked after that date will be put into the following month's competition.

7. Entries may submit as many photographs in each monthly contest as desired and may enter as many monthly contests as they wish but each photograph must be accompanied by an official entry blank or facsimile.

8. Photographs cannot be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

9. Judges of these contests will be executives of the Walter Wanger Productions at the United Artists Studios, The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. and MOTION PICTURE and SCREEN PLAY Magazines. Their decisions will be final.

10. Contestants agree to abide by the decisions of the judges and any entrant must by her signature to an entry blank agree to permit the publication of her photograph in connection with advertising and publicity concerned with the "Search for Talent." Contestants must agree to give Walter Wanger Productions first option on motion picture services and if an offer from any other studio is made after a contestant is selected, contestant must give Walter Wanger Productions an option on services for the same amount as offered.

11. Employees of Walter Wanger Productions, United Artists Studios, The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., MOTION PICTURE Publications and Fawcett Publications and their families are not eligible to compete in these contests.

[*Continued on page* 89]

HELEN WOOD

FEATURED IN "CHARLIE CHAN AT THE RACE TRACK." A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION

Beautiful Hair

IS EASY TO HAVE . . . IF YOU KNOW HOLLYWOOD'S SECRET

When a Hollywood star gets a permanent wave she doesn't take any chances with the beauty of her hair by trying out trick waving methods. She knows that the world's most highly paid beauty experts, the Motion Picture Hairstylists' Guild have tested every known waving method and she trusts their judgment and advice. Duart is the one and only permanent wave that has ever received the 100% endorsement of the Motion Picture Hairstylists' Guild and that is why nearly all the feminine stars you see on the screen are wearing soft, beautiful, *natural* Duart waves. And because no other waving method has the exclusive Duart feature of HEAT CONTROL for EACH SEPARATE CURL, Duart has become America's leading permanent wave. Ask for a Duart wave, it costs no more.

DUART

PERMANENT WAVES

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

FREE BOOKLET enables you to copy a star's coiffure exactly. Choose from Hollywood's newest hairstyles by Hollywood's leading artists. Booklet sent free with one 10-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. No dye—no bleach just a colorful and cleansing touch of sunlight. Select your shade—see coupon.

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE HAIRSTYLE BOOK

DUART, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, California. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ White or Gray Platinum
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde
☐ Dark Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Black
☐ Medium Brown

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City __________ State __________ 10

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Eye Make-up in Good Taste

Maybelline Cream Mascara — Black, Brown and Blue—with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c

SOME are born beautiful — others acquire beauty. If you aren't a *natural* beauty, then the most natural thing in the world is to *acquire* beauty. Encourage yourself! Begin with your most important beauty feature—your eyes. Make your eyelashes look twice as long, twice as luxuriant—quickly, easily, with a few deft brush strokes of Maybelline. Dark, soft, silky lashes add a sparkling depth to eyes, which heightens the whole charm and expression of the face. Do as the most exquisitely groomed women of Paris and New York do—choose pure Maybelline Mascara, in either the new Cream form or the ever-popular Solid form.

The smoothness and ease of application of Maybelline Mascaras, their naturalness of color and lack of gumminess, have won them unequalled popularity among beauty-wise women the world over. Tear-proof. Harmless. Not beady on the lashes.

Open your eyes to a new and lovelier beauty—with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Obtainable at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes at leading ten cent stores. Try them—you'll discover a totally new and enjoyable beauty experience.

Eye Shadow
Blue, Blue-Gray
Brown, Green
Violet

Eyebrow
Pencil—Black
Brown, Blue

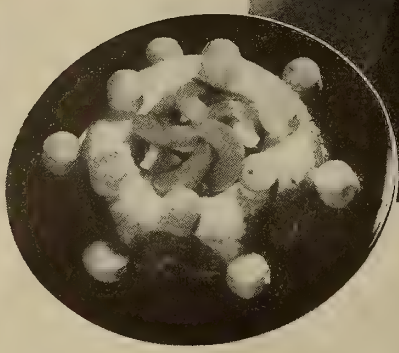
Solid Form
Mascara—Black
Brown, Blue

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline

The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids

Luise Rainer enjoys a dish of Chinese rice on *The Good Earth* set. Note how she has mastered chop-sticks



A tempting rice "pinwheel" revolves on an axle of colorful fruits. (Courtesy of the Southern Rice Industry)

Retrench with RICE RECIPES!

Economical rice recipes—dear to housewives the world over—have an important place on menus of film stars

By Dorothy Dwan

YOU would have smiled—as I did—to see petite Luise Rainer patiently mastering chop-sticks on *The Good Earth* set one day while enjoying Chinese rice—but her knowledge of rice and recipes is no laughing matter!

Luise, like most of us, probably hadn't thought much about this popular grain until *The Good Earth* went into production. As a child she ate it with cream and sugar and that was that. But, surrounded with Chinese and, presumably, toiling day after day in rice fields with Paul Muni, she became interested in the history of the Mongolian race. As is customary with Luise, she threw herself whole-heartedly into familiarizing herself with the age-old habits of the nation. She came forth triumphant—steeped in knowledge on many subjects from jade to rice.

"Rice forms the basic diet for over half the globe's population," she told me with a serious expression in her dark eyes. "The dietician told me that rice has more than *three times* the nutritive value of potatoes!" Well, Luise was right. I found the exact figures. Rice boasts 86% nutrition while potatoes have only 23%.

Having your interests at heart, I knew I had done a good day's work when Luise informed me she knew the recipe of the Chinese rice and would give me several American recipes her cook prepares at home.

CHINESE RICE

½ lb. cooked shrimp
1 cup cooked rice
1 tbls. chopped onion
2 tbls. Soy sauce
2 eggs, slightly beaten
Dash of pepper
½ tsp. salt

Fry shrimp in butter until slightly browned. Remove shrimp from pan and pour in eggs which should cook until slightly solidified and then be turned. Add rice, onions, salt, pepper and shrimp. Heat the mixture thoroughly and add Soy sauce just before removing from range.

With a little Sherlocking, I discovered that dependable old Hollywood has jumped on the rice bandwagon, eagerly cheering the new recruits who fall into line daily. Yet why should this tiny city, housing the pampered darlings of the world, feel the need of economy? Surely the cooks who order a box of rice in one breath and imported caviar with the next, aren't thinking that a nickel's worth of rice will supply the main dish for tonight's dinner, although you and I may grin like a Cheshire cat at the prospect.

No—the answer is far more encompassing than that. These servants are responsible for the nourishment of actresses, noted for their beauty and [*Continued on page* 68]

Norma Shearer Talks about Romeo and Juliet

[*Continued from page* 33]

apparently enjoying herself, "so there I was —*Juliet*—signed, sealed and delivered—they had to take me—(does this sound like Lady Thalberg of Thalberg Manor?)—but they couldn't decide on a *Romeo*. It became a question that reverberated from California to New York, and even stirred up a few echoes in Europe. They hunted and tested and tore their hair and finally reached a point where they were ready to give the whole thing up.

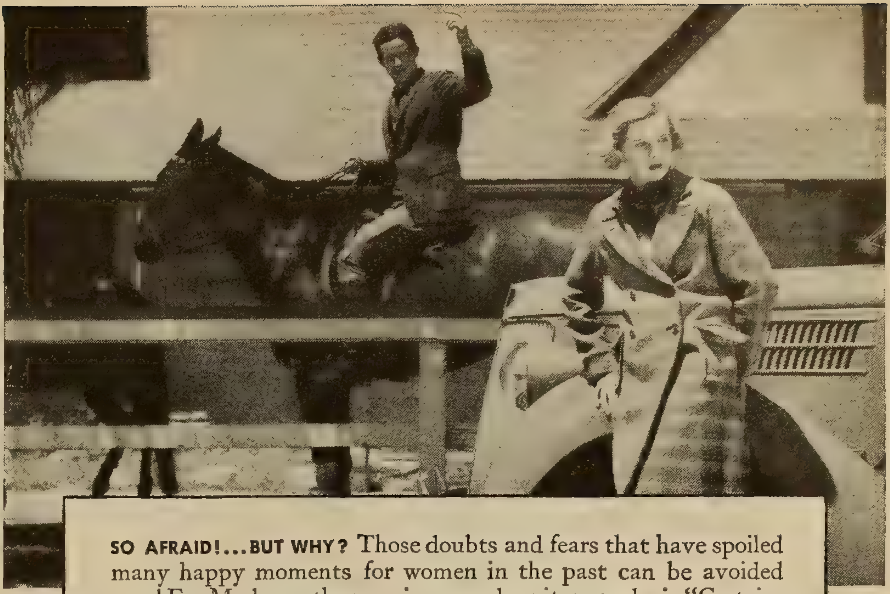
"It was during that period that I took a trip to New York. And thereby hangs another tale. 'What are you here for?' the reporters wanted to know. 'Nothing special,' I told them. 'Would you mind if we said you were here to find a *Romeo?*' Well, it seemed a happy solution at the time, so in another impulsive moment, I said: 'All right.' It turned out to be one of my less inspired impulses. The idea of my having anything to do with choosing a *Romeo* was silly in the first place, and I was punished, as I deserved to be. Only the innocent suffered with the guilty. Such a barrage of letters you can't conceive. They swamped me and the studio—letters from everyone in the world—barbers to princes. 'I'm only a shoe clerk,' they'd write, 'but very romantic.' Or 'I don't look like *Romeo* exactly, but I act like him in private life.' I began to think there wasn't a soul alive who didn't cherish a secret desire to play *Romeo*. I found myself peering into the faces of doormen and cab-drivers, wondering what kind of *Romeos* they'd make. They," she murmured, "were probably returning the compliment.

"And then after all the hunting and the heartaches, you can imagine perhaps what it meant to us when Leslie Howard was finally signed for the part. I can't think of anyone who could have played it with that inimitable charm and grace and restraint, who could have made it so tender without ever losing his manliness. When he reads the lines, they seem to belong to him—they sound as if no one in the world had ever said them before. You're going to love his *Romeo*," she exclaimed impulsively. "Every woman who sees it is going to love it.

"There was one point George Cukor kept hammering at—the reality, the simple humanity of the play. 'Don't think of it as one of Shakespeare's tragedies,' he kept saying, 'just because that's what they taught you in school. These people weren't tragic to themselves. They were in love—that's all—living through all the moods all lovers live through—happy part of the time, hopeful most of the time. They didn't know how it was going to end. Play it that way.' So we did. And even the tragic ending is such a triumphant tragedy. Do you remember *Juliet's* lines when she finds the poison? 'O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop to help me after?' There's a kind of sorrowing humor even in that—nothing morbid, no thought of anything but to join her lover as quickly as possible. It doesn't make me sad," she cried, her eyes shining. "It gives me a sense of elation—it's so beautiful, so complete, so joyous even —that perfect faith, that perfect love."

SHE laughed a little at her own excitement. "It's been a glorious adventure from the start, and now that it's finished, I'd like to do it all over again, better than the first time. About the picture I never

[*Continued on page* 61]



SO AFRAID!...BUT WHY? Those doubts and fears that have spoiled many happy moments for women in the past can be avoided now! For Modess—the new, improved sanitary pad—is "Certain-Safe!" It brings you a kind of protection and comfort you've never known before, because Modess is made differently!

NO UNCERTAINTY NOW! You can go wherever you want to . . . wear whatever you want to . . . with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back which prevents *striking through!* Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from body and perfect protection is yours.

Modess
It's Certain Safe

End "accident panic"—
ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!
The Improved Sanitary Pad

● *Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.*

Here's How To Treat
FOOT ITCH
ATHLETE'S FOOT

PAY NOTHING
TILL RELIEVED
Send Coupon

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.

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F
FOOT REMEDY
PRICE $100
Sold by
Gore Products, Inc
New Orleans, La

GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
829 Perdido St., New Orleans, La. F.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY ....STATE ....

On the Sets with the Stars

IN the middle of Republic's *Follow Your Heart,* Marion Talley, the ex-opera-singing star, stepped from a Hollywood curbstone and sprained her ankle. "To bed," ordered doctors. Did it stop the shooting schedule? Nay nay, for they immediately shot sequences wherein Marion lies in bed.

Cecil B. DeMille is taking no chances with the current flock of suits by families of famous men about whom recent movies have been made (MGM's in legal trouble over *The Great Ziegfeld,* for instance; Brady's descendants tackled Universal over *Diamond Jim.*) Anyway, Cecil, preparing to shoot the saga of *Buffalo Bill,* has invited all relatives of the famous plainsman to a pre-picture conference to settle all such likelihoods.

In *The Big Broadcast* you'll see atop the desk in Jack Benny's office scene a bust. It is actually a bust of Director Mitchell Leisen. Mitch, superstitious, insists that every picture he directs show either a picture or bust of himself, or somehow he gets his hand or foot into some scene.

MGM, preparing to picture the life of George Washington, discovered on research that the Father of His Country actually spoke with a thick English accent. Now they're wondering whether to have the screen Washington talk British or not. They've been testing British Basil Rathbone for the rôle.

For studio shots of *The Garden of Allah,* more than 80 tons of sand were trucked from the desert location to form the background for studio takes behind Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, *et al.*

Eleanor Powell fell so in love with a set in MGM's *Born to Dance,* that she has bought it to be installed in her own home as a playroom. You'll see it in the picture—the one with cellophane couches and a modernistic ping pong table and so on.

Although *Dodsworth* calls for 28 changes of costume for Walter Huston, the star's own personal wardrobe is more than enough for the requirements. Huston owns 40 suits.

You'll never see the monastery set in *Lost Horizon* save in that picture. Director Frank Capra, knowing how Hollywood shoots old settings in later pictures, played a quick trick on Columbia by having the Tibetan monastery set destroyed after he had finished directing Ronnie Colman and company in it. Capra didn't want any other director stealing his scenery!

When Luise Rainer had to die in *The Good Earth,* the stage where she played the death scene was the saddest spot in movieland. Funeral dirges were played on phonographs to keep the mood; there was no talking permitted save necessary orders. It was all so lugubrious that more than one electrician and scene-shifter shed a tear as Luise died for the camera.

Joan Crawford had a stand-in dress during shooting of *The Gorgeous Hussy.* The full costume for takes required 11 petticoats, and in the hot weather, Joan couldn't take it. So she wore the 11 only for real takes; rest of the time she wore a light substitute.

Funny—a decade ago, a fellow named Gary Cooper played a bit rôle—a cowboy—in *The Winning of Barbara Worth.* Ronnie Colman starred, and the Cooper fellow was just an extra. Now Sam Goldwyn is going to produce the show again as a talkie, of course. This time, Gary will star in it!

When you see Jimmy Dunn battling with another player in Columbia's *The Fighter,* you'll see how he broke his hand. Actually, for the picture, Jimmy smashed a bone in his right hand in a fight with Cy Schindell, one-time Marine Corps middleweight champ. The broken bone kept Jimmy from working for a week; they had to shoot around him.

Twentieth-Fox has a job to find five players for *Turn of the Century.* They need doubles to portray the rôles of Theodore Roosevelt (as he looked in 1900), President McKinley, Admiral Dewey, William Jennings Bryan, and John E. Wilkie, who was United States Secret Service head during the McKinley administration.

Columbia, instead of building a phony carnival of props for Bing Crosby's *Pennies From Heaven,* simply went out and hired a traveling carnival company to set up on the Columbia lot for a week of shooting.

Norma Shearer Talks About Romeo and Juliet

[*Continued from page* 59]

had any qualms—about my part I did—yes, in spite of my bravado. I'd go to see the rushes and, though there were some I liked, there were others I felt I should have done so much better that I'd plead to have them taken over again. George used to roar with laughter, because he said I sat there, picking flaws in myself as if I were some other woman I intensely disliked."

But the picture's been previewed now, and there's no longer any need for her to depend on her own over-critical reactions. She refused—reasonably enough—to comment on the enthusiastic response to her own performance. To my tactless question she replied by covering her face with a napkin, over whose edge peered one reproachful eye. The preview itself, however, was legitimate territory.

"We sat there—Irving and Leslie and George and I—trembling but quiet. As the title flashed on, we all, as by one impulse, grabbed each others' hands. It was like an iron rod, running through the four of us, holding us steady. The title was greeted by a tremendous burst of applause, so we knew at least that the picture had created a certain amount of advance interest. But for a long time that was all we knew. They sat transfixed, but that's not a sure sign of anything. When they move and cough and walk out, you know it's bad. When they just sit, you can't be sure—anyway, not when you're as nervous as we were.

"The applause at the end was heartening, and yet we were still afraid to be sure. So we went over to the hotel across the road and just sat around, not daring to say a word, waiting for the preview cards to arrive. Irving took them—his hand was shaking—and looked at the first. It seemed hours before he read it aloud. 'Orchids to Shakespeare,' it said. Then we looked at each other. 'Well,' said George, 'Shakespeare got over,' and I began giggling a little hysterically, which broke the tension—after which we felt equal to reading the rest of the cards. Most of them were marvelous," she admitted.

AND well they may be. I haven't, as I say, seen the picture. But I've watched some of the shooting. And never on any set have I experienced a similar sensation—as of the heart being lifted to the throat and left quivering there, while you stood in the clutch of something stronger than yourself. You and a hundred others—electricians in the rafters, grips and prop-men below, lost to the world as *Juliet* leans from her high balcony to call softly: "Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night indeed." All his love in his eyes, *Romeo* listens, his face an ardent mirror reflecting her words. "And all my fortunes at thy feet I'll lay—" Her voice breaks in a passion of tenderness, her lashes glitter with the tears of a longing too sudden and sharp—"And follow thee my lord throughout the world." A long moment of silence. Nobody stirs. Eyes remain fixed on the slender figure in white, which has transported them to a place of deathless beauty, created by a poet dead these three hundred years and more.

Yes, my gentles, you have a treat in store for you. Heaven send you may have the wit to welcome it.

For that uncertain feeling—

Do sudden swerves
Upset your nerves?
Does traffic get your goat?
Do stomach ills
Disrupt your thrills
On board a train or boat?
If so, be ready—
Keep calm and steady—
Give Beech-Nut Gum your vote!

Travellers! keep calm with BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
Beech-Nut
PEPSIN GUM
AIDS DIGESTION
BEECHIES
CANDY COATED GUM
Beech-Nut ORALGENE Chewing Gum
FOR THE TEETH
SPEARMINT Gum
BEECH-NUT

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM... is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor... and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECHIES...another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT... especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A *Beech-Nut Quality* product.

ORALGENE... Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

GET YOUR SUPPLY OF BEECH-NUT BEFORE THE TRIP BEGINS

STOP USING
half-way
TOOTHPASTES
—USE
FORHAN'S

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

So often we learn too late that beauty may be ruined by half-way care of the teeth. We ignore the dangers of failing gums! There is no excuse for taking this chance. Forhan's gives you *double protection.* It cleans and brightens teeth and at the same time *safeguards your gums.*

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other toothpastes. It was created by an eminent dental surgeon. When you clean teeth and massage gums with Forhan's you are doing exactly what so many dentists advise. Phone for a tube now. Costs no more than most ordinary toothpastes, and ends ordinary half-way care.
Also sold in Canada.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by R.J. Forhan D.D.S.

Brush Away
GRAY HAIR
AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it, by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved — for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. BROWNATONE imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Men Behind the Stars

JOHN FORD

Director of *Mary of Scotland*

A GALLOPING horse hurled John Ford out of the acting end of the motion picture business and landed him in a director's chair, where he came up from directing lowly westerns to winning International fame for his marvelous directorial talents and the Academy Award with *The Informer.*

It all happened more than twenty years ago when Ford first came to Hollywood, fresh from school, determined to be successful in the motion picture industry. He was playing the part of an Indian in a wild western and as he rode madly down a steep hill he was thrown from his horse, landed on his head in a pile of stones and woke up in a hospital several hours later. "And right then and there I decided that my place was behind the camera instead of in front of it," said Ford.

Credited with such outstanding successes as *The Iron Horse, Born Reckless, The Godfathers, 3 Bad Men, Men Without Women, Air Mail, Arrowsmith, Prisoner of Shark Island, The Lost Patrol, The Informer* and now, *Mary of Scotland,* starring Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March, Mr. Ford believes that there is a definite trend in motion picture production towards realism and stories that deviate from the conventional theme.

"The gratifying response to *The Informer,*" he says, "proves that a departure from the sugary-sweet type of film that is turned out in bulk, is a welcome relief to the movie-going public. It took four years to interest a producer in *The Informer.* They were afraid of it because it was too depressing, too realistic, too much of a departure from the ordinary picture. I believe, however, that the general reception of the picture justifies other productions of the same type."

BORN in Portland, Maine and educated at the public schools there, Ford is one of Hollywood's earliest settlers. His first step toward his directorship was as an assistant to his brother, Francis Ford, who was directing as well as acting at Universal studios. He soon became a full-fledged director and after making several pictures for that company he moved his megaphone to the Fox lot, where he has directed some of the outstanding films of his long career. Before joining RKO he worked for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Jesse L. Lasky.

The dominant character of this tall, broad shouldered man is carried onto the lot where he is known as "Jack" to everyone, from executives to "prop" boys. He is famous for three things . . . having been a director when only nineteen years old, being the most difficult man in the world to interview and being the untidiest director in Hollywood (and proud of it). Always garbed in old flannel trousers, tennis shoes with holes in the toes, shirt open at the throat, no necktie, and collar turned up in hottest weather, Ford would never be selected from a crowd as one of the greatest directors ever to handle a picture in cinemaland. He is recognized as one of the most discerning men who never misses a trick when the cameras are clicking. He is noted for his regard for photographic effects. "It is my opinion," he states, "that terror loses its dramatic force in glaring light, but has increased potentiality when photographed in a setting that is forbiddingly gloomy."

WITH his casts, he is always quiet-spoken and courteous but always in command. He is never overwhelmed by a star. A recent example was when he told Katharine Hepburn, while making *Mary of Scotland,* "you'll give your best performance or I'll break you across my knee."

Despite his success, Ford has not gone "Hollywood." He lives in the same house he built fifteen years ago and while his wife and two children ride in a foreign car, he drives his own Ford coupe back and forth to the studio. He has no illusions about social position, and working members of his crew are as often chosen to be his companions, as are the stars. His favorite recreation is going for a cruise on his schooner-rigged yacht. His hobby is reading and he favors biographies and history, or a novel which has picture possibilities.

Success in pictures has not changed Ford. Whenever he returns to his home town he slips in unheralded.

John Ford told Katharine Hepburn he'd break her across his knee if she did not perform well in *Mary of Scotland*

On Location with The Good Earth

[*Continued from page* 41]

Yet, when you see them in *The Good Earth,* you will swear they are Chinese.

NIGHT after night, Muni sat up with Jack Dawn, the make-up expert at Metro, helping him to perfect the make-up he was to wear . . . The problem that faced both of them was to accomplish a make-up that could not be detected by the audience as Chinese make-up has heretofore, yet be strong enough to hold the eyes in shape in Oriental fashion. This was done by the development of a semi-wax that becomes part of the skin a few minutes after it is applied in a small wedge shape next to the nose. Before this, make-up men taped the outer eye corners to make a player look Chinese. We know that it is the most realistic make-up that has ever been used on the screen.

Their next problem was to make a mask that would fit the head to give the impression of the shaved Chinese head for the pig-tail that was to go down the back . . . It was simple for Muni, however; he insisted that his head be shaved in Chinese fashion and, as a consequence, he is the only Occidental in the cast that does not wear the head mask.

Strange as it may seem, Luise Rainer had little or no difficulty in becoming a Chinese woman. Strange, because when you think of the dainty feminine part Luise played in *The Great Ziegfeld,* it seems impossible to think of her as a Chinese peasant with little or no artificial make-up save a few markings about the eyes and the usual dark grease paint. However, that is the case only as far as make-up is concerned . . . As to the part she plays, it required a great amount of thought to become Chinese. We realized that the minute we saw her at work in the close-up shots that were made in the Great House that stood near the rice fields. We saw Luise surrounded by true China as it exists behind the moats that protect the houses of Chinese lords, for Luise was a slave in the House of H'Wang.

AS we passed over the moat, we noticed Chinese ducks floating about among the sampans, close by us was a wind-mill and a giant water wheel lifting water out of the ditch and into the rice fields . . . It was over this moat that Muni, as *Wang* the farmer, passed to ask the mistress of the Great House for Rainer to come with him as his woman.

Inside the wall past the moat we see the whole courtyard teaming with coolies . . It was festival day and Luise was the object of the celebration. We noticed white wisteria hanging in clusters . . . The bright red brick work of the upturned eves mingling with the bright blue of the dragons in the courtyard, made a delightful contrast.

About this bit of China moved Rainer as serene and Oriental as the coolies . . . Another scene was in preparation, so we stayed to watch the action . . . There were already some to be sure, what with a few of the Chinese playing American gambling games in little scattered groups and others chatting in the singsong language of the East . . .

Suddenly the voice of Tom Gubbins boomed out in South China dialect. (Some say that Tom is the mayor of Los Angeles' China Town, for such is the influence he has over the local Chinese.) The little

[*Continued on page* 65]

'HOUSECLEAN' YOUR SKIN

LOOSEN THOSE STUBBORN BLACKHEADS

A Penetrating Face Cream Is What You Need!

By *Lady Esther*

When it comes to your skin, be a good housekeeper! Don't be satisfied merely with surface cleansing. Get "into the corners."

You may not realize it, but many complexion woes are due to nothing else than imbedded dirt. This dirt may not be noticeable at first because it is buried quite deep in your skin. But it causes tiny bumps and rough patches which you can feel with your fingers.

Make the finger-tip test described to the right, and if you feel anything like tiny bumps or dry patches, you can be sure your pores are clogged and your skin dirty. This hidden, stubborn dirt, as it keeps on accumulating in the pores, causes, not only gray-looking skin, but enlarged pores, blackheads, dry patches and other unsightly blemishes.

Meets the Need!

Lady Esther Face Cream adequately meets the situation because it is a *penetrating* face cream. Gently and soothingly, it penetrates your pores and there it "goes to work" on the waxy matter. It loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, it *shows* it, both in the clearness and radiance of your skin and in the tingling sensation of freshness.

Lubricates Also!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses your skin, it *also* lubricates it—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth. Lady Esther Face Cream is on sale at all drug and department stores, but for a free demonstration, mail me your name and address. I will at once send you a 7-days' tube postpaid and free. See for yourself how this cream works. See how deeply it gets into the pores, how thoroughly it cleanses your skin. Your cloth will reveal dirt that you never suspected lurked in your skin.

See also how soft and smooth and supple Lady Esther Face Cream leaves your skin. The results will literally amaze you. You will understand then why eight million women say that all their skins need is this one face cream.

Feel Those Little Bumps?

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sign your pores are clogged and your skin needs "housecleaning."

Prove to Yourself!

With the free 7-days' tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I will also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder so you can see which is your most flattering shade and how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Write me today.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (26) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*________________ *State*________

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

Bradley Metcalfe, Star of "THE MILLIONAIRE KID"

Young Folks Like

BREAST-O'-CHICKEN BRAND TUNA FISH

Don't ask them why . . . they'll just say "It tastes good!" . . . but mother knows this tuna is an energy food rich in Vitamin D and goitre-preventing iodine . . . deserving of a regular place on every family's menu.

Try Bradley Metcalfe's favorite

TUNA CELERY SOUFFLE

Cook 1 cup chopped celery in 1 cup boiling water. Drain. Blend 5 tbsp. flour into 4 tbsp. butter, stir in celery water adding milk to make 1½ cups liquid. Season with salt and pepper. Cool. Add beaten yolks 4 eggs and 1 tin shredded BREAST-O'-CHICKEN TUNA FISH. Fold in beaten whites 4 eggs. Bake in buttered casserole, in pan of hot water, about 45 minutes, moderate oven.

Look for this
BREAST-O-'CHICKEN
TUNA LABEL
with the Good
Housekeeping Seal

AMERICAN PACKED TO AMERICAN STANDARDS
BREAST-O'-CHICKEN BRAND Tuna Fish
FANCY SO

WESTGATE
SEA PRODUCTS CO.
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Your Kodak Picture ENLARGED

FREE 8x10 Inch ENLARGEMENT of any SNAPSHOT

Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 271 Des Moines, Iowa

Sore Eyes?

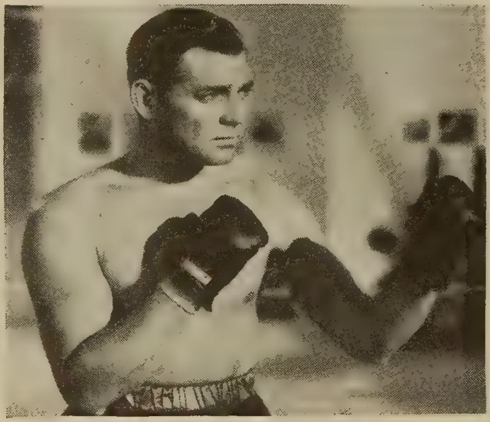
Bathe them with LAVOPTIK

Instant relief for inflamed, sore, tired, strained or itching eyes. 6000 eyesight specialists endorse it. 25 years success. Get Lavoptik (with free eye cup) from your druggist.

Your Questions

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

Ask the Cinema Sage



And in dis corner, lad-e-e-s and gen'men, is Gunboat Gable, Hollywood's white hope. See him score a knockout in *Cain and Mabel!*

If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Robert Taylor—Was born Spangler Arlington Brugh, the son of Dr. S. A. Brugh, a physician, in Filley, Nebraska. He was educated in public schools in Beatrice, Nebraska, attended college at Doane, Nebraska, for two years and finished his course at Pomona College, California. You can write to him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif. (G. F., Raleigh, N. C.)

Rosina Lawrence—She has natural wavy blond hair, is five-feet-three-and-one-half inches tall, weighs 113 pounds, and is not married. Her birthday is December 30th. *Charlie Chan's Secret, Your Uncle Dudley* and *Girls Go West* are her latest pictures. (Jim of Arizona)

George Ernest—Was born in Pittsfield, Mass., 13 years ago. Is 4 feet, 10 inches tall, weighs 86 pounds, has blue eyes, fair skin and light brown hair. He has appeared in *Every Saturday Night* and *Educating Father* for 20th Century-Fox. (L. C., Memphis, Tenn.)

Shirley Temple—Was born April 23, 1929. She has two brothers, George, 20 and Jack, 17. She entered films at the age of three-and-one-half playing leads for Educational comedies. She started dancing almost as soon as she could walk and never hears music without keeping time with her tiny feet. Her latest picture is *The Bowery Princess* and her address is 20th Century-Fox, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (A. R., Sterling, Ill.)

Clark Gable—Was born in Cadiz, Ohio, on February 1, 1901. His ancestors were all Pennsylvania Dutch. He is 6 feet 1 inch, and weighs 190 pounds, has gray eyes and brown hair. His hobbies are horses, golf, swimming, tennis and hunting. Most of his spare time is spent in hunting and fishing. (T. H. P., Cleveland, Ohio)

Dick Powell—Was born Richard E. Powell in Mount View, Arkansas, on November 14, 1904. Is six feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. He has blue eyes, auburn hair and a winning smile. His hobbies are golf, riding, swimming and contract bridge. He first sang when a railroad engineer taught him "Casey Jones" and couldn't stop singing after that. His latest picture is *Stage Struck* and he is now making *Gold-diggers of 1937.* (B. S., Laredo, Texas)

Jean Harlow—Who no longer is a platinum blonde, says that she likes the new shade of her hair and has decided to keep it that way. She was born March 3, 1911, in Kansas City, Mo., the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Carpenter and granddaughter of S. D. Harlow, wealthy realtor of that city. Her father was a dentist. She's had her real name, Harlean Carpenter, legally changed to Jean Harlow. (W. M., Manchester, Conn.)

Tim McCoy—Is 5 feet, 11 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds, has blue eyes and blonde hair. He was born April 10, 1891. You can write him at the Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. (E. E. S., Chattanooga, Tenn.)

Larry Crabbe—He was the Olympic Games Swimming Champion. Paramount sent for him for the role of the lion man in *King of the Jungle* because of his splendid physique. He is 6 feet, 1 inch and weighs 188 pounds. He was born in Oakland, Calif., February 7th—has brown hair and brown eyes. His latest picture is *Arizona Raiders.* (B. J. D., Oakland, Calif.)

On Location with The Good Earth

[*Continued from page* 63]

groups broke up, some took up musical instruments and others waved dragon flags in the air . . . In other words, the Chinese were allowed to act typically Chinese such as they do downtown on Chinese New Year . . . The scene was taken without their knowledge and it was a perfect "shot." Director Sidney Franklin knew what he wanted and got it . . . He wanted a natural scene and he knew how to get it out of the shy Chinese.

Of course, director Franklin himself had to study Chinese and their habits almost as much as Muni and Rainer did . . . We say almost, because Franklin was aided in his work with the Chinese by Tom Gubbins and a very wealthy young student from San Francisco by the name of William Law, president of the Chinese "Six Companies."

We imagine however, the adapting of the script from the book *The Good Earth* into a motion picture was one of the biggest jobs Franklin and the writing staff had to tackle . . . For the picture follows, truthfully, the Pearl Buck story.

THE story of *The Good Earth* concerns a farmer Chinese (Muni) who marries a slave girl (Luise Rainer) from a Great House. The farmer's wife saves all she can and persuades her husband to buy more and more earth . . . Suddenly famine sweeps the land and they are forced to go to the city with their two children and the farmer's old uncle (Walter Connolly) . . . While they are in the city, an uprising takes place and the farmer's wife finds jewels in a Great House that has been looted . . . As suddenly as it came, the famine ends and the farmer and his family go back to the land. With the jewels, they buy all the land from the Great House where the farmer's wife was once a slave . . . Prosperity comes to the farmer, so he takes a slave girl into his house . . . The slave girl betrays the farmer for his eldest son, and the farmer realizes the wrong he has done his House . . . but it is too late, for his wife has gone to meet her ancestors.

A perfect story is there, a perfect cast has been selected. The "feel" of China is in everything that has been done to make *The Good Earth* a marvelous production . . . It has the flavor of the Far East and in its magic way the camera will catch everything.

Gladys George, late of the stage, appears in *Valiant is the Word for Carrie*

Six beauty experts witness proof that Glazo does not thicken!*

"Thrilling!" ...they said, of Glazo's Beauty!
"Amazing!" ...they exclaimed, when they saw...
GLAZO refuses to thicken in the bottle!*

HAS anything ever made you madder than trying to get a decent manicure from a partly used bottle of nail polish turned thick and gummy?

Amazingly, almost unbelievably, that problem has been solved . . . by Glazo. Given just ordinary care, Glazo now stays completely perfect and usable right down to the last drop in the bottle.

All stores now have this marvelous, perfected, non-thickening Glazo. Recognized as the loveliest of nail polishes . . . world-famous for its fashion-approved colors, for its *extra* days of long, unblemished wear, without chipping, peeling or cracking.

Profit by the nail polish experience of fashion experts, beauty authorities and millions of other smart women. Choose Glazo for its unequalled beauty. You'll remain a Glazo enthusiast for its perfection of quality. Expensive internationally known polishes and popular domestic brands alike were hopelessly lost when competing with Glazo in the "thickening" test. (See the box below.)

Almost as amazing . . . Glazo beauty, Glazo quality, costs you only 20 cents.

*PROOF: In identical bottles, left open for 12 days, Glazo was tested against ten other brands. Glazo stayed as perfect, as usable as ever . . . evaporated less than 10%. Every one of the others became thick, gummy, unfit to use . . . evaporated an average of 45%.

GLAZO . . . *now only* 20¢

GLAZO
Liquid Polish

LEARN
DRESSMAKING
AND
DESIGNING

Have your own smart shop . . . earn money at home

THE new fashions and increasing prices of ready-to-wear clothes have created a big new demand for dressmakers and designers. You can earn a *splendid income* right at home, or have a smart professional shop of your own.

Have MORE and Smarter Clothes and SAVE HALF

Right at home . . . in spare time . . . you can now learn all the professional secrets of designing and making the lovely new fashions. You can have MORE clothes . . . and SAVE HALF their cost in the shops.

Endorsed by More Than 300,000 Women

More than 300,000 students and graduates of the Woman's Institute have thoroughly proved the value of this training. PROVE TO YOURSELF how easily YOU can learn. Send for full information and a Sample Lesson. There's no obligation. Just mail the coupon.

PROOF

Students write: "My clothes don't look home-made any more." . . . "Copied a $30 brown silk for $6.27." . . . "My shop is earning $25 to $35 a week clear of expense."

Send for Information and Sample Lesson

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 96-K, Scranton, Pa.

Send me *free* full information about course of instruction checked below and a Sample Lesson.

☐ How to Become a Professional Dressmaker
☐ Advanced Dressmaking and Designing
☐ How to Make Smart Clothes for Myself
☐ How to Make Children's Clothes
☐ How to Earn Money at Home ☐ Millinery
☐ Cookery ☐ Tea Room Management

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Now Only 10¢ a Day

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Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine full sized $100 office model Underwood No. 5 for only $44.90 (cash) or on easy terms. Has up-to-date improvements including standard 4-row keyboard, backspacer, automatic ribbon reverse, shiftlock key, 2-color ribbon, etc. The perfect all purpose typewriter. Completely rebuilt and FULLY GUARANTEED.

Learn Touch Typewriting
Complete (Home Study) Course of the Famous Van Sant Speed Typewriting System—fully illustrated, easily learned, given during this offer.

Lowest Terms—10c a Day

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Send coupon for 10-day Trial—if you decide to keep it pay only $3.00 a month until $49.90 (term price) is paid. Limited offer—act at once.

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE,
231 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 1018

Send Underwood No. 5 (F. O. B. Chicago) at once for 10 days trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay $3.00 a month until I have paid $49.90 (term price) in full.

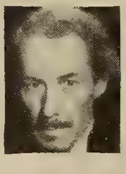
Name____________________Age________
Address____________________________
Town____________________state________

Prize Letters
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

WALTHALL WILL BE MISSED

$15 Prize Letter

ANOTHER beloved genius of the screen passes on, leaving an immortal memory. Henry B. Walthall is dead!



Henry B. Walthall

If any motion picture artist has, in a single performance, created an imperishable character, that artist was Henry B. Walthall. No person who saw *The Birth of A Nation* will ever forget his beloved *Little Colonel.* He did more than portray that character. He *was* that character! The soul of Henry B. Walthall was the soul of the Old South—brave, tender, chivalrous, kind. He was a gentleman of infinite charm, an actor of rare sensitiveness and moving eloquence. Illness interrupted his career, but he lived to return to the talking screen with moving portrayals in *Viva Villa, Judge Priest, A Tale of Two Cities,* and other great films.

Henry B. Walthall was loved by the whole world, but we of the South, from whence he came, understood and loved him best. For we walked the same valley, we loved the same hills. What tribute can one pay to this great and noble friend, what more than to speak the simple words: "I loved him."—*Adrian Anderson, 2411 Third Ave., N. Birmingham, Alabama.*

NEW STARS SUCCEED OLD FAVORITES

$10 Prize Letter

Carole Lombard

LOSS of popularity in motion pictures is attributed to "poor scenarios" and a "fickle public." This may be true, but sometimes I wonder if the player, himself, isn't to blame, too? We've had to wait years for Ruth Chatterton's *Lady of Secrets* and we'll probably have to wait another few years before she does something. We've waited eons for Norma Shearer to make a picture. From last reports *Romeo and Juliet* will soon be released! Of course, Miss Shearer has been absent before and made a smash-hit when she returned—but that sort of thing, like Tennyson's brook, doesn't go on forever. It's only natural that, in the interim, we look forward to new favorites. How can we be expected to wait forever for the return of old favorites when there are people like Carole Lombard giving us *Hands Across the Table* and *The Princess Comes Across;* Gary Cooper and his *Mr. Deeds* handing us a laugh; Irene Dunne singing to us in *Show Boat* and Jean Arthur compelling us to admit that her present work has rated her a top-notcher? And too, in the meantime, Mickey Mouse has been learning new tricks and tunes every day. But, Mickey better guard his laurels or Donald Duck will snatch them from him.—*Kay Matthews, 6220 37th N. W., Seattle, Wash.*

WHO SAYS MOVIES ARE BAD?

$5 Prize Letter

POPE PIUS' order for an organized fight against "the debasing influence of bad films" is news. Are there ANY really "bad" movies? Shakespeare said: "Nothing is good or bad only as thinking makes it so." Undoubtedly many films could be improved upon, but the majority of our pictures today are decent, clean and educational. Some of them are so great that they are immortal, such as *The Magnificent Obsession, David Copperfield* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy.* They will live forever! Who says the movies are bad?

As one writer puts it: "If you desire better films, desire a better life! If Hollywood is out of focus, so are those who support it. Put them right and the films will right themselves." We know that which deserves to live—lives; that which doesn't passes on. So it is with the movies. The really "poor" or "bad" films die a natural death at the box office anyway, so why worry?—*Roy Robert Smith, 115 Sherman St., Denver, Colo.*

NOT IN THEIR INFANCY NOW!

$1 Prize Letter

Greta Garbo

IT'S AN interesting thing—watching the movies grow! Only a few years ago we were both amazed and thrilled to hear the stars speak, and to see and hear our favorite operas! That, I warrant, was the high spot in every movie fan's life. I shall never forget the thrill I experienced when I first heard Garbo's voice! It was exactly as I had imagined it would be. Now, as a fitting climax, we see them as they really are—not just figures in black and white, but glowing in their true, natural coloring. Nothing could be lovelier, and although color is only in its infancy, I am convinced that very soon colorless films will be a thing of the past. They seem dull and lustreless after thrilling to *Becky Sharp* and *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.* In fact, it's a little like comparing talkies with pantomime!—*Mrs. Preston Chapman, 802 So. Perry St., Montgomery, Ala.*

BOUQUETS FOR SHOW BOAT

$1 Prize Letter

THIS isn't a bouquet to just one actor or actress, but to the whole cast of

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Irene Dunne

Show Boat. Irene Dunne's performance as *Magnolia* readily rates her an award. She is not only a marvelous singer and actress, but a talented comedienne as well. Allan Jones, as her gambler husband, shows that a newcomer can be a star. Helen Morgan and Charles Winninger were a welcome addition to a wonderful cast. In fact, the rest of the supporting cast made *Show Boat* a picture that will go down in film history as a triumph! The script and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein and Jerome Kern were added triumphs which made Edna Ferber's immortal story live again. I want to thank Universal and the whole cast of *Show Boat* for one of the most enjoyable and happiest evenings of my life.—*DeLoyce Alexander, Tulsa Hotel—1033, Tulsa, Okla.*

CELEBS AND A GRATEFUL FAN

$1 Prize Letter

NOW in Glasgow, Montana, continuing a bicycle trip which has already carried me through three continents, I am taking time out to broadcast my appreciation to the motion picture celebrities, via MOTION PICTURE, for their courtesies during my stop-over in Hollywood. Especially, am I grateful to Joan Crawford for her photograph, autographed with appropriate sentiment; Frankie Darro, who posed for a snapshot with me; that grand old lady, May Robson; the gorgeous Anita Louise, my boyhood heroine; Mary Pickford and hero Jack Holt for adding their autographs to my collection of the world's famous. Now that it's over it seems like an unbelievable, beautiful dream which happily came true. Their graciousness will remain an inspiration through the hardships sure to come during the continuance of my journey. So, to the stars for their countless kindnesses, I say, in the parlance of Dick Powell's current hit, *Thanks a Million!—Stuart S. Willcox, Pineview Lodge, Chester, N.H.*

HERE'S TO BETTER CARTOONS

$1 Prize Letter

OBVIOUSLY a cartoon is not filmed for the express purpose of educating an audience, although they often point a moral. But neither should they be such silly drivel that they insult the intelligence of a child. After seeing numberless fillers, newsreels, musical shorts, and comedies, an audience gets impatient for the feature picture. So a cartoon should make it a point to be just one final laugh, before settling down to the business of the evening, not the final straw toward boredom.

This letter is in praise of the finest seven-minute, laugh-grabbing cartoon I've ever seen—*Thru the Mirror.* It was patterned after the beloved "Alice" and challenged the memory of the best of us as little incidents from the book were spilled thru it cleverly. Here's to more cartoons with well-worked-out plots.—*Marjorie Murch, 204 Spencer St., Ithaca, N. Y.*

DID YOU KNOW THAT Luise Rainer believes in changing her house and complete staff of servants every six months, "just for the change"?

• • •

DID YOU KNOW THAT the *Architectural Forum* selected Joel McCrea's ranch house as one of the best small houses in America?

SAFETY
SCHOOL
CROSSING
ZONE

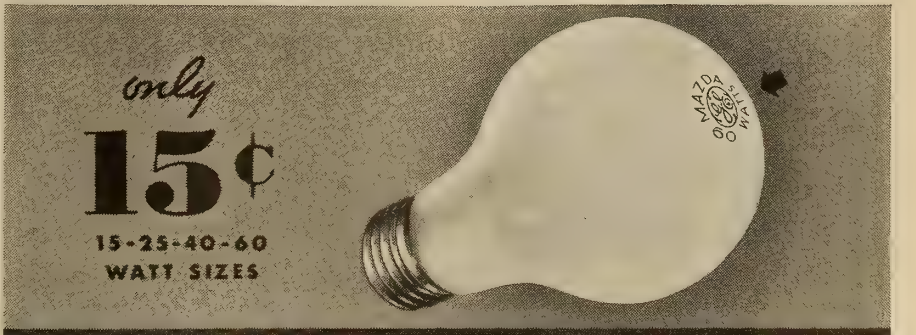
EYES NEED PROTECTION TOO!

HERE are four important rules every parent should follow to provide eye protection in the home:

- Have your children's eyes examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist.
- Call your electric service company today and ask for a free survey of the lighting in your home. Adequate light and proper lighting help greatly in reducing eyestrain.
- Provide your Children with I.E.S. Better Sight Lamps for studying and reading.
- Use only lamps of the highest quality, such as Edison MAZDA lamps. They stay brighter longer than inferior lamps, and don't cheat eyes of the light they need.

General Electric's new free illustrated booklet, "Seeing Begins," is packed with timely, helpful information about sight and light. Write for it today. Department 166, General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

LAMPS WITH THIS MARK *stay brighter longer*



EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

G-E MAKES A 10 CENT LAMP, TOO! It is the best lamp you can buy at the price . . . 7½, 15, 30 and 60 watt sizes. Each dime lamp is marked . . GE

NO MORE INK SPOTS
on Hands, Clothes, Woodwork, or Rugs
WHEN THEY START HOMEWORK—
due to Parker's new ink that washes out without trace!

Parker WASHABLE Qu*ink* is the only ink that can be spilled SAFELY. And ink is sure to be spilled sometime. So throw out your present ink and take the precaution of getting WASHABLE Qu*ink* before another day of school.

One housewife writes us that 15c spent for Parker WASHABLE Qu*ink* saved her $500 rug from ruin.

The Parker Pen Company spent $68,000 to develop Qu*ink* to guard the celebrated Parker Pens from sediment left by pen-clogging inks. A harmless ingredient in Qu*ink* dissolves sediment—cleanses your pen as it writes—a Parker or any other pen. This ends clogging. Qu*ink* starts instantly—works like a charm. And Qu*ink* dries so fast on paper that people say, "I've thrown away my blotters and old ink."

Don't get our PERMANENT Qu*ink* unless it's for everlasting records. It's as permanent as the paper. And don't risk other so-called washable inks that may leave a stain. Be sure to ask for WASHABLE QU*INK* by its full name. Not a watery ink, but rich, full-bodied, and brilliant in color. 15c or 25c.

Parker Qu*ink*

Made by The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

How to make Mary T. Goldman's Single Lock Test

Lustrous Color for

FADED HAIR

(Test Bottle FREE)

Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Clear liquid is combed through hair. Gray goes—streaks disappear. Color wanted comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Hair stays fluffy—takes wave or curl. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or mail coupon for Free Test.

FREE TEST ~ **We send complete Test Package Free. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.**

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3022 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....................................
Street.....................................
City......................State..............
Color of your hair?..........................

Retrench with Rice Recipes

[*Continued from page* 58]

charm. Through the medium of food they must help the most irresistible men in the world keep in trim. Therefore it behooves cinema cooks to serve dishes containing great nutritive qualities while exuding the most heavenly aroma and taste imaginable.

The housewife who can cook boiled rice properly is indeed fortunate as there are hundreds of users for it, so let's first master this all-important step before attempting Luise's rice recipes.

Wash one cup rice thoroughly in several waters until loose starch is drained out. Have two quarts of boiling water ready and add three teaspoons of salt. Slowly drop in the rice so that boiling is not stopped. Do not stir rice while cooking. After rice has boiled for twelve minutes, remove a few grains and test for softness. When rice is soft but still firm, drain in a colander and run a little hot water over. Cover colander with a cloth and set over pan of steaming water or turn rice into a shallow pan and place in a warm oven for a short time. This treatment allows the rice to fluff and dry out.

Doesn't the photograph of the Rice Fruit "Pinwheel" make your mouth water? It's sure to make your next party a success!

RICE FRUIT PINWHEEL

THE MOLD:
- 1 cup cooked rice
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ cup milk
- 16 marshmallows
- 2 cups whipping cream
- 4 slices pineapple
- Glacè or salad cherries
- 1 pkg. lemon gelatine

Heat milk and marshmallows in top of double boiler and cook until marshmallows blend smoothly with milk. Remove mixture and pour over gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Cool and fold into stiffly whipped cream. Fold in cooked rice. Turn mixture into ring mold garnished around the sides with half slices of pineapple and cherries. Place in refrigerator to congeal.

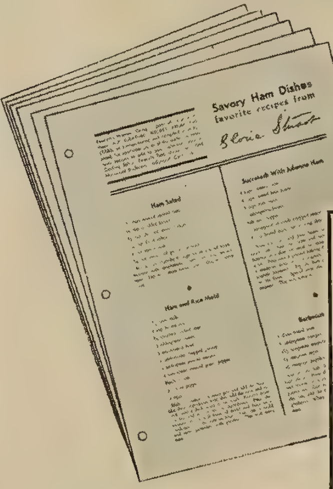
This rice and vegetable casserole dish is fine for supper on snappy, autumn nights. (Courtesy Southern Rice Industry)

When ready to serve, unmold and fill center with:

THE FRUIT FILLING:

Cook 1 cup diced red apples (leave skin on) in ½ cup pineapple juice, 2 tbls. peach juice and 2 tbls. lemon juice, until liquid is evaporated and fruit just tender. Cool and add 1 cup sliced pineapple cut in dice, and 1 cup sliced yellow cling peaches. Garnish top of rice mold with toasted marshmallows. To toast marshmallows, place on paraffin paper, slip onto baking sheet, and place under broiling flame.

And how does the picture of the supper dish appeal to you? It's exceptionally economical and so delicious!



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Motion Picture has made this possible through the efforts of its home economics editor, Dorothy Dwan, herself a noted film player whose hobby is cooking. Here are the stars represented and their choice recipes.

Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
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Sally Eilers' Appetizing Leftover Surprises
Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
Heather Angel's Salads
Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
Pinky Tomlin's Hot Breads
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart
Mona Barrie's Famous Soups

Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, Motion Picture Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15c IN STAMPS OR COINS.

VEGETABLES EN CASSEROLE

1 cup rice
1 small turnip, cubed
1 cup canned peas
1 cup canned tomatoes
1 onion, sliced
4 medium sized potatoes, thinly sliced
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
⅛ tsp. allspice
4 cups brown stock.

Wash rice thoroughly. Place ingredients, except stock, in alternate layers in casserole, and pour on stock. Cover and cook in slow oven (325-350 degrees) until rice is tender, about three hours.

There is nothing more tempting on a snowy night than soup for supper, so I can't resist giving you the following recipe now that winter is on the way. With a salad and dessert, this soup is ample nourishment for a family of six.

ONE DISH SUPPER SOUP

¾ cup rice
1 cup chopped celery
2 small onions
1 green pepper
1 pint tomatoes
6 eggs
½ cup cheese
3 cups water
Salt

Add chopped celery and onions to the boiling water. Add chopped green pepper and tomatoes. Cook mixture slowly fifteen minutes. Just before serving, break eggs into the hot soup. Sprinkle with cheese. Cover and keep in warm place five minutes. Serve very hot in a tureen over a mound of hot boiled rice which has been cooked in the manner explained above.

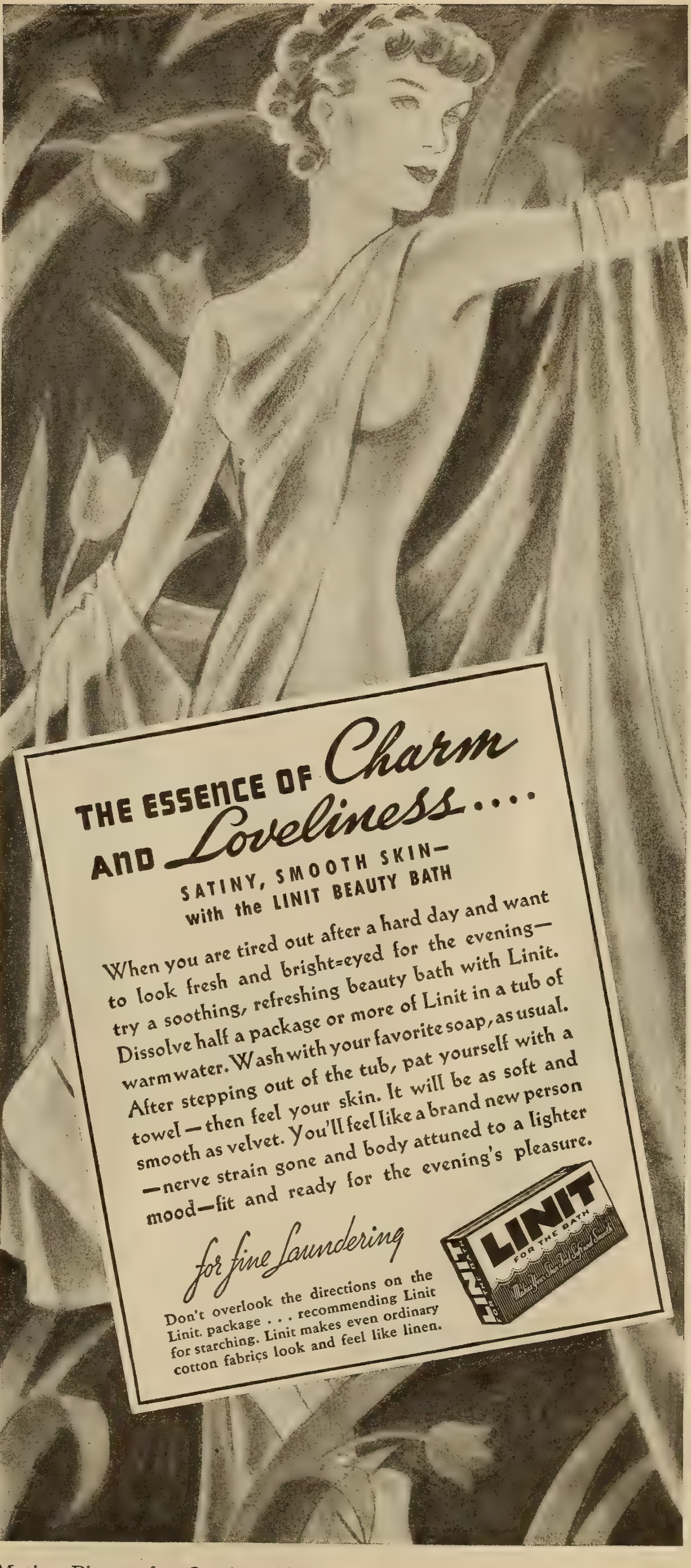
Important news for the ladies! There is still time to enter our Jelly Contest and win a cash prize!

First Prize	$ 50.00
Second Prize	$ 25.00
Third Prize	$ 15.00
Ten Prizes, each	$ 1.00
Total	$100.00

Due to the fact that jelly-making requires more time, the editor of MOTION PICTURE has decided to extend the closing date of our jelly contest from August 15 to September 15.

Read the following directions carefully. Imagine the glory of being acclaimed the champion jelly-maker while spending your prize money!

1. Only jelly will be considered. No jams or marmalades will be accepted.
2. Jellies MUST be made with bottled fruit pectin or powdered fruit pectin.
3. Entries must be sealed with paraffin and then covered with a tin top.
4. Each glass must have a neat label stating the name of jelly. No other information is permitted.
5. You may send as many packages and as many jellies as you wish but each glass must contain a different variety.
6. The recipe used must accompany entry. Postal regulations will not permit the recipe inside of package. Put recipe in envelope that is stamped with a three cent stamp and addressed correctly, with your name and address in the upper left hand corner. Glue envelope securely under twine with which package is tied. The package must also be addressed correctly and have your return address and name on it.
7. The contest closes on September 15. No entries mailed after midnight of September 15 will be considered.
8. All packages must be sent prepaid by parcel post or express to DOROTHY DWAN, MOTION PICTURE FOOD EDITOR, 815 NORTH EL CENTRO AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
9. This magazine will not be responsible for breakage or damage to your entry during transportation.
10. Announcement of prize winners will be in the December issue of MOTION PICTURE.
11. All jellies will be turned over to charitable organizations. This distribution will be controlled by the editor of MOTION PICTURE.



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Tap-Beats and Heart-Beats of Eleanor Powell

[*Continued from page* 31]

she appears on the screen, and prettier, too. She has light chestnut hair and eyes of cornflower blue. Although she thinks she is too tall, she is only five-feet-five and one-fourth inches in height, and has the graceful carriage of a ballerina. The *chic* tailored garments she wears are very becoming. And she speaks in the same melodious voice you have heard on the screen.

Preferring to hear the story of the Englishman and the South American directly from herself, I strolled over to watch her dance. The scene represents the Lonely Hearts Club. There are sailors, girls with a come-hither look, chorines in shorts and tights. The girls apparently are chosen for their pulchritude. Every one of them is an eyeful. Several had danced in the *Great Ziegfeld*. Eleanor is a small-town girl from New Hampshire. She comes in and asks for a job as a hoofer. But there are doubts about the ability of a small-town girl to entertain her sophisticated guests as a dancer. Eleanor has to prove it, and taps her way to a job with her miracle feet. According to her mother, the finale of Eleanor's dancing in this picture is the best thing she has ever done. It includes every form of dancing, but its details must remain a secret until the picture is released. Jimmy Stewart has the male lead, and seems to be her current beau.

It was the final take. Director Roy del Ruth called it a day, and Eleanor was free for a few minutes to tell me about the Englishman and the South American.

"I got my first fan letter from a young Englishman who saw me in *Follow Thru*, my first stage show," she said, as she sank in a canvas chair, her face flushed and the blue turquoise of her eyes glimmering. "He asked for my photograph, and I was so thrilled that in my reply I asked for his. He has been my most loyal fan for seven years, and we have maintained an uninterrupted correspondence. I had my mother copy my first letter because she writes a much better hand than I do, and since then she has had to copy every letter I have written to Dick. That's his name. I'm giving this secret out for the first time. He doesn't know it.

"Dick writes the most charming letters you can imagine, and encloses original verses. By occupation he is a tea taster. In his last letter he told me he had finally met the right girl, 'but I hope that won't make any difference,' he said, 'and we'll keep on writing to each other. There will always be a little corner in my heart for you.' Now, isn't that sweet of him? Oh, I wish him the best of luck! I sat down and wrote him a long letter—I think it's the best letter I have ever written. My mother patiently copied it."

Eleanor's affection for the unseen Dick is apparently more like a sister's for her brother. She is an only child, and is the kind of girl who is capable of such beautiful friendships. But the South American—that's a different story! She spoke of him as a prince charming, her greatest romantic triumph.

"When I finished my work in *Broadway Melody* I had to rush back to New York to star in the Shubert show, *At Home Abroad*. One night I received a great big basket of orchids from an unknown admirer. Well! Was I in a dither, wondering who it could be? The card read something like this: 'I have seen your show and admired you for eleven consecutive nights. I am wondering if we could have tea some afternoon. I am an attorney from Venezuela.' He didn't give his phone number, and mind you, he suggested that we have tea, and not a cocktail or a few drinks. I thought this must be a nice man, and I wondered what he looked like. I learned from my doctor, Dr. Lopez, who, too, is a South American, that this man is one of the most prominent government attorneys in Venezuela and is a multi-millionaire. You know how terribly rich those South Americans can be!

"The next day I received a beautiful silver vase from Tiffany's, with my initials carved on it, and some more orchids! What a gift! It took my breath away. His card said he would call on me some day with our mutual friend, Dr. Lopez, but didn't say when. I wrote him a nice little note, thanking him for the flowers and the vase, and said I would be happy to see him and thank him again, but as for going out with him, my schedule wouldn't allow it. For a few days he kept me in suspense. Every time the buzzer rang I thought he had arrived. Then, one night he came to my dressing-room with Dr. Lopez. He was one of the HANDsomest men I have ever seen! And what manners! He was about 35 years old. Mother can size them up immediately. She gave me a high sign, indicating that she liked him, he was all right.

"He spoke good English, but with a typical Spanish accent, which I immediately began to imitate. I like to imitate accents and mannerisms. How did you like my French accent in the *Broadway Melody?* It wasn't bad, eh? He asked me if I had an awful ego. 'They are not like you,' he said. 'You have something *inside* you which they do not show. It is not as much your dancing that has impressed me as your smile, the expression of your face when you ever been in London. I said 'no.' Paris? 'No.' I had some photographs for my fans. 'May I look at them?' he asked. I said, 'sure!' He picked one up, but didn't like it. Then picked another, but didn't like that one either. He criticized every photograph I had. I thought he must have talk, when you dance. It is beautiful!' I asked him if he had seen my picture, *Broadway Melody*. 'I never go to the cinema,' he said. 'I do not like you for what you do, but for what you are. And I could not like you anymore than I do now, so why should I see your picture?'

"I had just one date with him. He took me to the Versailles and then the Stork Club. We had a perfectly lovely time. What I especially liked about him was his gallantry—it's beyond description! You know, I love those little courtesies men used to render women. Maybe I am very old-fashioned. But my escort must be just so, and if he fails to do one little thing I expect of him, he will shatter all my feminine illusions!

"Two weeks after I met him, I broke down from overwork, and was under Dr. Lopez' care in a sanatorium. He ordered absolute rest, no visitors. My Venezuelan couldn't see me. All he could do was to send me flowers every day. Then, while I was still in the sanatorium, a revolution broke out in Venezuela, and he had to go back. I don't know where he is now, nor what he is doing. He just dropped out suddenly."

In spite of the fact that Eleanor has

grown up in show business there is nothing worldly-wise about her. She has all the freshness and ardor of a young girl going to her first party. Hers is not a studied naivetè and demureness. Nobody can accuse her of feminine tricks. You can see her absolute honesty and almost child-like innocence in her angelic face, which is more than beautiful. Am I getting sentimental? If so, let me tell you it's impossible not to get sentimental when speaking of Eleanor Powell. There is still hope for humanity as long as there are girls like her. What might be bragging in the case of another girl, is utterly lovable in Eleanor.

Her intimates call her Sweleanor. She is one of the most regular gals in Hollywood. "My greatest ambition," she told me, "beyond anything else, is to be sincerely liked by people who are not rich or famous, but are just folks. I'd rather walk down Sunset Boulevard ten years hence, and overhear somebody saying, 'There goes Eleanor Powell. Gee, I think she is swell!' than be the fanciest dancer or actress in the world."

She is tops in taps, to be sure, at least in the feminine contingent, and her acting is sincere and convincing. But what really put her over in the *Broadway Melody* and made her a star overnight, was her unspoiled, wholesome personality. And today, she is still the same girl. Her idea of a grand party is to serve sandwiches to the prop boys, carpenters and electricians on the set. When she finished the *Broadway Melody*, Louis B. Mayer, who discovered her for the screen, wanted to give a party in her honor at the Trocadero. He asked her to make a list of the guests she wanted to invite. "I knew no one out here, except a few people from New York. I couldn't make a list of such names as Bob Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford (who is her great ideal—she also started out as a dancing girl). So I listed my whole technical crew, the boys who did so much for me on the set. It wasn't a list that would have done the publicity department and the columnists any good." The party wasn't given, as she had to rush back to New York, and couldn't wait for it.

When she returned to Hollywood and was met by studio representatives, reporters and cameramen, she said to herself: "From now I am going to be a dignified lady. Keep myself a little aloof. No more hugging on the set. Act more like a glamorous movie star." Well, as soon as she got to the studio, the gateman put his arms around her, and her arrival turned out to be a kissing and hugging day on the lot. It was the sweetheart of MGM who had come back.

Eleanor likes to work in the movies. "On the stage, you have to routine back and forth, and you can't turn your back to the audience. But here, there are no such restrictions, and I feel like a bird let out of a cage. I am now in Hollywood for permanent residence, that is, as long as my contract lasts. We have just rented an English-type house in Beverly Hills, and my grandparents, who raised me with my mother, are coming over to live with us. I have had the garage roof covered with special tap wood so that I can practice my dances and at the same time enjoy the sunshine. I was so excited the first night, living in such a house that I couldn't sleep more than two or three hours. And by the way, I have just bought my first car. The other night I couldn't go to sleep thinking of it. I had to get up and drive it around a few miles.

"Oh, I've had my struggles and disappointments, but now I seem to be living in a fairyland. I only hope it lasts."

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The Loves of Lupino

[*Continued from page 37*]

call for England—something is the matter with my father'. We called. He was in bed, surrounded by doctors, *at that very moment*, dangerously ill. This sort of thing happens all of the time. I know what people are all about the instant I meet them. I know whether they are sincere or insincere. I am neither fooled nor a fool."

SHE isn't. Oh, indeed, she isn't! For this "delectable child," with all of the delectable provocation of an earlier-day Clara Bow, with skin like cream and hair like rough gold and eyes like burning violets, with the dramatic honesty of a Mrs. Pat Campbell, with the maturity and strange underlying sadness of a Dusè—this child is the oldest twenty summers I have ever met. She is dramatic because youth is always dramatic when it is touched with the fatality of those marked by Fate. She is also hard, cold business sense—and fierce ambition. She is ruthless because she is honest. She is fearless because she is frank. She is understanding because she understands herself. She is rare because she is contemptuous of the cheap, the makeshift.

I watched her, then, on the set of *The Gay Desperado*, the picture which follows *One Rainy Afternoon* under the Pickford-Lasky banner. Rouben Mamoulian was directing. And such a savage scene as never met my eyes before was in process of being shot. I beheld the startling spectacle of Nino Martini bashing Ida's head in with large, substantial flower pots—*flower pots* filled with good solid earth and flowers. And when you see this scene in the picture make no mistake about it. I'm telling you the God's truth. Ida's head was all but cracked open with the blows Nino dealt her with those pots. No stand-in took the whams for her. No faking was done. A doctor, little black bag in hand, stood on the set prepared to stitch up the Lupino head when Nino had done with it.

And Director Mamoulian said to me: "I have worked with many stars in my time—this Lupino child is the finest trouper of them all. What an actress she is—she has been taking these blows all day yesterday and again today—and never a whine out of her. She is *great* . . . "

Ida joined me again, then. "A little punch-drunk" she said, with a slightly woozy smile. I felt her head. It was corrugated with bumps as big as robins' eggs. She said "I'll have it thoroughly examined tomorrow—for possible concussion" she added, matter-of-factly. "Those pots" she added, "are supposed to be made of thin wax and some other substance. I'd hate to know what the other substance is and I do know that they are filled with tightly-packed earth and flowers. This is what is known as Giving All For One's Art—is it worth it?"

WE adjoined to Ida's dressing-room for luncheon where Francis Lederer called her on the phone. He talked for half-an-hour. From the Ida-end of the conversation, which I could not very well avoid hearing, I gathered that they are very good friends. Ida would say "I miss you so terribly . . . on this picture . . . I really do . . .

"No, no, Francis Lederer is NOT one of 'The Loves of Lupino', Ida said, when at long last Francis had ceased from talking, "I should love to give a story just about Francis. He is the most brilliant, the most misunderstood, the most worth-while and charming man in Hollywood. There are only three or four rare people in one's life-time—and Francis is one of them. Just to show you what they do to him. Recently he raised a fine crop of cabbages on his ranch. He was so proud of them. And he sent some of them, all nicely wrapped in paper bags, to his friends and others. And they said to him 'A swell publicity stunt, old man'. I wish you could have seen how his eyes widened, how hurt (again) he looked when he said to them 'What do you mean? I grow these cabbages on my ranch. I am so proud of them. They are my gifts to you, I give them to you for presents, not publicity.'

"I am devoted to Francis. I respect him, love him as a rare and fine human being. Often, when I take my dogs out to walk at night, I pass his house, which is a little down the street from mine—and Louis' is a little down the street from Francis (I'll tell you about Louis Hayward later)—and I yell to him and say 'May I come in and talk?' and he yells back at me 'Come in, darling, do, please!'—and I am dressed in old slacks and he is dressed in an old sweater and slacks—and I go in and we talk for hours. We discuss everything under the sun—philosophy and psychology, his World Peace Movement—the big things, the vital things he cares about so passionately, with such a burning idealism. We read aloud to each other—we go through his library, reading from Santayana and others. I can talk to Francis really talk to him. I want someone to talk to, so badly. Someone who cares for me, who would care for me no matter what my name might be, or my station in life. A friend with a friendly heart, that is Francis to me," said Ida, her violet eyes scornful of possible mistrust, "not love but friendship."

AND the line "no faking done" again occurred to me. To this I could solemnly attest—*no faking done* by Ida. "The Loves of Lupino," indeed! This strange, ageless child gave me a bitter, beautiful smile . . . She said: "I have told about my first love. I met him when I was eleven and he was fourteen. In England, of course. He was an actor, too. He thought of me, at first, as an amusing little thing. Years passed. Something beautiful developed between us. It wasn't quite human. It was of another world, mystic and divine. There was nothing earthy or physical about it—and yet it was all the reality there was. We lived in an enchanted world. And then I came to Hollywood. And a cable reached me and told me he had been killed in an automobile accident. And while he was dying he wrote to me, his last conscious thought. He told me to keep my chin up. He told me to do all the things, be all the things we had planned—together.

"I can't talk about it. It hurts so to talk about it. That's one of the things I resent the most violently. To have to take your own life and give it away, to the Public, in pieces. That's why I admire Garbo, as I do. And how I do admire her! She is the only one of whom I am a fan. Not because she is a great actress but because she has dared the wolves and kept her splendid isolation.

"But I am afraid I didn't keep my chin up very well for awhile. Then I could have been called mad and it would have been true. I wouldn't go anywhere. I saw no one. I couldn't eat. I would walk the floor and cry. I couldn't sleep. I wanted something, I didn't know what. Now it could mean I wanted someone. I didn't know where such a one could be—again. I suffered such a terrible loneliness. The only relief I got was when I sat on the curb, under the stars, with my dogs.

"I went out a little, now and then, when I first came to Hollywood—(then, no doubt, was when I heard of 'The Loves of Lupino'—how it was, first Jack Oakie, and then Tom Brown, and then Lewis Milestone, and then this one or that)—"but I'll tell you a secret. I went out. I had dates because they told me it was the thing to do. They told me I must be popular or I wouldn't have glamour. So I went. I never felt anything but boredom. I never felt the slightest pang of infatuation. I never felt the slightest symptom of a crush, or a yen, or whatever it is called. I detested it all. It meant nothing.

"I NEVER go now to the Grove, to the Trocadero, to any of the night spots. When I have been to such places I have looked about me—and wondered. How do they do it? In Heaven's name—*why?* If they want to dance can't they turn on soft radio music and dance at home, really dance, not just step on each other's feet? If they want to talk—but obviously they don't, for all you ever hear at such places are screaming voices issuing from dead white faces with glazed eyes—voices yelling: 'Say, I saw Tizzie Zilch in her new picture last night!' 'Yeah, so did I—she's *lou*-sy!'

"That sort of thing. It's stupid. It's not amusing. If it's young then I am old. I mind my own business and Hollywood detests me for it. Oh yes, didn't you know that I am one of the most disliked people in this town? I am 'mad', they say. I am temperamental and dizzy and disagreeable. Well, let them talk. I can take it. Only one person can hurt me—her name is Ida Lupino. And when I have got what I want; when I am sure my father and mother and sister are safe and free for the rest of their lives—then I shall pack my bags, go back home to England, write music and songs, say to them 'Goodbye, now kick somebody else around!'

"If I have anything unpleasant to say of anyone I don't say it *of* them, I say it *to* them. And I am not admired for that. If I dislike a person I say to him, or to her: 'I don't like you, please stay away from me'. That doesn't endear me to people. But it's honest. And then, when I hear people around me making slurring remarks about other people they'd kiss to their faces—and then turn to me and say 'don't you think so, too, Ida?' I answer 'what did you say? What? I didn't hear you!' And then they go away and say of me 'Isn't she queer, my dear, so vague, so dull . . .' "

"And so," said this girl, whose bruised young heart spoke so vehemently, "when I fell in love for the second time, I was mad. With a loss that was more grievous than grief. And the very first evening I met him I knew peace. Peace . . ." repeated the young Ida, who shouldn't have known the need of peace for another twenty years, *"and for the first time in my life.* Yes, I am in love now. For the second time. Perhaps, in a way, for the first time. You know his name . . ."

I DID. And even if I hadn't—even if I hadn't heard Hollywood hum of Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward—the framed portrait of Louis Hayward, seeming to gaze

[*Continued on page* 75]

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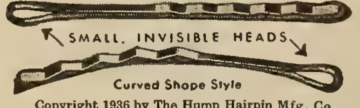

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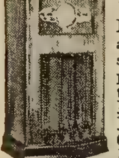

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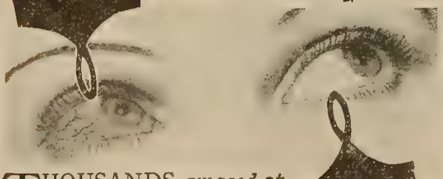

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March—Not a Pedestal-Percher

[*Continued from page* 35]

IN the midst of some very serious Hepburn emoting, that lady was startled out of her wits and rendered first speechless, then screamful, when a strange young man suddenly catapulted himself into her bed. She was halfway across the sound stage, flying like a frightened hare, before Mr. March's calm, cool tones overtook her. "Allow me," he said gently, "to present myself." . . .

Extras, actors and crew roared with laughter. And then, before many seconds had passed, La Hepburn was laughing, too, in her well-known treble.

From that moment on no one on the *Mary of Scotland* set *could* be serious. But March was not always to be the perpetrator of the joke, as he was to find out the very next morning when he reported at the studio for his first day's work. Arriving at eight he went at once to his own portable dressing-room and then blinked to make sure he was in the right place. Could it be? Yes it could. But how different. The beautiful built-in chintz-covered couch was now littered with dirty newspapers. The good-looking prints on the wall were gone and in their place were some gruesome and ridiculous drawings. The vases were filled with faded flowers. And the handsome lighting fixtures were festooned with you-know-what.

Did Mr. March angrily grab up the debris and fling it out the nearest window? He did not. He grinned and said to himself: "So this is Hepburn!" and promptly corralled the other members of the cast to view her clever handiwork. The ball had started rolling, and it continued to roll, all through the rest of the picture.

MR. MARCH, that first afternoon on the set, had let himself in for it, but he was game. Even when they turned one of his jokes-on-them into one-on-him. Mr. March had suggested to Hepburn and Ford that there were still too many gloomy persons around. He mentioned an actor or two, and a musician here and there, and even a crew worker now and then, who took themselves and their work all too seriously for anyone's comfort. He called them plain ordinary "glowerers" and suggested that they try to win them over to the fun. Now he'd cultivate that musician over there . . . tell him all the jokes he knew . . . and try to bring him out of his cheerless self. Kate could take that girl bit-player under her wing and try to wipe the frown off her face. Ford could pick on that gloomy electrician and brighten him up a bit.

Now March had no intention of sitting off in a corner with a gloomy musician or a gloomy actor or a gloomy anybody—and, therefore, there was a twinkle in his eyes as he turned away. He'd just pass the buck and see that Katie and Ford were cornered instead. But, having turned away, he couldn't see that other eyes were twinkling, too—Hepburn's and Ford's to be exact. In less than an hour the crusade had begun, and March had to carry the banner. Every time he went to his dressing-room for a fresh make-up, or a bit of rest, there was Hepburn or Ford knocking on his door, with a "glowerer" on their arm. But neither Hepburn nor Ford ever stayed. Just the "glowerer" stayed. Hepburn and Ford always made excuses and fled!

On location a few days later March thought he saw an opportunity to get even with Katie, at least. The script called for some difficult scenes on horseback—March had to gallop after Kate and sweep her from her horse to his—and Kate had already admitted that she wasn't "much of a rider." Still she had refused to let them use a double. She'd be all right as long as they'd give her a steady, slow horse. March had to overtake her anyway, didn't he? So just make it a nice plug, and she promised she wouldn't be afraid.

TO this day Freddy won't "come right out with it" and own up to the deed—or the steed—but anyway the horse that was brought around for Kate to ride was far from a nice plug. Oh she looked nice enough, but it was soon apparent that the old grey mare wasn't as old as she was supposed to be. At a signal from the assistant director she bounded off across the horizon as though she thought she was at Santa Anita. And Freddy after her, at a reckless speed. Soon they were beyond the camera range and still Freddy hadn't caught her and the people back on the set suddenly stopped their Cheshire grinning and began to wonder if this wasn't one joke which had gone too far.

I think even Freddy was beginning to wonder when Kate's horse wheeled, unexpectedly, and started back for the set. She bounded into the midst of it, upsetting an acre of dust, two cameras and four extras, and a minute later March pulled up at her side. He glanced at Katie's face hopefully. Surely she'd be flushed and frightened and *mad*. She was flushed, but she wasn't either of the other things. She turned to the assistant director and said calmly: "How are we ever to do this scene, if you don't give Mr. March a faster horse. You can see for yourself—he couldn't catch me!"

AS Walter Abel said—he can take it as well as give it. But more important than that is what this quality portends. Every man claims to have a sense of humor—yes, even about himself—but few really have it. Yet this is the quality which makes a personality go round—on perfect balance. It is the quality which has made people say of Fredric March: "But he's not like an actor at all! He's more like a—well, just like an ordinary person, just like any business man." It is, as you can see, the quality which has kept this star from going starrish!

If you *don't* believe me, try to talk to Mr. March about his Great Ambition. Try to talk to him about his Soul Urge. Try to talk to him about his Trials and Tribulations, or about his Mission. Try to talk to him about any of the things you usually talk about to stars—and just keep on trying. Because the talk always veers around to books, new plays, ranches, vacations.

And if he seems so much like "just an ordinary person, just like any business man," then it's only because that's what he is, and always has been. Years ago when he chose acting as his career, he chose it—not for the fanfare or the glory or the fame—but because it was the business he liked best. He went into it because he liked the work . . . to him it was fun. And he has followed it for the same reason. Of course there have been pedestals along the way and he has been invited to perch on them. But he has always refused. Pedestal-perched dignitaries *have* to be dignified. Mr. March would rather keep his feet on the ground!

The Loves of Lupino

[*Continued from page 73*]

so steadfastly at Ida, would have told me. For that keen, honest and honorable young face dominates the room. An unframed head of Francis Lederer is the only other portrait to be seen.

"I'll tell you what real love is," Ida was saying, with honest conviction, "I'll tell young girls how not to confuse infatuation and love. Give infatuation time in the first place—for infatuation, to be frank, is nothing but sex attraction. Time will cure it. If it is fever you are feeling—just give it time. But when you love—when you really love, that's different. For when you love a man you love him when he's cruel to you as well as when he's kind—you love him even though he knocks you down—you get up and you go on loving him because there's no help for it.

"That is real love. That is the love I know now. Human love, this time. Satisfying, mystical and matter-of-fact. It's fever but it's also friendship. I like him as well as love him. Noel Coward once said something like this: 'Don't paint a cheap infatuation with luminous paint and call it love'. No, don't.

"We talk together by the hour, Louis and I. We both love solitude. He is a hermit. So am I. We understand one another. He tells me his problems and I listen, more passionately absorbed in them than I could possibly be in my own. We have both taken knocks and stood up, again, to take others. We are both English. Neither of us is easy to live with. We have never even mentioned marriage. And it is *love*—"

AND I felt a little afraid for the creamy-faced youngster with the loose bright hair and the immensely dilated, violet eyes. I said, half under my breath: "If he should ever fail you—"

"He is honest," smiled Ida, with that smile which mocks at herself, at her own vulnerability, at the vulnerability of all human things, "and I have no illusions left. No, perhaps I should not quite say that. I should say that, in place of illusions, I have the conscious instinct of self-preservation. *I never expect anything to last.* And because I do not expect anything to last, neither success nor love—nor one to keep faith with me—I can't be hurt. Or rather, I, so fully and confidently, expect to be hurt that I am my own anti-toxin. I suffer so much in anticipation of suffering that when, or if, it happens to me again the sharp edge will be dulled beforehand. If Louis fails me—he would know what I mean—and if he doesn't, well, it will be divinely beautiful," said Ida.

"I know what you are thinking," said this breath-taking girl who is so worldly-wise, "you are thinking that mine is an incredible generation, that we are all old and wise beyond our earthly years. The others just pretend to be old and wise, I know. They imitate. They don't *really* know. I am really old. I have lived ten life times in the past nine years. I have starved and been lonely. I have worked like a dog, been cast off by my family, supported my family, lived to hear my wonderful father say 'Thanks to you, Ida, I can do as I please, work as I please, unhampered'.

"I know I know Life," says Ida, "I think I know Love . . . at least I know that 'the Loves of Lupino' have been two . . . two only . . . and very true."

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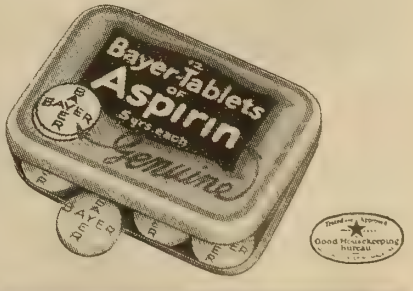

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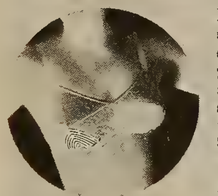

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Who, Me? I'm Lucky!!—Fred MacMurray

[*Continued from page* 36]

about his marriage. He wants to protect his wife from the glare of publicity that has killed so many Hollywood romances. Furthermore, he is afraid his marriage will hurt his box office score, and we did our best to assure him that it won't.

"I met her first in New York, months before I entered pictures," he said. "She was a showgirl in *Roberta*, in which I was the understudy to the leading man, besides singing and playing with the California Collegians. One day I mustered enough courage to ask her to go on a ride with me through Central Park. During my high school days I used to take a couple of girls to a show now and then, but I never had a date in college, and I didn't have much practice in squiring girls. I never was much of a lady's man."

A Paramount talent scout spotted him in *Roberta*, and he was rushed to Hollywood, after a successful screen test. This was his second trip to the film capital, where his previous experiences had been anything but happy. Lillian remained in New York. They were engaged, but theirs was a sort of test engagement. Its successful consummation depended on his getting a secure foothold in the movie industry. "It wouldn't have been fair to her if we had married before I was sure of my position." Their three year old engagement is unparalleled in movie romances, but neither Fred nor Lillian go by the conventions of Hollywood.

"Lillian was down in Santa Fe with me while I was on location for the *Texas Rangers*, and the boys in our company, the grips, electricians, carpenters, and so on, seemed to like her very much, which meant a great deal to me. She is regular."

He paused, puffing at his pipe. "A writer wanted to interview her," he said, "but I don't think she should give out any interviews. I'm kind of funny that way. We are living in a studio apartment in Beverly Hills. Lillian has a flair for fixing things up, and she is a good cook, which is mighty nice." He laughed again, like a good-natured kid. "Some day maybe we'll have a home of our own. We can't afford one right now. It's kind of nice to have a home, a small one, though. We don't care for those big mansions."

His wife used to model for Howard Greer, but now she is busy keeping a home. As for her entering pictures, Fred says, "One actor is enough in the family!"

MACMURRAY still thinks the studio will give him back to the Indians. Excepting for Dick Powell he is the champion worrier of Hollywood. He doesn't want to be caught without an umbrella when a rainy day comes, and is saving as much money as he can. "You can never be sure about this movie business. You are in today, out tomorrow."

His plans for the future? "Keep on making pictures, I guess. You can't plan too far ahead in this business. I'll be working as an actor as long as they let me. And I hope to do a little singing now and then. I did a song in *The Princess Comes Across*. I think they will give me a song in this picture, too, but I'll be in fast company now!"

If there is an actor in Hollywood who doesn't think and act like one, it's this Beaver Dam boy, Fred MacMurray. Paramount executives feel that if they had a few more like him on their contract list, their worries would be over. He is packing them in everywhere. Now that he has become a full-fledged star the front office wanted him to move to the "dressing room row" from his little cubby-hole, and offered him the famous dressing room "No. 1." It was built and furnished originally for the temperamental Polish siren, Pola Negri, and was subsequently occupied by Clara Bow at the height of her popularity as the "It" girl. It has a kitchen with cooking and dining facilities, a dressing alcove and a sitting-room. Because of its colorful tradition as well as the kitchen and dining space—which no other dressing room on the lot has—it has been coveted by almost every player on the studio's contract list. Fred's neighbors on the "dressing room row" would be Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, and other top-flight luminaries. But as he strolled through its rooms, he scratched his ear. "It's too big for me," he said to the studio executive who accompanied him. "I'd rattle around here." He wouldn't have it, and preferred to stay in his cubby-hole, with its chintz-covered couch and chintz curtains—the sort issued to all newcomers.

MACMURRAY is the epitome of the small town boy who made good in the big city, and it is precisely this quality of his that has made him click on the screen. His pre-movie career is that of the typical American boy. He was born in Kankakee, Ill., on August 30, 1908, but considers Beaver Dam, where he passed his childhood, his home town. He graduated from a high school, where he won letters in track, football, baseball and basketball, and entered Carroll College, in Waukesha, Wisconsin. "They had a strong dramatic course there, but I wasn't interested in dramatics. I hoped to be an orchestra leader. My father was a violinist, and I think I have inherited some of his musical talent." He can play several instruments.

After a year in college, he went to Chicago to see if he could get a job in a dance orchestra, as saxophone player. "In Chicago I lived with three fellows. Money wasn't coming too fast, and for a few days we had nothing to eat but some pancake flour, which we would mix with water." He checked himself: "What the hell! We had a lot of fun. No use of dramatizing it."

From Chicago he came to Los Angeles, to take care of his mother, who was not in good health. That was about six years ago. "Jobs were scarce. A garage man hired me to paint cars, but he kept stalling when I asked for my wages. Then, one morning, as I went back to work, he had folded up and disappeared. I'm still looking for him.

"I didn't know where to turn. Just then Paramount was building these new sound stages, and I hoped to get a job as a laborer. I was willing to do anything. So I had my mother pack me a lunch and I arrived at the studio early in the morning, but the man at the information desk shook his head when I asked him about getting a job. He wouldn't let me in. I ate my lunch, and for the rest of the day hung outside the studio gate, with regular calls to the information man, who kept shaking his head. He finally told me to get out and stay out.

"I registered with Central Casting, but the calls were few and far between. Just when things looked the worst, I landed a job as a saxophone player in the dance band that played in the pit of Warner Brothers theatre in Hollywood. Then I went to New York with the California Collegians."

Five years later he returned to Hollywood with a studio contract in his pocket. "As I look back over the years, I realize that I have just been lucky. They gave me swell parts from the very beginning, and put me in one good picture after another. I have been very lucky in my assignments. One bad picture might have finished me. As I see it, ability and hard work alone will never get you anywhere in this town. It's the breaks that decide the fate of an actor. And the biggest break I have had is marrying a swell girl like Lillian.

"That's about all the dope I can give you about myself. Writers call me 'tough copy.' I don't know—" He looked at me with perplexed eyes.

"You did very well this time," we assured him.

"Oh, I did!" And he burst out laughing, and we laughed with him.

Fifteen Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

Theda Bara

"**THEDA BARA** spent part of the summer honeymooning with Charles Brabin, a director for William Fox, in Nova Scotia on the Bay of Fundy. Undoubtedly there are many males throughout the country who would willingly change places with Director Charles." . . . "These summer days Doug and Mary Fairbanks have deserted their Rolls-Royces and bicycle for the studios, where they have worked hard and long on *The Three Musketeers* and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*." . . . "We take our hats off to Ruth Dwyer, as being one of the fairest and most promising young actresses on the screen." . . . "A certain movie producer in New York recently wired to Alexander Dumas in Europe for the screen rights to *Monte Cristo*. As he stated to answer collect, the poor chap cannot understand why he has received no reply." . . . "Ann Forrest was trying on big hats, floppy hats, lacy hats, when we interviewed her the other day." . . . "Mabel Ballin prefers playing in the productions of Hugo Ballin to stardom." . . . " 'My stories on the screen must be clean,' insisted Anita Stewart. 'I'm not going to have vulgarity if I have to go into the cutting-room myself with shears.' " . . . "MOTION PICTURE interviewed Elsie Ferguson and learned that she believes in *real* love." . . . "James Kirkwood expressed his desire to do *Othello* for the screen, playing both characters, *Othello* and *Iago*." . . . "Buster Keaton serenades his bride, Natalie Talmadge, with a ukulele." . . . "Erich von Stroheim, the 'most hated man on the screen' is married again—for the third time—and now he says he has found the ideal mate—Valerie Germomprez." . . . "It is said that Cecil B. de Mille has *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* under consideration for pictures, but he can't find a place for the lingerie scenes." . . . "People who live in glass houses should never invite the Sennett bathing girls over to visit them." . . . "Naomi Childers admits that she loves to romance." . . . "Mary Miles Minter's grandmother has denied the recent announcement that Mary would wed Orville Erringer. She goes further to declare that Mary is not engaged to anyone and that she frequently has schoolgirl romances from which she recovers quickly. However, it is to be expected that someday there will be a romance from which Mary will not recover quite so rapidly." . . . "Irene Castle Treman spends her spare time reveling in the pool of her Ithaca home." . . . "Owen Moore found Kathryn Perry, the Ziegfeld recruit, irresistible while playing with her in *The Divorce of Convenience*, and shortly after the completion of the production, their wedding bells rang out."

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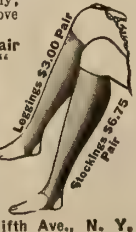

DR. JEANNE F. G. WALTER, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Is It True What They Say About Dicksie?

[*Continued from page* 38]

optimist. Fred worries about his performances, but Dick (I'm still quoting Madame Rumor) runs the entire gamut of Little Fears, Secret Sorrows, Heebee-Jeebees and Just Plain Jitters.

The stories started circulating when Dick lost his voice a few months ago and it appeared, for a brief interval, that he might never sing again. Since then they have increased every week, like rumors of war in the League of Nations Assembly. Until finally they have cried for investigation—for revealing explanation or dramatic denial. And no one could make the explanation or the denial but Dick Powell.

So between his scenes, his conferences with his secretary and his attentions to Joan Blondell, I asked Dick, point-blank, "Is it true that you've become Hollywood's Champion Worrier?"

Point-blank (which was like the old Dick Powell), he answered. "No! I don't like the title, I haven't earned it, and I don't want it."

I had to admit, after close inspection, that he did not exactly *look* like the worry-champion. Not a gray strand showed in his wavy brown hair. Not one furrow crossed his high forehead. Not one line of haggardness creased his face. And the new mustache was no liability, but an asset. It made him look older, less like the perennial juvenile. But it definitely did not make him look like a pessimist.

"SURE, I have worries," he continued amiably, without the staccato forcefulness of his screen scene. "I'm human. But I don't worry any more than any other chap who works at a career. We all worry—why should I be different? Anyone who doesn't worry doesn't care. Anybody who has any ambition has worries. You can't take it all with a grain of salt.

"First, you worry that you won't get good parts. Then, when you do get them, you worry that you won't keep getting them. Then, if you click and your salary goes up, you worry about whether or not you can pay your income tax. That sounds like a jolly li'l jest, but it isn't. Not with California taxes piled on top of Federal taxes. I worry about that, plenty.

"After plugging around the country, living in hotels and apartments and trunks, you get to Hollywood and settle down—and then wonder if it's going to last. You can't save any money because of the impressions that people get about your salary. They think you make millions. When they see you coming, they recognize you from your photographs, and shoot up their prices. You can pay; you're rich. That's what *they* think. But *you* wonder: how long? And worry about it."

Well, this looked like one admission. His movie salary may have relieved him of certain old worries, but it has given him certain new ones. And the same goes for fame. He worked hard to get in the spotlight, then discovered that he was "on the spot."

"There's an old Hollywood legend that actors don't last much longer than five years, and that worries you a bit after you've been around for four. Then there's another legend that an actor is only as good as his last two pictures. And that's more truth than poetry. If every picture was fine, you'd have nothing to worry about. But you can't make a ten-strike every time you roll the ball. Along with the rôles that fit you, you have to take some that don't.

"I had to play a Shakespearean rôle, for example. And I didn't want to go Shakespearean, any more than I want to go operatic for a living. All I want is to be a good actor in good pictures, pictures that people like. Personally, I wonder if I'm making too many musicals, but they still seem to go all right—and as long as they do, I suppose I'll be making them."

ONE worry that Dick *doesn't* have is a fear that he can't see himself as others might possibly see him. But how about his voice? Hasn't *that* been a major worry, since its sudden—if only temporary—vanishing?

"Yes, I really worried when I couldn't sing for a couple of months. I've been singing all of my life, and when I suddenly lost my voice, it was like having a prop knocked out from under me. My whole career depends on my voice. I admit it; I went panicky. But you wouldn't have been any hero, yourself, in the same spot.

"The doctor said that my vocal chords were temporarily paralyzed. He ordered a complete vocal rest. I've always used my voice a lot, singing and talking, and I guess I thought it could stand anything. Now I know better. Now I'm treating it with respect. I'm taking a certain amount of care of it, and I'm not singing overtime any more."

He lapsed into silence, considering this subject of his worries.

"Something else I worry about is: 'What will people think of this or that?' Because your job here, your ability to last, depends on what people think of you. Not only on the screen, but off. Some players don't care, but I do."

In other words, Dick Powell isn't taking it for granted that you'll like him, no matter what he does. Nor is he so inflated with success as to be indifferent to your opinion. He desperately *wants* you to like him, and he'll go out of his way to try to persuade you to do so. Not only as an actor, but as a person. Never once, since his screen advent in *Blessed Event* in 1932, has his name been bruited about in the scandal sheets. Dick has seen to that. And he is idealist enough to believe that his followers appreciate that. It may even be a partial explanation of why he receives 5000 to 6000 letters a month—absolutely tops for Hollywood today, according to the latest fan-mail census.

Despite the possible strain on his voice, he is keeping up his radio work.

"There's method in my madness. Radio, to me, is just as important as pictures. If I have a bad picture (God forbid!), I might have a good radio program; and vice versa. It's a good balancing."

If Dick Powell, the movie star, ever ran the danger of becoming self-centered, radio-star Dick Powell would remove the danger. He implied, a few paragraphs back, that he isn't burdened with operatic ambitions. How does it happen, then, that he is taking voice lessons and has been heard to warble operatic arias in private?

"I haven't been very consistent about the voice lessons, but I've been taking them, off and on, ever since I first came to Hollywood. The last four weeks, I've had a lesson every morning. But what's strange about that? My voice can stand improvement. I can't improve it just by singing

'Tomatoes Are Cheaper.' I like good music, and I like to sing it. But I don't intend to sing opera for a living. Please write that down."

Which, perhaps, ends one of *your* worries about Dick.

BEING one of Hollywood's most popular bachelors, is he worried about the increasingly persistent romance rumors, the rumors that he is about to foreswear his bachelorhood?

"Romance rumors are Hollywood. If I was their only victim, I might have cause to worry. But everybody else has them, too."

Is marriage on the near-horizon for him?

"I don't know," he answered, with every appearance of candor. "If it's going to happen, I guess it's going to happen."

He won't talk about Joan Blondell or their possible marital intentions. Good taste forbids. After all, her divorce from George Barnes is not final. They are together in *Stage Struck,* in which Dick sings four numbers—two solo, one with Joan, and one with Jeanne Madden, who make her movie debut in the picture. Dick wins Jeanne, not Joan. But between scenes, every moment possible, he is with Joan. Unself-consciously, they hold hands or stand, between "takes," with arms linked. Constantly, they are exchanging murmured confidences. Dick calls her "Beautiful," with playful affection. Their attentiveness to each other is inescapable to any observer. So is their affection for each other. In short, it looks like love.

There has been considerable curiosity about his new Toluca Lake home—which, by the way, Joan helped him to decorate. Has it given him a taste of a householder's cares?

"It's always in the process of being fixed, if that's what you mean. But it's home, the first real home I've had in years. It's something I've built, something I've always wanted. And I can take credit for all the good things in it, and all the bad things. I wore myself out, supervising it. It's full of personal things I've gathered here and there, like autograph books and pictures of people I've worked with on the stage. Yes, I have a pool—and a handball court and a badminton court and a playhouse separate from the main house. Small? It has three bedrooms. I'd call it fairly spacious." Apparently, Dick has no cause for worry that it is only a bachelor-size house.

If he worries, he certainly doesn't lie awake nights to do it. "I always seem to sleep well and eat well. There's nothing wrong with my appetite. In fact, I'm a bit worried about getting fat. I have a natural tendency that way, and I like to eat. But I also like to exercise—which is lucky. I don't play golf; it takes four hours—too long. But I swim every morning, and sometimes at night just before going to bed. Every Sunday I have badminton and handball tournaments. And I whack a punching-bag around."

ONE thing that worries him is his inability to take a long holiday from work. "I'd like to take a good vacation, just for a change. I've been trying to get to Europe for two years. But last year I made five pictures and this year I'll make four. I haven't much chance of getting away, particularly with a radio program on top of picture work." When he does travel, he has no worries about being mobbed by admirers. "I always thank God if they do mob me. If they don't, I feel worse."

He still lays claim to having a sense of humor. "That's the most important thing of all. If you lost that, you might as well go shoot yourself."

[*Continued on page* 87]

EVERY NIGHT SHE CRIED HERSELF TO SLEEP

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–then she learned how thousands have gained 10 to 25 lbs. QUICK!

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When Simone's Good (she's very, very good) And When She's Bad (it's her English)

[*Continued from page* 43]

SITTING there in the sunshine, on the porch of the West Side Tennis Club, in a pair of blue shorts and a white halter top, her face beaming with good-natured freckles, her golden-red hair tied back with a baby blue ribbon . . . she looked nothing at all "like that." Indeed, she looked much more like an Irish colleen than a French *femme fatale.* Only five-feet-three inches tall, weighing 114 pounds, with merry blue-green eyes that hid, half-closed, behind the long black eyelashes, against the sun.

"No, I have no Irish," she said, in answer to my query. "Through my mother I get a little Italian. But mostly I am French. I was born in Marseilles. Then when I was ten we moved to Madagascar to live. My father had a graphite mine there and we went to take care of it. I did have a baby leopard for a pet there, when I was little—and the leopard was little—" she put in quickly, smiling, "So maybe that is why the newspaper men thought I would have another. But would it not be silly for a grown-up woman to have a leopard? You have funny ideas, you here in America.

"I never thought that America would be like this. I thought . . . I do not know how to explain it . . . but I thought people would be honest about one. And another thing, I did not think they would *stare* so much. That is why I ran away from newspaper people at the first. They looked at me so funny and I was afraid they would just print more lies about me. And then too, I could speak only a little English. I did not know how to talk with anyone! You know the first thing I *really* bought when I came to Hollywood? I bought a car, because, of course, I must have one. And I bought a book—a book of fairy tales! Because the fairy tales were written so simply, and it was the only English I could understand and read and learn. A great difference from a leopard!

"And those twenty trunks full of clothes! You know what I really brought with me to America? Only two pieces of luggage, and they were not even *trunks.* Just large suitcases . . . steamer trunks I believe you call them. When I read that I said to myself, 'If I only did have twenty trunks that would be lovely!' But I did not." Simone shrugged prettily—"It is sad."

"ABOUT the perfume, that is the funniest of all. When my friends in France read that they laughed and wrote me letters about it—because they knew that I always hate perfume. Every time any one gave me perfume I gave it away—that is how my friends, they knew about it! But now . . . I must admit one thing because it is amusing. Now I begin to *like* perfume! After I read that about myself in the papers, I think, maybe, there is something to it, as you say . . . maybe perfume does make a mood. So I try it. And it is so! Only I would never, never use it for acting, of course. That is ridiculous. But sometimes now I wear it when I go out and I want to feel gay. You understand?

"But I know one thing! I never go temperamental, because I read *that* about myself in the papers! Oh, no, that is one thing I never do! Because that is one thing that really hurts me. For five years ever since I was seventeen I have been working in Europe, and never once do they say a thing like that. But here, where they do not know me they say it. I am sorry, but it is a bugaboo already. It makes me afraid all the time, everything I do. I try twice as hard to be nice and quiet and gentle—I was like that all the time I was working on my picture, *Girls' Dormitory*—and afterwards I heard someone say I had been *sulking!* Because I was so quiet, I guess. It is hard to know what to do.

"Sometimes I try to think what I could have done when I first came to Hollywood that made them say those things about me. There is only one thing I can remember and it is so tiny! Every time I wanted to ask somebody to please be quiet or to please stop talking I used to say 'Shut up!' I thought that was the way to say it. I did not know. For a long time no one corrected me. 'Shut up! Shut up!' I was always saying it."

ANOTHER thing which Simone was always saying—and something about which nobody corrected her—was "I lof you!" However, this had nothing to do with her temperamental reputation . . . people just thought it was cute. Before coming to Hollywood a friend who had been here advised her against undiplomatic expressions. She must love everything, she was told, if she wanted to get along here.

Wanting very much to do that, Simone remembered the advice. Her first day on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot she met Ronald Colman. "I lof your work," she told him enthusiastically. "I lof you. Oh, I lof you too much." Later she was bumped into by a clumsy electrician and she sat down with a thump. Beaming, she looked up at him: "You are so-o funny! I lof thees place!" There was no squelching her. Her ardor continued apace. Meeting Rochelle Hudson, Rochelle tried to explain the kidnapping theme of the picture she was making. Simone bubbled. "I lof kidnaps. I lof you, too." In the course of that one day she "lofed" Ohara, the studio's Japanese gardener, Nick-the-waiter, the new Will Rogers' stage, and head-of-the-studio, Darryl Zanuck.

Yet this anxious-to-please girl is supposed to have walked out on two of her studio's big pictures. "I would not walk out on anything," she told me. "I was not in *A Message to Garcia* because my English was not good enough yet. I could not be in *Under Two Flags* because for two months I was in the hospital. I know the publicity department told everybody I was sick, but nobody believed it. If they had only taken a picture of me in the hospital. Of course—" she grinned—"I still have my bills to prove it!

"Everybody asks me what kind of rôles I want to play. Do I want to be *comedienne,* or *tragedienne?* Ingenué or woman of the world? I tell you truthfully *I don't care!* I like to act so much I like to act anything. Whatever the studio gives me I will do it. I try anything for once. That is the only way any actress can find out what she does best. Is it not so?

"I have always wanted to act ever since I was a little girl. Oh, how I used to admire Gloria Swanson and Clara Bow . . . why do you laugh? Because they are not alike? Anyway I liked them, very much. No, I have not met them yet, but

I would like to. It is hard meeting people here in Hollywood, is it not? People do not mean to be unfriendly, but they are so busy with themselves. A few people have been very friendly to me. Like Constance Collier—she helped me so much. And Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson, and Carmel Myers . . . they have all made me feel at home. I am very sorry Miss Collier has gone back to England. I shall miss her so much. We used to go to the shops together. Those shops on Sunset Boulevard, near the Trocadero, they are as lovely as anything on the Rue de la Paix!"

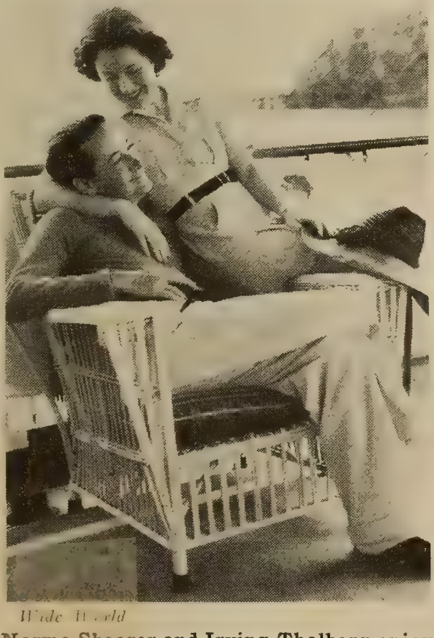
SIMONE is naturally interested in shops, especially art and dress shops, for at one time she studied to be a sculptor; at another time to be a designer. It was in Paris that she studied sculpture under a winner of the Prix du Rome. She also did many charcoal drawings of her friends. Yet she thought of her art work as only a "fill in," hoping and waiting for the time she might get into pictures. She did make one short, but, as she says herself, it was a flop. Then her chance came. One June day in 1931 while she was sipping mocha at a sidewalk cafe, she noticed a young Russian standing before her, gazing at her through half-closed eyes. At first Simone was amused by his frank display of admiration, but when he suddenly pulled up a chair and sat down by her she was indignant. "Mademoiselle must forgive me, but I am an artist. To me you are very beautiful."

Simone gave him her profile. "That is very interesting. Goodbye!"

"But M'selle. You do not understand me. My name is Tourjansky. I am a film director. You are a perfect type for my next picture. I have been looking for you."

And that was the romantic, dramatic beginning of her career. Four years later a Hollywood talent scout happened to see her in one of her many pictures, *Lac Aux Dames,* and she was signed at once to come to America.

The child—and you can't help calling her that; she is so petite, so gentle, so full of fun, and so young—has been grossly misjudged. How her career carries on is up to you. Whether she will be the temperamental artist or just "little girl Simone"!



Wide World

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg enjoy a brief vacation aboard a friend's yacht

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Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

Marriage Can't Change Franchot Tone

[*Continued from page* 47]

of a course if need be, to his library. He comes back, then and there, with a book to prove what he has said. He's always right.

THEN, after dinner, comes the real, characteristic Tone-Joan part of the evening—movies and music. Always, Joan has provided a film or two for her guests, and in their private living-room-theatre-auditorium, they unreel it. Joan tries hard, since her guests are always from the very small Tone-Joan circle of friends, to find a picture they've never seen before. Pictures over, comes music—and it's the mainspring of the Tone-Joan life, these days. They give hours every day to music. It is a passion with them.

In their great living-room, they have the finest music-machine money can buy. It'd be *lese majestè* to call it merely a phonograph. It's the most perfect electrical reproducing instrument on which records can be played. It has not one speaker, but three—and they are placed in the room so that the music comes to the auditor from front, and from each side—to reproduce as nearly as possible the actual effect of a symphony orchestra or an opera in a great acoustically-perfect auditorium. The speakers are adjusted to finest treble, richest bass.

To play, on this reproducing device, Tone owns 3,200 records . . . !!! It is the finest music library in Hollywood, and it is so predominantly symphonic and operatic that you can dismiss, as negligible, all the other sorts of music therein. There are complete records, from opening overture to final climactic thunderings, of every recognized opera. And there, with that amazing accumulation of the world's finest music, Tone and Joan find their supreme hours. Not only with guests, but alone. They have it alone more, in fact, than when guests are there.

Often, they both sing with the music. Opera. They are industrious, fiercely sincere, about their singing. It is not a passing fad with them; it is something big, important. They have retained one of the finest voice teachers—an Italian maestro—obtainable. To him, they give at least two hours of hard work each day. Today, they can—and do—sing together some of the finest operatic duets known. And they do it well. Why?—well, maybe they have it in their minds to use it, some day, in their work. They don't say so, outright, but they concede certain things—Franchot, for instance, remarks, in answer to questions: "Well, I'd be crazy to spend so much time on music if I didn't think I might use it some time later on, wouldn't I?" Joan goes further. She admits that some day she may try opera. "But not," she adds, "until I know I *am* ready."

AND by now, you're probably wondering if there's really anything at all about Franchot Tone that doesn't depend on, or include, his wife. The answer is yes—there most certainly is. Let me tell you now, a lot of facts about Tone, that don't drag in Joan—In the first place, Tone has never become part of Hollywood in the usual Hollywood style. Tone is no hail-fellow on the set; he's no backslapping, grinning, handshaking, joke-telling extrovert. Franchot Tone, on the set, is probably one of the quietest actors in Hollywood. And off the set, he's probably one of Hollywood's hardest-to-know men.

Practically all actors, between takes, have their stooges, and their friends, and they're frequently clowning or kidding, or playing around on the stage. Franchot, on the other hand, is almost a recluse amid all the camaraderie and the hustle-bustle of the movie stage. Most of the time, between takes, he retires to his dressing-room; frequently he sits and nods in a chair, paying no attention to what goes on around him; most often, he gets by himself somewhere with his chess-board, and works out a difficult chess problem!

He rarely smiles. A Franchot Tone smile is as rare on a movie stage as an assistant director saying "no." He hardly ever passes conversation with fellow-workers, grips, technicians. He's no small-talker, even here. He doesn't play the Hollywood game. Once in a while, he unbends. During *Mutiny on the Bounty*, he went so far as to straddle the rail of the ship between "takes," and pop away at floating bottles or cans with a rifle. He has even been known on location trips to play poker with the boys. But—characteristically—he has never been known to win, when playing these games with the grips and prop-men whose salaries are far, far below his own.

You might, seeing and knowing all this, accuse him of being unsocial. He resents that. "I'm not unsocial," he asserts. "It merely happens that I am content with a few friends, instead of many." And it is true of him that nothing pleases him more than to know that some lowly grip, some obscure prop-man, has remarked that he likes Franchot Tone. "They," says Tone to one of his friends, "are the people I *want* to like me. It means much more, coming from them."

It's simply outside of Franchot's nature to be a good mixer. He can't go through the mummery of being one. "I think I was born hating artificiality and pretense," he says. When other actors ask him for a criticism of their work, he gives it honestly. He has lost a few possible friends that way. He is smart enough to know that when an actor asks for criticism, he really doesn't want that, but wants, instead, praise. But he can't give praise when he feels criticism should be given. So he criticises—and people don't like him. . . . But it's precisely that quality which Joan loves about him, she says. "He's so honest, so very honest," she says. But there I am, dragging Joan in again. Skip it, please—and let's get back to the man, himself.

HE'S honest, then, about himself. He confesses that he's probably one of the laziest men in the world. He hates to shave—and so he used to wear a beard in the summertime, before he was in pictures. Now, neither work nor Joan will let him. He admits he's not careful about dates—he keeps people waiting, and forgets to apologize when he breaks a date. He has dozens of suits in his wardrobe—yet he likes to wear the same suit for days at a time, because he's too lazy to bother changing. Yet he believes he's meticulous about his appearance. His screen clothes are made in Hollywood. But that's not good enough for his personal wardrobe—that's made by London tailors!

He hasn't much consideration for others, he admits. He pushes right through a crowd, with elbows and shoves, and never says "excuse me." If he has guests, and gets tired, he calmly quits them and goes to bed. If he doesn't want to talk, when he's in a party, he doesn't talk. And that's that. He's very sensitive. Let me tell you a little story: he always admired Charlie Chaplin, intensely, with an admiration amounting nearly to worship. Once he stepped up to Charlie at a concert, asked for Charlie's autograph. Without looking up, Chaplin muttered: "I never give autographs." Hurt, rebuffed, blushing, Tone crept back to his own seat, and has never asked anybody for an autograph since.

Outside of the homey things he does with Joan, Franchot has a yen for outdoor life—but that's as far as it goes. Long ago, he used to spend his summers in Canada, riding and hunting and fishing. He misses that now, he says. But he never bothers to do anything about it. Joan doesn't particularly care for that sort of thing, anyway.

There's still a strong family bond that ties Franchot to Niagara Falls. That's where he was born. His dad is one of the big shots of the industrial world—head of the Carborundum Company of America, if you want to be exact. Tone could have followed in his footsteps, become a big business man. He preferred the stage—and his family, intelligent, didn't stand in the way, but helped him. Today, his love for his family is far greater than that of many men for families who tried to hinder them. At least once per month, Franchot phones his family and spends many minutes and many dollars talking with them. At these times, he does not stay on his intellectual peak—at those times, Franchot like any other son, talks family small-talk, and loves it.

IT'S hard to say, summing up a man who keeps his soul so closely locked up, just what is the main motivating spring in Franchot Tone. Right now, to be sure, it's Joan Crawford. But deeper than that, I believe—yes, deeper even than that tremendous love he has for her—is something else. It's the man's intense, flaming idealism. For here, in Franchot Tone, we have Hollywood's fiercest idealist. Some of those who know him only slightly call him a "parlor pink" because of his apparently radical, utopian dreams. Those who know him more intimately, however, know that there's no tinge of "redism" in his idealism.

Not long ago, he told a man, during a confidential talk while both lay on their backs under a beach sun: "I'm optimistic enough to believe that the *perfect state* exists somewhere. A Utopian state—no taxes, no money, no politics. Sometime, I hope, I'll go buy a schooner, and sail in quest of that perfect someplace—and you can't tell me that sometime, somewhere, I won't find it. . . ."

That was before he married Joan. After he married Joan, that same man asked him if that marriage changed his dream of sailing, some day, in quest of that perfect state.

"No. Why should it?" Tone challenged.

"But maybe," the friend mentioned, "your wife wouldn't care to go Utopia-hunting."

"Marriage," said Franchot then, "can't change the individual that is me."

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HE THOUGHT
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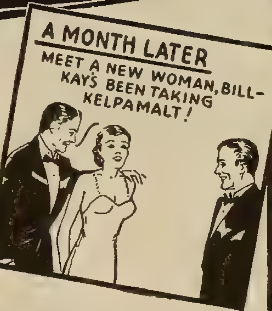
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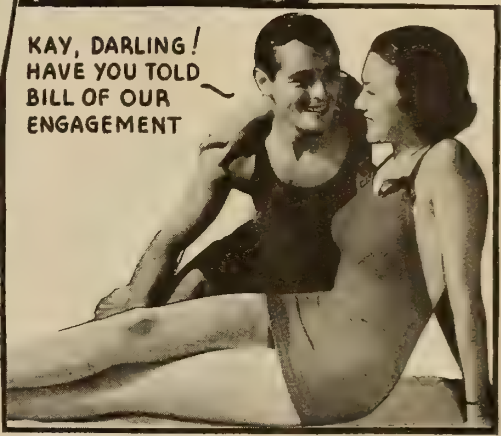
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NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

An Ocean of Love Between Them

[*Continued from page* 34]

With an important thing like marriage, a girl has to see that all signs augur well. And marriage is important to Madeleine, who had never bothered to clutter up her life with engagements before she fell in love with Philip Astley. To this day, her marriage ranks as the most dramatic thing in Madeleine's life. This, despite the fact that in making a bid for theatrical fame she almost starved in London.

Marriage, for Madeleine, came with all the trimmings of a popular novel. A favorite British player on the London stage and in the provinces (*Beau Geste*, *Mr. Pickwick*, and others), Madeleine entered the 1931-32 London season little realizing that in January, Romance would completely subjugate her at a supper party given, of all things, on the 26th. She should have known, from her hostess' message, that trouble was brewing . . . if you can call love "trouble." Some do.

"You must come, Madeleine," insisted the hostess. "I am going to introduce you to Captain Astley. I know you will like each other."

So Madeleine jotted an entry on her calendar pad. It read something like this: "Russian supper . . . Meet Philip Astley?" The question mark meant that the date was particularly significant. A new man. A "lucky" day. She still has the page from the memo pad, a touch of sentiment.

She went to the party. She met Captain Astley. Her blue eyes, the color of cornflowers, met his English blue eyes. And It Was Love At First Sight! And so they were married, the English stage and screen star and one of London's "eligible bachelors." Today, after five years' marriage, Madeleine still describes her husband, with That Light in her eyes, as "distinguished looking, a little gray at the temples, very tall, blue-eyed."

WITH the picture of her husband so firmly etched on her mind, the local swains find it difficult to interest *La* Carroll in a little extra-marital romance. They find they get absolutely nowhere with her when they try their high-powered methods. And for companionship, when her husband is not visiting her in Hollywood, as he has done several times, Madeleine finds it in the friendship of the Lewis Milestones (he directed her last picture, starring Gary Cooper, in *The General Died at Dawn*), the Leslie Howards when they are in Hollywood, the Nigel Bruces, and others of the English colony.

To return to the Carroll-Astley courtship, once engaged, the fictional qualities of the romance increased. In addition to stage popularity, Madeleine was a person of cinema importance on the British Isles. The film, *I Was a Spy*, which introduced her beauty and talent to America, added to Carroll's success with her own people. She was a well-established film personality. Like a Hollywood star, her marriage was a matter of considerable consequence to her public. How, then, was she to be quietly wed? A secret marriage, slipping away somewhere, was the only solution.

And, besides, Madeleine, being half-French, wholly feminine, loves intrigue. She wanted to be married in the conventional white satin of the bride. How to have it made without raising the suspicions of the London dressmakers, who would probably whisper it to their best friends, who would tell the press? She and Philip wanted to slip away and be married at his villa overlooking Italy's Lake Como. She hit upon a scheme. Taking a little Patou evening frock to her dressmaker she directed her to add sleeves to the dress. "I am going to do a soap endorsement," she said . . . yes, they have those in England, too, "and I am to be photographed as a bride. Therefore, I must have sleeves in this dress."

Sleeves added, she packed her traveling cases, crossed the Channel alone to meet her future husband. Let it be said here, that Madeleine enjoys luxurious travel. It's her favorite extravagance. To have stewards and petty officers scraping and bowing, to hear the "pop" of champagne (she drinks only wines; doesn't smoke) being uncorked in her honor . . . ah! that's life for Carroll. The "de luxe" in ships, the "super" in trains—those are the things that appeal to the ultra-feminine in Carroll.

Arriving at the Astley villa, crowded with wedding guests, the approaching nuptials received a set-back, in approved storybook fashion. The Church and the State (Mussolini's and Victor Emanuel's) were at odds. Marriage between Roman Catholic Madeleine and Church of England Captain Astley became difficult to achieve without adjustments. One day the Church would give its permission to the marriage. The next day the civil authorities would give their consent. The trouble was that the permissions never were granted on the same day! Then Captain Astley recalled something that had been told him. The British consul at Milan could marry them, of course! They hurried to Milan, pausing for outdoor lunch in one of the city's picturesque *gallerias*. A flower-seller wandered by with a tray of wilted blossoms. Impulsively, the Captain bought a bouquet and pressed it into the hands of his bride-to-be.

To the consul's office they hurried, Madeleine with the wilted blossoms clutched in her hands. "Marry you? I can't do that," boomed the consul's hearty English voice. "Do you know the easiest country in the world in which to be married?" he asked them. "England!" he answered his own question without giving them a chance to reply. "What made you come to Italy to be married? Why didn't you stay in England?"

Dismally, the couple returned to their wedding guests and villa. But in a few days gloom was dispelled. With the help of a Benedictine father, friend of the groom, the marriage had been arranged. The white satin wedding dress was brought from its wrappings, servants flew about making preparations, guests beamed. By the sides of the mountain path that led from the Astley villa to the village church, townspeople gathered, strewing the way with flowers. It was a scene from an operetta, with the peasant costumes, the handsome bridal couple and party.

YES, the Carroll-Astley romance and marriage had all the elements of a "best seller." Girl, middle-class, by hard work achieves theatrical success, meets and marries Boy of "good family." It looks like a permanent alliance, too. "My husband and I realize that all we want is each other," Madeleine says, "and that after this brief interlude of career, we shall have our entire lives together. He is not jealous when he sees that I have been out, in Hollywood, with another man, because he knows that no other man means anything to me. I don't know what I would do if he were jealous!"

Madeleine is one of two sisters. Born near Birmingham, she finished its University at an early age, taught at a Brighton seminary. The first member of her family to want a theatrical career, Madeleine saved enough tutoring children, to go to London, and there almost starved before she landed, successfully, in the theatre. It was her driving ambition that put her career over. It is that force which sent her to America. She wants to be internationally known to filmgoers. Only she calls it "cinema." That, and her trick of saying "hold on" into a telephone, are the only things that mark Carroll as an Englishwoman. Otherwise, her diction is entirely cosmopolitan. She might be a Boston American.

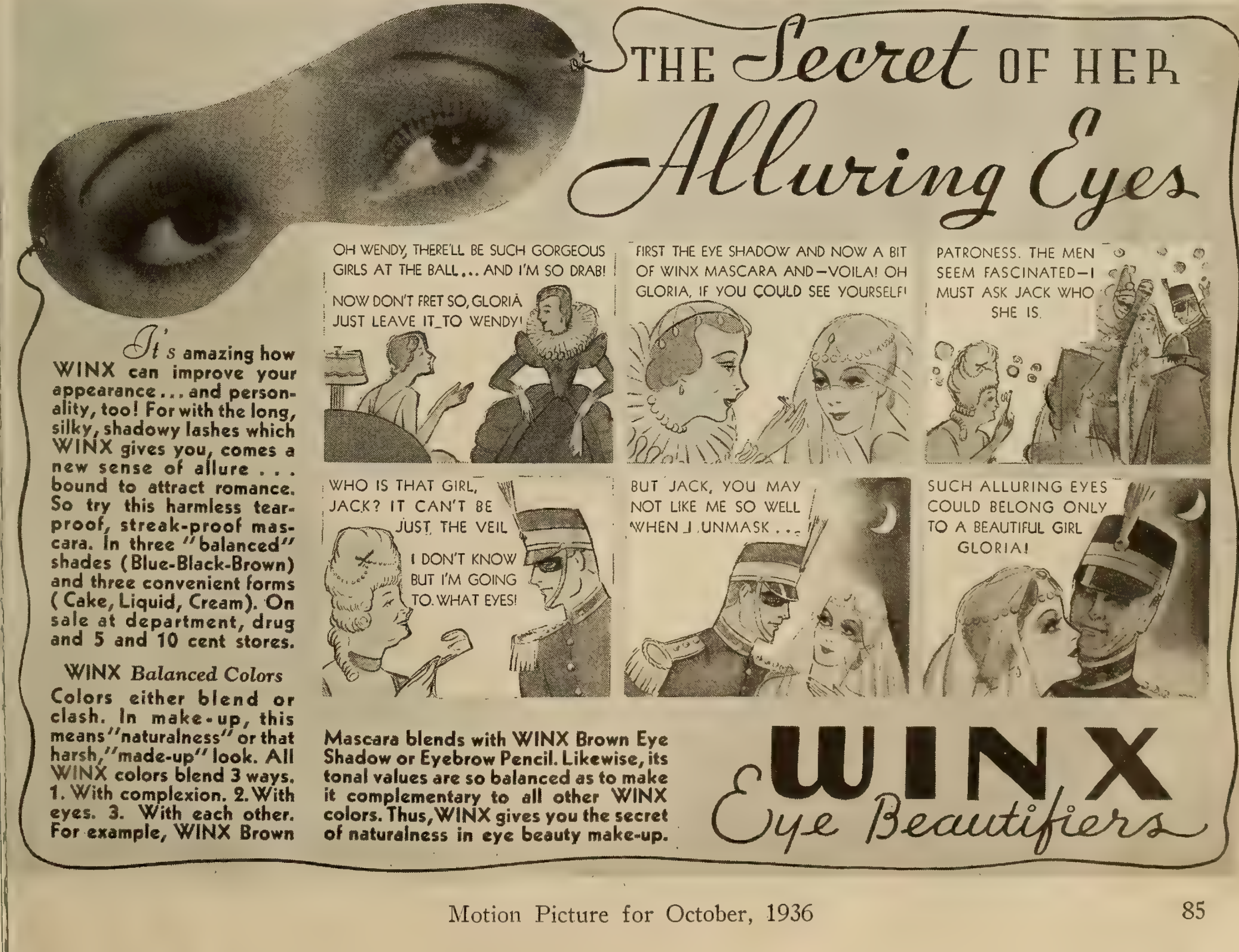
Of Philip Astley's family, on his father's side, a father-to-son heritage, he is descended from Oliver Cromwell. His mother traces her lineage to Henry the Seventh. This year the family is celebrating the seven hundredth year of its occupancy of Melton-Constable, its ancestral residence. And Madeleine will dash home for the festivities. After the formal celebration, she and her husband will hurry off to Catalonia, where, as Madeleine puts it, they are "building a castle in Spain." This castle is not being erected on clouds. It is on the good earth near Barcelona. When it is completely restored (they are actually rehabilitating an ancient stronghold) they plan to spend idyllic days there. Other idyllic days are spent by the Astleys at their country house in Sussex, South England (it is now rented to Elisabeth Bergner), and their flat overlooking Picadilly . . . "it's the nicest flat in London," says Madeleine, proudly. And no one has the feeling that she is boasting.

Madeleine Carroll with her husband, Captain Philip Astley, on their way to London and a castle in Spain

CARROLL could wear the Koh-i-noor diamond around her throat (and very well it would look, too), and nobody would be jealous. She is so full of honest enthusiasm that no one could possibly begrudge her the things that now bedeck her life. She has worked for every one of them. Besides, a girl as ultra-feminine as is Carroll, can get away with murder. The men worship her as the "ideal woman," fragile, dainty, a porcelain (as a Hollywood male put it) to be protected. The women are busy imitating her.

Picture-making in America interrupts their marriage, but the Captain makes occasional pilgrimages to Hollywood to see his wife. He was here two years ago when Madeleine made *The World Moves On*, her first American movie. Now she has a two-year Wanger contract, with comfortable options. *The Case Against Mrs. Ames* is a recent Carroll release. Once American film success is realized, Madeleine has but two more goals. The first is to dabble behind the scenes in English politics (she has already made a number of political speeches); the second is to be "remembered, importantly, when I die; not necessarily as an actress, but as a woman who has done something worthwhile."

There is every reason to believe, with her driving ambition, plus her ultra-feminine qualities, that Madeleine Carroll will achieve that last goal, too. She seems to have accomplished everything she has set out to do.



THE Secret OF HER Alluring Eyes
OH WENDY, THERE'LL BE SUCH GORGEOUS GIRLS AT THE BALL... AND I'M SO DRAB!
NOW DON'T FRET SO, GLORIA. JUST LEAVE IT TO WENDY!
FIRST THE EYE SHADOW AND NOW A BIT OF WINX MASCARA AND—VOILA! OH GLORIA, IF YOU COULD SEE YOURSELF!
PATRONESS. THE MEN SEEM FASCINATED—I MUST ASK JACK WHO SHE IS.
WHO IS THAT GIRL, JACK? IT CAN'T BE JUST THE VEIL
I DON'T KNOW BUT I'M GOING TO. WHAT EYES!
BUT JACK, YOU MAY NOT LIKE ME SO WELL WHEN I UNMASK...
SUCH ALLURING EYES COULD BELONG ONLY TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL GLORIA!
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Joel McCrea—Still Swinging High

[*Continued from page 42*]

"Don't talk that way," Joel said. "You're in more demand than half the actresses in Hollywood. Didn't you turn down a part just yesterday at a major studio?"

"It wasn't a very good part," said Frances glumly, refusing to be cheered.

"And another one at a different studio?"

Frances looked a bit happier.

But just to show you how Frances stands on her husband's qualifications—for personally she doesn't take very seriously the "let-down" given him by Hollywood sophisticates, she said: "I don't know whether Joel is clever or not, but I do know this. I'm a girl who has always made her own decisions in life, but now, in my private life or my career, I'd do whatever Joel suggested—and know it would be right!"

The fact is, this lovely girl thinks absolutely nothing of retiring for a year or so to add another young male to the thriving McCrea family. She retired at the peak of one success to give birth to Joel, Jr. Then she made a highly successful film with Francis Lederer, *The Gay Deception. And took another year off to have David!* Today she is beseiged with offers, and waits for the best one.

So two fine sons, you see, may be listed among the accomplishments of this amazing pair, who seem to find more satisfaction in such pleasures than in exchanging bright chatter at cocktail parties and night spots. They have a swell home life, too—gay and exciting and not half so "sugar-sweet" as the sob sisters picture it.

"Frances loves to argue," Joel admitted.

"Not argue," she said. "Discuss. I think half the marriages in the world would break up if people didn't sit down and talk things out. For instance, sometimes Joel does the craziest things—"

The argument was on. But Joel refused to cooperate. "He always does," Frances said with disapproval. "Whenever we start to argue, he just wanders off and goes to sleep somewhere."

Dumb? At least, the boy has a perfect formula which many husbands would like to learn! He has also accomplished, quietly and without much fuss, one of the brightest careers in pictures. "He's just reaching the top," executives say of him. "Next year, he'll be one of the biggest male stars on the screen."

Well, they've been saying that for seven years—longer than the whole span usually alloted for a career! Joel wants it that way. He chooses his pictures, purposely, so that it always seems that he is just hitting his stride.

"Sometimes it's almost funny the way they act about me," he said. "Everyone seemed so surprised when I was all right in *The Richest Girl in the World.* Then they were just as surprised when I came through okay in *Private Worlds.* The same thing happened with *Barbary Coast* and *These Three.* They seem to regard me as a newcomer—as if I'd only been around for a couple of years, instead of for seven. *And I'm glad it's that way!* People get tired of you pretty quickly on the screen if you're too much in evidence."

He spoke as if it was luck, but anyone who knows the terrific competition in Hollywood, the Bob Taylors and James Stewarts and Cary Grants who are fighting for attention—anyone who knows this will realize the keen planning that has kept Joel at the top. He has, you see, a "horse sense" that guides him through the toughest problems—guides him so perfectly that problems seem to disappear, and Hollywood, itself, takes his success for granted. He makes, for instance, only four pictures a year. He achieved that enviable position with a remarkable absence of fuss and fury! *Remember the battles staged by James Cagney and other stars to win the same victory?* They'll tell you, gladly, that it takes more than luck to win as quietly as Joel!

He told me once, "Every detail of my personal life and my career has worked out exactly as I've always wanted."

It's in his personal life that the remarkable McCrea "horse sense" shows most plainly. He and Frances have learned how to *escape from Hollywood* by living, every moment when they're not at the studios, in a startlingly un-Hollywood atmosphere. They've kept their marriage safe, partly by spending week-ends, weeks, and months at a time up at the huge thousand-acre ranch Joel owns, forty miles from the film studios. That ranch is a home to them—not just a plaything.

Joel works in the fields with his men, and loves it. Frances takes care of the babies, visits with the neighbors, reads the armfuls of books she always takes along. They travel back and forth to Hollywood, kids and all, in a bright yellow station wagon Joel bought last spring. "We sold our big car," he told me, "because it sat in the garage all day. Frances and I were always fighting for my little Ford."

To most Hollywood people, ranches may be luxuries, just like yachts and polo ponies. Not to McCrea! "I'd worked on a ranch when I was a kid," Joel said, "and I knew something about it. For instance, instead of paying a foreman a big salary, I give him a cut of the profits. He's a working foreman, too, instead of just a supervisor. And that saves me one man's salary. Instead of buying a tractor for $3,000, I bought six horses for $650. That initial savings was just part of it. I'd have needed a special man to run the tractor. Anyone can manage the horses. I do myself, when I'm not at the studio. Also, tractors use gasoline and oil. The horses graze in my own fields, at a nominal expense. I'm not making a huge profit out of the ranch, naturally—but I'm saving what I don't spend!

"Really, I've run the ranch on this down-to-earth basis not so much to save money—I'm no miser—but because it's more fun. What's the use in going back to the soil if you have a hundred men to do things for you—and a hundred machines? I'd rather do the work myself!"

Just to prove that he's not too rural, this versatile young fellow rents a smart home in Beverly Hills where he and Frances live when either of them is working in a picture. Then they entertain with perfect poise and hospitality. They have a small circle of close friends—stars, directors and executives. And sometimes, just for variety, they'll attend a brilliant premiere or go to dance at some good night spot. Joel is usually the handsomest man in the room, while Frances, with her dark, vivid beauty, is easily the most sought-after girl. Hollywood crowds around them then, with eager greetings and cries of "Where have you been?"

You see, it's highly logical to presume that the people who call Joel "dull" could be perfectly squelched with the good old answer of "Sour Grapes!"

Is it True What They Say About Dicksie?

[*Continued from page* 79]

He told me, "About the biggest worry I have now is getting somewhere on time. Did you ever hear what my typical day is like? I'm up at 6:15 or 6:30. I have a swim, if the weather's nice. Then I sit down to a good old-fashioned breakfast. After that, I put on my screen make-up—because I won't have time later. At 8 o'clock I have my voice lesson with Dr. Lippe, who also teaches Nelson Eddy. I'm at the studio at 9. I quit work around 6 or 6:15, and have to be downtown at the broadcasting station at 7 for a rehearsal. With dinner between. I rehearse three nights a week for the one-night broadcast. I'm at the broadcasting studio until 9:30 or 10 o'clock. Then I can go home and relax. On Fridays I work at the studio until one, then rehearse the radio program until 5, and go on from 5 to 6 . . ."

His chief ambition today? "I'm interested in prolonging my picture and radio careers. If I can do that—well, nothing's impossible."

That's Dick Powell, after four years of film fame. Still smiling. *Not* Hollywood's Champion Worrier, but Hollywood's Champion Worker. The principal change in him is his mustache. (And, for that matter, he has had a mustache before.) He's still as human as the extra who *said* he didn't envy him.

Ten Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

Rudolph Valentino

"RUDOLPH VALENTINO backed everyone else off the movie pages when he challenged a Chicago newspaper editorial writer to a duel, following the publication of an editorial called 'Pink Powder Puffs' in which Rudy was blamed for various styles and customs which the writer thought unbecoming to he-men." . . . "Constance Bennett, who retired from the screen a few months ago when she married Phil Plant, is beginning to tire of a quiet home life." . . . "Alice Terry recently said good-bye to Rex Ingram and their two villas in Nice, and turned her languorous eyes toward Hollywood." . . . "Conway Tearle is one of a little group of *Peter Pans* who now invigorate our screen. You will next see the plaintive Mr. Tearle in *Altars of Desire.*" . . . "Charlie Chaplin seems to know instinctively how to attract women." . . . "We are feverishly awaiting Greta Garbo's performance opposite John Gilbert in *The Flesh and the Devil.*" . . . "Paul Whiteman is a movie actor now. And a very good one, too, according to our latest advices from England, where he played in *London* with Dorothy Gish." . . . "John Barrymore has a reputation for being temperamental. But given comfortable old clothes and a fishing rod, he is absolutely content." . . . "Pajamas have displaced the negligee in Hollywood." . . . "The next time you see Claire Windsor watch that slow, drowsy drop of her eyelids—as if the weight of her lashes was too much to bear. It's a lovely gesture." . . . "Baby Peggy's next picture is *April Fool.*" . . . "Out in Hollywood, now, the Boyish Bob versus curls, rats and transformations." . . . "Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson and Neil Hamilton appearing in *The Great Gatsby.*" . . . "Pauline Frederick steps out again in a picture called *Her Honor The Governor.*" . . . "Ben Lyon advises 'safety in numbers' for young men who wish to escape matrimony." . . . "When Ben Turpin took out a license to marry Babette Deitz, he wore dark glasses and gave his correct surname, Bernard. But he had to remove his glasses to sign the document. He was recognized and everywhere that the Turpins went on their honeymoon, news photographers and reporters pursued them." . . .

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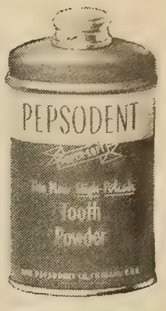

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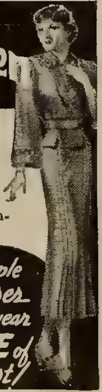
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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 50*]

—still refuses to allow the picture to be screened.

Won't Face the Music

JEANETTE MacDONALD is NOT going to be tied to Hollywood because of make-up tests. She's smart! She's had a plaster cast made of her face—a sort of life-mask—on which the studio can test make-up and hairdress for Jeanette, while Jeanette goes to the beach or wherever she darn pleases.

Turn on the Bracelets

HOT-WEATHER tip, learned by Ann Sothern: On location on the desert, where the mercury hits 110 and 115, Ann suffered until an Indian extra, smitten by her charm, offered her a simple gift. It was a pair of wide but thin bracelets woven of simple mountain grass. "Dip them in water, wear them, and they will cool the blood as it flows under the wet bracelet in your wrist artery," he explained. "It's an old Indian custom."

What An Order!

OUR personal nomination for the Man-Most-To-Be-Sorry-For in all Hollywood, in the weeks to come, is Director E. H. Griffith. He is the man who will direct Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon *all in one picture, Ladies in Love.*

Readin' an' Writin' an' 'Rithmetic

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S movie-making does not—in fact, under the law, it MUST not—interfere with her normal schooling. And so Shirley Temple is just as proud as any other kid at the fact that she's just passed into the 3-A grade, after finishing her second year of education on the lot, between scenes. Under the California law, children in pictures must get regular school instruction. Shirley's teacher used to be Lillian Barkley, is now Miss Frances Klamt, both of the Los Angeles Board of Education staff of studio instructors.

Shirley's passing grades: "excellent" in reading, arithmetic; grade "one" in cooperativeness, courtesy, dependableness, industry, initiative, thrift, orderliness, promptness, self-reliance. Like other school kids, she gets a "summer vacation." But that's not true in the studios, for Shirley works right through the hot months making movies. And between shots, there's a special tutor for French lessons and another for piano.

Gluttons for Punishment

NOTE to you who don't like two-feature bills: In Paris (France, not Kentucky) there's a movie house that shows *four* full length features for one price!

And Money for Ice Cream Cones

AT LAST, the Freddie Bartholomew guardianship and money matters have been settled! Freddie's thousand a week, from now on, is to be split up about like this: Aunt Cissie (his Aunt

[*Continued on page 94*]

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex. $10,000.00 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, Calif., guarantees Cystex must bring new vitality in 48 hours and make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.

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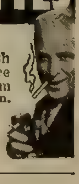

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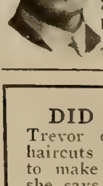
No JOKE To BE DEAF



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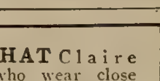

Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
774 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

DID YOU KNOW THAT Claire Trevor doesn't like men who wear close haircuts and straw hats and her pet fun is to make bashful men blush at the things she says to 'em?

Have You Screen Talent?

[*Continued from page* 57]

HOW TO ENTER

All you need to enter this Search for Talent is a photograph or two.

Attach these to your entry blank, which can be obtained in stores handling Hold Bobs or which will be found in this magazine. If you use a MOTION PICTURE Magazine entry blank, attach a Hold Bob card (or facsimile) and mail to

Mr. I. R. Green, Director, Search for Talent, 1918 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Simple, isn't it? And well worth a few moments of your time. It may very well mean the turning point of your career.

We're glad to report that one of our winners of the first Search for Talent is under contract at Paramount now. Helen Dax won a dancing part in *The Big Broadcast of 1937*. Another winner, Frances Nalle, has been offered work in Hollywood, has appeared with Mary Pickford on a broadcast, and is at present acting as hostess at the Texas Centennial. Several studios must wait until this work is finished before she can discuss contracts.

No contract was offered the winners of the first search, but this time we can actually promise a job in the movies, due to the cooperation of the Wanger studios. Mr. Wanger has such stars as Charles Boyer (now in *Garden of Allah*) Joan Bennett, Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, Alan Baxter and many others. He plans to make a number of films here, and three in Italy. The winner will have a chance to appear in one of his important productions. His latest production is *Spendthrift* with Henry Fonda, Pat Paterson and Mary Brian.

So send in your photos now. You can enter as many times as you wish. And here's hoping YOU will be the lucky winner!

ENTRY BLANK

COUPON

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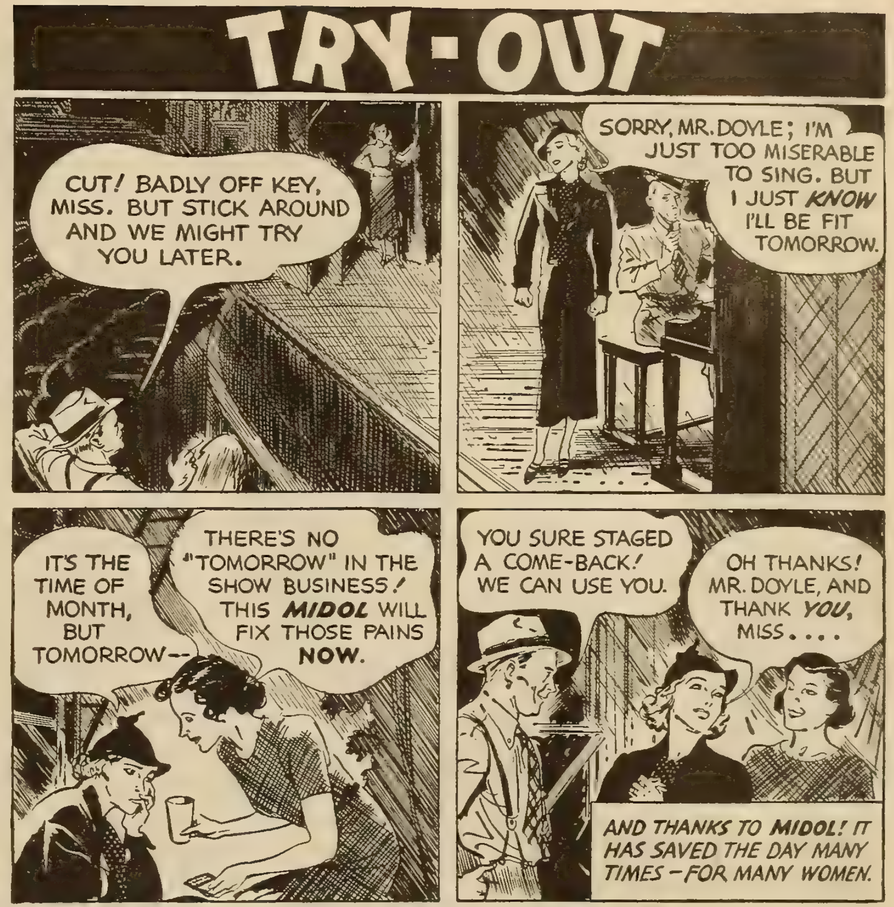
TRY-OUT
CUT! BADLY OFF KEY, MISS. BUT STICK AROUND AND WE MIGHT TRY YOU LATER.
SORRY, MR. DOYLE; I'M JUST TOO MISERABLE TO SING. BUT I JUST KNOW I'LL BE FIT TOMORROW.
IT'S THE TIME OF MONTH, BUT TOMORROW--
THERE'S NO "TOMORROW" IN THE SHOW BUSINESS! THIS MIDOL WILL FIX THOSE PAINS NOW.
YOU SURE STAGED A COME-BACK! WE CAN USE YOU.
OH THANKS! MR. DOYLE, AND THANK YOU, MISS....
AND THANKS TO MIDOL! IT HAS SAVED THE DAY MANY TIMES—FOR MANY WOMEN.

A KNOWING woman no longer gives in to periodic pain. It's old-fashioned to suffer in silence, because there is now a reliable remedy for such suffering.

Some women who have always had the hardest time are relieved by Midol.

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Don't let the calendar regulate your activities! Don't "favor yourself" or "save yourself" certain days of every month! Keep going, and keep comfortable — with the aid of Midol. These tablets provide a proven remedy for the relief of such pain, so why endure suffering Midol might spare you?

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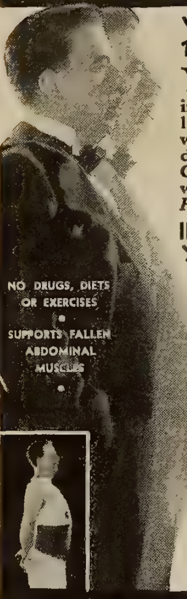
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[*Continued from page* 52]

divulge anything unusual, so we'll have to look back a little, to find out what makes him tick. He literally dropped into Hollywood from the air—but we've been able to back-track him to Kenosha, Wisconsin, where we'll pick him up as a boy of eight, and follow his trail back and forth across the country until it brings us to the door of his lovely home in Beverly Hills.

But before joining little Dominic Ameche in Kenosha, let's have a look at "Don," out here. How "Dominic" became "Don" is easy to understand. As a boy he was "Dommy," then "Dom," to his schoolmates. Away from home "Dom" was naturally slurred into "Don."

I had known Don at the studio and had spent considerable time with him at the beautiful mountain location of *Ramona* where everyone, director, stars, set workers and the native Indians counted him as their personal and individual friend, before we began to discuss his boyhood days.

"Gosh, Bill," (Don calls everyone he meets by his given name after the first ten minutes, because he's just naturally as friendly as a stray pup) he began, "you're just wasting your time. There's nothing to write about me, except that I've had a wonderful run of good luck. I told you I was raised in Kenosha and that you could fine-comb my past without finding any legitimate reason why I should be where I am today. I'm just an ordinary mill-run sort of fellow who got a wonderful break on the radio and then a still better break in Hollywood.

"You know I started out to be a lawyer and didn't make the grade. Then I had a notion I could sing. I had a radio audition in New York as a singer, but apparently didn't make much of an impression. I was also on the stage, without startling the world."

"What is your most vivid recollection of your boyhood in Kenosha?" I asked him.

"That's easy," and he laughed self-consciously, half-embarrassed. "It's that the other kids wouldn't have much to do with me. You see, my father was an Italian saloon-keeper, Bill, and I was just sort of born on the wrong side of the tracks. But my dad was wonderful to me, and certainly did everything he could to make it up to me. He sent me to a boys' school, an academy, a college and a university."

Don did not attempt to explain that his father was a wealthy liquor dealer who ran several saloons, nor to tell how he tried one thing after another—such as restaurants and stores—losing a fortune trying to establish a business that would give his family the standing he wanted it to have. To Don his father never needed any explaining, and he is proud to have him share the Beverly Hills home until the ranch which Don has bought for his parents out in the valley is ready for occupancy. "Mom" and "Pop" and brothers and sisters are a part of the Ameche household these days—and Don is still just the older brother.

PROBABLY it is Don's boyish sincerity that is endearing him to Hollywood, because, after all, he is the older brother before anything else. But before you begin to think Don is tied to the family apron strings, let's get back to that boy in Kenosha. If you are one of the millions who love people for their little faults, you're going to adopt Don as your number one movie favorite.

Because, in spite of his inveigling voice, his gentle friendliness and that indescribable soft touch that is dynamite to feminine fans, Don decidedly has not left the trail of a masculine Pollyanna since emerging from his boyhood. Anything but! Before the ten year old Dominic Ameche left for a seminary in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, he had cut a swath clear across Kenosha and back. In those days it was a case of eat dirt or fight, and Dominic had reached the point where he just couldn't take it any more. So he fought.

But nothing could erase the angelic expression from his mug, and by the time he had spent a full year at the seminary he was selected as one of the favored few to put the younger children to bed.

"At the age of thirteen or fourteen I went to Columbia Academy at Dubuque, Iowa," continued Don. "I was in a number of plays Father Semper, our English teacher, used to love to put on. I think that's where the seed of my dramatic career was sown—though I never dreamed it at the time. From Columbia Academy I graduated into Columbia College's pre-law school. We all thought we were going to have a legal light in the Ameche family then.

"But when I went on to Marquette University in Milwaukee, I began to slip. I started out carrying nineteen hours a week, and ended with twelve hours a week. I had discovered it was more fun to play than to work. Dancing was my specialty, and I used to stay out till all hours of the morning hunting up dances. Managed to pass my examinations there, but it took a lot of fast talking to accomplish it.

"At seventeen I changed over to Georgetown University in Washington, D. C. But my habits didn't improve, and I was developing into the world's worst student. Bridge and poker seemed to demand a lot of my personal attention those days, and I attended about only twenty classes during the first semester. With football games and races taking up all my time I knew there was no use taking the examinations. So I pulled out just ahead of them.

"THE following September I entered the University of Wisconsin. One of the boys in my frat house was going up for a try-out for a part in the play the University was putting on. So I went along and sat in the back of the theatre. After all the applicants had tried, the man in charge wanted to know if there wasn't somebody else who would like a tryout. So, just for the sport of it, I walked up to the stage. It didn't mean a thing to me, and I had all the impudence and nonchalance in the world.

"It seemed that was exactly the mental attitude they wanted for the part and they picked me for *Dick Dudgeon* in *The Devil's Disciple*. At first I thought it was all a gag—but it wasn't, and they got a special dispensation so I, a first termer, could play with the University Players. Previous to this my heart had been set on law—and my mind glued to it when I wasn't too busy having a good time. But now I wasn't so sure. Dramatics began to tempt me.

"Shortly after my appearance with the University Players a couple of the players with the local stock company in Madison, Wisconsin, were hurt in an accident. They called me on a Thanksgiving morning. I got down there at noon, and we had a matinee of *Excess Baggage* that afternoon. I played on and on with this stock company and made $35.00 a week while I was still going to college.

"I was trying to swing over from law to dramatics, but the dean wouldn't stand for it. However, as the time neared for the University's big spring production, *Liliom,* they didn't have anybody to play the lead and began to put on pressure to have me permitted to play it. Finally it was fixed and I was cast to play 'Liliom.'"

"And then what happened?" I urged.

"Oh, I played with the University players during the next fall and winter and with the stock company in June," Don said obligingly. There was a summer session with the University Players at Wisconsin in which anyone can play. I got fifty dollars a show for four shows that summer. By this time I was thoroughly innoculated with the acting virus and I went to New York. I played bits in shows there for the next year, and was there in the spring of 1930 when the depression was bearing down on us. I was completely broke all the time.

"THE first of June of 1930 I went up to WMCA in New York and took an audition as a singer. I sang a couple of numbers for them—and after I gave up hopes of hearing that I was a second Caruso I wrote home for money and got it. Then I returned to Kenosha. I stayed at home until late August, when Bernadine Flynn, who had played in a college show with me, phoned me to come to Chicago for a radio audition. I took that audition and got a job on a program called *Evening Star* and made one broadcast for $22.50. Then, about a week later, I got a call from NBC in Chicago. They said they were giving an audition for a special program. I auditioned two or three days for that—and I was given the lead. It was the *Empire Builders.* I also did the *Rin Tin Tin* show on the air, and in April, 1931, was made lead for the show *First Nighter.* I've been on that ever since, and it opens in Hollywood again this fall. That will make my sixth year on that program."

"And how did you happen to break into the movies?" I asked.

"The National Broadcasting Company arranged my first test—just how I don't know. So I came out to Hollywood to take a test at M-G-M. Nothing came of it, though, and I went back to Chicago and my work on the air. The first part of December, 1935, I was asked to go to New York to make a test for Twentieth-Century-Fox. I flew to New York, made the test and returned immediately to Chicago. Two days before Christmas I got a contract from that studio. About the first of February my agent called me and said they wanted me to make a picture in Hollywood. The studio split expenses and brought *The First Nighter* out here for broadcasting. I went to work out here around the first of April of this year."

There is more to be told, however. He is married and has two small sons—one three years old, the other eight months. He also has two red Irish setters who are great pals of the youngsters. Also that Twentieth-Century-Fox brought Don out to play a part in *Sins of Man.* But after testing him from morning till dark his first day in Hollywood, they decided they would cast him for a dual rôle in the one picture, taking up his option before the picture was finished. Also, that since his excellent work in *Ramona* his studio chose him for the male lead in *Ladies In Love,* a picture that boasts such a galaxy of stars as Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and that charming little French number, Simone Simon. At this writing the studio believe they have the most promising discovery of the past two years in the amazingly modest Don Ameche.

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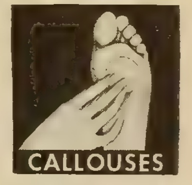
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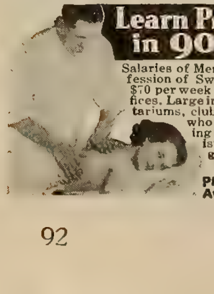

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Adventure in Beauty!

[*Continued from page* 24]

There was, for example, the older career woman who had forgotten Charm—who was losing out because of it. At forty she found her position slipping away from her, and life, itself, without any of the rich fullness she had hoped for. It was her secretary who gave her a hint of the trouble one day. "Miss X," she ventured, "why don't you get a new permanent?" Miss X looked in her mirror. A permanent, she realized, was only a small part of what she needed. In the mad game of Getting Ahead she had neglected her looks entirely.

Two days later she had an appointment with Max Factor. "I look so—*toneless!*" she said helplessly. "So brown and uninteresting!"

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"Why not correct that yourself?" he asked quietly. And he gave her the methods. Proper cleansing twice a day, astringent to be used both morning and night religiously, a soothing honeysuckle cream for a powder foundation. And, naturally, exercise and the right kind of diet have to be taken into consideration. They're both mighty important factors in having a clear skin!

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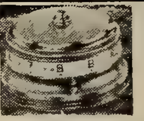

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VERY young love can have its tragic moments, too. The girl in this case was seventeen. And she had lost her beau. It had happened the night before at a sorority dance. "I don't know why," she confided bitterly. "He seemed to like me a lot. And then, suddenly, I just faded out of the picture as far as he was concerned."

Factor studied her for a moment. Then he took cleansing cream and removed every vestige of her make-up. "I thought so—you're really quite pretty *underneath!* Did you wear layer upon layer of cosmetics like this last night? And did you use the same exotic purple eye shadow?"

She nodded. "Of course. I tried to make myself beautiful . . ."

"And he couldn't find you!" supplemented Factor. "Not the real *you.* Not beneath that deliberate 'false front.' Too much make-up, badly used, doesn't emphasize beauty. It conceals it. Now—watch!" He took flame rouge . . . applied it lightly to her cheeks and blended it into nothingness towards the temple . . . He traced her mouth delicately with lipstick . . . He touched her blond lashes with *brown* eyelash make-up (she had almost beaded them with black!) . . . And she emerged a glorious seventeen. Dainty, fresh looking, sweet—and yes, *beautiful.*

"If you could run across that young man *now,*" chuckled Factor.

"Oh, I can! I know where he is!" An hour later she telephoned. He'd wanted to know what made her look so different—and *nice!* "And he's taking me to a movie tonight!!" she finished ecstatically.

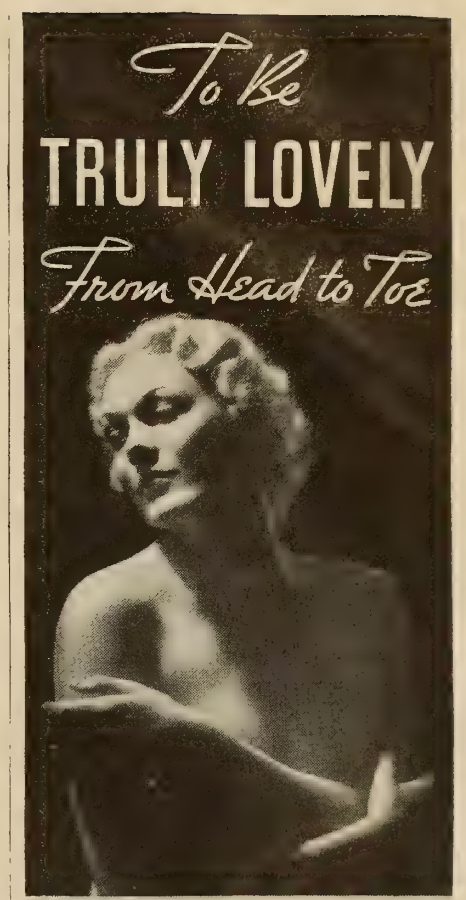
PERHAPS the most pathetic of them all, though, was the Girl Who Got Nowhere. For nearly seven years she'd been trying to get ahead in Hollywood. She had managed to get a few "bit" parts. Between times she almost starved. Some long-forgotten film personage had told her once that you had to "look different" to succeed. She became obsessed with the idea. And it was the actual reason for her failure. Nothing was real about her. Her eyebrows swooped up in eccentric wings, her eyelashes were too black and too false, her mouth an out-dated moué. Max Factor tried to explain. She refused to listen. "I've spent years building myself up as an exotic," she told him. "And you want me to change my appearance!"

"I want you to look natural so that directors can see what you're really like," he said. But nothing could change that delusion of hers. Today she is working in a tile factory on the outskirts of Los Angeles.

Records in beauty—they weave a remarkable history. "And they've taught me," said Factor, "that those who will, *can* be beautiful!"

BEAUTY ADVICE

Your beauty problems may seem most puzzling to you, but quite simple to MISS CAINE, *our beauty expert. Why don't you write to her today? You may ask her for advice on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. This service is free, of course. All that is necessary is a stamped, self-addressed envelope for* MISS CAINE'S *personal reply to your letter. Simply write to* DENISE CAINE, MOTION PICTURE, *1501 Broadway, New York City.*



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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 88]

Myllicent, beloved of Hollywood and Freddie both) will get $800 a month; Freddie's father, Cecil Bartholomew, and mother, Lillian May Bartholomew, who hurried to Hollywood from England to fight in the courts for their boy and his money, will get $400 a month until Freddie makes enough so that ten percent of his income exceeds that amount—and then they'll get ten percent of whatever he makes; Freddie's two sisters, Eileen and Hilda, aged 16 and 14, will get $2,500 to pay their passage to Hollywood, and five percent of Freddie's income will form trust funds for them; $7,500 cash goes to the lawyer who engineered the business for Freddie's parents. And the rest goes to Freddie.

Clark's Crack

DID you ever hear Clark Gable's grand crack, after he'd lectured before a class at Vassar? Asked how he'd enjoyed the experience, Clark grimaced, replied: "I'd rather talk a thousand times to one girl, than one time to a thousand girls!"

Time to Bear Down

AUTOGRAPH-HUNTERS are becoming so numerous and so persistent—and sometimes so dangerous that they rip clothes and even have gone so far as to make off with Mary Boland's purse—that Hollywood stars are up in arms about it. They can't go anywhere, any more, without being besieged by the sign-here gangs—and the worst of it is that it's becoming a racket. Many of the autografters are racketeers, professionals, who sell the stars' autographs once they get them. Warren William offers a solution to the problem that may be put into effect: he advocates the sale of "Autograph Stamps" to fans, at so-much-apiece. Any paper, book or object passed to a star to be autographed must bear one of these stamps—no stamp, no signature. The money, Warren suggests, shall go to the Motion Picture Relief Fund or some other Hollywood charity, under whose auspices, of course, the stamps would be prepared and sold.

Out of the Doghouse

NORMA SHEARER has adopted a new baby!—but wait, wait—it isn't a chee-ild; it's a puppy. And the fact is, the pup adopted Norma rather than vice versa. Eight weeks old, a blend of sheepdog and spaniel and a few other things, it wandered into the flower garden at Norma's beach home, dug up several score dollars' worth of prize posies, and went to sleep. Just as the gardener found it and was about to fling it out, Norma appeared and took him in, and now the pup—still nameless, although she may call him "Romeo"!—is an official member of the household, and Norma says she's glad he's not a thoroughbred, "because he won't be a bit high hat."

Bum Bottle Washer

HEH heh heh heh—I just learned that Bing Crosby once got fired for incompetency as a bottle-washer in a pickle factory in his home town Spokane.

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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 11]

becomes Mrs. Owen Crump. Crump is a writer and director of radio broadcasts in Hollywood. They've just announced their engagement . . . Another engagement is that of Jane Wyman, that piquant little gal at Warners', to Myron Futterman, Los Angeles manufacturer. They plan to ring the wedding bells in mid-September . . . And maybe by the time you read this, Jean Muir, also a starlet from the Warner stables, will have said yes to Richard Watts, the New York *Herald-Tribune's* stage and screen critic, who's also going to inherit about a quarter million dollars some day. Marjorie Gateson is going to be married any day, now—after fourteen years of being engaged to the same man. He's Kerry Conway, radio business man, who's had to stay in New York while Marjorie was kept in Hollywood. But now Kerry's in Hollywood, too, and it'll be I-do soon.

● ● ●

LITTLE Danny Cupid made a few more entries on his "Married" page recently—He jotted down the names of Henry Wilcoxon and Sheila Browning, who, after two years of betrothal, said their I-do's at a ceremony in the Ralph Forbes-Heather Angel home . . . And Barbara Stone, daughter of grand old Lewis Stone, became the bride of Bill Ion, young Los Angeles business man.

● ● ●

OLD Doc Stork gummed up Harriet Hilliard's movie career. Harriet, whose hubby is Ozzie (bandmaster) Nelson, had a deal to do a film for RKO. But when they were ready to call her west for the work, she told them that no-can-do, because on account of she is going to have a baby.

● ● ●

AND Molly O'Day, who is now Mrs. Jack Durant, is also tidying up a nursery . . . Dorothy Jordan, who married Merian C. Cooper at the height of her screen career and left movies for domesticity, is a mama again. She gave her two-year-old daughter, Mary Caroline Cooper, a little brother.

● ● ●

HOLLYWOOD gets a giggle out of the marital life of the Wesley Ruggleses. Mrs. Wes, you know, is Arline Judge, who looks about 15. Not long ago, Wes and Arline didn't hit it off so well, and separated. Right away, Pat di Cicco, who used to be Thelma Todd's husband and more recently Margaret Lindsay's boy friend, began being seen out places with Arline . . . Then Wes and Arline thought it over, and now they're sharing the connubial roof again. And to celebrate it, they recently threw one of the biggest parties Hollywood has ever seen—with 300 guests and three orchestras to indicate the scale . . . And a flock of beauty experts and anatomical scientists do up and declare that Arline has the most gorgeous figure in the U.S.A.

● ● ●

MADELEINE CARROLL, blonde British beauty who's been setting Hollywood hearts aflame, is off to Spain with her own hubby, Captain Philip Astley of Britain's army. Captain Astley came to Hollywood to pick up his actress-wife for a sort of repeat honeymoon in a castle they bought and renovated in Spain! You can read about 'em on page 34.

● ● ●

ANOTHER honeymooning couple are Jean Parker and her writer-hubby George MacDonald. Luck has been with them, for ever since the marriage, Jean has been in pictures that have been shot on location—and since hubby goes along, it's been a continual honeymoon.

● ● ●

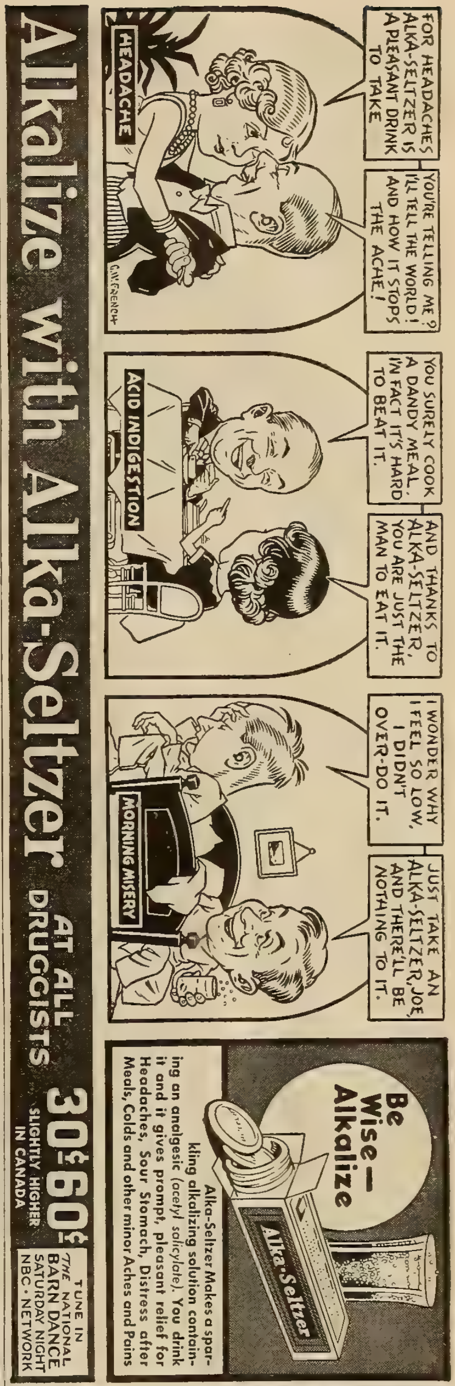
PRESS-TIME Peekabouts by Ol' Man Tattler, just before your *Motion Picture* went into type, revealed a quartette of two-somes that look positively incandescent—There's Ida Lupino, the hot little dish of curry from London, all gaga over Louis Hayward, and it's so that nobody who knows 'em'd be surprised if wedding bells did their stuff. You can read about them on page 37. . . . Paula Stone has been swapping love-looks and hand-holds with Henry Wilson.

● ● ●

LATEST caloric interest of Hollywood's most assiduous dater-outer, rich young man-about-town Tommy Lee, is June Knight, who has gone to London for a stage musical. Before June took Tommy's heart, he'd been rushing Louise Henry, who used to go places with Jimmy Dunn. How the boys an' gals DO get around!

● ● ●

Florence Fair compliments her maid in the way she keeps her house in order with a streamline Bissell Carpet Sweeper



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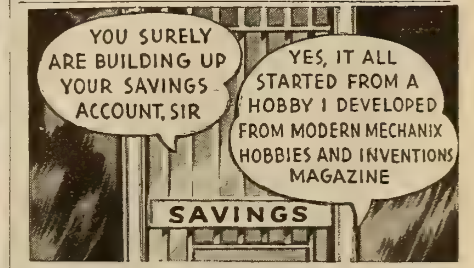

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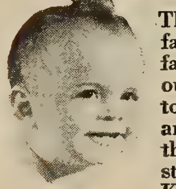

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What Price Sweetness?

[*Continued from page* 54]

parts are necessary to the star system. But why tie Rochelle down with them? Surely there are a dozen young actresses on the Fox lot who could do them just as well—and Rochelle is deserving of something more meaty!

Thus our complaint, and thus the answer. "Of course there are other young actresses who could do Rochelle's parts technically .... but not temperamentally. We couldn't trust everybody to get along with the big stars. We couldn't trust everybody to be patient with the newcomers. We can always be sure of Rochelle."

THE incident of the midnight avalanche scene is an example. There are many others, too. Except for her patience *Everybody's Old Man* is one picture which would never have been finished on schedule. It was Irvin Cobb's first starring vehicle, and his second try before the cameras, and, as he will tell you himself, he was stricken with the jitters. Unused to the long arduous routine he was like a fish out of water, And like a fish out of water, he floundered and struggled and sputtered and spattered not a little. Scenes had to be taken over and over again. The director saw that they would have to work at night if they were ever to get through on time. But who would stay? Most of his people were too exasperated and too tired. They made all sorts of excuses, with the result that it always boiled down to: "Well, Rochelle, I guess you're elected. Do you mind terribly? We'll shoot the shots of you alone, close ups, and record your off-scene speeches!" And so the long days wore into even longer nights, and, night after night without a whimper, Rochelle stayed until twelve.

You can imagine how badly she needed a vacation when that was over. Her last had been in March, 1935, and then it was more of a public parade than a vacation. She had gone to New York for a rest and had found, instead, a list of places she must go, people she must meet, things she must do, to uphold her position—and the studio's. Returning home she was more tired than she was when she went away. It was then that she began to build her dream of a trip to Honolulu. When she started *Everybody's Old Man* a year later, she was still dreaming, but the studio had promised her a trip after the picture was finished. Then before that came about Paramount asked to borrow her for *Poppy* with W. C. Fields. Fox told her, "It will only be three weeks at the most, and after that you really can go!" Rochelle hid her sighs and agreed.

As everyone knows, *Poppy* was many times three weeks in production, more nearly three months. Unfortunately, in the middle of the picture Mr. Fields suffered a relapse and went on the sick list again. He could only work a few hours a day and since nobody knew when those few hours would be, Rochelle had to be on hand all the time. Hour after hour she sat around listlessly waiting, trying to keep her eyes open and her head up. When it became too much for her she did the typical Rochelle thing. She just left the set, went into her dressing-room and closed the door. No fireworks a la Sullavan. No disdain a la Hepburn. Just hiding her pain a la Hudson.

For there is a pain. If Rochelle is always smooth-going on the surface, it isn't because hardships don't affect her. It's because she has the good breeding and the sportsmanship not to show that they affect her. It's because she knows that *should*

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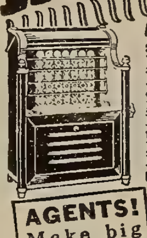

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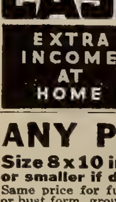

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she give away, it would only make others on the set more miserable, too. So instead of giving away, she runs away. (After *Poppy* she finally made that Honolulu dash, too!)

ONE day on the *Poppy* set I managed to get Rochelle to tell me exactly how she felt about things . . . "because I think fans should understand once and for all that being in the movies isn't always milk and honey," I begged her.

"In my case," she said, laughing a bitter-sweet laugh, "It's mostly cotton stockings! Oh, I know it sounds like a little thing. But being tired isn't always a matter of more work than sleep. Mostly I get tired because I always have to be (and dress) the same. Just look!" She thrust out her legs. Shapeless cotton stockings, rough and scratchy. Low-heeled Mary Jane Pumps. "Just look! Take any normal girl out of an office, any girl who likes to dress up and look feminine, and pretty, and make her wear cotton stockings for six months at a stretch and see how she likes it! If it isn't cotton stockings and Mary Jane pumps for me, then it's wool socks and moccasins. One or the other.

"Do you realize how many of my pictures have called for this leg get-up? *Way Down East, Curly Top, The Country Beyond,* and *Poppy,* to mention only a few. Sometimes I think it'll drive me crazy. Why, I can scarcely wear high heels any more—I've been wearing so many heel-less shoes in pictures. And I get so hungry for the feel of silk again! Sometimes—do you know what I do—sometimes I go home and put on evening clothes for dinner, even when there's just Mother and myself, and even when I have to get all undressed and go to bed an hour later! I think I could stand the hours and the weeks of endless working—I think I could stand anything if I could only get out of these cotton stockings now and then!

"YOU see it isn't the actual work which is so fatiguing. It's the not-working! The sitting around for hours without anything to do! Under a strain like that you lose what natural pep you have. I get so low that I think, maybe, I need to get out, have dates, see people, go dancing. So I try that. But it doesn't work either. Even if I do come in at twelve, I still have to be up at six and that means I'm a wreck all day. The best thing to do is just to sit, I guess, and be patient. But patience! Right now I could scream at the very thought of the word!"

Only she wouldn't, of course. Because it would bring the assistant director running. And the assistant director would tell the director and the director would tell Mr. Fields, and then Mr. Fields would feel that it was all his fault. And Rochelle wouldn't have a sick man feel that way for anything!

IT'S admirable, of course, but is it wise? Is it wise for herself? Perhaps if she did scream and make the assistant director come running, it might run her star a little higher up in the heavens. Other actresses have proved that it pays to scream . . . . for attention, for more money, for bigger and better parts.

But Rochelle can't do that, simply because she was brought up on the theory—look before you leap, and if you leap wrong don't cry over it afterwards! "Ever since I can remember, Mother has encouraged me to make each and every important decision for myself. And even when I was a child, if I got into trouble, then I had to get myself out of it, too. There was the time when I was eight, and had my first dancing pupil. She was about five and I used to give her two lessons a week, in return for a quarter in cash and all the flowers I wanted out of her mother's garden. Her mother raised flowers for a near-by nursery and she had the most beautiful beds of purple and yellow pansies! They were what caught my eye most and it was because of them that I put up with my pupil. And she was a problem.

"In the first place she *never* could learn to dance—she had no sense of rhythm, no imagination—and in the second place she was a stubborn, snippy little kid. But anyway I struggled on, and finally her mother sold me on the idea of giving a recital. I could give it in her house and invite the neighborhood and she would serve ice cream and cake. Well, the day of the recital arrived, and I wanted to back out. I begged Mother to get me out of it somehow—I was sure it was going to be a flop—but she insisted that I had to finish what I had begun. I had said I would give the recital so I must, that was all there was to it. First, I played two solos at the piano, and everyone clapped politely. Then I started to play for my pupil. I was so nervous! I was certain she'd disgrace me. In the middle of the number my nose started to bleed! Of course that meant the end of the recital, and, nose bleed or no, I was greatly relieved. But, anyway, I learned my lesson, as mother hoped I would. I'd never again start something that I wasn't sure I could carry through!

"It's the same now, with pictures. If I start a picture I feel I should carry it through without any fuss, because after all I'm the person that got myself into it. Why should I complain about *Poppy's* running weeks over its schedule? My fault was in not realizing that it might do just that, in the beginning."

We admire your patience of course, Rochelle . . . . but is it wise? That's what we're wondering. Aside from what it might do for your career, wouldn't a little screaming be an outlet for your tiredness, too?

But no, even as we say it, we know it's no use. Rochelle's sweetness isn't the kind that you turn on and off like a faucet. She'll go on being as she has always been, because that's what she is, basically. Her personality isn't one especially acquired for the movies. It's one she acquired long ago—for living!

DID YOU KNOW THAT the biggest-selling device in Hollywood these days is a patented home sound-recording machine so screen players can rehearse their lines, hear their voices and correct themselves?

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Between OURSELVES

by Larry Reid

WELL, as the boys are saying: Shakespeare and Thalberg are a great combination. The man, who for many years has been called the genius of Hollywood, has accomplished what is perhaps, the outstanding artistic triumph of the screen, past and present. And since genius is defined as the infinite capacity for hard work and taking extra pains while doing it, you can appreciate the labor that Thalberg put into his production of *Romeo and Juliet.*

He didn't approach Shakespeare haphazardly. Before a single set was built or the camera started shooting he, like an engineer, or architect, had made the surveys and fashioned the plans. His research workers were engaged a couple of years before actual production. He assembled the greatest living Shakespearian authorities as well as costumers and designers who had authentic knowledge of the play's period.

Nothing was left undone to make the picture historically correct. Even the music is synchronized with the moods of the scenes—much of it being taken from the opera, *Romeo and Juliet.* George Cukor was assigned the task of directing the picture. In handling the cast he cautioned them all to be natural. So Cukor caught the moods of the love-tragedy and passed it on to the players. The result is that the characters—with one or two exceptions—are perfectly natural—with Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard and Basil Rathbone giving the finest performances of their careers. Indeed, Shearer's rendition will stack up favorably with the best Juliets of the stage.

Norma Shearer

IT registers as a labor of love by all concerned, Shakespeare is respected throughout—the beautiful blank verse not being sacrificed, but used to full expression. It's Shakespeare—and it's Hollywood, yes, Hollywood in an eloquent interpretation. No more can scoffers say that Hollywood is well, just Hollywood, and lacking intelligence.

The picture will be seen by millions—possibly for many years to come. Audiences who have never been movie addicts will gladly respond—audiences comprising school and college teachers, clubs and students. The picture offers a complete course in the study of Shakespeare's great love poem. It wins new laurels for Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard—for Irving Thalberg and Hollywood—and, best of all, for the Bard of Avon. There are millions who, having been fed Shakespeare through the medium of the class-room, have tired of him. With the limitless scope of the camera as visualized here he will awaken new interest among those who have been compelled to study him.

Yes, *Romeo and Juliet* is an artistic and dramatic triumph—one that stands as a monument for everyone associated in its production. And as the boys said: "Shakespeare and Thalberg are a great combination." A poet dead 300 years lives through the magic of the camera.

THAT talented newcomers are proving their mettle in Hollywood is something that can't be denied, judging from the reports seeping through from the studios. The success stories of Simone Simon, June Lang, Margo, Burgess, Meredith, Don Ameche and several others indicate that anyone endowed with the dramatic spark can find a place in the Hollywood sun and Klieg lights. Aside from Meredith, none of these young fortunates had any particular acting reputation. One, June Lang, had belonged to the extra ranks of players. But her patience and adaptability, coupled with an emotional spark (instantly recognized by those in search for new faces) brought her into the limelight.

Do I hear someone crying: "Oh you've got to have a pull, or you've got to make the breaks"? Well, you don't need a pull or even luck, but you do have to have determination, ambition, confidence and infinite patience—and an even share of screen possibilities stamped in your face and voice.

Hollywood has a very large roster of new faces—dozens of new faces of both sexes. You can make good in a screen contest, too. But to continue on in making good, winning parts and good notices, you've got to keep your determination, ambition, confidence and patience working every minute. This applies as well, today, to the Gaynors, Colberts, *et al,* as when they started their screen careers.

SO for all the Gaynors, Colberts, Shearers, Crawfords, Garbos, Dietrichs, Hepburns, Rogerses, Sullavans, Lombards, Arthurs, Powells (Dick and Bill), Gables, Taylors, MacMurrays, Coopers, Astaires, Colmans, Baxters (and don't forget that they all carried their crosses through considerable travail to reach the top) there are, at least, a hundred newcomers who have come to Hollywood—some of whom naturally, will become equally as famous. There are three or four dozen of these newcomers who are working steadily in picture after picture. Time will prove the test for all of them. Some will make the grade; others will falter. Those already making the grade, *cum laude*—accepting the premise that no player is greater than his or her last picture are: Robert Taylor, Don Ameche, Margo, Fred MacMurray, Simone Simon, Frances Farmer, June Travis, Olivia de Havilland, Lionel Stander, Jane Wyatt, Brian Donlevy, Michael Whalen, Anne Shirley, Frances Langford, Eleanore Whitney, Humphrey Bogart, Patric Knowles, Burgess Meredith, June Lang.

Margo

Don't be discouraged that the majority of these had some theatrical training in one form or another. Remember that June Lang started from scratch. Also Jean Arthur—and while Jean is a headliner now, it wasn't so many years ago that she played extra rôles and nearly starved in Hollywood awaiting the chance to make good. It wasn't until she had tried the New York stage that Hollywood sent for her. But she had the necessary ambition and confidence to fight and win. So can YOU.

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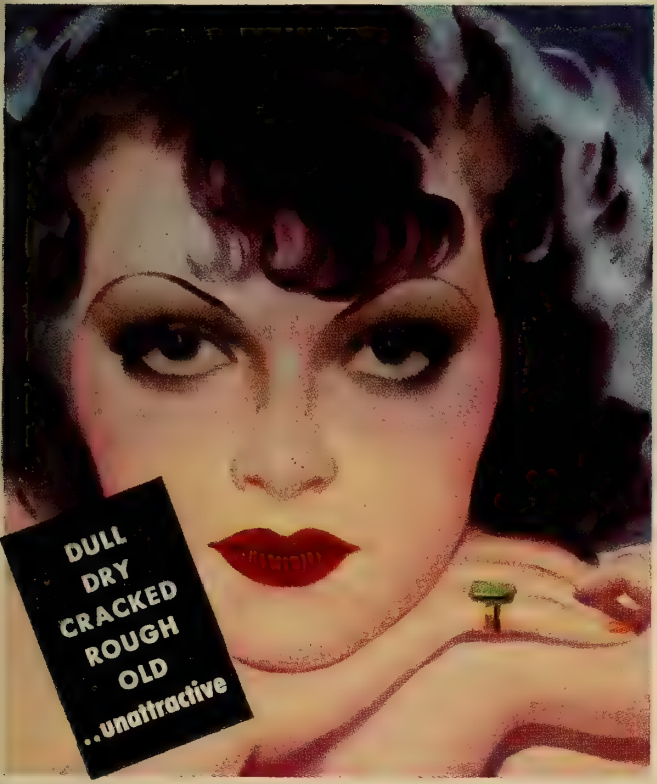
News from the romantic South Sea Isles

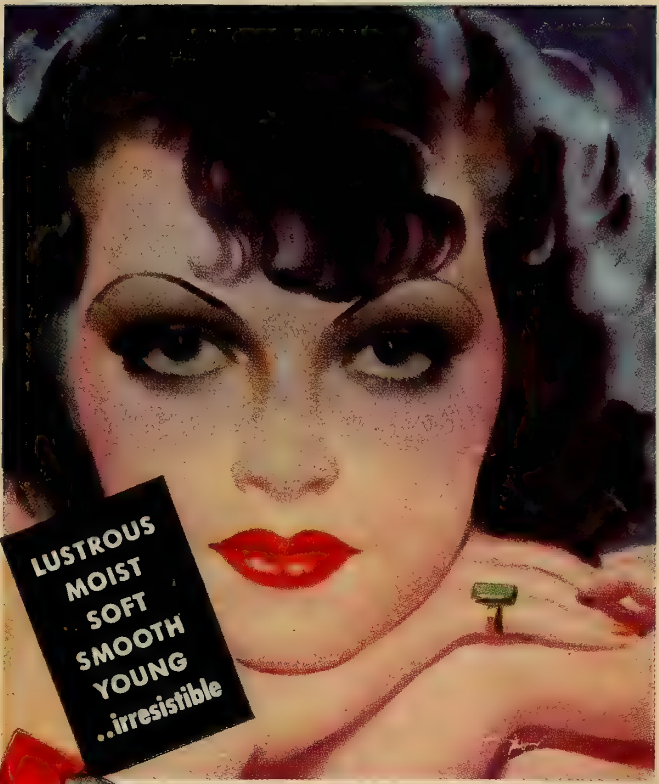
an ENTIRELY NEW KIND OF LIPSTICK

To the world's most permanent transparent lipstick two magical new ingredients have been added . . . to keep your lips luscious, soft, smooth and youthful.

Ordinary Indelible Lipstick



The New TATTOO



Why Some Lipsticks Make Lips Unattractive

Of course, you want your lipstick to be permanent . . . your lips soft and smooth . . . their caress a never-to-be-forgotten thrill!

But you have probably learned that lipstick does not always make lips soft and smooth! Ordinary indelible lipstick often makes them feel dry and parched, causing an unconscious and frequent licking of the lips in an effort to restore moistness and softness.

This constant licking removes the lips' natural oils as well as the protective oils supplied by the lipstick, resulting in lips readily becoming dull, dry, cracked, rough, old looking . . . *unattractive!*

How The New TATTOO Corrects All This

With the *New* Tattoo you have all the permanence you could wish for. And one of its magical new ingredients gives *this* lipstick a creamy texture that keeps lips fresh and *moist* . . . stains them with soothing, lasting, transparent color . . . without letting them get dry . . . without permitting them to become rough . . . and there is *no desire to lick the lips!*

Your lips thus become softer and smoother than they have ever been before . . . thrillingly, irresistibly youthful . . . without a wrinkle . . . without a line! But more! The *other* magical ingredient in the *New* Tattoo gives your lips the kind of lustrous, inviting, shimmering gloss and sparkle that is never denied . . . *anything!*

Send Coupon For Proof

So that you can instantly *see* and *feel* the astonishing difference, a generous introductory size of the *New* Tattoo in a clever silver and black case will be sent for the coupon below and 10c to cover postage and packing. There are five exciting shades . . . the most famous colors ever put into lipstick! Most women want more than one. So why not send for several shades of this miracle lipstick today! You'll get an entirely new beauty thrill the instant you Tattoo your lips . . . with the *New* Tattoo!

The New TATTOO

Tattoo, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. 17, Chicago
Send me trial size *New* Tattoo, postpaid. 10c enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.

☐ Coral (Orangish) ☐ Exotic (Fiery)
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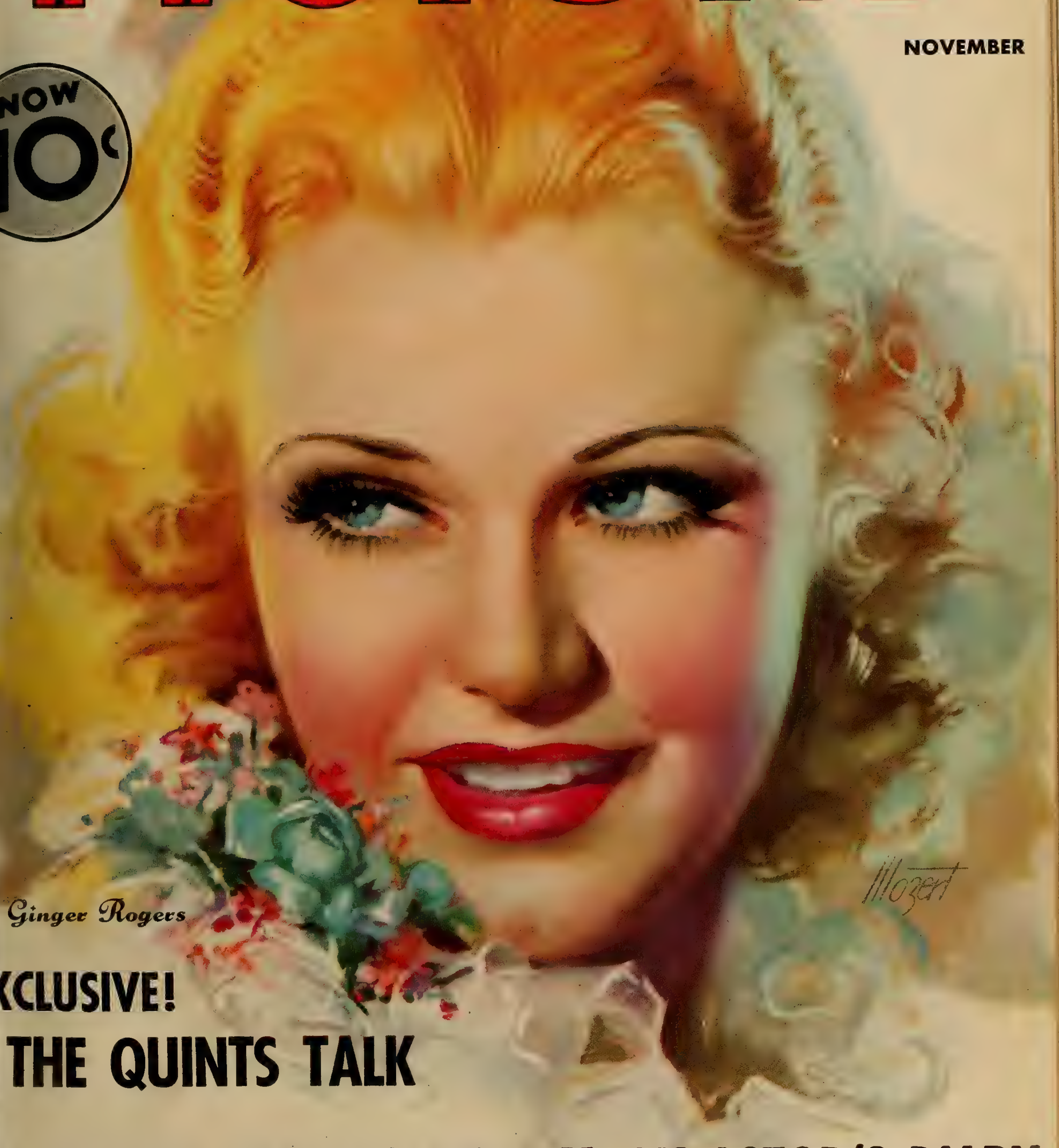

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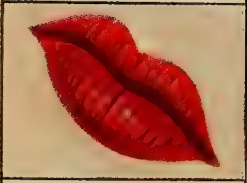
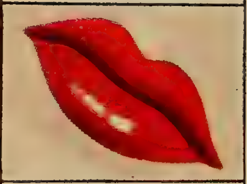
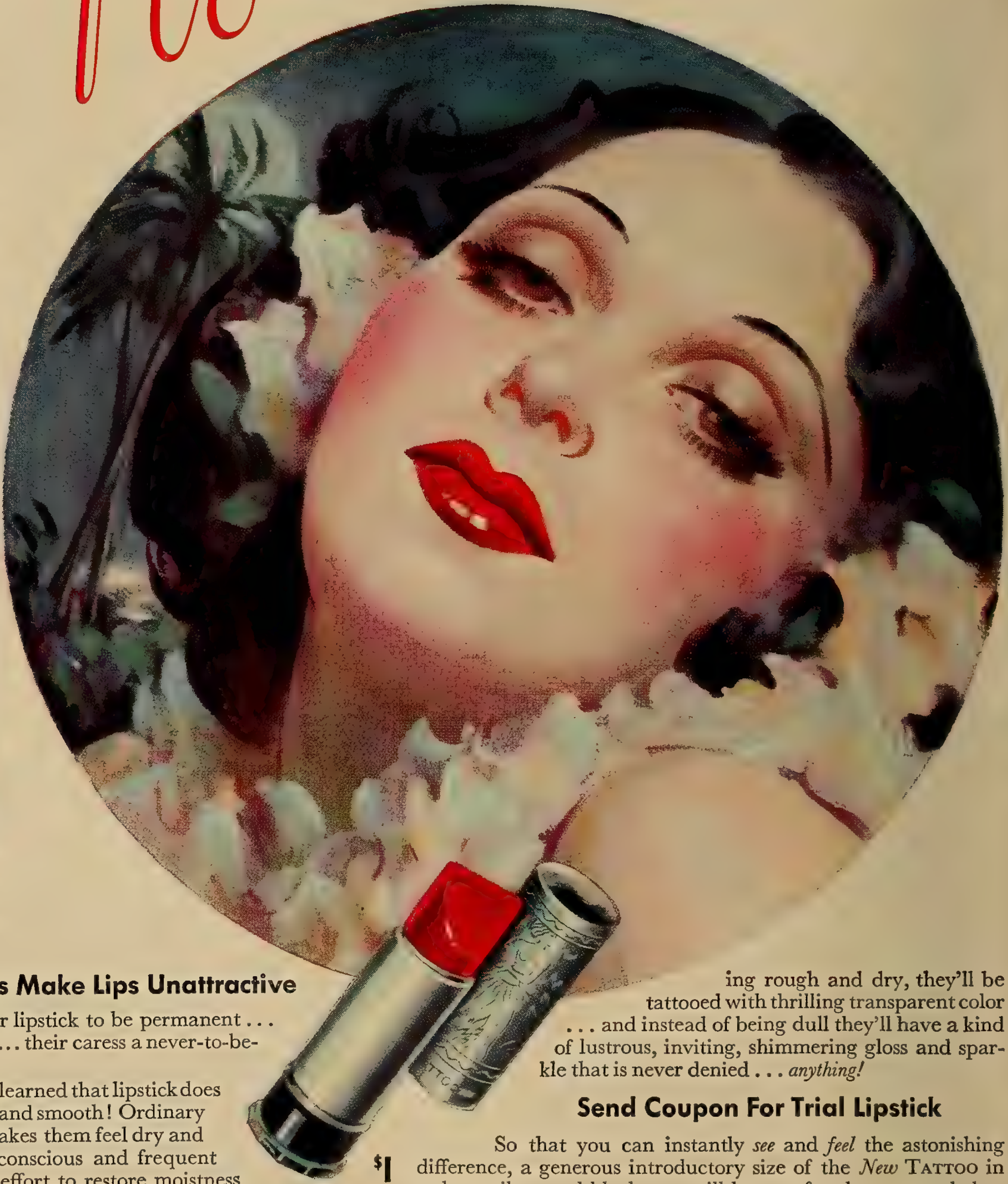


Often the cause of lips becoming dull, dry, rough, wrinkled, old-looking and decidedly *unattractive!*

THE NEW TATTOO



Contains a moistening agent that makes lips lustrous, moist, smooth, soft, youthful . . . *irresistible!*



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But you have probably learned that lipstick does not always make lips soft and smooth! Ordinary indelible lipstick often makes them feel dry and parched, causing an unconscious and frequent licking of the lips in an effort to restore moistness and softness.

This constant licking removes the lips' natural oils as well as the protective oils supplied by the lipstick, resulting in lips readily becoming dull, dry, cracked, rough, old looking . . . *unattractive!*

How The New TATTOO Corrects All This

With the *New* TATTOO you have all the permanence you could wish for . . . and the marvelous moistening agent it contains ends all desire to lick the lips . . . thus keeping them moist . . . softer and smoother than ever before . . . thrillingly, youthfully irresistible . . . without a wrinkle . . . without a line! Instead of being rough and dry, they'll be tattooed with thrilling transparent color . . . and instead of being dull they'll have a kind of lustrous, inviting, shimmering gloss and sparkle that is never denied . . . *anything!*

Send Coupon For Trial Lipstick

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MOTION PICTURE

LAURENCE REID, Editor

NOVEMBER, 1936

Volume LII, No. 4 **Twenty-fifth Year**

WE GIVE YOU CLAUDETTE COLBERT

...And not only Claudette who is revealed to you in an intimate manner that covers her life and personality, but we also give you Garbo...a new, different Garbo...in a story telling what manner of woman and actress she is today. There is also Joan Bennett... and Joan Blondell, featured in sympathetic, understanding stories. All of these stars, as well as revealing articles about Warner Baxter, Spencer Tracy, Nelson Eddy, Cary Grant will be found in the big November issue of MOTION PICTURE

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Directed by HERBERT MASON
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COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

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The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

By HARRY LANG

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

TO CAMERAMAN George Scott Barnes, who used to be Joan Blondell's hubby, Ol' Man Tattler herewith hands the plush-lined handcuffs as first prize for indefatigability. . . . George is going to marry again! *And this will be the sixth time he's done it!!!*

Bride-to-be (they'll probably be Mr. and Mrs. by the time you read this) is Betty Wood, 21-year-old film dancer, whom George met while he was filming *Cain and Mabel*. She danced in it. It'll be *her* first matrimonial try. George was divorced by Joan Blondell, who had been Mrs. Barnes the Fifth, September 4, 1935. Every once in a while since then, there were Hollywood rumors that despite Dick Powell, Joan and George were going to try the reconciliation game. This proves that hooey.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Astrid Allwyn and Robert Kent
Are together much more than they ent!

With *Romeo and Juliet* out of the way, Norma Shearer takes to the saddle again. She wears a typically Western ensemble

Jeanette MacDonald has announced her engagement to Gene Raymond, thus silencing those who didn't take the romance seriously

IT PROBABLY won't be long now before Lily Pons changes that shortest name of hers to probably the longest among cinema divas—she's going to stop being Lily Pons to be Mme. Andre Kostelanetz. He's the noted conductor (orchestra, not street car) who handles all the music for her films as well as concerts—but even Lily can't handle the full name. She calls him "Kosty."

• • •

BACK in Hollywood to make another cinemusical for RKO, Lily brought Kosty along, admitted that she was going to marry him, but refused to say where or when. "I 'ave no prefaired place or time, just a prefaired pairson," she explained. From Kosty himself came the wisecrack of the month at the same time. Asked "Are you going to marry Lily?" he answered reporters with:

"Oh yes—*if she won't keep a diary!*"

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
John Howard and Anne Shirley
Are still very very whirley!

• • •

THEY'RE calling him Ol' Jekyll-Hyde Randy Scott, now that the

[*Continued on page* 8]

This is the Champagne Waltz

This is the Dance of Love,

Under the Soft Light's Gleam,

Just Close Your Eyes and Dream!

I'd Dance My Whole Life Thru

If I Could Dance With You.

FRED MacMURRAY
GLADYS SWARTHOUT
"Champagne Waltz"
with JACK OAKIE
VELOZ & YOLANDA
HERMAN BING
A Paramount Picture. Directed by
A. Edward Sutherland

JACK OAKIE
VELOZ & YOLANDA

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page* 6]

secret's out. What secret?—why, that all the time he's been knocking the goilies for a row of loops under the assumption that he's been Hollywood's A-No.-1 Eligible Bachelor, he's really all the time since last March been the hubby of the one-time Marian Du Pont, of all those Du Pont millions! Shame and fie on you Randy, for foolin' the femmes thataway!

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Craig Reynolds and Patricia Ellis
About each other are very jellis!

● ● ●

NOW, now, now, now—what's all this mixuppingness in the famous Cary Grant-Mary Brian romance? Is it is, or is it ain't? What I mean is: here all the time we thought that Mary and Cary were so ultra-ultra head-over-heels and so on. And now what? Why, now we discover these two things:

1—Cary Grant's been a bit palsie-walsie with of *all* girls, the icy Sonja Henie! I mean icy because she skates on it; otherwise, I'm told, she's no icier than a Palm Springs midday. They've been out much together. Sonja said she "didn't know how to describe how serious it all is" while Cary just became original and remarked "just friends."

2—And in the meantime, Mary's been sneaking one over on Cary, too! Seems she's "knock-knocked" so completely at the heart of one certain United Airlines executive that he's been taking her flying. It all came out when the studio got mad and told Mary she couldn't go flying with the young guy any more until her picture was completed.

You haven't seen this ol' slapper-downer, Jimmy Cagney, around recently, but now with Grand National he'll be starring soon

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Henry Willson and Eleanore Whitney
Seems quite heart-pat-a-pitney!

● ● ●

MOST amazing Love Contract in Hollywood exists between Cecilia Parker and Eric Linden. Neither can get married unless the other permits it!!! The idea is this: Cecelia and Eric, advised that they were to become a new screen team following *Ah, Wilderness,* realized that the marriage of either might affect the other's career. Therefore, they have signed a pact whereby each agrees not to wed without first obtaining the other's agreement in writing. It's a five-year deal.

[*Continued on page* 10]

The six chorines climbing the grand staircase to fame are members of an ensemble of 160 girls who dance in *Cain and Mabel,* co-starring Marion Davies-Clark Gable

PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE HOLLYWOOD HOME OF
Mary Brian
APPEARING IN
"THREE MARRIED MEN"
A PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION

1881
ROGERS
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

Such charming silverware is perfectly at home on the gracious tables of Hollywood Stars. And you need not deny yourself the same luxury — for with Quantity Savings of $2.50, a Service for Six Persons, with stainless-blade Hollow-Handle Knives, in a beautiful tarnish-proof Chest, can be yours for as little as $13.50

FOR A LIMITED TIME
Sampler Set
6 TEASPOONS only $1.

THIS Sampler offer is made because we want you to admire one of the three sparkling designs on your own table. See your dealer at once.

"Folks, Meet 'OIWIN'"

('Oiwin' is Brooklynese for the good old Anglo-Saxon name of Erwin)

To the bride and neighbors he was a polite and milk-toasty Erwin, but to the mob he was 'Oiwin'—the horse-picking demon who gave bookmakers financial D. T.s! A gentle Jekyll in Jersey . . . but a Hyde-de-ho in the betting ring.

A candid camera study of 'Oiwin' . . . as the marvel of the ages picks a long shot and almost wrecks the betting industry.

Now it can be told! Nearly every star comedian in Hollywood wanted to play 'Oiwin'. "I'll buy the play," said one . . . "I don't want any salary. Just give me the chance and a percentage," said another world-famous funnyman . . . But Warner Bros. decided to give this coveted acting plum to Frank McHugh—not because he was the best-known actor to do 'Oiwin'—but because in their opinion he was by far the best suited. How glad you'll be they made this choice when you meet 'Oiwin' on the screen!

"I just love a bettin' man, Oiwin . . . especially if he keeps winning all the time."

Racing Form

Every time 'Oiwin' looked at a racing sheet the bookmakers took more aspirin.

"Oiwin, you made us millionaires . . . we want to do some little thing for you."

COMING SOON!

"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"

Conceded to be the greatest comedy hit in ten years, now in its second capacity year on Broadway and being played in four countries, by ten companies to thousands of hilarious crowds everywhere!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK McHUGH
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

• When Doctors swab
SORE THROAT..
surface germs are destroyed, soreness relieved, healing quickened

• When you Gargle with
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC...
you continue your doctor's treatment by destroying surface germs, relieving the cold.

USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS—TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

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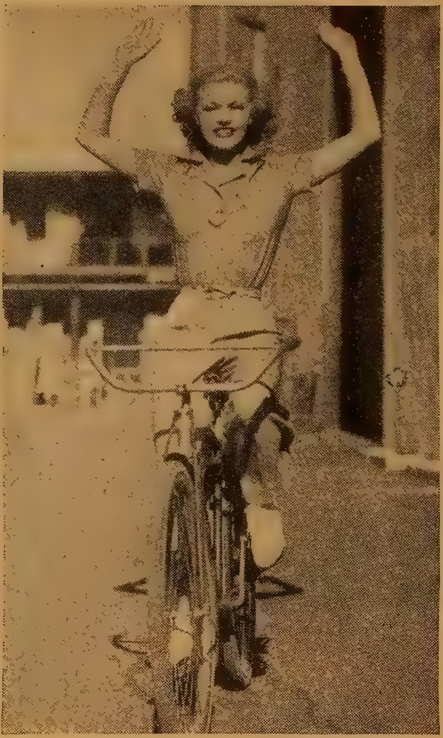
So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or $1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

SAVES ⅔ OF YOUR DOLLAR
..Goes 3 times as far!

Pepsodent Antiseptic
Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler



There's nothing like pedaling a bike, according to Ginger Rogers, to keep your legs and feet pliable for dancing

[*Continued from page* 8]

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Anita Louise and Robert Abbott—
That's becoming a Hollywood habbott!

● ● ●

LONDON, of all places, has the cutest new betting game. They're betting, over there, on whether or not certain film couples will marry! ! ! They've even got a set of standard odds, like this: even bet that Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck will wed; 90 to 1 against George Brent taking the leap with Garbo; 5 to 1 that Clark Gable and Carole Lombard will; 10 to 1 that Bill Powell and Jean Harlow *won't*; 5 to 3 that Ann Sothern becomes Mrs. Roger Pryor; 7 to 4 against the Jackie Coogan-Betty Grable merger; 20 to 1 against Tom Brown and Eleanore Whitney; 6 to 1 against Ginger Rogers saying her I-do's with Jimmy Stewart; 4 to 3 that Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald do it; 9 to 4 against Cary Grant and Mary Brian; 15 to 1 that George Raft finally does wed Virginia Pine despite hell, high water and Mrs. George Raft; and, finally, 100 to 1 that Ariel and Caliban never become Mr.-and-Mrs.

● ● ●

THAT last one is just about a cinch. Even Ariel herself, Elaine Barrie, says she's through with Caliban forever. While poor Caliban, in what's left of the person of John Barrymore, lies in hospital after sanitarium and suffers from the most amazing set of disorders in the human system, according to actual court records.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Bet it's a Stanwyck hope-deflatah
To know Bob Taylor's cast with
Greta!

● ● ●

FOUR years ago, Una Merkel married Ronald Burla. This fall, they'll finally take their honeymoon—a trip to Honolulu. Work has interfered heretofore. Ain't love grand—in Hollywood?

● ● ●

CLASS in Hollywood's Who's Whose, come to order!

Question: the other night, when Herbert Marshall made a radio broadcast, who was there to help him rehearse his lines?

Quick, quick—answer?

Yes, that's right. It *was* Gloria Swanson.

Class dismissed!

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Jack Dunn and Ketti Gallian
Have changed the orchid to the scallion!

● ● ●

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and Paulette Goddard seem to be spatting like a couple of strange cats. Latest performance that has Hollywood giggling at them was staged right out in the open, in the Brown Derby. Charlie and Paulette, who'd just gotten gossiped about because Paulette left Charlie's yacht, were having a make-up dinner or something. During the first two courses, they talked; during the next, they yelled; during the remainder, neither said a blankety-blank word to the other. Charlie's funny *on* the screen, too.

[*Continued on page 92*]

Pat O'Brien's Mavourneen and her pet Fuzzy, always take a piggy-back ride mornings before Pop reports for work

The Year's Greatest Romantic Adventure!

None knew the overflowing, bursting gladness, the singing joy these two, who had never loved before, found deep in the heart of the desert. The lavish brush of Technicolor reveals the golden beauty of Marlene Dietrich, the burning emotions of Charles Boyer with an intensity never before seen on the screen.

Selznick International Presents

Marlene DIETRICH Charles BOYER

The GARDEN of ALLAH

IN TECHNICOLOR

with BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
TILLY LOSCH • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK • Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI

From the book by
ROBERT HICHENS

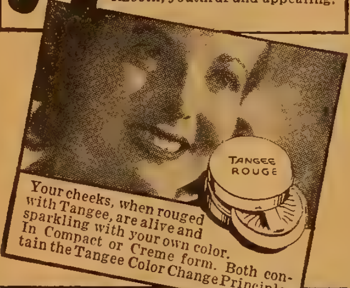
Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Why Some Women are Natural Beauties

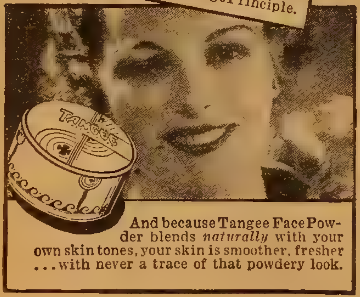
They intensify natural coloring . . . yet never look "made-up". Read how the Color Change Principle available in Tangee make-up brings natural loveliness.

You see many more "naturally" beautiful women than you used to. For make-up styles have changed. Gaudy make-up has vanished. The Tangee Color Change Principle is available in powder, lipstick and rouge.

Your lips become the blush-rose that nature has hidden there. The cream base of Tangee keeps lips smooth, youthful and appealing.



Your cheeks, when rouged with Tangee, are alive and sparkling with your own color. In Compact or Creme form. Both contain the Tangee Color Change Principle.



And because Tangee Face Powder blends *naturally* with your own skin tones, your skin is smoother, fresher . . . with never a trace of that powdery look.

Begin tonight to be lovelier in your own way. Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Tangee Powder is 55c and $1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83c. Lipstick is 39c and $1.10.

• **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

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TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F116
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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel.
Name ______ Please Print
Address ______
City ______ State ______

The Picture Parade

CARD INDEX OF THE LATEST MOVIES

SWING TIME

—AAAA—

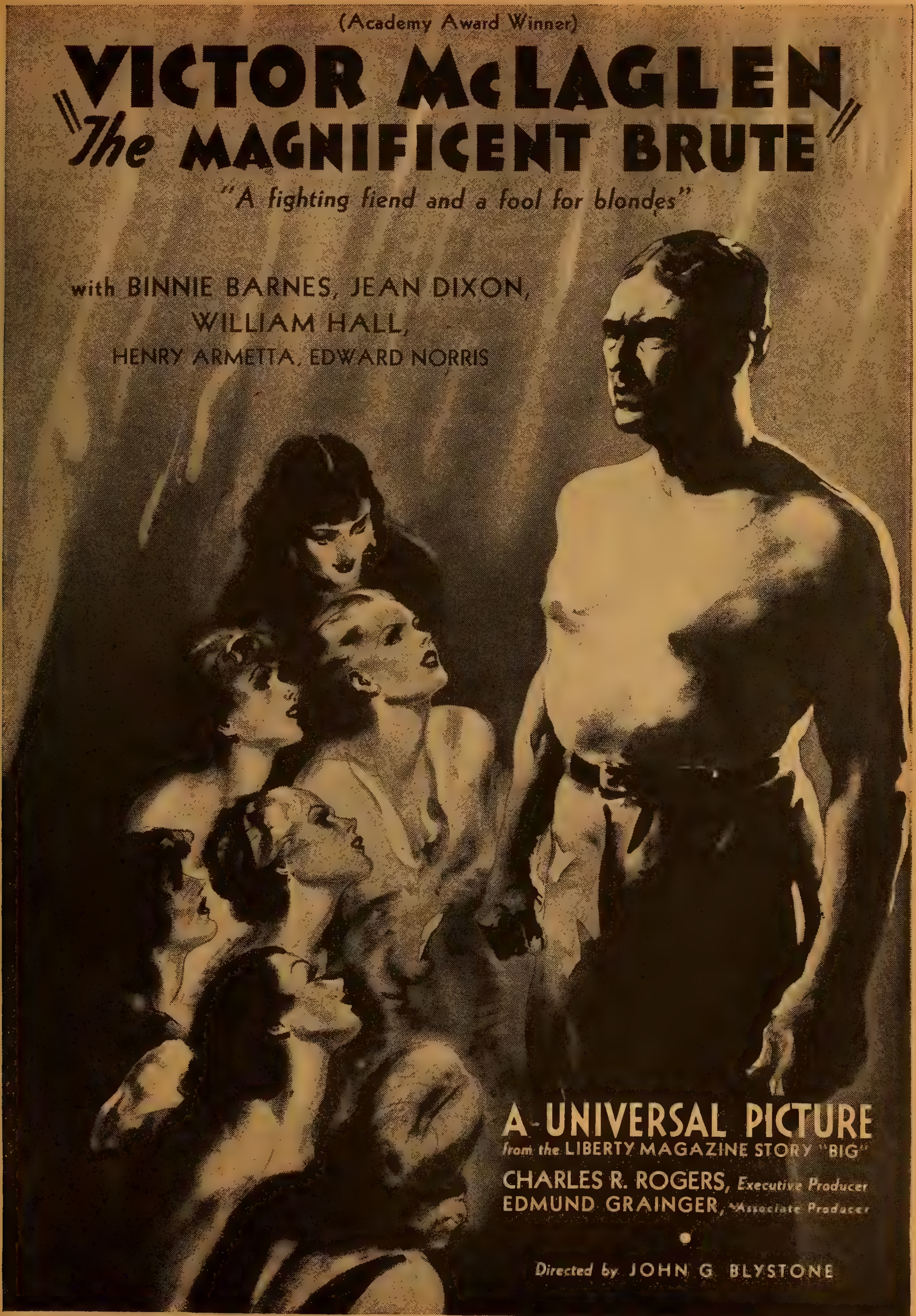
Magnificent settings, which have always marked Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers productions, reach a new high in this distinctive double-triangle, romantic story interwoven with the catchiest songs and dances the famous team has yet presented. The manner in which Fred breaks his engagement with his country girl friend (Betty Furness) and the hilarity supplied by the new screen comedy team, Helen Broderick and Victor Moore, are side-splitting. Fred, cast as a dancer who loves to gamble, a lucky gambler, too—in cards and love, does the cleverest dance of his career, a shadow dance that will make your hair stand on end. Fred and Ginger present a startling swing time waltz in two-thirds time that is partly classic and partly syncopated. Eric Blore deserves honorable mention, as does Georges Metaxa, who plays the part of an orchestra leader in love with Ginger, when he sings *Just The Way You Look Tonight*. Fred and Ginger are at their best and every situation and number is as good or better than their previous efforts. The greatest musical to date. Don't miss it!—*RKO Radio.*

THE GORGEOUS HUSSY

—AAAA—

Rich in color and human interest, this drama with Washington, D.C., during the 1820's, as its background, is centered around the life of *Andrew Jackson* (Lionel Barrymore) and *Peggy O'Neal* (Joan Crawford) and the gossip surrounding her. Joan, in love with Melvyn Douglas is spurned by him. Robert Taylor is marvelous as a young naval officer who woos and wins her, but later loses his life in the tropics. Their wedding night and bundling scene are the humorous spots in the show. The high spot is when Barrymore is elected President while fighting a man in the streets who has insulted his pipe smoking, backwoods wife (Beulah Bondi). Franchot Tone, as Secretary of War Eaton, whom Joan later marries, is superb in his rôle. James Stewart is swell as *Rowdy Dow* and Alison Skipworth is perfect as the gossipping *Mrs. Beall.* A swell picture with a swell cast! And marvelously staged.—*M-G-M.*

[*Continued on page* 14]



(Academy Award Winner)

VICTOR McLAGLEN

"The MAGNIFICENT BRUTE"

"A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes"

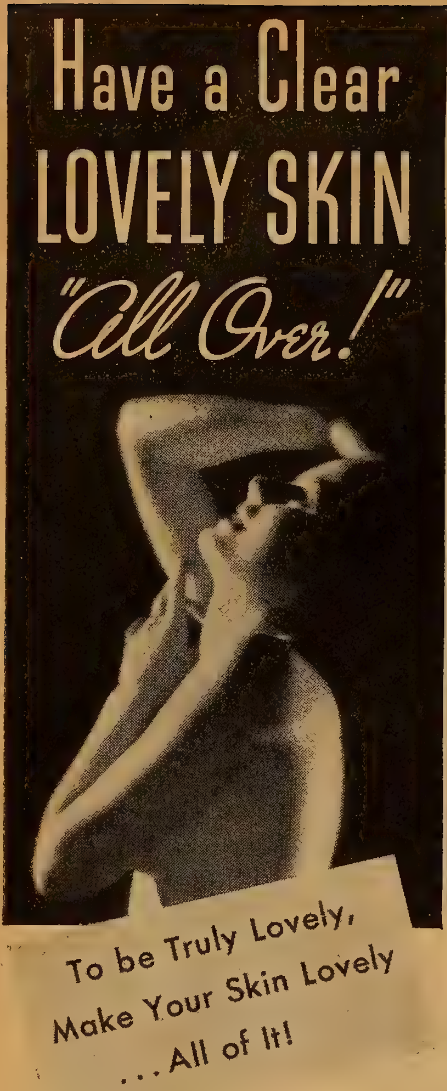
with BINNIE BARNES, JEAN DIXON,
WILLIAM HALL,
HENRY ARMETTA, EDWARD NORRIS

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
from the LIBERTY MAGAZINE STORY "BIG"

CHARLES R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer*
EDMUND GRAINGER, *Associate Producer*

•

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE



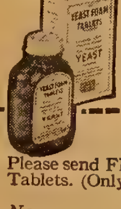
GET rid of blemishes, spots and pimples. Give your arms, your throat, your shoulders—as well as your face—the radiant, youthful beauty that men admire so much.

Disfiguring eruptions vanish magically if you remove their real cause. And the cause in thousands of cases—perhaps in yours—is poisons that have accumulated within your body and tainted your blood.

To win the beauty you want—you must rid your system of these poisons at once. So do as thousands have done—and try pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets today.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure, wholesome yeast—one of the richest known natural sources of Vitamin B Complex. And this precious *natural* food substance works in nature's own way. It tends to strengthen and tone intestinal organs—helps rid the body easily and naturally of poisonous wastes. Then—your skin has the chance to become truly lovely.

Get Yeast Foam Tablets today. End the frequent cause of ugly blemishes—and strive to make *all* your skin enchantingly lovely.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

FREE! Mail Coupon for Trial Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.
Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.) FG 11-36

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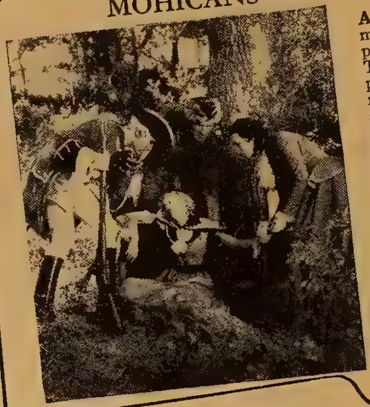
The Picture Parade

[*Continued from page* 12]

LAST OF THE MOHICANS

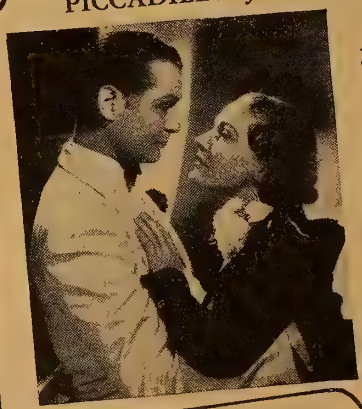


AAA½—This distinguished picturization of the familiar historical drama by James Fenimore Cooper, provides modern and compelling entertainment. The story, laid in the French and Indian war period, a short generation before the American revolution, has plenty of action as it gets into a series of well-directed battles, escapes from Indian ambushes and the siege of Fort William Henry on the shores of Lake George. Bruce Cabot deserves honorable mention for his interpretation of the treacherous *Magua*. Randolph Scott, as *Hawkeye*, contributes a realistic performance that should considerably increase his box-office value. Henry Wilcoxon is perfect in his portrayal of the fearful and jealous rival of *Hawkeye*. Binnie Barnes and Heather Angel greatly enhance the human interest quality of the story. Costumes and settings are authentic and lend colorful contrasts between the colonial scouts and the British troops, on one side, and the Indians and French as their opponents.—*United Artists.*

GIRLS' DORMITORY

AAA—Simone Simon, charming and clever French actress, is taking the audiences by storm with her impressive performance in this emotional story of the revelation of a young girl's heart as she experiences her first love. Simone, pupil in a girl's private school, is secretly in love with Herbert Marshall, director of the school. A love letter which she had written to Marshall, but discarded in the wastebasket, is unearthed by an instructor and she is threatened with expulsion. She runs away and is about to end her life when she is rescued by Marshall, who confesses his love for her. He is prepared to announce their engagement when she learns that Ruth Chatterton, Marshall's assistant, has secretly adored him for years and she steps aside for the older woman, telling Marshall that the story of her love was false. He later realizes the truth and the end finds them together.—*20th Century-Fox.*

PICCADILLY JIM



AAA—A rollicking comedy with Robert Montgomery as *Piccadilly Jim*, a newspaper caricaturist who turns cartoonist, using an American family, named *Pett*, as his subject and making them the laughing stock of London. He gets into great difficulty with *Ann Chester* (Madge Evans), the girl he loves, because he doesn't know that she is a member of the *Pett* family. The title-conscious *Nesta Pett* (Cora Witherspoon) is trying to keep her sister *Eugenia* (Billie Burke) from marrying *Jim's* charming but foolish old dad (Frank Morgan). *Jim's* way of solving his problem is the highlight of the story and makes it one of the outstanding comedies of the year. Madge Evans is charming as the much-pursued *Ann Chester* and Billie Burke is lovely as the simpering *Eugenia*. The supporting cast, which includes Eric Blore, Robert Benchley, Ralph Forbes, Tommy Bupp, Aileen Pringle and Grant Mitchell, is excellent.—*M-G-M.*

SING, BABY, SING

AAA—A snappy musical production that is packed with comedy and the best music heard in an age. Adolphe Menjou, cast as a Shakespearian-conscious actor, goes haywire and gets into plenty of trouble—when he sees himself as *Romeo*. Alice Faye, as a jobless singer, gets involved with Menjou—as *Juliet*. Gregory Ratoff, as Menjou's agent, Ted Healy, as Ratoff's stooge, and Patsy Kelly, as Ratoff's stenographer, clown through their rôles in a hilarious manner that tops all their previous efforts. The Ritz Brothers, three boys who sing and dance, are outstanding and supply loads of laughs with their frolicking. Their rendition of *The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round* is incomparable. The supporting cast is excellent. All in all, it's one show you won't want to miss!—*20th Century-Fox.*

[*Continued on page* 16]

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3-WAY BLEND

THAT HARMONIZES

1 *with Your Eyes!*
2 *with Your Complexion!*
3 *with Each Other!*

Yes, it's *real* news! And it's perfect news for the millions of women who've been waiting for the secret of "natural" eye makeup. For with this startling scientific development of true-tone blended colors, WINX has made it possible for every woman to individualize her eye make-up according to her own particular type. Whether you are blonde, brunette, or titian . . . whether your eyes are blue, gray, or brown . . . you will find *your true* color scheme in WINX Eye Beautifiers. For all WINX colors have equalized tone values. They not only blend with your eyes and complexion—they actually blend with other WINX colors. Thus a Brown WINX mascara blends not only with the Brown WINX Eye Shadow and Eyebrow Pencil, but also with any other WINX color—be it even the Blue, Green, or Mauve Eye Shadow. In this, you have the secret of "natural" make-up. The face, the eyes, the brows, the lashes, colors—are blended into one harmonious, alluring picture. So try these new Blended WINX products today. Only with colors which blend with each other can you obtain "natural" eye make-up. On sale at your local department, drug, or 5 and 10 cent store.

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EYES	BRUNETTES					
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	DAY	NIGHT	DAY	NIGHT	DAY	NIGHT
BROWN	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	BROWN	MAUVE
BLUE	BLACK	BLUE	BLACK	BLACK	BLUE	BLUE
GRAY	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	BLACK	GRAY	MAUVE
	BLONDES					
BROWN	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN	BROWN	MAUVE
BLUE	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN	BLUE	BLUE
GRAY	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	GRAY	GREEN or MAUVE
	TITIAN					
	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN	BROWN or BLACK	BROWN or BLUE	MAUVE or BLUE

USE THIS CHART TO CHOOSE YOUR CORRECT COLORS

Look for this WINX color harmony chart at your 5 and 10 cent store counter. It tells you what colors to use for your type and eliminates guess work in eye make-up.

Rhapsody
LASTEX CREATIONS
Styled by
HICKORY

YOU'LL WANT BOTH
Foundation and Girdle

"Rhapsody" offers newfound comfort with adequate support for the figure which needs more than mere "holding in". Styled of extra firmly-knitted two-way stretch Lastex—actually controls and moulds. Boning at front shapes comfortably and smoothly.

Enjoy the Girdle for About Town and every day wear—and the Foundation for Dress and Formal occasions. It's an economy to have the set of two at only $9 and up. May be had separately, of course.

"Rhapsody" Girdle $4 and up—Sizes: 28 to 34. "Rhapsody" Foundation $5 and up—Sizes: 34 to 40. You should find "Rhapsody" and other Creations by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE brochure. Address: 1143 W. Congress St., Chicago.

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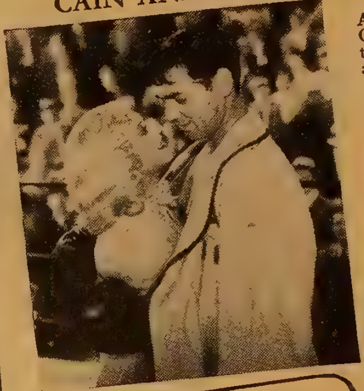
The Picture Parade

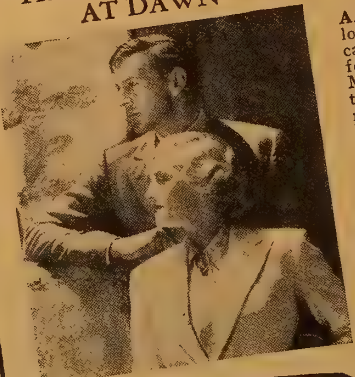
[*Continued from page* 14]

CAIN AND MABEL



AAA—Hilarious comedy, presented by Walter Catlett, Roscoe Karns and Allen Jenkins, takes this production out of the usual run of musicals and places it in the highly entertaining class. Clark Gable, as an antagonistic pugilist of the hour, and Marion Davies, a temperamental waitress, iron out a misunderstanding when Clark forgets his fighting caution to turn at her cry and gets flattened out in the ring. Marion gets a chance to prove her ability in the top spot of an operetta, by the maneuvering of Karns, a publicity hawk, and does fairly well with her rather weak rôle. Clark climaxes the story with a slashing ring battle that, alone, is worth the price of admission. A broadway background with lavish settings and several hit songs, together with the colorful dances staged by Sammy White, add a great deal of glamour and entertainment to the production. The story, itself, lacks all-around appeal but will prove to be entertaining if you are a "Gable Fan."—*Warners.*

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN



AAA—A war drama dealing with Chinese war lords and their difficulty in procuring arms to carry on their battles. Gary Cooper, a middleman for the established government as represented by Mr. Wu (Dudley Digges), attempts to take funds to the patriots but is betrayed by Madeleine Carroll who has been persuaded by her father (Porter Hall), to join forces with the rebels, because he sees a chance to make some easy money. Cooper falls into the hands of the rebels after his train is attacked and Hall takes and tries to make off with the money which has been intrusted with Cooper. Madeleine is captured by bandits and it is then that she and Gary tell each other of their love. It ends happily when the General dies at dawn giving final instructions to free his captives. There is ample action and with laurels going to Gary and Madeleine. It makes an enjoyable picture, though the action lags in spots.—*Paramount.*

STAGE STRUCK

AAA—A novel production with a musical background that proves to be highly entertaining due to its light dialogue and direction. Dick Powell plays the part of a dance director who falls in love with Jeanne Madden, a *Stage Struck* country girl. Complications result when Joan Blondell, a wealthy heiress, eager to become an actress, backs a musical show with Dick as the dance director, and thinks she is in love with him. Dick and Joan are superb in their rôles but Jeanne very nearly steals the honors with her million dollar voice and smile. The Yacht Club Boys sing two new numbers they have written, that should make a hit with the theatre-goers, and supply numerous laughs with their slapstick comedy. The capable supporting cast includes Frank McHugh, Warren William, Carol Hughes, Craig Reynolds and Hobart Cavanaugh. The atmosphere is fine.—*Warners.*

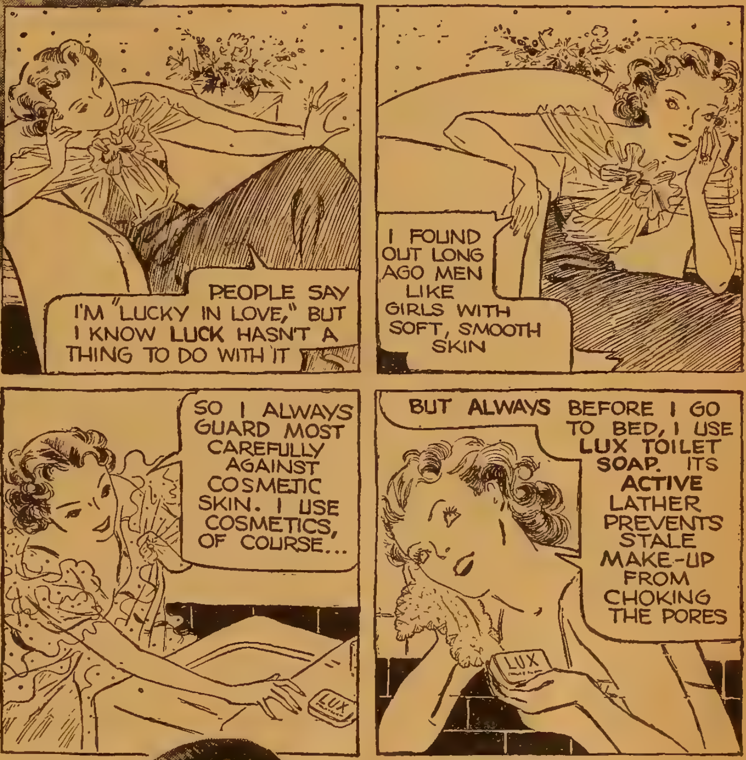
WALKING ON AIR

AA½—A sparkling farce-comedy with Ann Sothern as *Kit Bennett*, a pretty and willful heiress, determined to marry the recently-divorced *Fred Randolph* (Alan Curtis), despite the frantic objections of her father, Henry Stephenson, who refuses to listen to the advice of his spinster sister, Jessie Ralph. Two penniless college graduates, *Peter Quinlan* (Gene Raymond) and *Joe Marshall* (Gordon Jones), have advertised for jobs, although *Pete* hopes to become a radio singer. *Kit* hires *Pete* to impersonate a fortune-hunting French Count so her father will let her marry *Fred* as the lesser of two evils. Her father hires *Joe* to shadow her and see that she doesn't elope with *Fred*. The hilarious scenes that follow, when *Pete* is a guest in the *Bennett* household, supply comedy that will hold its own with the smartest laugh provokers of the season.—*RKO-Radio.*

"When skin is really lovely men always notice"

LORETTA YOUNG
20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR
STAR OF "LADIES IN LOVE"

Here's "Lucky Sue" who knows the Screen Stars' secret


PEOPLE SAY I'M "LUCKY IN LOVE," BUT I KNOW LUCK HASN'T A THING TO DO WITH IT
I FOUND OUT LONG AGO MEN LIKE GIRLS WITH SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN
SO I ALWAYS GUARD MOST CAREFULLY AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN. I USE COSMETICS, OF COURSE...
BUT ALWAYS BEFORE I GO TO BED, I USE LUX TOILET SOAP. ITS ACTIVE LATHER PREVENTS STALE MAKE-UP FROM CHOKING THE PORES
LUX

"IT'S wonderful," says Loretta Young, "how you can use all the cosmetics you wish, yet keep your complexion exquisite with Lux Toilet Soap."

It's when stale rouge and powder *choke the pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap guards against this risk. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, carries away every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics.

When 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep skin lovely, you can be sure it's the right complexion care for *you*. Why don't you try it?

LUX
TOILET SOAP

YOU want to have the charm of smooth, clear skin. So follow this simple rule: Before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap.

The GREAT GINGER ROGERS HOAX!

Ginger has fooled us long enough. We're going to tell on her—and that telling is going to amaze you! If you want to be "in the know" about today's most famous star you'll read the exciting scoop story in November

SCREEN BOOK

HOW JEANETTE MacDONALD
and
GENE RAYMOND
Fell In Love!

Their first meeting was as funny as it was unconventional. Their romance is unusual and thoroughly un-Hollywood! Read all about it in Screen Book's exclusive story.

Don't miss *Worm's-Eye View of Nelson Eddy,* in which his private secretary gives us another view of the romantic singer.

Do you know how John Boles proposed to Mrs. Boles? How Robert Young and Gary Cooper popped the question? *How Movie Stars Propose* is a vivid and entertaining account of the unique ways our most famous stars acquired their better halves. These are only a few of the stories which cram to the gills the November issue of

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SCREEN BOOK

Your Witness ON THE STAND

with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. Do many accidents happen in the studios?

A. Very few. For example, during the past month only 14 accidents occurred at Universal, and when you realize that there are 1500 people employed there, a good number of them doing more or less dangerous jobs, the percentage is very small. The accidents are usually slight.

Q. Is it possible to buy clothes that have been worn by the stars?

A. Yes. There are several shops in Hollywood, Westwood and Beverly Hills which offer stars' gowns, wraps and shoes for sale. The apparel is practically new and is sold at a fraction of its original cost. Almost nobody buys any of Mary Pickford's shoes—they are too small. The stars usually donate the things, and the proceeds go to some charity. These shops are a tremendous boon for those extras who have to be seen around smart places, smartly dressed.

Q. Who foots the bills for the big premieres held in Hollywood—the theatre or the studios? And how much does a good bang-up premiere cost?

A. The studio pays the bill, and the bill is always a whopper. For *Anthony Adverse* which was previewed at the Carthay Circle theatre, Warner Brothers coughed up exactly $25,000. This paid for the lobby display, the grandstand seats built for the occasion, the advertising, lights, and the orchids. It does not include the rent of the theatre.

The most valuable jewel collection in Hollywood is owned by Harold Lloyd. What an expensive hobby!

Q. Who is the actor who gave that marvelous performance as the Swedish hired man in *I Married a Doctor?*

A. Ray Mayer. Hollywood is just as excited over him as you are.

Q. How long have Laurel and Hardy played together?

A. For ten years. August 10, 1936, was their tin anniversary.

Q. Do they really cook the food seen apparently sizzling on the stoves on the screen?

A. Sometimes. For example, Carol Hughes really fries the egg in the scene in *Three Men on a Horse* where she yells for Frank McHugh. Director Mervyn LeRoy ordered so many "takes" on this scene that Miss Hughes fried eight dozen eggs before he got it to suit him. Only one of the eggs will be seen in the picture.

Q. How tall is Gary Cooper?

A. As tall as Joel McCrea, which is exactly six feet, three inches.

Q. Is Boris Karloff that actor's real name?

A. Nope. His real name is Charles Edward Pratt.

Q. What star in Hollywood has the most jewels?

A. I don't know who owns the largest collection, but I do know that Harold Lloyd, of all people, has the most valuable. Norma Shearer comes in second, followed by Joan Crawford. Both Tom Mix and Joe E. Brown have more jewelry than Mae West!

Q. Is it necessary, as someone told me, to be so quiet on a sound stage while a scene is being shot that a dropped pin could be heard?

A. Well, just about. The microphone can pick up noises that you would not be conscious of hearing. For example they shot a scene for *Three Married Men* at Paramount over and over again, each time with a report from the sound man of an odd noise that sounded like a mouse. After exhaustive investigation, they found that a policeman on the set was wearing a new belt, and every time he inhaled his "harness" squeaked.

Q. Where does the Burns and Allen broadcast come from?

A. Hollywood's Music Box theatre.

Trouble ahead?

EYESTRAIN nourishes on poor lighting! It is a real and dangerous foe of childhood. It saps nervous energy and often causes physical upsets and defective vision. It is partly responsible for one out of every five children of school age, on an average, having something wrong with her eyes. By college age two out of five are affected. Follow these sight-saving rules: Have your children's eyes examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist. Have your home lighting checked by your electric service company. Be sure that when your children read or study, they do so in plenty of good light . . . such as the light provided by I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps. Don't take chances with inferior lamp bulbs that get dimmer and dimmer with use. Keep your home well lighted with Edison MAZDA lamps . . . the lamps that *Stay Brighter Longer* and give you full lighting value for every penny's worth of electricity. Write for General Electric's new free illustrated booklet, "Seeing Begins." It is packed with timely, helpful information about sight and light. Write to Department 166, General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

This month's four winners are left to right, Noel Adrien of New York City; Gerda Egloff of Dallas, Tex., who wins $50 cash prize; Elissa Mojica of Chicago and Ethel Hare of Wichita, Kans.

INTRODUCING THIS MONTH'S SEARCH FOR TALENT WINNERS

A screen test is the prize won by this lucky girl in MOTION PICTURE'S Monthly Search For Talent Contest

TO Miss Gerda Egloff of Dallas, Texas, Motion Picture Magazine extends its heartiest congratulations. She won a $50 cash prize and with it a screen test. But that isn't all! She now has a chance, when the Grand Prize winner is selected, to sign a bona-fide movie contract with Walter Wanger Productions at United Artists Studio.

Girls winning honorable mention this month are Miss Noel Adrien of New York City, Miss Ethel Hare of Wichita, Kansas, and Miss Elissa Mojica of Chicago, Ill. Their names, too, are now entered as possible winners of the grand prize, the coveted film contract.

Just to arouse good-natured rivalry we publish herewith the list of screen test winners so far selected: Miss Evelyn Gresham, Chattanooga, Tenn.... Miss Betty Middleton, Brooklyn, N. Y. .... Miss Gerda Egloff, Dallas, Texas.... And to arouse additional rivalry we publish herewith the girls who are entered as eligible in the judging for a screen contract: Miss Jean Fadden, Cleveland, Ohio.... Miss Jane Carson, South Bend, Ind.... Miss Noel Adrien, New York City.... Miss Ethel Hare, Wichita, Kansas.... Miss Elissa Mojica, Chicago, Ill.

All you have to do to become a contestant in Motion Picture's monthly Search for Talent contest is to send in your photo along with your Hold Bob bob-pin entry blank. All it costs you is a few stamps for postage. And when you consider that for such little expense you stand a chance to win a screen test and a film contract you really have nothing to lose and everything to gain! Obey that impulse—DO IT NOW!

AS you know from reading previous issues of Motion Picture Magazine each month three girls (this month four were chosen, thanks to the generosity of the Hold Bob Company which is cooperating in splendid fashion with Motion Picture in promoting this nation-wide Search for Talent contest) are selected by the judges and so come under the expert eyes of Walter Wanger who is continually on the look-out for new screen talent for his productions. Mr. Wanger has under contract such film stars as Henry Fonda, Charles Boyer, Sylvia Sydney, Madeleine Carroll, Joan Bennett, Pat Paterson and others. He produced *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* and now is busy on *We Live But Once,* starring Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sydney.

A few months from now YOU may be playing opposite Henry Fonda or some other famous star under contract to this great producer! You may be looking at the movies from the inside instead of the outside. In other words—YOU may be a movie star if you will do but one thing—send in your photo and your Hold Bob entry blank to this address: Search for Talent, 1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

It may be that you already have submitted your entry. But since the rules state that you may send in as many entry blanks as you desire, you should try again. Don't ever let one failure stop you! You may lose out one month and win the next!

Now how to go about it in case you haven't entered yet. All you have to do to participate in this popular Search for Talent contest is to cut out the entry blank published in this issue of Motion Picture, attach a card container (or facsimile) of Hold Bob bob-pins, and submit it along with your photograph. Hold Bobs, as you probably know, are those hair-pins with invisible heads and which are so popular among the stars of Hollywood. You will find them on sale everywhere. Go to your favorite store, and if you are still uncertain about the contest and the way to enter it, they will give you further details. Assuming that your entry blank is properly filled out and your photograph ready for mailing the next step is to get it in the mail addressed, as we said, to Search for Talent, 1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A WORD, now, about the girls who are announced as winners in this issue of Motion Picture. Miss Gerda Egloff, winner of the $50 cash prize and screen test this month is 20 years of age, 5 feet 2¾ inches tall, and weighs 107 pounds. Her eyes are dark brown, her hair blonde, and her complexion medium. Tap, ballet, and acrobatic dancing are listed among her accomplishments, and in addition to that she has had two years of voice training. She has appeared in radio skits over Dallas stations.

Miss Noel Adrien is 19 years old, 5 feet 3 inches tall, and weighs 120 pounds. Her hair is red, eyes blue, and complexion fair. She was a professional dancer and has trained for concert and opera. Her voice is of a lyric soprano quality and of wide range. She can sing in French, German and Italian.

Miss Ethel Hare is 25 years old, her height 5 feet 7 inches, and she has dark brown hair, dark brown eyes and a fair complexion. Her occupation is modeling. She does ballroom type of dancing and also fashion show work. She has frequently posed for commercial photography in Cleveland, Boston, Kansas City, and New York.

Miss Elissa Mojica is 24 years of age, weighs 125 pounds, and is 5 feet 4½ inches tall. Her hair is dark brown, her complexion fair. She has dark brown eyes and has done chorus work and solo dancing with appearances in amateur dramatics to her credit.

Following are the Search for Talent rules. Read them carefully so that you may avoid mistakes. Then obtain your ten cent Hold Bob container (or facsimile), attach your photo to the entry blank and mail them to the Search for Talent department. Here's hoping that we see your name listed among the winners!

Rules:

1. Any woman 16 years or over who is a resident of the United States may enter the "Search for Talent." Girls from the ages of 16 to 18 years must have the consent of guardian. It is not necessary to buy any article to enter.

[*Continued on page* 93]

FUTURE FAVORITES

JAMES BLAKELEY

By Hal Whitehead

An Englishman going to town in Hollywood, is Jimmy Blakeley! He is a bachelor and one of the best "catches" in town. . . . He is just over six feet . . . weighs 155 pounds and has seen quite a bit of the world. . . . He is by way of being a "man about town," but it doesn't show in Jimmy. . . . There is nothing he likes better than to "beat" it out of town on a fishing trip. . . . He recently caught a record tarpon off the Florida coast. . . . He is twenty-six, but looks younger, is slim and athletic. . . . He is a pal of Bing Crosby and plays quite a bit of golf with him over at the Lakeside Golf Club . . . also plays badminton, tennis and baseball. . . . He swims and rides like a champion. . . . He is equally at home on the dance floor and, as a consequence, has been rumored engaged five times . . . among the girls whose names have been attached to his in a romantic fashion are Mary Carlisle and Olivia De Havilland, beautiful Warner star. . . . A columnist recently said that Olivia was surprised at their rumored engagement. . . . He took her to dinner four times in one week if that is any sign! James Edward Michael Blakeley—Blakeley is his real name, but 'most everybody calls him just Jimmy. . . . He is the son of James E. Blakeley, famous English comedian and the present Mrs. Grace Hyde, prominent socially in New York and London. . . . He was educated in America and appeared in school theatricals while at the Hill School in Pottstown, Pa. . . . By the way, Hill School is also the alma mater of Franchot Tone, Frank Tuttle and other Hollywood celebs. . . . Blakeley, like many other screen personalities, made his start through radio. . . . From a couple of appearances on the air, Jimmy went on the stage and was given a test by Columbia Studios when they saw him dancing in Central Park Casino in New York. . . . Now he has one of the better parts in *The Gay Desperado* and is well on his way towards making his mark in this town. . . . His hobbies are making model airplanes and playing the mandolin aside from his keen interest in athletics. . . . Football might also be listed as a hobby. . . . He speaks German and French fluently. . . . Jimmy lives alone out in Westwood with his two police dogs. . . . He isn't alone much out there, though, for his place is the scene of many of the better parties given by the younger crowd. . . . Think you will have plenty of chances to know Jimmy better. . . . His latest picture has given him a chance to really show his ability. . . . That's what they are looking for out here in Hollywood!

SPECIAL OFFER!
60¢ VALUE FOR ONLY 39¢
Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, 50¢
Cashmere Bouquet Soap, 10¢
Both for 39¢

TO INTRODUCE OUR MARVELOUS NEW
Cashmere Bouquet
LOTION

Never have you used a lotion that keeps your hands and face so satin-smooth, alluring!

YOU will prefer Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, first because it is so much more *soothing!* Its healing ingredients smooth your skin at once. Chapped, red-looking hands grow soft and whiter, as if by magic . . . even with one application of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

Then, you'll prefer it too, because it vanishes quickly and completely . . . never leaves the slightest feeling of stickiness! You can pull on your gloves without any difficulty, immediately after using Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

And last . . . but certainly not least . . . you'll adore the fragrance of this lovely creamy lotion. It is lightly scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet perfume . . . the same costly, lingering perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So use Cashmere Bouquet Lotion regularly. Every time you wash your hands, and always before exposure to cold, wintry winds. Use it on your face, too . . . at night before you go to bed, and as a powder base during the day.

Why not put one of these attractive bottles of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion on your dressing table right away?

GET THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER AT YOUR DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE!
Remember, for limited time only!

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
Colgate
Cashmere Bouquet
Cashmere Bouquet Lotion
Colgate

Cashmere Bouquet Introductory Package
60¢ Value for 39¢
Cashmere Bouquet Lotion 50¢
Cashmere Bouquet Soap 10¢
Total Value 60¢
Cashmere Bouquet Introductory Package 60¢ Value for 39¢

BEAUTY ADVICE

Your beauty problems may seem most puzzling to you, but quite simple to* MISS CAINE, *our beauty expert. Why don't you write to her today? You may ask her for advice on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. This service is free, of course. All that is necessary is a stamped, self-addressed envelope for* MISS CAINE'S *personal reply to your letter. Simply write to* DENISE CAINE, MOTION PICTURE, *1501 Broadway, New York City.

Lovely hands are a woman's charm and Kay Francis can count her's among her beauty attributes. Learn how to improve your hands and nails. The articles pictured below will help, too.

"Pale Hands, Pink Tipped"

BY DENISE CAINE

MY HANDS look at least ten years older than my face—especially in cold weather. Why? And what can I do about it?

The skin of your hands is different from that of your face because, in the former, there are so few glands to supply the oils that keep skin soft, unwrinkled and young. . . . Then too, the small amount of natural oil that *is* furnished, fights a losing battle against the drying effects of constant washing of the hands and innumerable household tasks that necessitate putting your hands in water. A third hazard is added by cold weather's drying, lacerating effects.

The only way to fight these enemies to hand youth is to use bland soap—even for household tasks—and to compensate for the lack of natural lubricating oil by using hand lotions or creams with softening oil ingredients. Protection is needed, too, in cold weather. So always wear warm gloves when outdoors. But not tight ones. They will add redness to roughness by obstructing the circulation.

My hands are pudgy. Should I tint my nails and wear them long and pointed, or make them as inconspicuous as I can?

One of the cardinal rules of beauty is to play down bad points and emphasize good ones. But, in your case, you needn't sacrifice entirely your natural feminine yearning for jewel-like nail polishes and daintily tapered fingertips. File your nails in a conservative *oval* point (not a sharp one). Don't file them down too much at the sides, or your finger-tips will seem more blunt than ever. A few years ago, one hadn't much choice in the matter of polish shades. There were colorless and natural at one extreme—and bright conspicuous shades at the other. But now, you can find all sorts of delightful but subtle tones, in between, that will satisfy your bent for color without causing people's eyes to focus, hypnotized, on your not-quite-perfect hands. . . .

I have a manicure once a week—yet my nails are always brittle and cuticle ragged. How can you explain this?

How your nails are manicured is just as important as how *often!* Probably your manicurist's methods are wrong. Perhaps she uses a harsh, acetone polish remover that removes all natural oils from nails and cuticle. . . . Perhaps she fails to recondition your nails with an oil bath. Perhaps she cuts your cuticle instead of using cuticle remover. Bland polish removers containing emollient oils are so moderately priced that you save only a penny or two by buying acetone, and lose the health, beauty and lustre of your nails as a result. Just as the hands need the extra lubrication afforded by lotions and creams, so do the nails and cuticle need cuticle oil or cream to keep them supple and youthful. Apply it daily . . . gently pushing the cuticle back. Constant snipping with a nail scissors—especially when the skin is dry and unsoftened by oil or water—causes it to grow more rapidly and roughly than ever. Use a softening cuticle remover that works away the excess cuticle gently.

I have long, slender fingers, but my nails are too short and square. How can I camouflage this?

Let your nails grow out until they extend a fraction of an inch beyond your fingertips, then file them in a longish oval point. Apply dark creme polish (because it's opaque), brushing it almost to the edge of the nail—but not quite. . . . This lengthens the nail, makes it look as if it were almond

[*Continued on page* 96]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Dear - - :

IF you take a tip from the Hollywood gals, you'll use clips, buttons and gadgets to add variety to your fall wardrobe. Take clips, for instance. . . . With a navy blue dress and printed jacket, Myrna Loy wears enamel clips of the same design as the jacket. Julie Haydon goes oriental and with her formal gown wears two finely carved ivory clips in the shape of Japanese fans—but that's not all—she also wears them in her hair! Hat-goofy Betty Furness (I'll tell you of the newest one later) uses what she calls "Bridge Buttons" on her new white sweater suit. They are red enameled buttons in the shape of the four card suits—and that should keep any opponent's mind off the game.

AND now Betty's newest hat creation—you've heard of those with the vegetables, without brims, crowns and all—but you've never heard anything like this! It is half a hat. One side is hat, the other live flowers, and to hold it at a very tilted angle on her head, Betty wore a chin strap of fresh flowers and—this is getting good—attached to the strap under the chin, a sheaf of wheat stretching from ear to ear. And I dare you to ask the boy-friend to wait till you go out in the garden and "pick a hat."

MONOGRAMS are still the thing to wear—and here are some new ways to do it—Maureen O'Sullivan is having her fall sports clothes—linen shirtmakers, blouses and play-suits—monogrammed on the right sleeve. The initials are done in a fine satin-stitch, on white frocks in brilliant colors and her colored clothes in a thread of a deeper shade than the garment itself. Rosalind Russell wears her monogram on her finger—and it's a grand idea for you who are looking for something new in rings. Rosalind wears two gold rings on the same finger, each bearing a black enamel "R" set in gold scroll work. Be smart for your sport outfit in brilliant colored enamel, no?

NOW that summer is over, Madge Evans has decided that she won't give up the culottes that were so cool and comfortable for sports wear. So she's adapted them for evening! In Bing Crosby's picture, *Pennies From Heaven,* you'll see her wear these evening culottes fashioned of white crêpe—it even has the same halter back, fastened at the waist with a jade buckle.

JOAN CRAWFORD nearly floored them at a night spot recently—all because of the bag she carried. Listen to it—a miniature gold bird cage, lined with a very pale cellophane, on which was painted gay colored *birds!* And she carries it by a gold ring in the top.

ELEANOR POWELL wears out more shoes than any three people, so trust her to find a simple, inexpensive way to have a variety of shoes for sports. She buys barefoot sandals in the children's department and has them dyed to match her outfits.

AND while we're talking about the feet—Dolores Del Rio is trying to make Hollywood low-heeled-evening-slipper conscious. Which is a grand idea for you tall, luscious creatures like Del Rio—but if you're inclined to be too much shorter than the boy friend, you better stay way up there on your spikes. Wouldn't do to have him looking over your head at some one else!

See you next month!—Mlle. Chic.

If you want *Lasting* Quality and Beauty Try Admiration

AN ADMIRER OF ADMIRATION

ROCHELLE HUDSON

STARRING IN 20TH CENTURY FOX PICTURES

● Yes—if quality and beauty are what you want, select hose made by the newest and finest method known.

It took something different to increase hosiery "mileage," just as it took new methods to double the life of our modern automobile tires. After years of ceaseless effort ADMIRATION has been able to give to the women of America the *added* wear they want in fine hosiery, plus the beauty they expect.

We invite you, who may not have been satisfied with your hosiery—to try ADMIRATION *just once!* Later, you will doubtless agree with those who now wear them, that there is more beauty, wear, comfort and economy wrapped up in a pair of ADMIRATION COSTUME HOSIERY than you have ever found before.

The reason for this is shown in the heart at the left. Read the description then slip our trade mark in your handbag as a reminder to get this new hosiery treat—now!

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ST. JOSEPH · · MICHIGAN
Manufacturers of
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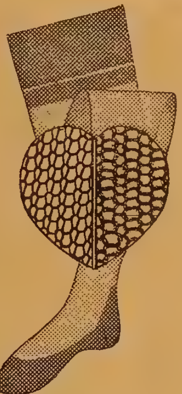


The Heart of Your Hose

These magnified sections show what gives ADMIRATION COSTUME HOSIERY its superiority. On the right is the loosely twisted silk used in ordinary hosiery. On the left is silk twisted by our secret process. This gives longer wear and added beauty. ADMIRATION COSTUME HOSIERY fits every leg and ankle perfectly and never twists or gets out of shape.

Admiration COSTUME HOSIERY

FOR THE WOMAN WHO CARES

Fritz Leiber and his wife enact a real-life scene.
TIME—Late Sunday morning
PLACE—Any American home
FOOD—Hotcakes of course

BREAKFAST for Sunday Morning!

Fritz Leiber's acting art has furthered our love of Shakespearian plays and now he displays his talents for originating recipes

By Dorothy Dwan

FRITZ LEIBER is an extremist!

"Who wouldn't be," you are probably thinking. "Anyone wrapped in the throes of Shakespearian drama year after year couldn't be peacefully 'human' like the rest of us. Up in the clouds one day—sounding the depths the next—needlessly venting their emotions on their families and furniture."

But—I'm judging in terms of food only! Fritz is the most even-tempered soul imaginable. He has the rare quality of rising gracefully to any occasion. His knowledge of Robert Mantell or Babe Ruth is equally enlightening and interesting—and how he gloats over breaking eighty on the golf course. However, as to the time and place really to enjoy food, he has the temperament expected from one of the finest actors who ever "trod the boards." It's a case of early in the morning or late at night—and munching over the kitchen sink is a fine place!

"Raiding the ice box at midnight—preferably on Saturday. Eating breakfast—particularly on Sunday. Those are the times a man truly relishes food," Fritz said, and summed up the situation by adding, "Other meals are merely a necessary evil."

"Yes, I'll bet Shakespeare would turn over in his grave if he could see you now," I prophesied, watching "Brownie," the charming Mrs. Leiber, pouring the batter for another stack of hot cakes which would easily make a total of ten for our friend.

This conversation took place late on a Sunday morning and Fritz was enjoying every moment of his day at home which means first, one of his special breakfasts, then a little spading in the garden, a few hours spent in his studio sculpting bas-reliefs or carving on his hand-made furniture, next a hard game of golf, and lastly, with a glowing pipe, settling down in his library which contains such treasures as the original illustrated edition of Shakespeare.

"Fritz has had the best excuse in the world for foraging at midnight lately," Brownie laughed. "He comes home, hungry as a bear, at just the right time."

The actor has been working night and day in *Champagne Waltz,* his new picture in which the glorious Gladys Swarthout stars. The preceding night Brownie heard him tip-toeing about the kitchen and the incessant slamming of the refrigerator door. You'll like what Fritz was caught in the act of preparing. It's perfect for a midnight snack.

HOT OVEN SANDWICH

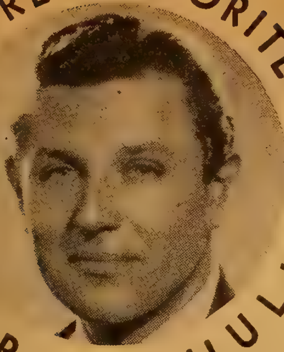
Two slices thinly cut bread generously spread with butter and Kraft's Old English Cheese. Sprinkle with paprika and bake at 350 degrees, without turning sandwich, until nicely browned. Cut in triangles and if your refrigerator holds a few olives or pickles, they are just the thing with your sandwiches.

Usually the Leibers have cottage cheese in their ice box and Fritz often mixes two cups cottage cheese, two tablespoons of chopped chives, one teaspoon caraway seed, a little salt, and three tablespoons of cream. He loves this mixture if there is a little cold lamb to be found.

So you see, the conversation had now reached *my* level and just as I told you, Fritz met the situation not only graciously, but with authority. Here's a Sunday morning breakfast he suggested that would do justice to a farm hand or bank president. Surprise your better half thusly and you'll find out!

He favors a Cranberry Juice Cocktail [*Continued on page* 94]

FUTURE FAVORITES



◆

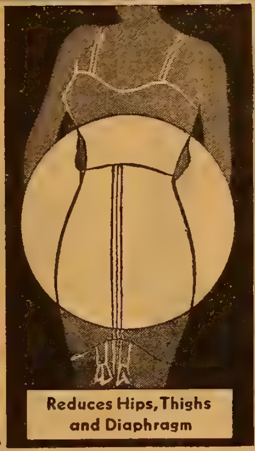
WARREN HULL

By Lee Blackstock

THOSE of you who were lucky enough to make the Movieland Tour this Summer had a chance to see Warren Hull in person! Those of you who saw *Personal Maid's Secret, Love Begins at Twenty* or any of the other pictures he has made in Hollywood in a few short months, can almost say you know him personally . . . such is the personality of Warren Hull. An easy-going fellow, he has never tried to rush things, even when the idea of going on the stage first struck him. . . . Hull was born near Niagara Falls. . . . His father was a manufacturer and was more or less ambitious for his son to follow in his footsteps. . . . Hull had no objections. . . . While in University of Rochester he took up business administration. . . . Whenever he took part in school plays, his friends and his teachers would tell him that he was cut out for the stage and his first appearance in New York was a result of this urging. . . . Hull has a beautiful voice, good looks and the physical perfection of a Max Baer. . . . It was only natural that his efforts on the stage led to better things for him. In 1924, then just twenty-one, Hull was given the principal rôle in *The Love Song,* later playing in *The Student Prince, My Maryland* and other top-notch shows on Broadway. . . . In 1929, Hull turned his efforts to radio and carried star parts on two national networks aside from writing radio scripts. . . . Then came an offer from Warners. . . . He told his sponsors of his chance to go to Hollywood and they released him from his contract. . . . Hull lives in a charming little house with his wife and three sons. . . . There is nothing of the actor about Warren after working hours . . . he likes nothing better than to come home after a hard day at the studio, pack up a supper and go down to the beach and enjoy the last few moments of sunshine with his family. . . . He has no hobbies especially, but could be a professional tennis player if he wanted to be, having held the championship in that game in both college and high school. . . . He keeps fit by plenty of exercise and no lunch. . . . His favorite foods are plenty of ice cream and thick steaks. . . . His suppressed desires, and he suspects some sort of internal conflict here, are to be both a gentleman farmer and a man of the world. . . . Have an idea he could be both. . . . With his good looks and charming personality he could easily be a "man of the world." . . . But at the same time, with his easy-going air and interest in his home he would fit into the gentleman farmer rôle very nicely. . . . Look for big things from this new romantic interest.

"Quickly CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS
PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES...IT REMOVES UGLY BULGES!

The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly



Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

If You Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

with the Perfolastic Girdle

. . . it will cost you nothing!

THOUSANDS of women owe their slim, youthful figures to this sure, safe method of reducing. No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness!

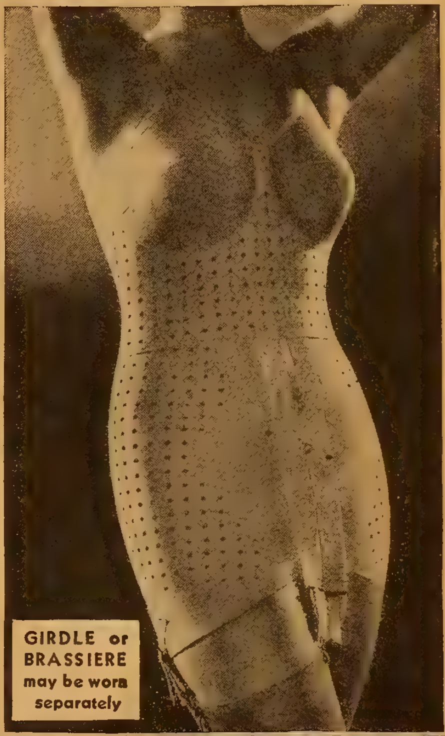
APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ You not only appear inches slimmer the moment you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, but every second you wear them, you are actually reducing without any effort on your part—and at just those spots where surplus fat first accumulates.

Past results prove that we are justified in making you this remarkable offer. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days at our expense and prove to yourself what they will do for YOU!

"REDUCED MY HIPS 12 INCHES," Writes Miss Richardson!

"Lost 60 pounds," says Mrs. Derr. "Used to wear size 42—now take size 18," writes Mrs. Faust. These are just a few examples of the astounding reductions experienced by Perfolastic wearers.



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RAMONA

with

LORETTA YOUNG

DON AMECHE · KENT TAYLOR
PAULINE FREDERICK · JANE DARWELL
KATHERINE DE MILLE · JOHN CARRADINE
and a cast of thousands

Directed by Henry King
Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel
Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

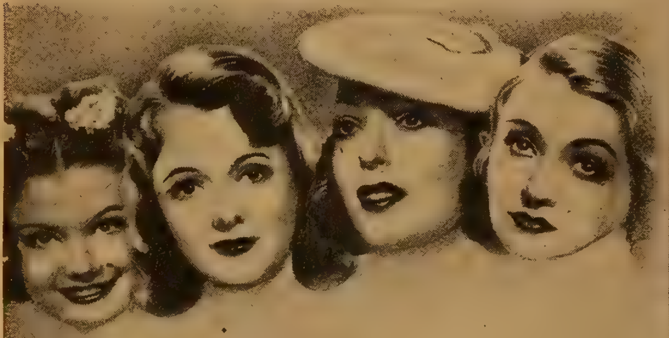
DIMPLES

with

FRANK MORGAN

HELEN WESTLEY · ROBERT KENT · ASTRID ALLWYN
DELMA BYRON · THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR
STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson



Janet GAYNOR
Loretta YOUNG
Constance BENNETT

in

LADIES IN LOVE

with

Simone SIMON

DON AMECHE · PAUL LUKAS
TYRONE POWER, JR. · ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by Edward H. Griffith
Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva
Based on the play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete

PIGSKIN PARADE

It's a "triple threat" of girls, music, and laughter!

With a Cast Picked for Entertainment

STUART ERWIN · JOHNNIE DOWNS
ARLINE JUDGE · BETTY GRABLE
PATSY KELLY · JACK HALEY
YACHT CLUB BOYS · DIXIE DUNBAR
TONY MARTIN · JUDY GARLAND

Directed by David Butler
Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Carole Lombard

Hollywood's best lil' hostess has just turned in a grand performance in *My Man Godfrey* opposite her ex-husband, William Powell. An actress who is seldom idle, she teams up again with Fred MacMurray in *Panama Gal.* They became a winning combination after *The Princess Comes Across.* Don't crowd—stay in line!

Simone Simon

Hollywood waited a long time to discover a new femme star—and Simone Simon is the ANSWER. Hailing from France, she proved a sensation in *Girls' Dormitory.* Her next is *Ladies in Love*—with an all-star cast

Jean Arthur

It took Hollywood considerable time to make up its mind that Jean Arthur is one of the most dependable comédiennes—an actress who is capable of scaling emotional heights as well. She helped Gary Cooper make *Mr. Deeds* memorable—and now she adds those Arthur touches in *Adventure in Manhattan*

Usually, the movies glorify a newcomer. But here is a newcomer who has glorified the movies. How many people had even seen her or even heard of her before *The Great Ziegfeld?* And how many will ever be able to forget her now? It took emotional gifts to enter the Hall of Fame with one picture. Now Luise of the lustrous eyes will scale even greater heights, playing opposite Paul Muni in the superproduction of that fine story, *The Good Earth*

Luise Rainer

Barbara and Bob in reel life. And real life?

BARBARA Lives–Laughs–Loves –*and is* HAPPY

This little redhead has at last found happiness. Read about her new philosophy

By Jerry Lane

SEVEN couples edged through the turnstile of the Palomar dance hall. The eighth couple was Ruby Stevens and Bob Brugh. A high type young American pair, you'd say. Regular. That's what the patrons of the Palomar thought too. They'd seen the two of them there often. They smiled indulgently, sympathetically. One girl leaned over to Ruby and said, "The music's great tonight, isn't it?" And Ruby nodded, "It certainly is!" Then the man swept her away in his arms.

He was tall—the girl came up barely to his shoulder. He was blue-eyed and laughing. She was little and laughing—and a redhead. They tried some new trick steps and got hilariously out of breath. No fuss about those two. The girl had on a dark tailored suit, the man wore a gray one—and they each had a bachelor button in their lapel!

"Gee," murmured the ticket seller watching them, "they act like real people. You'd never think they were movie stars!"

It doesn't bother Ruby and Bob, you see—the fame of their professional selves, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor. Star-dust doesn't get in their eyes . . . Nobody tries to snatch buttons off their clothes for souvenirs, nobody mobs them for autographs at the Palomar. They're old timers there. It's the same at the Venice amusement pier. It's something to see the newest million dollar Romance on roller skates! Or whooping it up on the scenic railway and diving through the Fun House. They do crazy things. The crazy things that only very sane people can do. People who refuse to take themselves seriously. And the sanest, most normal thing about them is that they haven't let all the publicity ruin their friendship.

Half the world is talking about those two. But what it doesn't know, what very few people do know, is this: *What finding Barbara has actually done for Robert Taylor.*

He had as bad a case of Hollywood jitters as ever I've seen. As bad as Clark Gable had before him in a similar situation. Sitting there in his dressing room

[*Continued on page 70*]

What Are JEAN HARLOW'S Plans About MARRIAGE?

The blonde star enters the most important stage of her career, but shuns new matrimonial venture

By Elza Schallert

SOMETIMES a star's words have a hollow sound. And when they reach cold print they are meaningless. It all depends upon when they are spoken.

That is why I feel what Jean Harlow said to me the other day is significant. Because she is at a very important period of her career and personal life. Whatever immediate change she makes in her personal life will have great bearing upon her artistic future. And I think for the first time since she has been a star, Miss Harlow realizes that career is something very vital and necessary to her.

A star—an actress—an artist can only become aware of this at a certain time, and that is the second period of her work. After the first flush is over. After she sits back and views what has been done, looks at the long road ahead, and contemplates how to stay on it.

Jean's words that I am inclined to lay so much stress upon, followed a discussion of her much prophesied marriage to Mr. William Powell. They were:

"I don't want Bill to marry me . . . and I don't want to marry him. Because I can't convince myself that this is the time for me to consider giving up my work, my career. There is too much at stake for the both of us. And if I were to marry, I certainly would want to concentrate, this time, on home and all that it means, and make it the most important thing in my life.

"I shouldn't want to carry on my career. I shouldn't want to divide my interests. My simple philosophy is that you must concentrate on one thing at a time. I am much more matured in thought and experience than I was a few years ago, you know. And I view marriage in an entirely different light. I realize that there are some women who can have career and marriage. But I also know that I am not one of them. These may sound like very pat phrases, and if they do . . . well . . . they do. At least, they express what I deeply and sincerely feel in my heart, and they reflect, I hope, what my better judgment tells me."

TO JEAN'S credit, and taste, may it be noted that she did not follow with a sophomoric

[*Continued on page 72*]

—And What Does BILL POWELL Have to Say?

You not only learn here what Bill says about Jean and marriage—but you also discover all you need to know about Bill

By Harry Lang

CRAFTY ol' Bill Powell has just knocked Hollywood's smart-alecky mob of indefatigable Know-It-Alls flat on their faw-down places, again! He has just sold that trick house of his—the one that the self-appointed Wisenheimers told the world was going to be Bill's and Jean Harlow's honeymoon cottage . . . ! ! !

And so what? Well, so the twaddle-chatterers—deeply vexed at Bill for not having fallen in with their guesses—are prattling about that Bill and Jean have fallen out, quarrelled, split, and that the Harlow-Powell romance is as cold as a pawnbroker's eye.

But that—take this from your old movie sleuth—*is just a great pyramid of B-U-N-K!* I can tell you, right now, that Bill and Jean are just sitting back, laughing a bit at the gossipers, and just as much in love with each other as they ever were—and that is a great, great, big lot!

When they'll marry—even *whether* they'll marry—is a matter I can't tell you about. They both have been married before, and they now have their own ideas on the matter. I know a few items—I know, for instance, what a certain fortune-teller warned them about marriage; I know, for another instance, what Jean has said about marrying Bill. And you can just go guess for yourself whether or not the Harlow will ever be Mrs. Powell. Personally (if my guess interests you at all) I wouldn't be surprised if she does it. But I wouldn't be surprised, either, if she doesn't. So!

Now, this started out to be a story about just Bill Powell, himself. But you can't write about Powell, today, without getting Jean into it, somewhere. And so I reasoned I might as well get the Harlow angle of Bill's life and personality all laid in your lap at the very outset, eh?—and then we can go ahead and tell you all the interesting and amusing things about just Bill, himself.

BETWEEN Harlow and Powell, there is one of those loves that is so deep, so real, so warm and so utterly unjazzed-up with Hollywood publicity and gaggery, that it's refreshing in this whirl of front-page affairs and affaires. It's fifty-fifty. Jean is as deep in love with Bill as Bill is with her. They turn to each other in all the crises of life—the little ones and the big ones. They flutter over each other with the same simple worriment that marks two unsophisticated, unwordly kids in love. When Jean, tired or nerve-fagged or work-ridden, goes home to the little house she lives in with her mother, for a rest, Bill gets jittery and isn't satisfied until he can hurry over, too—with a pint of ice-cream or a carton of chicken broth for an excuse, in his hand—to find out for himself that it's nothing serious.

And when Bill gets down in the dumps, it's Jean he turns to for solace. I remember the night Bill got stuck in the rain (and when it rains in California, it *rains!*) in an open-faced Ford he likes to drive. Bill got drenched. He got peeved. He got pettish. He kicked a hole in the windshield, just to show the car how he felt about it. Then he felt sorry for himself, and called Jean up, after hiking a mile in the rain to a phone, and bought a quart of vanilla ice-cream and walked to her house and ate it with her, while she told him how abused he was. It made him feel better—just like a little boy feels when mama sympathizes with him over a stubbed toe. Their love's like that—a plain, down-to-earth, simple, homely love.

BUT marriage? Well, let's see—

Jean once told a very dear friend of mine how she felt about Bill. But like any girl with her heart full of love's happiness, she does have to talk about it to someone. And it so happened that this person was a house-guest, [*Continued on page* 86]

Melvyn is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall—blond and topaz-eyed

Melvyn and Helen are wrapped up in each other's work. When Melvyn played in *Gorgeous Hussy* Helen dropped around often

Hollywood's *Most Civilized* MARRIAGE

Melvyn Douglas and Helen Gahagan don't promise it will work with you, but their marriage plan has been very successful

By Dorothy Spensley

OBVIOUSLY, the recipe for a "civilized marriage," using the Melvyn Douglases as our Exhibit A, is one-part mutual interests, one-part love and respect, one-part objective thinking. (More about this later. Don't run away.) Although the Douglases (she was, and is, Helen Gahagan) have been working successfully and consecutively at the holy state of matrimony since Easter Sunday, April 5, 1931, they are not the type to set down rules for other unionists. On the contrary.

Melvyn Douglas (né Hesselberg) and Helen Gahagan, as a matter of record, don't believe in marriage as an institution. They subscribe to the popular theory that Man is a polygamous creature who should not be tied to one Woman. They will take a step further, joining some authorities, in the belief that Woman, too, should be given the same handicap that Man, biologically, chemically, et cetera, is entitled to.

But, contradictorily, here they are, conscientious objectors to matrimony as applied to the masses, completely contented in their state of holy matrimony. And here's why:

"The point is," said Douglas, "that marriage is fine if it is

The Douglases have a happy home life as this setting in the patio of their home indicates. Left to right are Melvyn, Maxie, Peter Gahagan Douglas and Helen Gahagan

not forced. It is in its perfect state when it is the result of natural inclination; when a man knows that all that he wants from all women is embodied in the woman he asks to be his wife.

"You know as well as I do, that the moment you create a law, the impulse to violate it is born. Authority says 'you shall have one wife, and no more.' It isn't long before a man, chafing at the curtailment of his freedom, is dissatisfied in marriage. He solves his problem either by outside affairs or else bottles up his natural desires. In either event, the marriage fails in its purpose.

"Monogamy or marriage should arise from your own inclination to live with one woman until death. When your intelligence shows you that you want no one but her, and chances are that you will never want anyone but her, and you are willing to give up the association of other women; that she embodies all that you admire and want in a woman, then is the time to assume marriage. Then, marriage as an institution is all right. But its success depends solely upon the individual."

ALTHOUGH marriage theories, particularly "civilized" marriages of which theirs seems to win the three-tiered cake, are not the usual dinner table themes in the Douglas household, they once played an important part in the lives of these two young people. They had a dreadful time getting married. It took them from September or October, 1930, through four weeks of rehearsals for David Belasco's famous *Tonight or Never* to fall in love. It took them until April, 1931, to decide whether or not they'd marry, or flout the conventions with a "beautiful romance."

Dramatic Helen was all for the latter. Her family, big, solicitous, given to family conclaves, debated the question for days. That was after Helen, who is handsome, dark-haired, blue-eyed, a real Irish type, walked into the living room and declared that she was in love with her leading man. "What shall I do about it?" she immediately asked. The Gahagans (father was an engineer and bridge builder; mother—Lillian Mussen Gahagan—comes from an operatic family) answered by calling a council.

Half of the family held out for a "beautiful romance," minus matrimony. They had ideas, you see, about the stability of stage marriages. Even Mother Gahagan was emancipated enough to agree that Helen [*Continued on page 78*]

Helen is a real Irish type—dark-haired, blue-eyed. She fell in love with Melvyn when he was her stage leading man. They married April 5, 1931

Myrna Loy will talk about her new home, but not her marriage. But you can bet that the Hornblows are happy

By Ida Zeitlin

IT WAS a hot day in Hollywood. Myrna Loy came into her dressing-room, looking cool and lovely in the blue bathing suit she'd been wearing for a scene in *Libeled Lady*. The costume combined with her straight carriage, her head of ruffled brown curls, her frank blue gaze, to suggest something fresh and open—sunlight on water, the tang of salt air in your nostrils. But it was the eyes that arrested my attention. I hadn't remembered them so radiantly blue. Maybe it was the blue of the bathing suit that brought out their color. Being a romantic, I preferred to think it was bridal happiness. Anyway, that fitted in better with the story.

I was squirming in the seat of the uneasy. I had come to pluck a few remarks from Miss Loy on the subject of her marriage. I knew she was a person of taste and reserve. I knew she wasn't given to babble on any subject—much less on one so intimate as this. I cherished small hope of getting what I'd come for. But I was wrong.

HAPPY *ever after*

Because she broached the matter herself. I thought I detected a glint of mirth in her eye as I floundered miserably, trying to formulate a question about marriage that would sound like a question about China or the price of peas or a trip to the moon. Suddenly her lips twitched, her eyes crinkled, her face was flooded with laughter.

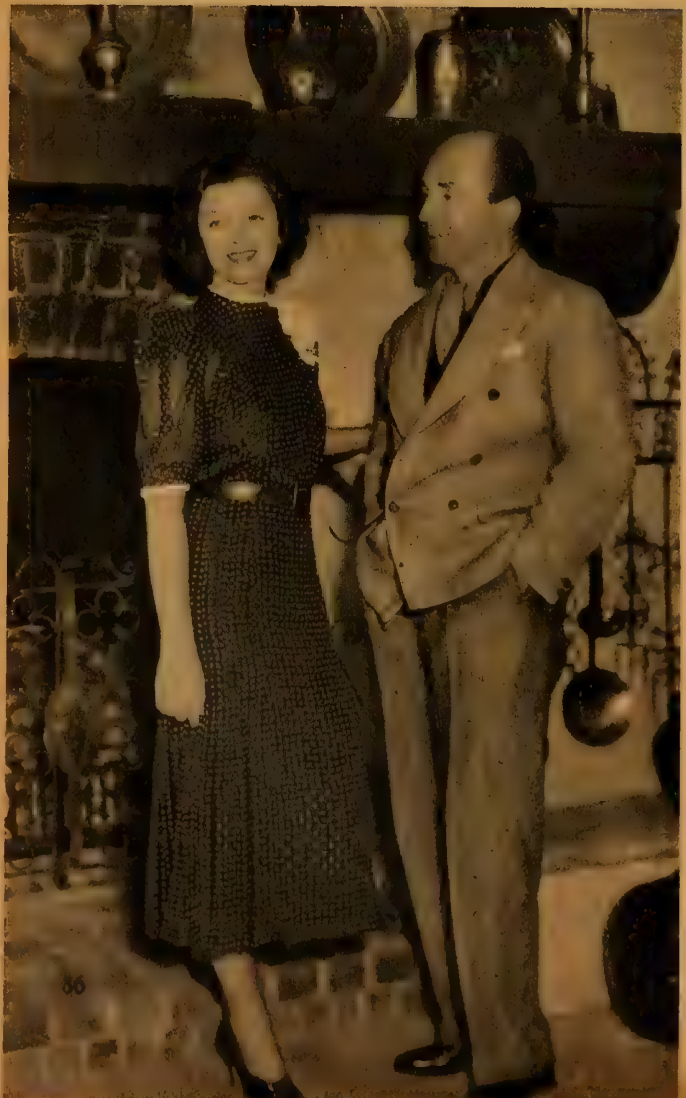
"Oh, I'm sorry," she said contritely. "But I'd far better be honest with you from the start. You want me to talk about my marriage, don't you? Well, you see, it's this way. I'm truly grateful to the people who are interested in me, and I'd like to satisfy their interest as far as I can. But don't you think they'd understand that there *are* one or two things, marriage among them, that belong to yourself? Even though you're a movie actress," she smiled.

So that was that. I heaved a sigh of relief, to have it over and done with. She eyed me, still half-laughing, half-sympathetic—as you might eye a child from whom you'd taken a stick of candy that was bad for it, and whom you wanted to compensate for the loss. "I can tell you lots of other nice things," she suggested. "About my new house, for instance.

"Did you ever build a house?" she began happily. "People said to us: 'Don't build. Rent or buy or steal, if you have to, but don't build. You're only storing up trouble for yourselves. It will never turn out the way you want it to. It will be too large or too small or too high or too low or the rooms won't hang together or the windows will be upside down. You'll wear yourself out building it, and then you'll wear yourself out trying to get rid of it.' That's what they said. But it isn't true. Everyone, if they can afford it, should build a house sometime in their lives. Because," she stated with conviction, "it's more fun than anything else in the whole world."

You know what her voice sounds like—casual and light—no bursts of fervor, no overdramatic

[*Continued on page 88*]



Here is the happy couple, Arthur and Myrna Loy Hornblow, on the honeymoon. They are building a brand new home

"It's Fun to be Crazy—*Sometimes*"—HUGH HERBERT

One of the funniest men on the screen says he's not a "nut" despite his patty-cakes

Hugh not only taught his dachshund to sit up, but he also taught her how to patty-cake

Hugh's patty-cake business has the kids imitating him

By Gladys Hall

WHEN I arrived at Hugh Herbert's ranch in the San Fernando Valley, he was out back getting his own goat. I'm not making a wise-crack in an effort to be funny. I didn't drum on my nose with my fingers, nor rush about yelling Wo . . . wo . . . wo! after I'd spent the afternoon with him. Hugh *was* getting his own goat. He keeps goats—and ducks and chickens and white turkeys and pigs and geese and vegetables and horses and dogs. He was out in the goat-pen getting his goat so that it would give milk for one of his neighbor's ailing children. He's a one for goat's milk, is Hugh. Says it puts whiskers on your chin.

When he first saw me he sort of put his hands together, you know the way he does, and went "Wo! Wo! Wo!"-like, at me. And then he turned the goat over to his man and took me, past trays of ripening tomatoes, figs and quinces, through yards where white turkeys were fattening, past pig-sties, past chicken runs, through careening dogs and into the low, rambling ranch-house and thence into a spacious, many-windowed room with a pool in the center of the floor.

The pool, I thought, might be another Herbert prank. But Hugh explained that it had been there when they bought the property. He had originally planned to build a garden around the pool. Then he went himself one better and thought; why not build a *room* around the pool? And did. It is, so far as I know, the only room in existence where one could go wading if one wished, in a pool lily-padded and fern-fringed, set in the center of the floor. The windowed walls give onto panoramas of the gently rolling valley. And the man, who was a boy on the sidewalks of New York, has gone back to the soil. And wouldn't live in New York now for all the carbon monoxide gas in Gotham.

I HAD one burning question to ask Hugh Herbert before we settled down to the business of whether or no he is a "clown with a breaking heart." By public demand I asked him to explain the laugh-making mannerism of touching his finger tips together as he does, sort of patty-caking them, you know. He said quite seriously, *doing it,* "Well, uh, as a matter of fact, this little mannerism, as you call it, is [*Continued on page* 73]

The truth behind Mary Astor's tragic story *is* love—a love so deep she was willing to sacrifice friends, career, reputation for it

Mary Astor as ***Edith Cortright*** in ***Dodsworth.*** At the right, happily reunited with her young daughter Marylyn

The Tragic Story Behind MARY ASTOR'S Diary

By Dorothy Calhoun

I HAVE known Mary Astor a long time, as time is reckoned in that curious place called Hollywood where there are three hundred and sixty-five red letter days in a year, and no birthdays at all. I even helped to send her there by choosing her photograph from a thousand others submitted in a prize contest to this magazine.

I thought of that first picture when I saw the white frozen beauty of Mary Astor's face the other day on the front pages of the newspapers. You were so young then, Mary—fifteen, wasn't it?—and so eager and happy at the thought of the glories that lay ahead of you.

I haven't read a word of that foolish, pitiful little lavender-ink diary that has shared the headlines of a whole country with revolution and politics and Olympic records. I don't need to read it because I know the story behind it so well. And at the risk of being called a sob-sister I am going to tell you that story now. Sob-sisters shed inky tears over the woes of strangers, but I have wept with Mary on a desolate March morning seven years ago when she was not a movie star, or a diaryist or a Woman of Destiny or anything except a broken young widow. And I know more about her heart than all the diaries in the world could tell.

ONE of the very first parts Mary played was a madonna. The wide-eyed schoolgirl with the dark, smooth hair and brow and features that were pure Greek [*Continued on page* 69]

Basil Rathbone

An actor who can make the black-hearted rôles of villainy so fascinating that he easily captures your interest in preference to the heroic types —that's Rathbone. His acting is art—smooth, polished and always in character. So while praises are sung for Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard in the title rôles, we also pay homage to Rathbone's *Tybalt* in *Romeo and Juliet*

Two years in preparation, five months in filming, *Lost Horizon* challenged movie ingenuity. But Capra triumphed. Unusual? It's unlike anything ever made before

One of the beautiful Shangri-La sets in *Lost Horizon*. In foreground Jane Wyatt, Ronald Colman

H. B. Warner plays Chang, the lama, in the picture

Joseph Walker, ace cameraman, shot the picture

A talkative Colman entertains his listeners before production starts for the day. In the back row are Thomas Mitchell, Director Frank Capra and John Howard. Seated in front are Ronald Colman and Edward Everett Horton

By James Reid

A MOUNTAIN wonderland, never pictured before and never imagined before—far from the conflicts of civilization, safe from the chaos soon to engulf the world . . . a land in whose magic air illness is unknown, youth fades slowly, mortals live to be hundreds of years old, and fear is forgotten . . . a land where there is time to do the worthwhile things, time for thoughtfulness, kindness, love . . .

A place without policemen and soldiers, a place without crime—because there is no reason for crime. No one lacks for anything . . . a spot where no religion is completely true or completely false, and the general belief is in moderation, the avoidance of excesses of all kinds—"even including excesses of virtue, itself". . .

This is Shangri-La, the land of *Lost Horizon*, whose borders you will cross with Ronald Colman, reluctantly leave, and desperately want to see a second time.

Colman is called "the luckiest of stars." In the sixteen years of his film career, he never has made a trite, unimportant picture. But *Lost Horizon* is his greatest break. He admits it. It is the "greatest break" to date for practically everyone in the cast. Practically everyone admits it. And the cast includes Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton, John Howard, Isabel Jewell, Margo, H. B. Warner, Thomas Mitchell, Sam Jaffe.

If you have read the James Hilton novel—and a million people *have* read it, in seventeen different languages, since it was first published three years ago—you have an inkling of what is in store for you. But only an inkling. Hilton, himself, had no clear mental image of the actual appearance of Shangri-La. His descriptions of it are magnificent, eerily eloquent—but vague. Hollywood had to materialize that half-imagined land, give the camera something to photograph. It was a challenge to movie ingenuity. And Hilton, visiting the sets of Shangri-La says, "Now I know what I was trying to describe." That is how ingenious they are.

More than that. The film makes changes in, and additions to, the original story. And Hilton says, "If I had thought of them, I would have made them myself. They improve the story." No other author in Hollywood history ever made a statement like that. And the answer is not only that Hilton is unusual: the picture is unusual, unlike anything ever made before.

IT IS the most ambitious picture ever attempted by alert, young Columbia Studios. It was almost two years in preparation, and five full months in the filming. The interior sets alone filled six of the nine Columbia sound stages. Before it

LOST HORIZON
—*Facts About a Fantasy*

Margo was the choice of both author and director for the rôle of *Maria*—an ageless rôle of a woman who is sixty, but looks twenty

Isabel Jewell plays *Gloria*, embittered girl of the streets, who regains her beauty in Shangri-La. Thomas Mitchell is *Bernard*, fugitive swindler

Jane Wyatt, who carries the romance with Colman, liked her costumes so well she bought them

Ronald Colman has acted many big rôles, but considers his *Conway* in *Lost Horizon* his screen triumph

was finished, its cost totalled nearly two million dollars.

But statistics do not explain why it is unusual. The principal explanation is a small, wiry, intense dynamo of a man. His name is Frank Capra. He is one of Hollywood's few authentic geniuses. He is the man who made *It Happened One Night* and *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*—two pictures that every audience everywhere enjoyed. He was the first to envision *Lost Horizon* as a picture. He had the courage to try to film it, even though it might cost hundreds of thousands of dollars and months—perhaps years—of effort. He worked on every scene of the script with scenarist Robert Riskin. He helped to plan every setting. He cast every rôle personally. He directed every bit of action, every camera angle.

When Capra decided that he wanted to make the picture, he made up his mind that he must have Ronald Colman for the leading rôle. No one else would do. *Conway* must be an Englishman with great personal charm; a man who looked like an adventurer, yet talked like an intellectual; a man with

[*Continued on page 76*]

Michael Whalen had nine long years of struggle before his luck turned. He was down to just 27 cents

Michael Whalen can look the world in the face and smile—and buy his dog some biscuits

The Fall and *Rise* of MICHAEL WHALEN

By Evelyn Lieber

MICHAEL WHALEN looks like the hero of a story and since life is stranger than fiction, he is the hero of his own, unusual story. Other men have become infatuated with women from newspaper pictures but Joseph Shovlin, (Michael's real name) did not know this as he studied again the portrait of Eva La Gallienne. She was beautiful, she was intelligent. She ran the Civic Repertory Theatre in New York; she trained newcomers. Well, she was going to have an unexpected newcomer!

Joseph, aged twenty-three, realized it was a terrific gamble! He knew how many men of twenty-three would have given an ear to have his position as manager of three Woolworth stores. He had done well. But he had intended to do well when he started, at sixteen, as a stock boy in the store at Pottsville, Pa. He drew out his check book. The balance was eighteen hundred dollars. Not bad, considering he had supported his mother after his father had lost his fortune in the Texas oil fields and died. But now his mother had married again. This eighteen hundred was his ticket to freedom—his pass to that great drama behind the footlights—his gang-plank to meeting the woman whose picture lay before him.

The young man quickly tendered his resignation and while he was speeding on the train for New York he reflected on the new gamble he was taking—charting a new life.

Other men have done this, other women, too. And always, just before they step into a new life, they linger in memories of the past they are shedding—forever. Joseph lingered briefly. He smiled a little as he remembered how they had thumped him down at the piano at six. His family in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, had expected [*Continued on page* 80]

A Woman's Business is LOVE

By Sonia Lee

"SO THIS is woman's Golden Age? So this is the era of woman's fame, and achievement, and ambition, and importance and individuality? So it is! SO WHAT?"

On the set of *Craig's Wife* at Columbia Studios, Dorothy Arzner and the Chief Cameraman were discussing lighting and lines for Rosalind Russell's scenes. Outside Miss Russell's portable dressing-room the studio designer was waiting for Miss Russell's okay on shoes and frocks she was to wear in this production. Simultaneously, expert interior decorators were rearranging her spacious dressing suite to give her more comfort, more harmony for her few odd moments of leisure from the cameras.

The trappings and the importance of fame! They have come auspiciously and quickly for the gracious, witty, talented Rosalind Russell. Glamour and applause in abundance for any girl in her young twenties. Enough to make a girl say—"this is the most important thing in my life—this career which I have, for which I have worked and which is at last securely my own."

But Rosalind, in her mind and in her heart, knows this is *not* enough for any woman! There is something more vital. "Love means infinitely more to me than a career," she declares, as she sits quiet and relaxed. "A woman's business today, as it has always been, is love. There is this difference. Once women admitted it freely. Girls were trained from childhood for their important work and as they grew older, they accepted their ultimate Destiny of love and of marriage—the only Destiny which, in the final analysis, makes a woman happy.

"Women prepared themselves for marriage then as they prepare themselves today for a career. And they made a success of it, if you consider success in terms of security, peace, contentment and loyalty. Way down deep in her heart every woman knows this is *real* success! The *only* success!

"The world is over-run in this year of 1936 with brilliant women who have made a place for themselves in a man's world. They have slaved at their jobs or their professions, studied every angle of their work and have left nothing undone to achieve success.

"To my mind marriage and love require as great care, as much work, as much self-denial, as much planning and concentration as the most demanding profession in the world. But marriage, at the moment, unfortunately is considered a state or a condition—something which happens to a woman. Something which neither demands nor requires peculiar and particular talents.

"Love doesn't owe woman a thing unless she is willing to earn it! But women today have forgotten how to give enough to love. They won't work at it as they do at an important job. That doesn't mean that a woman must lose or merge her personality in that of the man she

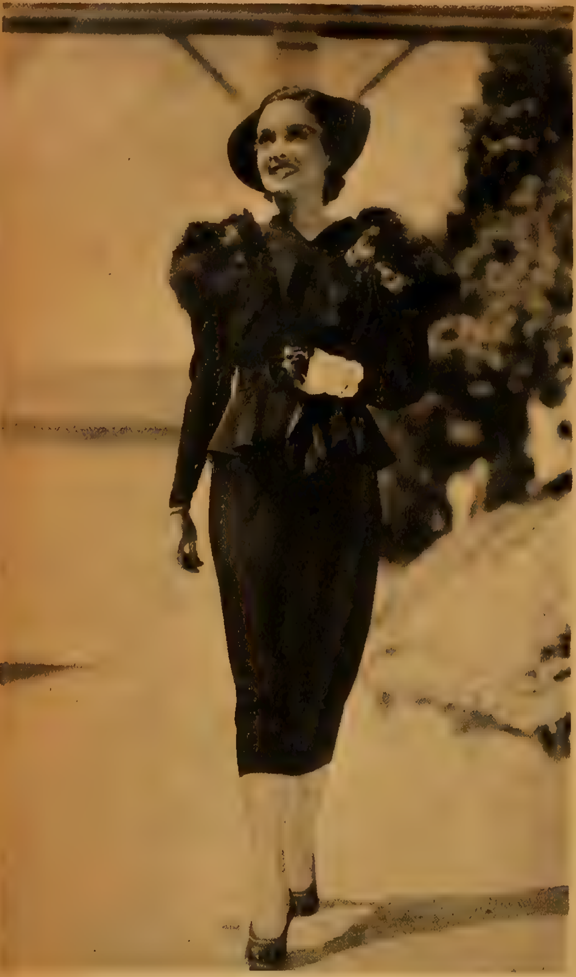
[*Continued on page 67*]

ROSALIND RUSSELLL says a woman's *only* success is a happy marriage. She is willing to give up fame, fortune—her career, for love

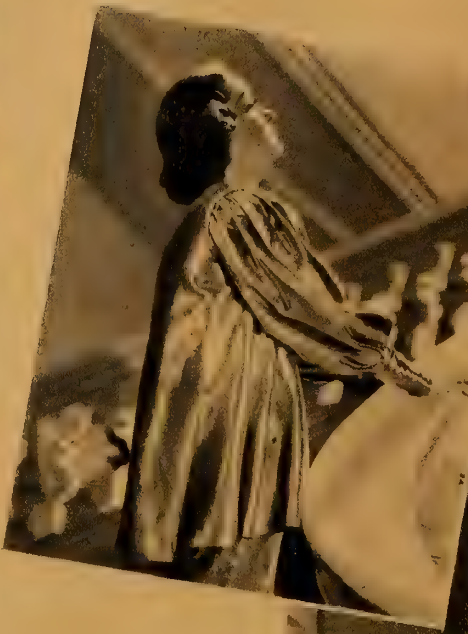
IF WINTER COMES—WILL WE BE FAR BEHIND?

by Sally Martin

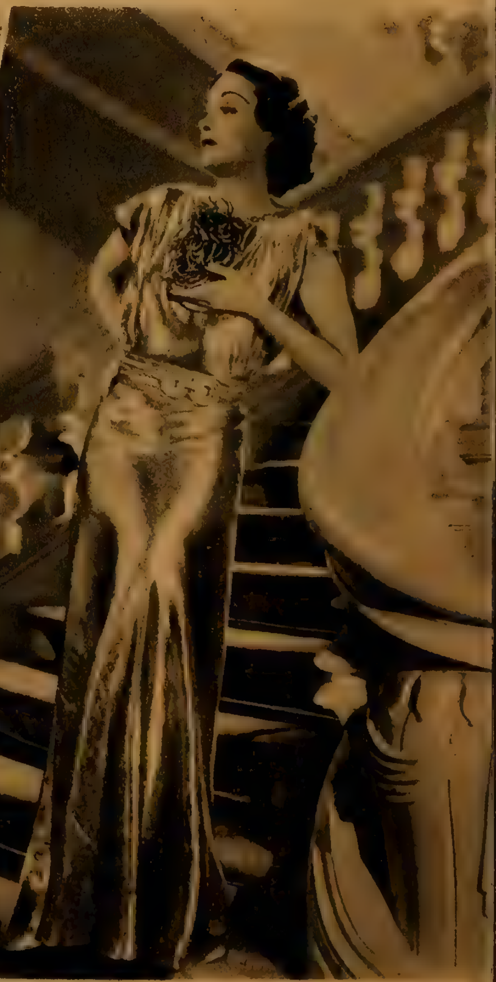
Fashion Editor of MOTION PICTURE



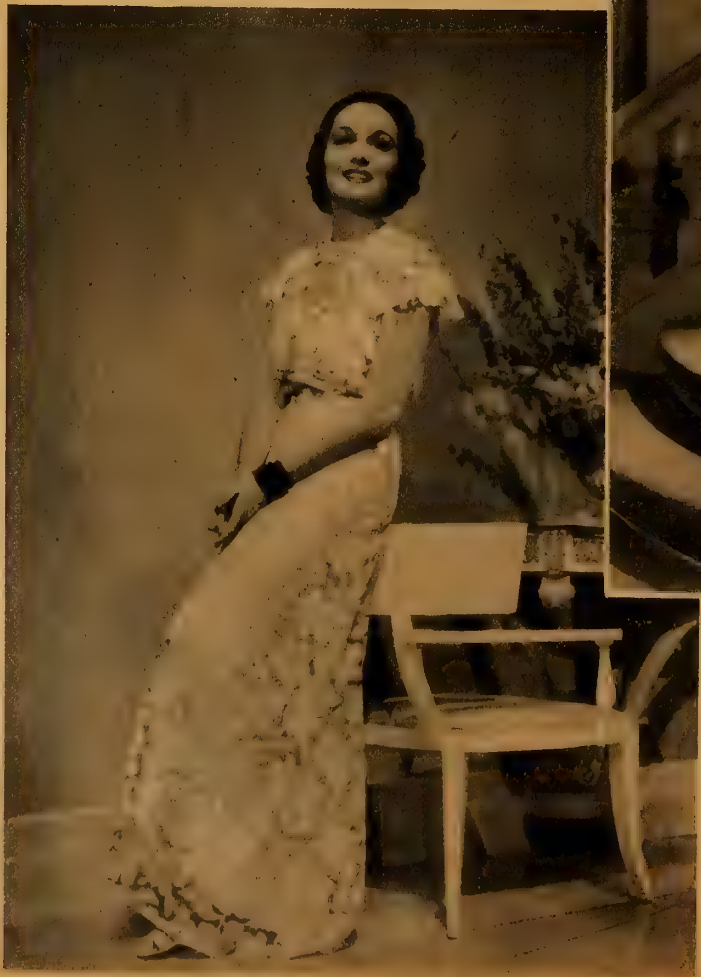
Gail Patrick's sheer black wool one piece costume was designed by Edith Head. Her roll back hat is of felt



Gail's short evening wrap has a new touch — heavy cording outlines the arm holes and the long tight cuff



Edith Head trims Gail's formal gown of gold cloth with a cluster of golden "spaghetti." Note the drapery

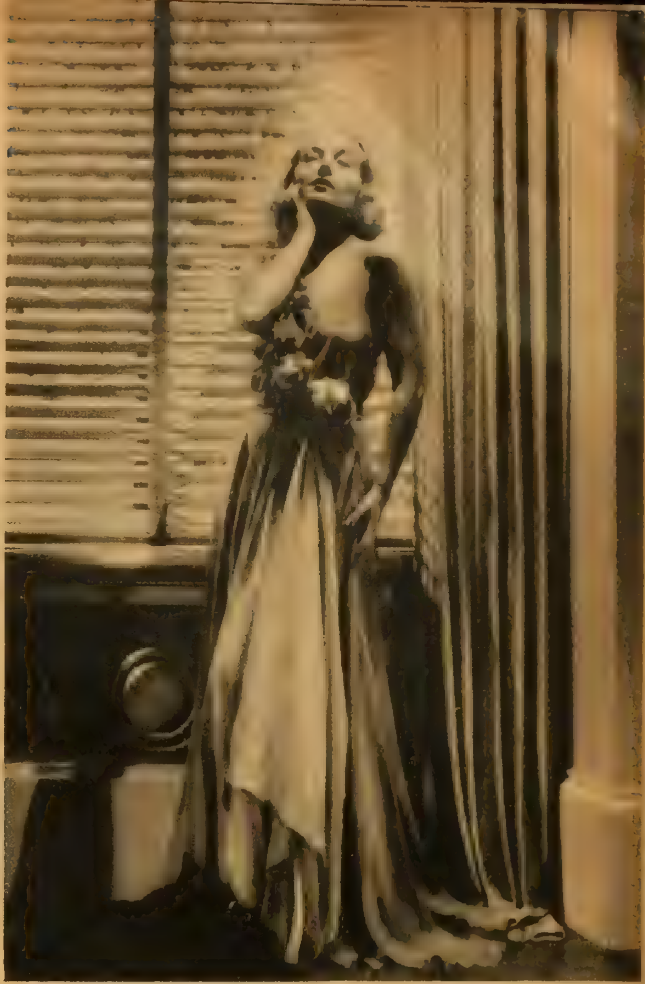


Gail wears another Edith Head design in *My Man Godfrey*. It's a filmy pink with a large floral pattern. The under dress is satin. A ruby buckle and bracelet add color

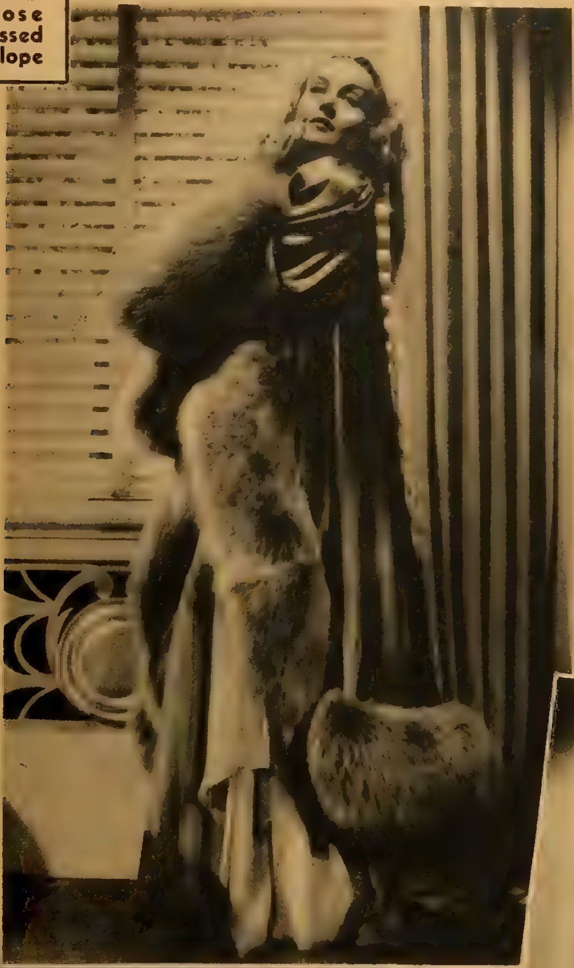
Black velvet pajamas with a girdle of gold are suggested by Edith Head for Gail's evenings at home

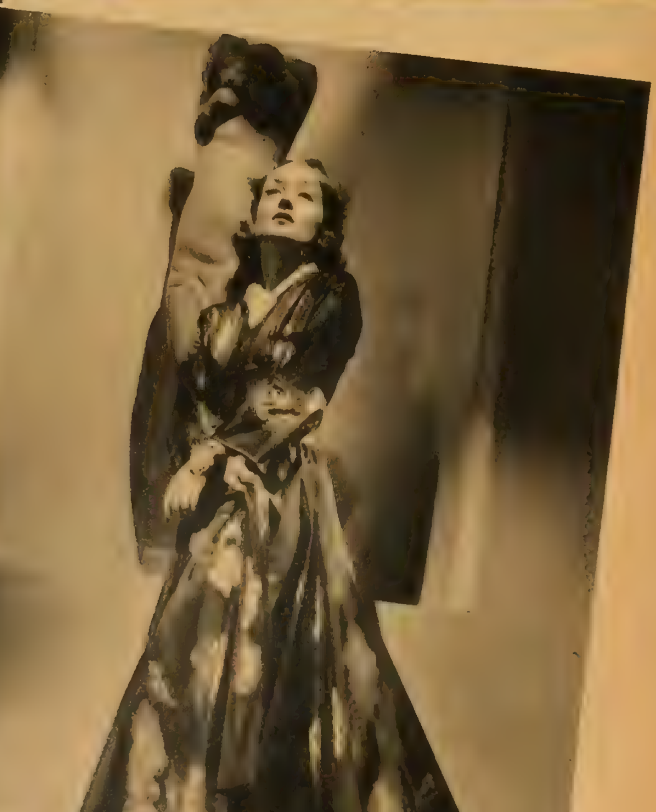
Write to Sally Martin, fashion editor, MOTION PICTURE, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, for personal help with your wardrobe. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope

Carole Lombard in Universal's *My Man Godfrey* is a dream of loveliness in this grey chiffon gown designed by Banton. Chiffon flowers are so smart



For grace and luxury, Carole's formal wrap designed by Travis Banton is tops. It is smoke grey satin banded with blue fox





For a lounging robe Travis Banton selects gobelin blue silk, embroidered in feathery gold plumes, for Carole Lombard. A gold scarf is worn tucked about the throat

Even a popular new heart rave can play with his dog as witness James Stewart. Note to heart-flutterers: Jimmy's so keen for Eleanor Powell

Any girl who tries to steal Jimmy Dunn in *Two-Fisted Gentleman*, will reckon with June Clayworth and her "one-two" punch

Esther Ralston, who has been in semi-retirement, staged a comeback in *Hollywood Boulevard.* She plans to remain

AND so now Connie Bennett goes into the auto-rental business!! For just a few days, she's going to let Paramount use her so-called "most beautiful car in America"—an imported Rolls Royce—for scenes in a picture. And for renting it, Paramount'll pay her just $2,500!!! (H'm, I could BUY a half-dozen puddle-jumpers for *that!*) However, here's the pay-off: Connie will not pocket the money. Instead, at her instructions, the check will be made over to a worthy charity.

Cinemagiggle

BIG-HEARTED Stu Erwin invited Betty Furness to lunch the other day—"an' bring along anybody you wanna," he added. That's where he flopped. Because in came Betty, plus Bob Armstrong, Edmund Gwenn, the director and assistant director and chief cameraman and a half dozen other set workers in *Where's Elmer*. The check was $12.35.

Getting Around Jeanette

HERE'S an inside story on Jeanette MacDonald. It seems there was a girl who sent Jeanette fan letters. Jeanette, as is her custom, answered, and they corresponded a bit. Suddenly came a note from the girl: "I'm sick of home; I'm coming to Hollywood; please help me get into pictures. . . ."

Instantly Jeanette hit the telegraph, told the girl by wire that if she came to Hollywood, Jeanette not only would refuse to see her, but would take other action. But just the other day, the girl arrived in Hollywood!—and wrote Jeanette. Jeanette, half through the letter, was ready to take drastic action with the little runaway—BUT then the girl added that she had taken Jeanette's advice to heart, and this time was in Hollywood with her parents' permission and with friends of the family. This time Jeanette hit the wire again—phoned the girl, invited her to lunch and to see how movies are made. And to top it, during the afternoon, she gave the girl grand advice on how to get into movies—when and if her parents want her to.

Believe It Or Not

BUT Joan Crawford has only just gotten over mike-fright! The radio-cast kind. Not so long ago she had to have a screen shield her so she couldn't see her audience; had to sit so her knees wouldn't sound like a castanet obligato. But at her last radiocast, she made it without either precaution . . . !

—Claudette Colbert has only just learned how to drive a car! She bought a little roadster recently, but had to take driving lessons from the primary grade up, before she could handle it.

—the dingiest dressing-gown in all Hollywood is the one Gene Raymond

The TALK of Hollywood

Frances Farmer is one of the talented newcomers of the screen. Headed for the stage, Paramount scouts stopped her just in time. Are they glad!

—*Acme*

June Lang waves goodby to New York after her first trip East. She won high praise for possessing a modernistic figure

This bedroom scene is a natural in millions of homes. And Freddie Bartholomew and his dog are not the pair to pass it up

uses. It's not scotchness, however; it's superstition. It's the one he wore in his very first stage success—and he says he doesn't dare buy a new one for fear of breaking his luck now.

—Bazooka Bob Burns is going Hollywood! He doesn't rent a dress-suit any more—he's bought one since he clicked in *Rhythm on the Range.*

Hollywood's Inside Tip to Fans

YOU'RE probably going to have to pay more to see your favorite stars do their stuff, soon. Theatre prices are going up, all producers frankly admit!

Just A Home Body

TOM BROWN is making the final step to full-fledged manhood. He's buying a house for himself—and another one for his parents, with whom he's lived during that five-year-climb of his from freckled kidness to his present verge-of-manhood.

Momentous Items About Stars

I—IN airplanes, Edward G. Robinson munches peanuts instead of smoking those cigars of his; Joe Penner forgets about ducks by working picture puzzles; Ann Sothern knits. Jock Whitney, producer, buys two seats—so he can have one to put his feet on. Bob Taylor jes' whistles.

2—Make-up idiosyncrasies: Norma Shearer, Virginia Bruce, Joan Crawford put on their own make-up. So does Jeanette MacDonald—but because she never gets it the same color twice running, they have to check her first to be sure it'll match the previous day's! Jean Harlow never makes herself up—always has the make-up man do it. Maureen O'Sullivan does it all herself, except her eyebrows; she has to have the expert do that for her. Garbo smears her own.

3—Jean Parker put on five pounds by adding two glasses of raw carrot juice to her daily diet. Carole Lombard bought a charcoal cooker so she could broil her own steaks outside, those hot Hollywood nights (yep, we had 'em). My, my! Eleanor Powell has already worn out six pairs of dancing shoes in *Born to Dance.* Fred MacMurray is trading saxophone lessons for dance instruction from Veloz of the famous Veloz-and-Yolanda team. Aw, isn't that enough . . .?

Ungarboesque

MOST-talked-about Talk of Hollywood right now is: "What's Happened to Garbo?" She's doing the most ungarboesque things! Even to the extent of walking about, smiling, within a few feet of the extras. Good heavens! And the other day she even asked the set musicians to play her a snappy rhumba!!! (The poor things were so amazed, they played "Knock, Knock, Who's There?" instead.) Other metamorphoses: she's discarded the famous veil she used to

Who's who in Hollywood and who is doing what?
Here's a chance to know all the latest inside answers!

The TALK *of* Hollywood

Pretty Olivia de Havilland takes a duck to water. And you'll take to Olivia like a duck takes to water—if you haven't already—when you see her in *Charge of the Light Brigade*

Jeanne Dante has rare talent. Only thirteen, and starred by Universal

have erected between her, while acting, and the rest of the people on the set, and now lets extras, electricians and other hoi polloi observe while she emotes. She even deigns to smile as she drives into the studio gates, past the star-gazers there—and she's driving a new car instead of the ancient one she's used for years. "Why?" asks Hollywood, and echo answers "Why?" Or is it, maybe, because she's got that great big beautiful Bob Taylor for her leading man . . . ? Hmmmmmmmmmmm.

Items Entitled What-Of-It?

ANNA STEN owns a complete set of Bing Crosby's records . . . Marsha Hunt says she's not superstitious, but whenever her hands don't show in a scene, she keeps their fingers crossed . . . Freddie Bartholomew has announced he wants to be a lawyer—er, beg pardon, a barrister—when he grows up . . . Frances Langford has installed a horseshoe pitching court in her back yard . . . rage-of-the month among the stars is bowling . . . Myrna Loy is knitting sweaters and things, which she'll give away for Christmas presents . . . because Lloyds of London, insuring the Sam Goldwyn picture *Dodsworth,* have ordered so, Ruth Chatterton cannot fly her plane until the picture is completed . . . Fred MacMurray got such a swollen jaw from a spider bite, that he had to stay away from work in *Champagne Waltz* for two days. . . .

Latest Winners

SEE how your favorites run in the all-comers' popularity sweepstakes: A just-completed poll of 1,192 motion picture theatre operators shows the ten best box-office bets in pictures as follows, in the order given: The Astaire-Rogers team, Shirley Temple, Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Bob Taylor, Jimmy Cagney, Joan Crawford, Dick Powell and Myrna Loy.

Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, Jr., looking thisaway are *thataway* about each other. They lunch together daily at the studio

It looks like Joan's puttin' on the dog, but it's only for her new Warner musical, *Stage Struck*

Swell-Guy Note

FRED MACMURRAY wangled a job in *Champagne Waltz* for the orchestra he used to play a saxophone with.

"Here I come," calls beautous Rosina Lawrence as she sails along in her windscooter. Watch out! This little girl travels fast—and don't say we didn't warn you. Formerly a Hal Roach actress she is now being featured in M-G-M's *Mister Cinderella*

Browning Society

HERE'S the record for loyalty on the part of an actress' fans: When Sally Eilers recently joined up with the back-to-brunette parade, nineteen members of the Sally Eilers Club of Chicago followed suit! Funniest part is that two of the girls who went brownette were actually natural blondes!

She Skipped Germany

LA DIETRICH is Hollywood-bound from Europe, as this is written, and she's got them worried over at her home studio, Paramount. . . . You see, while making *Garden of Allah* on loan-out to Selznick International, she was furnished on that lot with a magnificent four-room dressing suite, especially built for her. Now she has warned Paramount that they've got to give her just as good, or else . . .! Incidentally, her native Germany gave Marlene the go-by in Europe. Homebound, Marlene says she plans never to return to her homeland—not so much that she doesn't like it as that "they don't like me." Asked why, she merely shrugged, marlenically: "I am an Aryan. . . ."

Qualify And Be On Ice!

CAN you skate? Are you beautiful, if a girl, or handsome, if a man? If your answers are yes, better head for 20th-Fox studios. They're making a nation-wide hunt for America's 36 most beautiful girl skaters and the 24 handsomest male ice skaters, to play the chorus in the film which will mark the screen début of Ice-Skating Champion Sonja Henie.

Bicycle Boosters

IT SEEMS there's an Edward G. Robinson Fan Club in London, where Eddie is making a picture as this is written. But the payoff is that it's also a bicycling club—*and it pedals all over London, following Eddie wherever he goes!* Good Heavens! Suppose they were scooter-addicts.

Fruit of Family Trees

STARS' fads may amuse you, now and then—but don't forget that nine times out of ten, these fads benefit others. Latest example is, of all things, a sudden slough of business to Hollywood's genealogists—these fellows who dig up your family history and devise your coat of arms. It all came about when one of them discovered that the Bennett Gals—Joan, Connie—are descendants of Britain's Duke of Argyle. Not to be outbennetted, several Hollywood stars immediately set family-tree sleuths to work to find royalty or something [*Continued on page* 98]

And we take our hats off to you, Jack Benny, and to M-G-M, for the laughs we're sure to get in *The Big Broadcast of 1937*

Once an ether waver, Dorothy LaMour, songstress, is now a heat waver. She is starred in Paramount's *Jungle Princess*

PAT O'BRIEN

PATRIC KNOWLES

Harping ON THE Irish

RUBY KEELER

There's a breath of the ould sod floating over the Warner lot. It radiates from such colorful native Irishers as Errol Flynn, Patric Knowles, George Brent and the two shamrocks from Milwaukee and New York, Pat O'Brien and Ruby Keeler. Can you blame us for harping on such exceptional Emerald Islanders who are after making good for Ireland, America, Warners and you?

GEORGE BRENT

ERROL FLYNN

"World Copyright, 1936, NEA Service, Inc."

You'll hear the voices of the famous Quints in *Reunion*, the sequel to *The Country Doctor*. Enjoying a little sun and sand are, from left to right, Marie, Emilie, Cecile, Annette, Yvonne

THE QUINTS TALK!!

The Quintuplets—now two years old—are busy making their second feature, *Reunion*, and the world waits to hear the famous babies talk

By Sonia Lee

CALLANDER, ONTARIO, August . . . . .

"Le Docteur," crowed Emilie, the mischievous one of the Dionne Quints. She reached out chubby arms to Jean Hersholt, the screen Dr. Dafoe.

The cameras whirred. The sound track made its record.

The answer to the riddle—would the Quints talk—which has faced Director Norman Taurog and Twentieth Century-Fox studio executives was in that baby greeting to Jean Hersholt in the first scene of *Reunion.*

And so you will hear the voices of the Quints in *Reunion* —the sequel to the amazing *Country Doctor.* Perhaps only a word or two completely intelligible. But they chatter constantly, volubly with each other in a baby gibberish of their own inventing which Dr. Roy Allan Dafoe and the nurses in attendance seem to understand.

This is a memorable day. The hand-picked crew and cast which travelled to Canada from Hollywood to make the Quint sequences for the second production in which the Dionne Sisters are starred, have awaited this day, the minute when the first scene with the two-year old babies would be shot. They have waited tensely, expectantly. As eager as the adult stars—Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Peterson, again Nurse Kennedy; Rochelle Hudson and Robert Kent (the latter two carry the love-interest)—have been the cameramen, electricians and prop men.

Less than half a dozen of this location company were familiar with the problems presented in filming the Quints. And things have changed in the past nine months. The five sisters have grown amazingly. No one can prophesy what they will do or won't do.

For days Norman Taurog, the master of all directors of children, had been watching the antics of the Quints—trying to distinguish them by their individual actions—noting carefully their cunning behavior. First he watched them from the vantage points offered the public. A day or so later he came close enough to their nursery for Marie to roll a ball to him; for Annette to wink at him.

Norman Taurog gave his crew and cast two watch-words as they left their North Bay hotel for the thirty minute drive to the Dafoe Hospital for the Quintuplets. One was SPEED; the other, QUIET. No motion must be lost, he warned them—not one unnecessary sound made.

All told, the camera grinds less than thirty-five minutes a day. An hour is the working schedule—*one hour* from which is deducted the time for reloading the cameras, for changing camera angles, for adjusting lights. Thirty-five precious minutes. Doris Drought, the script clerk, on whose shoulders is the weight of matching action

[*Continued on page* 84]

O, the Girls' Best Friend Is Their Father . . .

(*Meaning FRED STONE*)

FAR down the street, an approaching car gives two insistent toots of its horn. Fred Stone smiles at the signal. "That's my daughter Paula," he tells you. Two minutes later, the front door opens and into the living room rushes Paula, smiling. She doesn't pause upon seeing a stranger with her father. She walks directly to him, kisses him, asks him affectionately what he has been doing "all day."

His own expressive face alight, he details the intimate happenings of his day. But what has *she* been doing? She tells him, briefly and animatedly, and adds her plans for the evening. They are two pals comparing notes at the end of the day.

Momentarily, you are overlooked. They are too interested in each other. But you are enjoying your spectator rôle. You are seeing something that you seldom see these days—a father and daughter, both busy, taking time to be chums. Easily, naturally, oblivious of everything else.

Suddenly, Fred again becomes conscious of you—and the social amenities. "Oh, I forgot—I'm having an interview." He introduces Paula to you. She greets you as warmly as Fred Stone had, with a handshake as firm, apologizes for the interruption, excuses herself.

"Great girl—Paula," her father comments, after she has left the room. "I've got three great girls . . .

"Of course, I never wanted a girl," he drawls gruffly, and looks at you from under his shaggy eyebrows as if teasing your sense of humor. "I thought all of them would be boys. In fact, Mrs. Stone and I had it all planned that way. But there wasn't any of them a boy." His expressive mouth curls into a slow grin. "So we took down the stork and put up the Blue Eagle."

A moment later, he is serious. "One thing I'll say about these girls of mine—they're American. They don't loaf. They work all the time, every one of them. And they're all different types. Dorothy is an ingenuè. Dorothy's dainty, a fine singer, and a marvelous ballroom and tap dancer—but she's of the ingenuè type . . . Paula is a marvelous tap dancer and she has more of a blues voice. She's more of a boyish type—rakish. She can ride

Fred Stone is mighty proud of his dancing daughters. The two Stepping Stones with Fred are Carol and Paula

Charles Collins

Dorothy is the oldest and married to Collins

"Keep your eyes on Carol"—Fred

Paula is the *steppingest* of all

Fred likes golf so well he's building a home right on a golf course

By Carol Craig

a horse like any cowboy. All three of them cut their teeth on reins. I had them riding when I had to tie them in the saddle . . . Carol has a beautiful contralto voice. She sings in Spanish, Italian and French, as well as English; been taking voice lessons for five years. Also dramatic lessons. Mark my words: she'll be somebody some day.

"I DIDN'T know the girls were going on the stage. Of course, they were backstage a lot at all my Broadway shows. But they made up their minds by themselves that they wanted to be in the business. And I don't know of any better—if they're sincere, if they've got something to give it. After they made up their minds, I left no Stone unturned to make them realize their ambitions . . . I got them teachers, and I taught them everything *I* knew. But never in my best days could I dance like Paula. Of course, I was an acrobatic dancer, and she's a tap dancer, but dancing comes plumb natural to her. And she can sing, besides. So far, out here they've put her in Westerns and shorts, things that are out of her line. She should be in a musical picture.

"Dorothy made her first stage appearance when she was sixteen. That was in 1925, in *Stepping Stones.* And when the first-night audience got a look at the youngster and what she could do, I never saw such an ovation in the theatre. Paula went in with Dorothy and me in 1931, in *Ripples.* That was the show I did after my crack-up, after everybody thought I was washed up, through. Carol, my youngest, made her stage debut in 1934 in *The Jayhawker*—the first dramatic thing I did. So I've been with all three of them. And they've probably inspired me more than I've inspired them.

"The first time I ever saw Charlie Collins, my son-in-law, was when I was going to do *Ripples.* Dillingham, the producer, said to Dorothy and me, 'I want you to meet your new leading man—I got him over in England.' We weren't going to start rehearsals for two weeks. So Charlie said, 'I can go home between now and then, can't I?' Dillingham said, 'How are you going to get to England and back in two weeks?' And Charlie's answer was, 'I live in Oklahoma. I'm not English.' I bent double at Dillingham's expression . . .

"He and Dorothy took to each other right from the start. After the show closed, they went over to the Palladium in London to dance and were married there. They worked together so well, they thought they'd make it permanent, I guess. Like her mother and me. Charlie's a great dancer. You really didn't begin to see what he can do in *Dancing Pirate.* He's a grand boy. He and I have battles on the golf course. We play just about alike—both hopeless. He's been in summer stock up in New York State, playing in *What Every Woman Knows.* Pioneer has taken up his option. Dorothy just made her first picture, too—*Revolt of the Demons.* She did well in it, and had a lot of fun making it. She went East with Charlie, and Carol's East, too, playing in stock in Mt. Kisco, New York. Mrs. Stone's with her. That leaves just Paula and me here."

Until the whole family is "organized" again, he can't do anything about that land he has just acquired in the San Fernando Valley, across the hills from Hollywood.

"I'VE got five acres, eight hundred feet up. Found it by playing golf at the Hollywood Country Club. Every time I got to the thirteenth hole, I noticed there was a breeze. It came through a draw in the hills, right from the ocean. So I bought next to the thirteenth hole. Then Charlie and Dorothy bought four acres next to me. They're going to build, too. Maybe before I do. I'm going to wait until I can sell some more of my holdings in the East."

There is no truth to the prevalent story that Fred is building a house for the Collinses on his land, as a sort of belated wedding gift, and that when Paula and Carol marry, he'll build houses on the estate for them and *their* husbands. Charles and Dorothy are building their own house on their own land—to be called Collinstone Cottage, after their famous dance, the Collinstone Waltz. Fred's only building plans are for a big, rambling house where he can be as comfortable as *Lafe Cantillon* in the ranch house in *My American Wife.*

"I'll build a big den, and Mrs. Stone and the girls can build the rest of the

[*Continued on page 56*]

"No Marriage for Me Before I'm Thirty"

Gertrude Michael wants to be sure of her own mind before she marries. She also wants to be sure of her husband—who must be a combination of father, child and lover

By Leon Surmelian

"I WON'T marry before I am 30," said Gertrude Michael, lighting another cigarette, "because a girl has so much more to offer her husband at 30 than at 20. I wouldn't marry before 30 even if I didn't have a career to think of. A girl at 30 makes not only a better wife than at 20 or 25, but is much better qualified to be a mother, too."

A longing, sentimental look came into her sparkling blue eyes. "I must have several children when I marry—I can't ever be happy without them. I had 18 dolls when I was nine years old, which may give you an idea about my maternal instinct." She smiled, flashing two pretty rows of milk-white teeth. Gertrude speaks in a soft Southern drawl, and calls you "darling" shortly after she meets you. This luscious Alabama belle likes to drive fast cars and can pilot a plane. A year ago she broke her leg and smashed up her head in an automobile accident, caused largely by her anxiety not to hit a truck in the back of which lay a small child wrapped up in a blanket. After a brief hospital siege, when the stitches from her face were removed, she reported for work, on crutches. Since then she has made six pictures, and there is nothing about her to indicate that she has been through such a terrible accident.

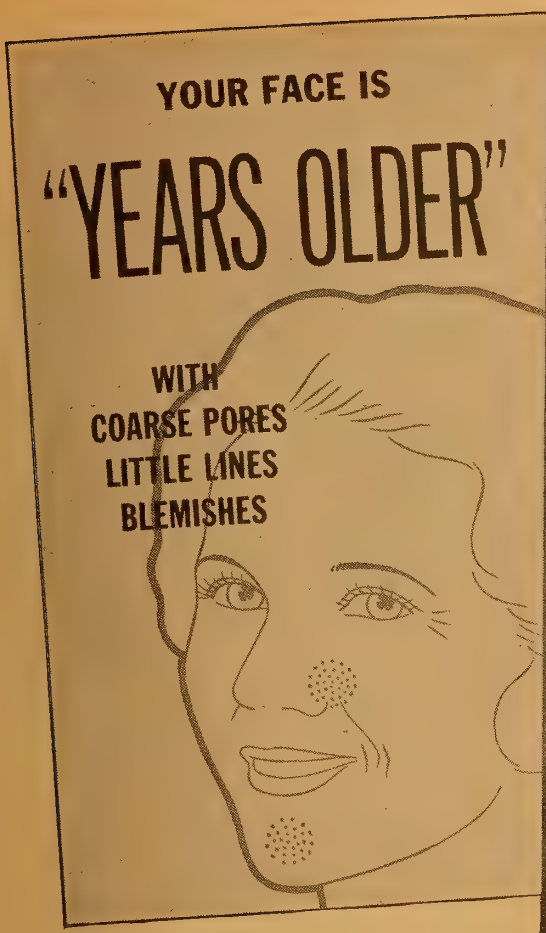
"At 30, the modern girl possesses a charm and understanding which she cannot possibly have at 20. Today a girl knows how to take care of herself, and at 30 has the same physical attractions she had at 20. It wasn't so a generation ago. In those days a single girl in her thirties was past all hope of marrying, and a woman was old at 40. Now a woman isn't old until she is 60. An unmarried girl of 30 could not help looking with envy upon her classmates who had found husbands and were bringing up children, and felt life had cheated her of her birthright. People called her an old maid, felt sorry for her. But today a girl is just about ripe for marriage at 30.

"Nowadays, people who marry young don't know their own minds. They haven't found themselves, don't have the right perspective on things. Their characters are unformed, and chances are will develop along entirely different directions, and they will drift farther and farther apart, until they can agree on nothing except the desirability of getting a divorce. A girl of 20 hardly knows what marriage means, and she is too inexperienced to bring up children."

WE lunched in her favorite restaurant, which looks like a barn from the outside, and is as cool as a wine cellar inside. She calls all the waiters, sunny Italians, by their first names, and they adore her. Gertrude likes to dine in quaint places, do quaint things. She wore a simple blue dress, with short sleeves, her light-brown hair tied with a blue ribbon. She has one of the finest school-girl complexions this side of heaven, and somehow you think of red cherries and ripening apples and wild flowers when you see her. She is regular through and through—no artificialities, dramatic poses, pretenses.

On graduating from high school at 14, she wanted to be a lawyer and actually studied one year in the law school of the University of Alabama. Back in Talladega, where she was born, she founded radio station WFDA, creating for herself an opportunity to display her amazing talent. She is a glam-

[*Continued on page* 90]



Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores fine."

Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin . . . make you look *older* than you are.

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface, but in your underskin.

In your *underskin* are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your *outer* skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

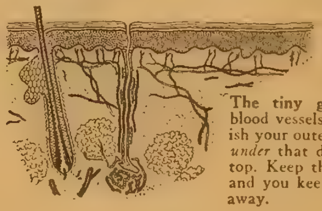
But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Miss Jane Mellon
"Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin soft and clear—smooths out little lines."

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing . . . and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.



Aging faults start here

The tiny glands, cells, blood vessels which nourish your outer skin are all *under* that dark layer on top. Keep them active—and you keep skin faults away.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. L144, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing

Name________________________________

Street________________________________

City____________________State______________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

O, the Girls' Best Friend Is Their Father . . .

[*Continued from page* 53]

house around it. They can do what they like, have what they like, as long as they don't make it two stories. I'm tired of walking up stairs . . . I'm going to build a tee right out in the front, and start my golf game right from home. The thirteenth hole will be my first, the twelfth will be my eighteenth, and my house will be my nineteenth."

Fred Stone has definitely said goodbye to Broadway, where he was a star for thirty years.

"I was tickled to death to get out here; I didn't have to be persuaded. I would have to be persuaded to go back. When you read in the papers about heat, and drought, and rain, and blizzards—no sir; no thank you. This is my home from now on. And I don't think I'm going to have any arguments with the family about *that.* I was born in Colorado, three-quarters of the way out here; I wish I had been born all the way out and stayed here—or had the sense to stay when I did come out in '18 . . . My wife was born in Colorado, too—in Denver—and we had seen each other as children but never met until 1905, in New York, playing together in *The Wizard of Oz* . . ."

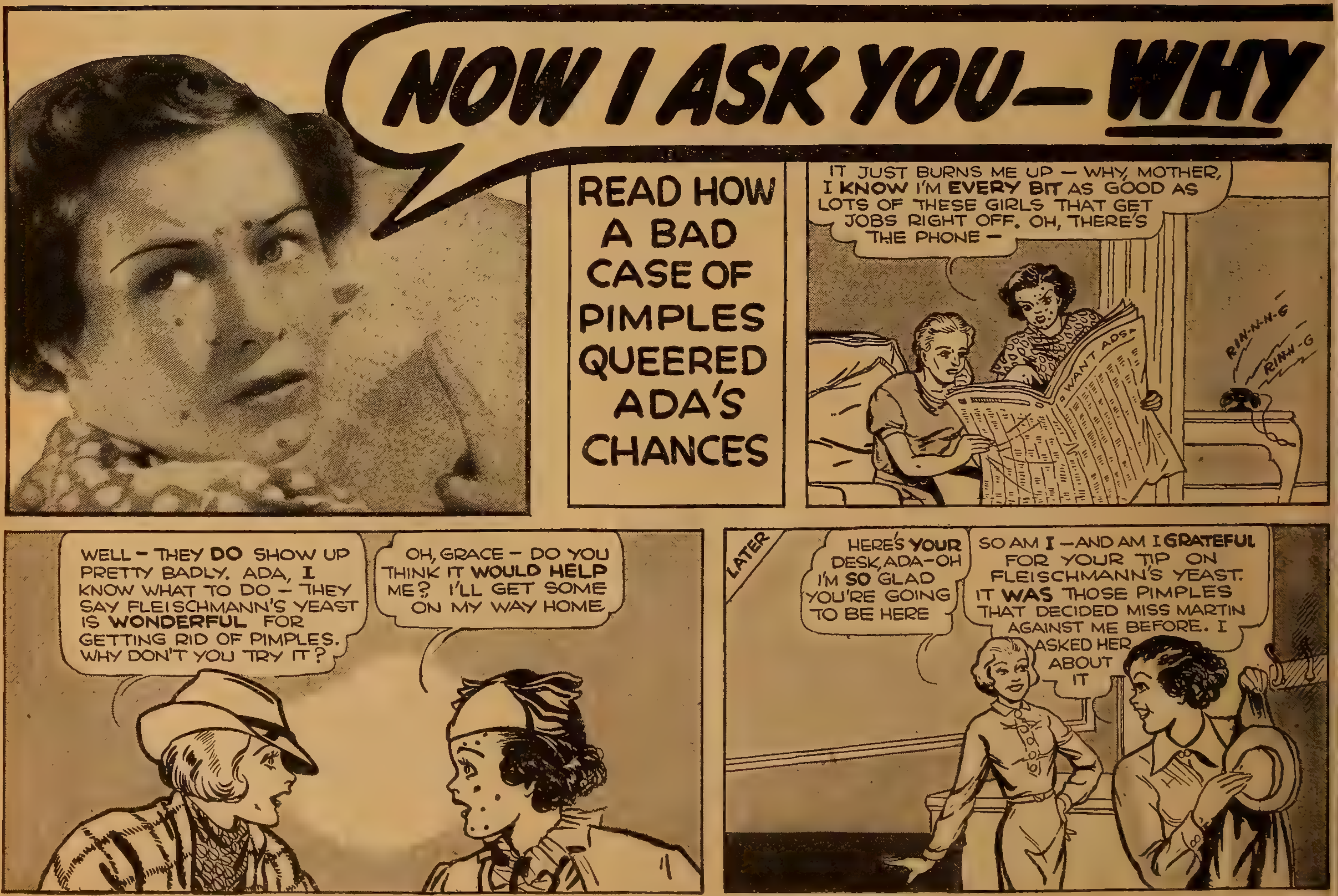
His introduction to life antedated by just nine years his introduction to show business. A circus came to Wellington, Kansas, whither the frequently-rolling Stones had moved. When the circus went away, Fred also had vanished. The date was 1884. From the circus he drifted to variety to honky-tonks to vaudeville to musical comedy. The very first musical comedy he ever saw, he was in—*The Girl From Up There,* in 1900. And, en route, without guessing the future, he met the man with whom he was later to form Broadway's longest and most successful partnership.

"The first time I saw Dave Montgomery was in 1888 in St. Joe, Missouri. He was dancing on a street corner. The second time was in Denver, Colorado, in 1892, where my brother Eddie and I were doing everything from acrobatics to songs and dances. The third time was in 1895 in Galveston, Texas, where I was a stock comedian and he came along in Haverly's Minstrels ('forty, count 'em'!). I blacked up and joined the show. I liked Montgomery; he was a pretty good dancer, and a very good comedian. We worked out an act. When the show busted up in New Orleans, we borrowed the fare to Chicago. That was the farthest East I had ever been. And at Hall's Casino, in a minstrel show, we played eleven weeks for $50 'joint.' We were used to 'joints.' And we did more different kinds of dancing than anybody out here—except maybe my daughter Paula. She's so ambitious and works so hard and has so much talent, it's a crime they don't let her show what she can do . . .

"Then came Gus Hill's World of Novelties, Broadway, and musical comedies, until we finally did *The Wizard of Oz.* I played in that for four years—three years straight without a day off. After that I was with Charles Dillingham, the producer, for thirty years in musical comedies.

TEAMWORK was the secret of Fred Stone's first public success. And teamwork continues to be the secret of his success in private life as a husband and father. But, of course, he had a knack for picking the right partners. He was in show business twenty-one years before he met The One Girl . . . And he was in show business twenty-three years before he met "the greatest friend any man ever had."

"In 1907, I was playing in *The Red Mill* in Louisville, Kentucky, when I went to see the matinee of another show playing there, *The Cowboy and the Girl.* A Cherokee Indian did a rope stunt in a saloon scene. It gave me an idea. I'd do a rope dance in my next show. So I went backstage and hired this fellow to teach me roping. All my friends knew what I was doing. One said, 'Didn't you ever see Will Rogers?' I'd never heard of him. 'Well, he's a great roper. You and him would hit it off great. He's a fellow you'd like.' I was rehearsing *The Old Town* and had already sent the Indian back to Oklahoma and was sitting out by the stage door one day, when a fellow came up with a derby cocked on one side of his head. He said to the doorman, in a dry, twangy sort of voice, 'Fred Stone in there?' The doorman knew I was sitting right in back of him, so he said, 'Who wants to see him?' 'Tell him a fellow named Will Rogers.' I hopped up and shook hands with him and said I was glad to meet him.



NOW I ASK YOU—WHY
READ HOW A BAD CASE OF PIMPLES QUEERED ADA'S CHANCES
IT JUST BURNS ME UP — WHY, MOTHER, I KNOW I'M EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS LOTS OF THESE GIRLS THAT GET JOBS RIGHT OFF. OH, THERE'S THE PHONE —
WANT ADS
RIN-N-N-G
RIN-N-G
WELL – THEY DO SHOW UP PRETTY BADLY, ADA, I KNOW WHAT TO DO – THEY SAY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WONDERFUL FOR GETTING RID OF PIMPLES. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
OH, GRACE – DO YOU THINK IT WOULD HELP ME? I'LL GET SOME ON MY WAY HOME
LATER
HERE'S YOUR DESK, ADA—OH I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE HERE
SO AM I —AND AM I GRATEFUL FOR YOUR TIP ON FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. IT WAS THOSE PIMPLES THAT DECIDED MISS MARTIN AGAINST ME BEFORE. I ASKED HER ABOUT IT

"'Say, you've got an old boy with you named Black Chambers, haven't you?' I told him I had just sent him back to Oklahoma. 'Oh, shucks,' said Bill, 'I wanted to see him. He's from my home town—we were kids together . . . What you going to do—some ropin'?' 'I'm going to *dance* in a rope,' I told him. 'Shucks,' he said, 'I'll teach you all you want to know about ropin'.' This rope dance was an awful big hit. Bill was playing in vaudeville when I got a letter from him, asking if he could do an imitation of me doing the dance. I wrote back, 'Sure—and if you want to know anything about dancing, I'll teach you all you want to know.' He came along and did an imitation—a good one."

FRED STONE, telling about Will Rogers, fails to mention his own part in Will's first success in New York. Fred would. But that part of the story should be told; it highlights the character of the father of the Stone girls . . . After years in vaudeville, Will decided to try Broadway musical comedies and signed to appear in a Shubert production. (This was long before his Follies fame.) And the night that Will made his Broadway debut as a rustic, rope-twirling, gum-chewing wit, Fred Stone was in the audience, anticipating that Will would be a great hit. And he was. He came on in a "single" just before the finale, and sent that critical first-night audience into spasms of laughter. But the stage manager saw him go five minutes, six minutes beyond his allotted time. He flashed the lights, warning Will that he was holding up the show. Will, new to Broadway, didn't know what the flash meant. He kept on. Finally, the stage manager "blacked him out" entirely. The audience was indignant. Fred Stone was furious. He stood up in his seat and shouted, "You can't do that to Will Rogers! He's the salt of the earth! He has something that Broadway never saw before! He's the hit of this show, and this audience wants to see him!" The audience, led by Fred, called and clapped for Will. The stage manager sent out the chorus for the grand finale. The audience kept shouting, "We want Will Rogers!" The chorus had to leave the stage—and Will, completely flustered, had to come back to make some more quips, do some more tricks.

From their first meeting in 1907, Fred and Will were cronies. There was nothing that one wouldn't do for the other. Their children grew up together. Their interests were mutual interests. They looked at life with the same brand of humor, talked with the same brand of grammar. Later, both became aviation enthusiasts. Fred's enthusiasm nearly cost him his life and his career when he cracked up, piloting his own plane. He spent six months in a hospital—and during that time Will Rogers dropped everything, including his own screen career, to take Fred's place in *Three Cheers* on Broadway.

FEW people know that Fred Stone made movies when movies—like his three girls—were practically new to the world. "Back in 1918, I made three pictures on the old Lasky lot. First, *Under the Top;* then, *Johnny, Get Your Gun*—that was a cowboy picture. Then they kidded me into making a third—*The Goat.* I was the goat. They thought it up as they went along . . . Later, after I had given folks a chance to forget, I made a couple more—*Duke of Chimney Butte* and *Billy Jim.* Cowboy pictures, and not so hot either. I only made cowboy pictures because they were fun to do. I liked to rope and ride. I couldn't think of my Art—the way I do now." (He winks, sardonically.) "No, I had to be a cowboy."

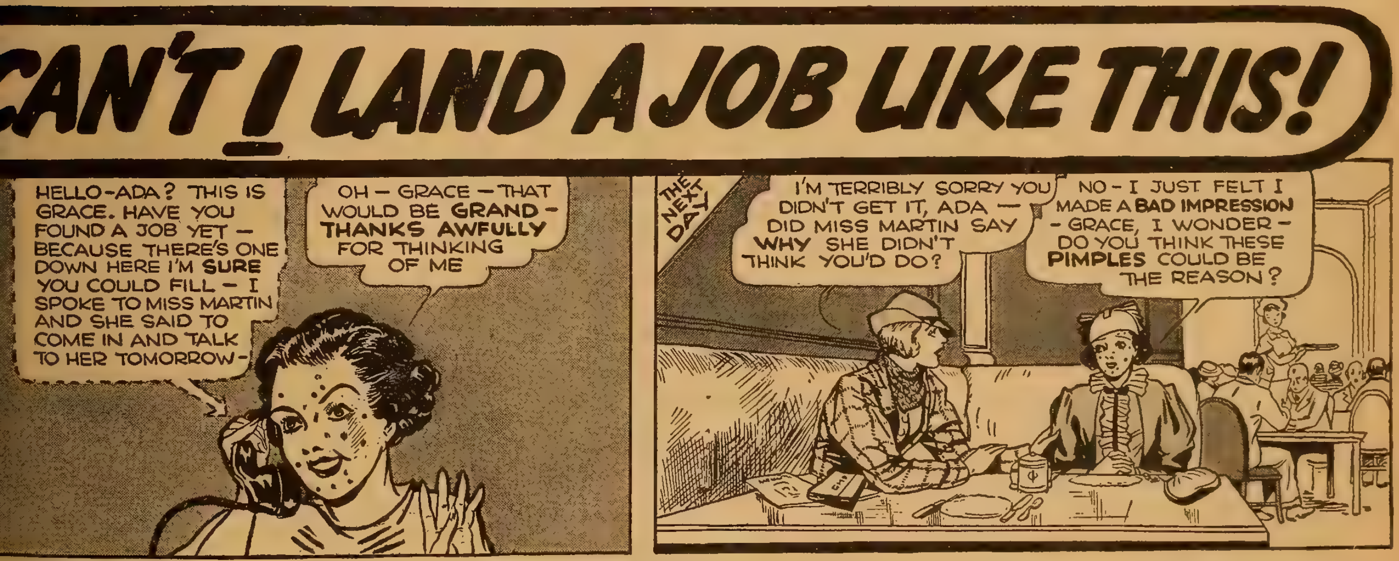
The Broadway hit that he made in his first straight, non-musical rôle in *The Jayhawker* convinced movie producers that they could use him.

"So I came out for Paramount, to be in *So Red the Rose.* And found myself playing golf for four straight months. I never saw so much golf in my life. Then one day they brought the script of *Alice Adams* to me, and asked me to read it. I was green to the game then. I asked them, 'Do you *want* me to play this?' They said I could if I wanted to; I'd be loaned to RKO. I grabbed at the rôle; it was a great break for me, starting as Katharine Hepburn's father. Then Wanger borrowed me to go into *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.* Then I did *Farmer in the Dell* for RKO, and *Grand Jury.* The first picture I've made for the people I was under contract to is *My American Wife,* with Francis Lederer and Ann Sothern. My next is one with Joan Bennett, at RKO. I guess I'll be staying there this time."

He is rapidly becoming the screen's most popular father. That genuineness of his shines through his screen shadow.

"Am I camera-conscious? Shucks, no. Half the time I don't even know where the camera is. I don't care which side of my face they photograph, as long as it's the outside. I ain't supposed to look good, anyway. I like my work and I like pictures. I wouldn't be in them if I didn't. And my whole family is interested in movie-acting. Just one thing gets me down—the postponements, the delays, the changes of plans. If I say I'll do a thing, I'll do it or die. I like people who feel the same way. I hate uncertainties."

With a father like that, can you blame the Stone girls—Dorothy, Paula and Carol—for making a pal of him?


CAN'T I LAND A JOB LIKE THIS!
HELLO-ADA? THIS IS GRACE. HAVE YOU FOUND A JOB YET — BECAUSE THERE'S ONE DOWN HERE I'M SURE YOU COULD FILL — I SPOKE TO MISS MARTIN AND SHE SAID TO COME IN AND TALK TO HER TOMORROW-
OH — GRACE — THAT WOULD BE GRAND — THANKS AWFULLY FOR THINKING OF ME
THE NEXT DAY
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET IT, ADA — DID MISS MARTIN SAY WHY SHE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D DO?
NO - I JUST FELT I MADE A BAD IMPRESSION - GRACE, I WONDER - DO YOU THINK THESE PIMPLES COULD BE THE REASON?

YOUR LITTLE FRIEND'S MADE A REAL HIT WITH MR BARNES— HE ASKED ME YESTERDAY IF SHE COULDN'T DO ALL HIS WORK
I KNEW ADA WOULD MAKE GOOD, MISS MARTIN—AND ISN'T SHE PRETTY NOW THAT HER SKIN IS CLEAR?
OH YES, MR. BARNES — I'LL BE RIGHT IN
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU OUT OF A JOB

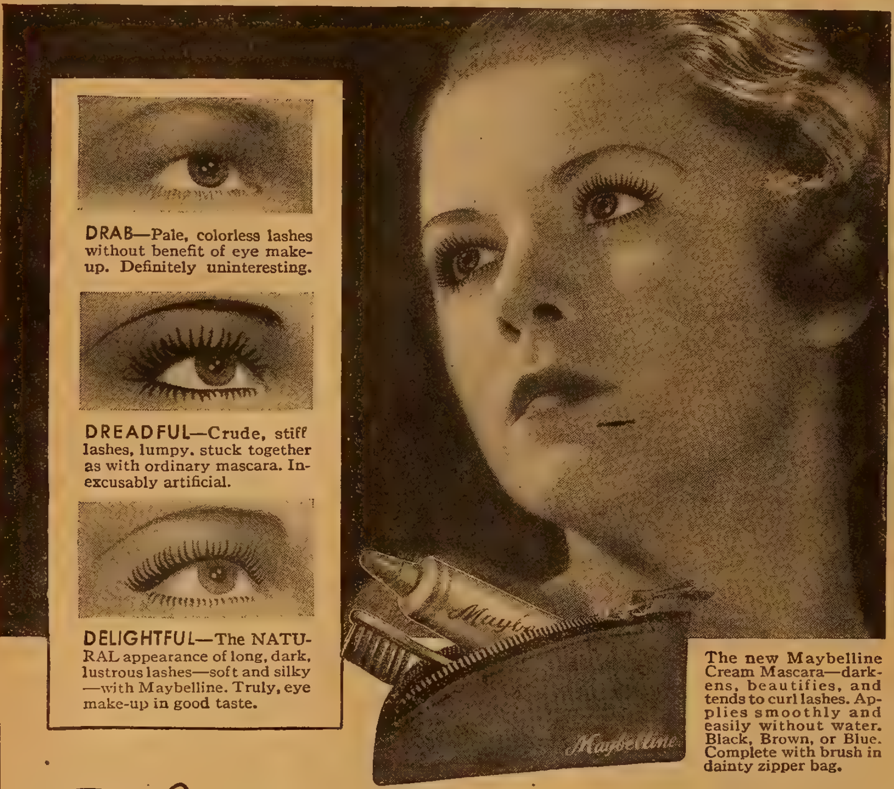
PIMPLES can easily spoil that good impression you hoped to make. Yet—they often occur after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or longer. At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The whole body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes a day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears. Start today!

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

What Do People Say About Your Eyes?



DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.

DREADFUL—Crude, stiff lashes, lumpy, stuck together as with ordinary mascara. Inexcusably artificial.

DELIGHTFUL—The NATURAL appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes—soft and silky—with Maybelline. Truly, eye make-up in good taste.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara—darkens, beautifies, and tends to curl lashes. Applies smoothly and easily without water. Black, Brown, or Blue. Complete with brush in dainty zipper bag.

So Important-that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless — bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard "made-up" look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

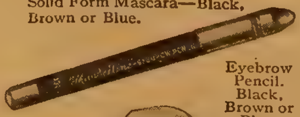
Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the *natural* appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects — a touch gently blended on the eyelids intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Solid Form Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue.



Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown or Blue.

Eye Shadow—Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

Back to Nature—AA—The most entertaining of the appealing *Jones* family series. The story is based on the *Joneses* traveling to a druggists' convention in a trailer, despite *Papa Jones'* (Jed Prouty) wish to go alone. It turns out to be a journey of hard luck through the stubbornness of the father and the enthusiasm of the youngsters. The original *Jones* family cast, Prouty, Shirley Deane, Spring Byington, Kenneth Howell, George Ernest, June Carlson, Florence Roberts and Billy Mahan, perform with the same gusto with which they originated the *Jones* family.—*20th-Century Fox.*

Everything is Thunder—AA—A war-time melodrama with a punch, this story concerns a British officer's escape from a German prison camp, his hounding by a military sleuth and other exploits before he finally gets away over the frontier. Constance Bennett is alluring with her sentimental and high-powered romance which she does with sincerity and poise. Douglass Montgomery is excellent as the British officer and Oscar Homolka is forceful as the sleuth. Some of the photography is exceptionally good.—*Gaumont-British.*

A Son Comes Home—AA—In her first dramatic rôle, Mary Boland, as the "Angel of the Waterfront," portrays a deeply-etched character with sincerity and emotional power that is bound to win her more admirers even than her delightful comedy portrayals. It is the story of a mother whose love of fair play and sense of justice rises above her mother-love and who refuses to help her adored son, Donald Woods, to escape the consequences of a murderous crime because an innocent man would suffer in his stead. The supporting cast is exceptional.—*Paramount.*

Follow Your Heart—AA—Marion Talley, in her screen debut, and Michael Bartlett sing their way to brilliant success in both solos and duets in this splendid musical based on the story of an impoverished family of showfolk of which Miss Talley, the most gifted, is the one set against a professional career and determined to marry an ordinary person in John Eldredge. Bartlett's battle to make her sing and to win her climaxes the story. The famous Hall Johnson Choir strengthens the musical background. The supporting cast, direction and photography are outstanding.—*Republic.*

Two in a Crowd—AA—An unusual mixture of twists and turns around the idea of a girl and boy, both broke, meeting on New Year's Eve through each discovering a half of a thousand dollar bill. Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea breeze through the boy-meet-girl leads in snappy style with unusual comedy before the boy's horse solves the situation by winning a big race. They are ably assisted by a supporting cast which includes Henry Armetta and Paul Porcasi supplying many laughs as cafe operators and Alison Skipworth, a frowsy landlady.—*Universal.*

China Clipper—AA½—With a fine performance turned in by the late Henry B. Walthall, this interesting picture concerns the progress in aviation since Lindbergh's flight to Paris. Pat O'Brien gives a convincing portrayal as the driving force

China Clipper, with Pat O'Brien and Beverly Roberts, is a story of aviation—and packed with many thrills

back of the great aviation project which gets off to a start with the first air mail flight of ninety miles, and ends with the maiden voyage of the *China Clipper*... Beverly Roberts, Ross Alexander, Humphrey Bogart and Marie Wilson are good in their rôles.—*Warners.*

Hollywood Boulevard—AA—The efforts of an old-time actor to stage a comeback and the complications that arise when he is persuaded by a group of publishers to write his memoirs for their publication, serves as the plot for this picture. The story, rather than being gay and glamorous, as the title might indicate, is more a dramatic tragedy. An interesting feature is the long list of old-time actors and actresses included in the cast. John Halliday, Marsha Hunt and Robert Cummings head the cast.—*Paramount.*

All American Chump—AA—A lively comedy with Stuart Erwin cast as a small town mathematical genius, working as a bank's human adding machine. He is discovered by Robert Armstrong, carnival showman, and with Betty Furness and Edmund Gwenn they go on a tour. Financially embarrassed, Erwin gets into a card game with the international bridge champion, and defeats him. A big match is aranged, gangsters try to "muscle in" and when it appears tough for Erwin he wins the game and the girl. Erwin takes advantage of his rôle and stacks up laugh after laugh.—*M-G-M.*

His Brother's Wife—AA—With little more than cast names to offer, this story concerns the life of a young doctor (Robert Taylor) who falls in love with Barbara Stanwyck prior to sailing on a scientific expedition in the jungles. Family interests intervene. they separate and he sails. In a spirit of revenge she marries his brother. The situation becomes complicated when he returns and induces her to return to the jungles with him while a divorce is negotiated, after which he sends her away. She doesn't go, however, and risks her life to save him.—*M-G-M.*

Lady Be Careful—AA—One of the sprightliest comedies of the season, this production, adapted from the stage play, *Sailor Beware*, with loads of laugh lines injected by Dorothy Parker, just about tops the list for light entertainment. The story concerns the battle of Lew Ayres to capture the heart of a love-proof entertainer in Panama, Mary Carlisle. Lew's acting is flawless and Mary tops all her previous performances. Larry Crabbe is excellent as a strutting marine, and Benny Baker is outstanding. Direction is tops.—*Paramount.*

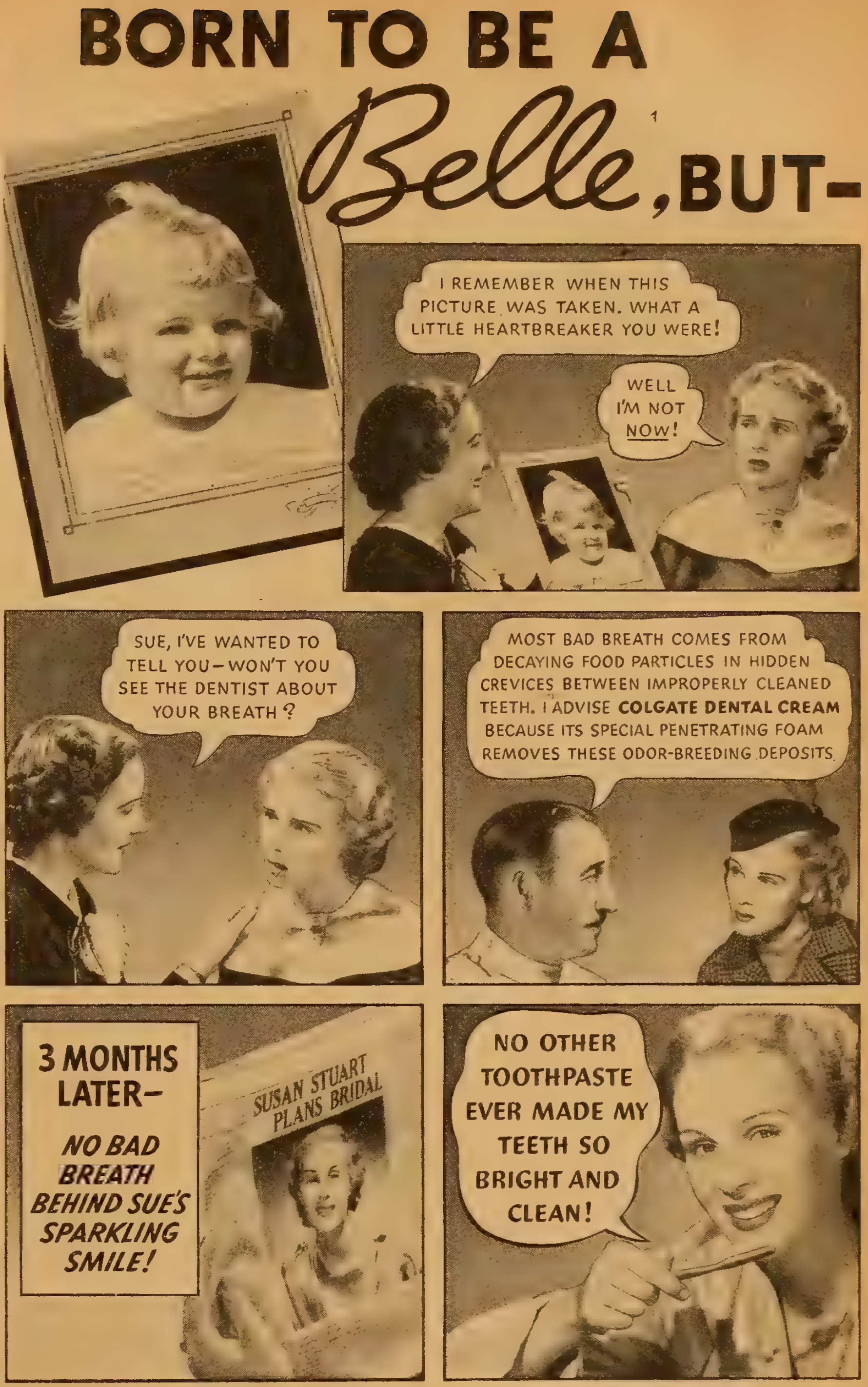
Mr. and Mrs. Deeds Are Back!

Remember Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town?* Of course you do, and you probably know they are being co-starred again, this time in the Cecil B. DeMille picture, *The Plainsman.*

Here's news! You can read the complete fiction story of this new picture of Gary's and Jean's before it is shown on any screen! ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES magazine, ten cents at all newsstands, is printing this story as a complete novelette, illustrated with actual scenes from the production!

The big November issue (16 more pages than ever before) is crammed with twelve big fiction stories of coming movies. Included is *Libeled Lady*, with Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy, and many other stories of coming movies starring Shirley Temple, Fred MacMurray, Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, Madge Evans and many others.

ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES is the magazine. (On sale Oct. 1) You'd better reserve a copy at your newsstand. Newsstand copies are soon sold out at only 10c a copy.


BORN TO BE A Belle, BUT—
I REMEMBER WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN. WHAT A LITTLE HEARTBREAKER YOU WERE!
WELL I'M NOT NOW!
SUE, I'VE WANTED TO TELL YOU—WON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
3 MONTHS LATER—
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND SUE'S SPARKLING SMILE!
SUSAN STUART PLANS BRIDAL
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with romance—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Milk
FOR YOUR SKIN

DELLA LIND,
European star newly signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

in a new Beauty Cream that CLEANSES, SOFTENS, SMOOTHS, CLEARS and NOURISHES

DRY SKIN turns soft and smooth before your eyes . . . clogged stretched pores reduce . . . the youthful radiance of a clear, velvety skin soon returns . . . all because science has at last discovered how to make a real all-purpose creme from fresh, wholesome dairy milk. Milk contains certain glandular oils whose wonderful effect on the skin has never been duplicated by any man made product. The moment Creme of Milk touches your skin you will know it is different . . . you can fairly feel your skin drinking in the fine delicate milk-oils, yet such a little goes so far. Already more than 100,000 women are saying, "Here at last is the *one* creme we have always searched for." Creme of Milk brings results that you can actually see and feel in less than three days time.

Try the Amazing new CREME OF MILK FOR ONLY 10c

DUART'S creme of milk

AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS AND BEAUTY SHOPS IN 20c 50c $1 & $2 SIZES

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984 FOLSOM STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Enclosed find 10 cents—please mail at once my trial jar of your new Creme of Milk.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State .... M

Prize Letters

HOW READERS RATE THEM!

SAYING IT WITH WORKS

$15 Prize Letter

WE HAVE medals and awards for everything under the artistic sun—but movie magazines. Yet, I do not know of any production of human artistry that gives more delightful entertainment or practical information per amount invested.

The September MOTION PICTURE, especially, is an example in point. Previews, biographies, newsy bits from the studios, illustrations and articles set a new high in clean, clever, sprightly journalism. And Henry Langford's open letter to popular Fred Astaire is a masterpiece of up-to-the-minute writing.

Frankly, I was surprised, old Fawcett fan though I be, till I turned the last page and read of Captain Roscoe's passing. Then I understood. The members of his staff were "saying it with 'works," not with words. Fawcett fashion . . . Fawcett tradition.

Well, let a reader-admirer of Captain Roscoe urge and encourage you all to *carry on!—Mrs. Jack Brennan, 7133 Bruno Avenue, Maplewood, Mo.*

INSPIRED BY A TROOPER

$10 Prize Letter

W. C. Fields

WHEN I read about W. C. Fields working in pictures while ill health was causing him so much pain, it made me see many things in a different light. I was one of those people who thought how nice the movie stars must have it. Of course, I had read about the early struggles of many of the stars, their disappointments and weeks of starvation, yet these seemed such a small price to pay for such glorious years. It took W. C. Fields, the cinema clown, to show me the potency of ambition and the courage that must inhabit the soul of an artist if he would woo success.

Mr. Fields, your suffering has not been in vain. You have given to many of us a new meaning to life. Refreshed our desires to succeed and made us realize success shall never come easy nor remain long after ambition leaves.—*Agnes Specht, Colonial Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio.*

JUST A "NATURAL"

$5 Prize Letter

Virginia Weidler

QUITE the most appealing piece of acting I've seen in a blue moon was that of little Virginia Weidler in *Girl of the Ozarks*—an unpublicized second half of a double bill. Not much of a story to be sure, but beautifully photographed and simply presented. No reflection on Shirley Temple's pictures and the sky-high pedestal she occupies, for Shirley represents the unusual in children—beauty, curls, singing and dancing talents. She's the too-good-to-be-true kind of little girl. But with none of these attributes in evidence, Virginia Weidler scores with sheer naturalness. If there be a line between *feeling* a part and *acting* a part, this enchanting youngster has found it. I suggest we pull up another pedestal for a kid with pig-tails and lots of heart appeal!—*Mona Middlebrook, 4547 Carson Blvd., Long Beach, California.*

THE QUEEN OF THE CROP

$1 Prize Letter

DO YOU blame or criticize anyone for trying to live a normal, simple and carefree life? No? Oh, yes, you do!—when a film celebrity tries it.

But Greta Garbo has dared! I, for one, admire her for her restraint. She lives so naturally, she refuses to be drawn in by the false glamor of gay Hollywood life. Perhaps that is why she is the greatest personality that Hollywood has ever produced. She is the only actress who can successfully portray the real inner emotions which are within all of us in a semi-dormant state; she brings realism to the screen. Garbo is more than a legend—she can be ranked with the immortals of history.—*Arlet H. Rusch, 925 South 15 Street, Manitowoc, Wisconsin.*

RETURN ENGAGEMENTS, PLEASE

$1 Prize Letter

Marie Dressler

SINCE WILL ROGERS' old pictures have been playing return engagements to capacity houses in a number of our local theatres, I wonder why they don't release some of Marie Dressler's old films. Since she was the best loved female star of the screen, I dare say *any* of her pictures would pack them in because we all loved Marie just as much as we loved Will Rogers. They were so humble and sincere. Neither of them wore the high hat. They loved everybody, regardless of race, color, creed or position in life. That's why everybody loved them so much!

Wouldn't it give you a thrill to see Marie again in *Reducing, Prosperity, Tugboat Annie,* in fact, any of her good pictures, as well as Will in some of his older films? I'd be willing to pay double price just to see dear old Marie once again and so would thousands of her other admirers. But a raise in admission wouldn't be necessary, for any theatre, I'm sure, could play to big crowds at regular prices if they would

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

again show some of our old favorite films. —*Roy Robert Smith, 115 Sherman St., Denver, Colo.*

"IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE"

$1 Prize Letter

THE MERCURY here has been lurking around 100 for the past week. I haven't a car and can't afford a vacation, but who cares? I've found a glorious way to beat the heat. It's simple. All I do is make a B-line for the nearest air-conditioned theatre and for two wonderful hours I couldn't be more comfortable if I were sitting on the top of Pike's Peak. And no vacation could give me all the colorful adventures I find in the movies. I'll say it again, it's great to be alive in 1936. Even poor working gals like me don't have to miss a trick. —*Marcia Feldman, 1034 Lanier Blvd., Atlanta, Georgia.*

SHE CAN'T TAKE IT

$1 Prize Letter

I HAVE NEVER seen any motion picture photography as utterly overwhelming as the earthquake scenes in *San Francisco* and I have seen terrifying films in my day. I remember a picture, long ago, depicting the dividing of the Red Sea; I remember the flood scene in *Romola;* the gale in *Mutiny on the Bounty;* but never have I gripped the arms of my chair in sheer terror and actually felt the theatre—the very earth—rock beneath me. Never before have I been face-to-face, as it were, with Judgment Day!

Who will ever forget the awful rumbles . . . the earth opening . . . swallowing men like flies . . . the horses fleeing . . . the statue falling . . . Gable wandering vaguely up and down . . . the pathetic voice of a seeker calling "Irene—Irene!"

Miraculous—wonderful—mysterious. But let the cameramen be very sparing with such horrors.—*Mrs. Mary Barger, 40 Park St., Brockton, Mass.*

Fifteen Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

Jack Holt

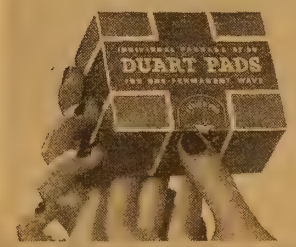
"MARY PICKFORD'S next production is *Little Lord Fauntleroy* in which she characterizes both the *Little Lord* and his *Mother Dear.*" . . . "Jack Holt is to be featured in a series of outdoor pictures, which is entirely to his liking, for he is an ardent advocate of all outdoor life." . . . "And speaking of Mae Murray and her independent venture—her next picture will be *Put and Take.*" . . . "Every now and then Louise Huff forsakes domesticity long enough to add another portrait to the gallery of her characterizations. Her latest effort is with George Arliss in *Disraeli.*" . . . "Will Rogers, minus the perfect features of the matinee idol, and bashful in the fade-out, has won an enviable following—one which reflects credit on the human note always to be found in his portrayals." . . . "When the camera caught the elusive quality of May McAvoy, it brought stardom to her door." . . . "Florence Vidor thinks there is no director like her husband—King Vidor thinks Florence is worthy of far more than he can offer her in his productions. So, at intervals, she appears in Ince offerings but a King Vidor picture is usually assured of her charming presence." . . . "Katherine Perry, an erstwile Ziegfeld girl, came to the movies and was cast as leading-lady with Owen Moore in *A Divorce of Convenience.* Owen decided that he wanted Katherine to be his leading-lady forever and ever and the wedding bells chimed." . . . "Ben Turpin has not always been cross-eyed. He used to cross his eyes just for the fun of it, until one morning he woke up, gazed in the mirror and found them definitely and substantially crossed. He says he could have them straightened, but what's the use? His motto is: 'I'm honest, altho' I look crooked'."

You can share the Screen Stars' secret of *Beautiful Hair*

★ **MERLE OBERON** *Star in Samuel Goldwyn's* **LOVE UNDER FIRE**

EVERYONE knows that screen stars have their hair permanent waved just like other women. Yet their waves always look so natural . . . and add such a lovely touch of glamour to their personalities. *Your hair* can actually look every bit as charming and attractive. It is all a matter of the kind of permanent wave you choose. On such questions, Hollywood's stars are advised by the world's highest paid beauty experts, The Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. They have tested every known waving method and Duart is the one and only permanent wave they have endorsed and recommended. And so nearly ALL of the beautifully waved heads you see on the screen have been waved by the Duart method. This same Duart Wave is available in a nearby beauty salon wherever you live, so why take a chance on unknown or unproven methods. Duart Waves cost no more. Remember to ask the hairdresser to explain how the Duart machine assures you of perfectly uniform waves because of the exclusive thermostat control that measures the exact amount of safe, gentle, electric heat for each individual curl.

Demand This *Sealed* Package For a Genuine Duart Wave



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A 24 page book of stars' hairstyles that have been screen tested for beauty, style and popularity will be sent to you FREE with one 10-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. It's not a dye nor a bleach—it cleanses and adds an alluring glint of sunlight. Two rinses in each package—choose your shade in coupon below.

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PERMANENT WAVES

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- ☐ Titian Reddish Brown
- ☐ Henna
- ☐ Golden Brown
- ☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
- ☐ Black
- ☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
- ☐ Ash Blonde
- ☐ Medium Brown
- ☐ Golden Blonde
- ☐ Light Golden Blonde

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DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

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Men Behind the Stars

KING VIDOR

Director of *The Texas Rangers*

A SECOND-HAND Ford—with expenses paid by making a travel film for the Ford Motor Company, en-route to California—landed King Vidor and his wife, Florence, in San Francisco with twenty cents in their pockets. They sold the Ford and with the profits took a boat to Los Angeles.

That trip was the beginning of a career that eventually won King Vidor many awards for his directorial achievements and such outstanding productions to his credit as *The Big Parade*—the famous silent picture which ran for two years in one theatre in New York—*Street Scene, Jack Knife Man, Peg O' My Heart, The Crowd, Hallelujah, The Champ, Cynara, Wedding Night, So Red the Rose,* and now—his famous frontier spectacle, *The Texas Rangers*.

Among the other numerous honors, the title of Chief Thun Zi Ray, which makes him a very real chief of the San Ildefonso Indians of New Mexico, has been bestowed upon Vidor. He is the first white man on whom this tribe have conferred the distinction of membership. The ceremony took place when Vidor took his Paramount troupe to the Pueblo to make scenes for *The Texas Rangers*.

With vivid memories of the Galveston flood of 1900, in which 10,000 people lost their lives, Vidor entered creative work by writing stories for magazines and motion pictures. He doesn't remember any acceptances. His next venture was in the production and direction of films in Houston, Texas. This adventure resulted in three short films which he took to New York and sold. Then came his decision to make motion pictures his career, and with it the memorable motor trip to Hollywood.

Vidor had, some time before, met attractive Corinne Griffith in Texas and helped her get a job in pictures by writing rapturous letters about her to the Vitagraph Company. Corinne, who by now had worked her way up to a salary of $15 a week, helped Mrs. Vidor get a job at $10 a week. King sold some stories to Vitagraph, one of them bringing as much as $30. He also worked as an extra at various studios, the pay ranging from $1.50 to $5.00 a day. Universal later took him on as a script clerk at $12.50 a week and Mrs. Vidor obtained a contract with Universal which guaranteed her at least two days work a week at $10 a day.

King Vidor, giving Jean Parker and Fred MacMurray final instructions for their next scene in *The Texas Rangers.*

AN OFFER of $40 a week for King's services as a scenario writer at Universal finally came along and was accepted. It was while at the studio in this capacity that he met Judge Willis Brown, writer of boys' stories, who helped him secure a chance to direct. Vidor has been directing pictures ever since and has been acclaimed one of the greatest directors in filmdom.

Educated at high school in Galveston, Peacock Military School in San Antonio and Tome Institute at Port Deposit, Md., Vidor lived in Houston until 1915, the year he married Florence Arto. He has been married twice—his second wife was Eleanor Boardman—but is now a bachelor. He has three children—one by his first wife and two by his second.

Brunette and pale, Vidor smiles easily, without a trace of affectation or self-consciousness, and always gives the impression of being mentally relaxed and alert. He has a keen sense of humor, is perfectly democratic—no class distinctions of any kind exist for him—and makes no effort to attract the spotlight in any gathering, but often does so.

A hard worker, he is interested in modern art, of which he has a small collection, and in modern music. He is a good singer and plays the guitar. A great sports enthusiast, Vidor plays tennis regularly with his friend, Charles Chaplin; likes to sail his starboat and takes to the Pacific in his fifty-two foot power cruiser. He is a member of the Yacht Club, Hollywood Athletic Club and Beverly Hills Tennis Club.

Like most of today's outstanding motion picture directors, with few exceptions, Vidor, president of the Directors' Guild, antedates the introduction of sound films, and will always be identified with some of the great silent pictures of his early career.

His *Big Parade* will never be forgotten!

COMEDY NOW—TRAGEDY LATER

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Half-way care of the teeth is no joke. Clean your teeth regularly but don't neglect your gums. Neglected gums invite serious trouble, dentists will tell you. Why take that chance? Forhan's gives double protection. *Cleans* and *whitens* teeth, and at the same time *safeguards gums.*

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from other tooth pastes. It was created by an eminent dental surgeon to *do both jobs.* With it you clean and brighten teeth; and at the same time you massage gums, just as so many dentists advise. Get Forhan's, today. It costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes—yet ends ordinary half-way care.

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Blondes! and "Browns" too!

Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural "Spun-Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse—3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blond or brown hair—a shampoo and special rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. Called New Blondex, this amazing 2 package combination—the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse—costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Used regularly, it keeps your scalp and hair healthy and lovely, gleaming with lustrous highlights. Get the new Blondex today. There is a new 10c size—at all stores.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO AND RINSE—

HOLLYWOOD
Home Hints

Gail Patrick has a taste for glassware. The novel place card she holds is made of glass. The stemware is blown crystal

A NEW FURNITURE polish has just been brought to our attention! It's that new polish that removes dirt, grease spots and film by feeding the natural substances back into the wood. . . . In this manner, it restores the original finish, brilliant and clear. . . . The finish, once it is polished will not show finger prints nor hold dust. . . . The hard dry surface simply will not hold such blemishes! Next time you are at a loss as to what to do about that dull piece of furniture, try Tumbler Furniture Polish!

● HERE ARE a few tips on floor coverings that come to us from the Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Co. . . . Large floor coverings add warmth to a room, and cut down the danger of slippery floors. The exposed area of floor should not be more than a twelve inch border to your rug. . . . Small scatter rugs should be used only in connection with furniture groups—in front of the hearth or with a chair and davenport grouping, for example. . . . Always place them parallel to the walls!

● FOR COMPLETE protection from losses through the laundry there is nothing better than a good woven label with your name on it. . . . And then too, woven labels save your things from being laundry marked and penciled. . . . If you want a label that lasts as long as the garment it is put on, there is nothing better than Cash's Woven labels. . . . Almost any store can take your order.

● A FEW TIPS on olive oil from the Pompeian Olive Oil people: For a real delicacy, brush clean fish with olive oil before broiling . . . there is nothing better . . . the same goes for steaks, too. . . . A few drops of olive oil perfumed sprinkled in the bookcase will preserve books.

● *"Looka here – this animal isn't so fierce. Hasn't got a tooth in his head – heck, we've each got six!...Maybe he isn't looking fierce at all – only cross. I know why – he's hot. No wonder – all that hair. Phooey! . . . he makes me hot, too!"*

● *"Now stop and think – what was it we decided was the best thing for that hot, sticky feeling?...Drink of water? No, that wasn't it. Bath? Now you're on the right track... I've got it – a nice downy sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder!"*

● *"See! Mother's bringing our powder now! She's a very smart woman . . . Mother, here's a riddle for you! What feels better than a baby all slicked over with soft soothing Johnson's Baby Powder? . . . That's right. Two babies!...I told you she was bright!"*

Johnson's
Baby
Powder

● ***"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder...I make babies happy and comfortable. And I help to keep their skins in the pink of condition – which is the surest protection against skin infections!...I'm made of the very finest Italian talc, silky-fine and even. No gritty particles – and no orris-root...Do you know the rest of my family? Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil – they're all made especially for babies."***

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Among the fine pictures made by Mervyn LeRoy (standing with cigar in photo) is *Gold-diggers of 1933*, featuring Ginger Rogers, Joan Blondell, Guy Kibbee

Here's A Chance To Win $500 In Cash Prizes!

Mervyn LeRoy, noted director, now producing his own pictures, needs a trademark for his productions. Think one up and win a prize!

HERE'S a contest that costs you nothing but a three-cent stamp to mail in your trademark idea! For no more expense than that you make yourself eligible to share in the distribution of the $500 cash prizes. No drawing is necessary. All Mr. LeRoy wants you to do is to submit a description of your idea, the design you believe best suited to attract attention to *A Mervyn LeRoy Production* which is the name of his new production company. You are not limited to one entry. In fact, the more you send in the better. Here's what Mr. LeRoy says:

"I am looking for a trademark that will be entirely different from any now in use. It must be distinctive as well as being impressive. It is my plan to produce only class pictures with mass appeal, therefore those participating in this contest should bear that fact in mind. I am not concerned so much with the artiness of the suggestions sent in as I am with the effectiveness of the ideas. It isn't necessary for anyone to be an artist—although a sketch of the idea will be welcome. The idea, however, is the main thing."

Mervyn LeRoy, as you know, is one of the few really great directors in the motion picture industry. Among a score and more of notable screen successes he has to his credit such exceptionally fine pictures as *Oil for the Lamps of China, Five Star Final, Gold-diggers of 1933, Little Caesar, I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang, Tugboat Annie* and *Anthony Adverse*. He has just completed directing that astounding stage success *Three Men on a Horse* for Warner Bros., who are to release it as one of the big specials of the year.

Now Mr. LeRoy has turned producer and, as he says, is in the market for a trademark symbolical of the name of his new company, *A Mervyn LeRoy Production*.

For his first picture, Producer LeRoy has purchased *The Grand Passion* by Norman Krasna and Groucho Marx and plans on using the story as a vehicle to introduce Fernand Graavey. Graavey is a noted French actor whom LeRoy discovered abroad and immediately signed to a personal contract. Graavey is handsome, virile, a great natural actor, and promises to be the rage of Hollywood with his first picture.

Now back to the contest again.

After you have jotted down your entry, or entries as the case may be, the next step is to mail them to Contest Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

This same offer appears in the November issues of MOTION PICTURE'S affiliated Fawcett film publications—*Hollywood, Screen Book, Screen Play,* and *Movie Classic*. The winner among the entries submitted to MOTION PICTURE Magazine will be awarded a cash prize of $50. This offer applies also to the winners of entries submitted to the magazines listed above. From these winners will be selected the Grand Prize Winner who is entitled to the $250.

Now, with all this in mind, start jotting down your trademark ideas, remembering, of course, that the ideas must be original and that they must be symbolical of the fine type of picture Mervyn LeRoy stands for—something that will make people instantly aware that HERE is an outstanding picture the moment they see his trademark.

As this contest closes December 20th, you will have to get right down to work on your trademark ideas. Put each one on paper the moment it flashes in your mind. Don't let any escape for it has been the history of all trademarks that the best were the result of inspiration.

Read these rules very carefully.

1. The contest closes December 20th, 1936. All entries must be in the mail not later than December 20th, 1936.
2. Any reader is entitled to enter except employees and relatives of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Motion Picture Publications, Inc., or A Mervyn LeRoy Production.
3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark. You can outline your idea in words.
4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated entries.
5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, Director of Advertising and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Edward Selzer, Publicity Director for Warner Bros.
6. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned.
8. Prize winners agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs, and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same.
9. Send in your entries to Contest Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Now let's go! Don't be satisfied with one entry! And remember to be original.

FELT SLUGGISH

I was dull and logy. The trouble? Poor elimination. Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT, took a tablet. It worked like magic.

HAPPY RELIEF

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FEEN-A-MINT
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THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

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ONE TRIAL of ACCENT will convince you; and regular use will speedily restore your hair's glossy radiance!

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Enclosed is 10c (coin or stamps) for generous trial bottle of ACCENT, the new Castile shampoo.

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SHAMPOO

Hollywood's
Trick Parties

NEATEST Hollywood Party Trick of the Month: Would-be hosts and hostesses have discovered that they can "insure" their parties. Not to be a success, but to be a financial safety. That is, for a stated amount depending on the number and habits of the guests, they can insure themselves against damages if one of the guests tries to high-dive into a waterless swimming pool, or wants to fly off the roof like a bird, or things like that. I haven't heard yet what the insurance rates are on parties where Jack Oakie is to be a guest.

ODDEST Party of the Month: Dolores Del Rio's "Long Distance" Birthday Party with her mother. Mother lives in Mexico City. On the night of Dolores' birthday, the Asunsolo (that's Dolores' real name) clan gave a typical grand Mexican fete. And in Hollywood, connected up by long-distance phone, sat Dolores and hubby, Cedric Gibbons, listening into the celebration.

THERE'S a new kind of "Listening In" party in Hollywood, different from the one Dolores held, though. It's the result of so many stars going radio, these nights. Almost every time a star goes on the Air, he has a bunch of guests at his home for a Listen-In party. After the broadcast, the star hurries home to hear them tell how swell he was!

HOT-WEATHER-BEATING Party idea: When the recent torrid wave hit Hollywood, the rage became "progressive pool" parties. The idea was that several who owned swimming pools would get together—then the party, in bathing suits, would drive from pool to pool for an hour's swim in each.

NIFTIEST Party Effect of the Month: At the Parsons party to Marion Davies, just before Marion sailed for Europe aboard the liner Rex, the lights were suddenly turned low—and eerily and ghostly, through the gloom, came floating a giant replica of the Rex, all lighted up. Suddenly, the lights went on—and the "ghost ship" proved to be a model of the liner, mounted atop a gigantic party cake, being carried by four black-clad and well-nigh invisible waiters. Another feature of the same party was the huge circus tent which covered the entire back yard of the place—and had been fitted up in every detail as a Hollywood nite club.

GOOD old Old-Fashioned "Surprise" Parties are becoming the rage in town—especially Birthday Surprise parties. One was the surprise to Myrna Loy. It was on the MGM stage where she's working in *Libeled Lady*. Myrna had been called for unexpected retakes that night. Peeved, she walked on the stage and found it dark. She thought things about practical jokers, until suddenly on went all the blazing lights—and the entire company, including Bill Powell, Harlow, Tracy and others, swooped down on her, yelling "Happy Birthday to You!" Myrna forgave them, and how!

ODD remark by Fay Wray at the baby-shower party given her has all Hollywood wondering, as this is written, whether Fay is expecting only one newcomer or whether she has scientific knowledge that it's gonna be twins! The party was at Dolores Del Rio's. Half of filmland was there. Two guests—Helen Ferguson and Lili Damita—each brought identical gifts: bassinettes. "Too bad, too bad," consoled Helen, "but I'll change mine to something else." "Oh, no," uppiped expectant Fay Wray; "leave them both; *I can use them both!*" Neat table decorations were the tiny cradles filled with flowers at each of the little tables about the pool's edge.

MOST Personal Tribute of the Month in Hollywood parties was that to Ernst Lubitsch, at the party given by Vivian Gaye, his wife, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his entrance into the motion picture game. The tribute was the presentation of a biographical playlet, specially written of course, which touched on the high-spots of the Lubitsch career: Pola Negri in *DuBarry*, *Rosita* with Mary Pickford, other old hits down to his latest, *Desire*.

"ATMOSPHERE-EST" Party of the Month—that Bavarian get-together given by Lillian Emerson, at which Bavarian costumes were supposed to be worn, and everybody drank beer and sang "Die Schnitzelbank" and did other Teutonic things. Faux-pas of the evening was the arrival of Arline Judge wearing a savage's costume, because she had mis-read her invitation to read "Barbarian" instead of "Bavarian"! Wise-gag of the affair was the arrival of a certain couple not in Bavarian costume. To their host, they explained: "Well, we're not pure Aryan, you see."

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LD-3 . . . Exquisitely matched engagement and wedding ring ensemble of hand engraved 14K Solid White Gold. The engagement ring is set with a specially selected, dazzling genuine blue-white center diamond and 2 fiery diamonds on each side; the wedding ring is richly engraved to match. **Only $2.69 a month for both complete.**

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LD-1 . . . Elegantly styled, modern, genuine Baguette wrist watch at an amazingly low price. The streamlined white, lifetime case is set with 2 brilliant, genuine diamonds and fitted with a fully guaranteed movement. Smart, link bracelet to match. $29.75 value specially offered at $19.75. **Only $1.88 a mo.**

17 Jewel Waltham **Now only $24.75**

Handsome Genuine leather strap included free!

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On the Sets with the Stars

TOUGH-LUCK film for George Brent is Warners' *God's Country and the Woman.* First bad break came when, in the midst of a love scene of all spots, he fell *off a log* and hurt his ankle. He followed up by catching a very bad cold. If the picture runs much longer, he's afraid he'll get moths in his mustache!

Menjou's best friend came to his aid during a fight scene in Paramount's *Wives Never Know.* In the fight scene, Adolphe was being beaten by Charlie Ruggles. Suddenly, with a bark, Menjou's pet schnauzer broke his leash, dashed to his master's aid, chased Ruggles off the set, ruined the take.

Amazing what little things will cost studios much money. Seeing a rush of a long scene in *The Man Who Loved Twice,* Director Harry Lachman screamed, tore his hair, and pointed at Marian Marsh. There was a run in her stocking—and the scene had to be reshot.

No Garbo picture gets by calmly, uneventfully. At MGM, *Camille* is no exception. They've had to triple the guard on the gates to keep the Garbo-peerers away; Garbo is startling people with her new hail-fellowship; amazed set musicians are telling around that her favorite between-shots music is "On the Beach at Bali-Bali." Why, *Greta!!!*

Director Dave Gould of MGM's *Born to Dance* isn't taking any chances with the chorus behind Eleanor Powell. He's housing them in special dormitories right on the MGM lot during the production—so he can watch their diets and their dates. Not too much of either, says Dave.

On MGM's *Libeled Lady* set, Director Jack Conway figured it all out that there's a 25-pound pressure in a Jean Harlow kiss. Just how Jack's dynamics work out isn't quite clear, but it's got something to do with the thickness and shape of the lipstick impression she leaves on Bill Powell's cheek.

The horrible hazards of a movie star's life were demonstrated by that which poor Joel McCrea had to undergo while making Columbia's *Adventure in Manhattan.* In a restaurant sequence, showing Joel and Jean Arthur, Joel was required to drink coffee. Set records show he downed 26 cups of coffee in one day. Joel says he didn't sleep all night.

The studio is suffering from Jackie Cooper's growing pains on *The Devil Is A Sissy* set. Not that Jackie aches, but his voice is changing. And right in the middle of a fine line, it either goes off in a reedy squeak or bounces down into a basso-profundo blawp. And so many scenes have had to be reshot, as a result . . . ! ! !

Whether they like 'em or not, Ruth Chatterton, Walter Huston and Mary Astor have to wear rubber heels. Because in shooting Sam Goldwyn's *Dodsworth,* it was found that these players' preferred hard heels caused so much sound interference with their clacking, that time and money was a-wastin'.

In Honolulu, they actually had to trim down the realism of the earthquake scenes in MGM's *San Francisco.* Reason: on the first showing of the picture, the earthquake so terrified Chinese, Japs and Hawaiians in the audience that a panicky rush for the door resulted; the natives feared the quake was the real McCoy!

Ain't Hollywood wunnerful?—here's the rental list the studio's paying for in *Tarzan Escapes:* 26 chimpanzees, 4 hyenas, 5 elephants, 20 lions, 2 wild boars, 3 leopards and 1 black panther, and a half hundred parrots, macaws, 6 alligators, 2 wildebeeste, 3 antelope, and any number of reptiles. Not to mention a few actors.

Crickets got the best of Paramount in a battle over sound rights to *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie.* On location at Malibu Lake, special men were hired to throw pebbles when crickets' chirps rang loud through the dialogue. But no go—and as a result, the studio had to bring scores of crickets back to the studio when they returned there to shoot matching scenes—so the sound tracks'd match!

And MGM's *Good Earth* company reports another insectual oddity. The company went to Utah to shoot sequences showing the locust plague raging there. Wind machines were used in the scenes. The machines killed millions of locusts weekly. When the company got ready to move back to Hollywood, the locust-embattled farmers wanted to buy the machines.

A Woman's Business is Love

[*Continued from page* 43]

marries. Personally, I wouldn't marry a man who wanted to absorb me—to diffuse or to change my characteristics. Neither would I want to marry a man *who could be absorbed.*

"Marriage and individuality can be synonymous. If the man and the woman are willing to give enough. There is no such thing as *take* in marriage. It's all *give.* And no two people have a right to enter into this binding contract unless they are willing *not to reserve one inch.* To give of themselves wholly, completely, without stint!

"There is no doubt that women are different in this modern age. They have their outside interests. And that is the mark of progress. But it is sensible for every woman to realize that love is a primary need, a primary business. It seems to be the fashion to say, 'I am not meant for marriage!' *Every* woman is meant for marriage!

"IF A man appeared on my horizon this minute whom I loved and respected; who had integrity, strength of mind, and honesty and a sense of humor—the sort of a man I want to marry, I'd give up my career, any fame I've gained, anything I've achieved through years of struggle and privation, to be his wife. If his profession took him to the ends of the earth, I'd follow him. And not until I can feel just this way about a man will I marry. You either love a man, or you don't. You either want to give every part of your heart and your mind to marriage—or you don't. There can't be any reservations.

"I hope that I will be fortunate enough to fall in love with a man who will think my career interesting and worthwhile, and who will help me to make a success of it. He'd have to be that kind of a person—or I probably couldn't fall in love with him. But if at any time I had a choice to make between marriage to the man I had chosen, and a career, I wouldn't hesitate a minute.

"Marriage as an institution has not failed—there's nothing the matter with it. But there's an awful lot wrong with the people who get married. A woman will intrigue a man with her delightful or quaint ways; with her daintiness, with her sense of humor and good fellowship. On her march to the altar she is the perfect sweetheart. On her march back, she suddenly, without notice, becomes a wife!

"The time to be intriguing is after marriage. A wife has to work to remain a sweetheart. I've seen so many girls lose sight of the very things which brought them and their husbands together. From gay, exciting creatures, they turn into smug, lazy wives. Suddenly a fishing trip is much too much trouble for a girl—but in the days of courtship she cooed about the cute little fish she took off the hook all by herself.

"THERE is no place in the home for a reformer. It might have been that girl's very obliviousness to unimportant details which attracted John to her. There were qualities in her that he liked; qualities in him that she liked. Why try to change either attitudes or routines that have made love blossom?

"Let me say, too, that before *I marry*

[*Continued on page* 97]

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

"Really remarkable!" says BINNIE BARNES

★ Featured in "The Last of the Mohicans," a Reliance picture released through United Artists.

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RICHARD HUDNUT
55¢ each

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INDEED it *is* remarkable . . . this new Eye-Matched Makeup, the face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara that are *scientifically* color-harmonized, and keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

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If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

Your Questions

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

Ask the Cinema Sage

Katharine Hepburn—Was born in Hartford, Conn., on November 8, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Hepburn. She is five feet, seven inches tall, has red hair and green eyes. You can write to her care of Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. (B. M. S., Philadelphia, Pa.)

Henry Wilcoxon—He has made *A Woman Alone* and *The Last of the Mohicans* since *The Crusades.* (Y. D., Mount Rainier, Md.)

Fredric March is taking it easy for awhile having recently completed three major rôles for fall release

Robert Taylor—is not married. His real name is Spangler Arlington Brugh. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. He was born in Filley, Neb., but keeps the date a dark secret. You can write to him care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Send twenty-five cents for photographs, to cover the cost of mailing. (B. W., Salinas, Quincy, Mass.)

Jeanette MacDonald—is not married at the present writing. She was born of Scotch-American ancestry on June 18, 1908, in Philadelphia, Pa. You can write to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Enclose twenty-five cents for a photograph. (M. J., Bronx, N. Y.)

Constance Bennett—She made the picture, *Sally, Irene and Mary* in 1925. Joan Crawford portrayed *Irene* while *Mary* was played by Sally O'Neil. (R. J. M., Ogden, Utah.)

Kay Francis—She was born in Oklahamo City, Okla., on January 13. Is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her mother was Katherine Clinton, a famous actress. Kay is a good bridge player and likes backgammon. Next to nautical sports she prefers tennis. Likes to watch polo matches, football games, six-day bicycle races, wrestling and boxing matches, likes traveling and enjoys reading detective stories. (R. R., Bronx, N. Y.)

Dixie Dunbar—Was born in Montgomery, Ala., on January 19, the year is the lady's secret. She is one-half inch under five feet and weighs but 98 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Her real name is Christine Elizabeth Dunbar. Her latest pictures are *Girls' Dormitory* and *Sing, Baby, Sing* and her address is 20th Century-Fox, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (T. N., Tampa, Fla.)

Shirley Temple—Her song, *When I Am With You,* which she sang in *Poor Little Rich Girl,* may be obtained by writing to the Music Department, 20th Century-Fox Studios, at the address given above. (B. L. C., Phillipsburg, Pa.)

Fredric March—Was born in Racine, Wis., on August 31, 1898. He is five feet, eleven inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. He has been married twice. His present wife is Florence Eldridge. They have two adopted children. Their daughter, Penelope, is five years old. His favorite sport is tennis and he is fond of horseback riding, deep sea fishing and swimming. Frederick McIntyre Bickel is his real name. You can write to him at the 20th Century-Fox Studios. (E. L. D., Kansas City, Mo.)

Errol Flynn—Was born in the north of Ireland on June 20, 1909. On June 19, 1935, he married Lili Damita, who was born in Paris on July 10, 1906. Errol is very athletic, being a champion boxer, loves to swim, ride and play tennis. Would rather watch a fast boxing match than anything else. His definite ambition is to be a success on the American screen. He did not appear in *Not on Your Life* but did have a small part in *The Case of the Curious Bride.* (M. J. B., Chicago, Ill.; E. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. J., Towson, Md.)

● **If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.**

The Tragic Story Behind Mary Astor's Diary

[*Continued from page* 38]

was typed almost from the beginning. Like all young actresses she yearned to play exotic rôles, women who have lived, sirens —that sort of thing they call "dramatic," but her face was against her. They even chose her name with reference to the parts she was to play hereafter . . . *Mary* because they said, she was a typical nice American girl and *Astor* to suggest dignity and breeding and a conventional background. And so she began her long career of sweet girls, and long suffering wives, and happy young mothers. Especially mothers.

I've noticed that it's usually the silent, inarticulate people who pour out their souls in diaries because they haven't the resource of easy confidences. Mary Astor was always like this. She never said much,—answered interviewers with "yes" or "no" and a smile, and spent her time being so perfectly beautiful in front of a camera that suddenly she found herself a star.

I talked with her then, but success and fame and money hadn't made Mary any more talkative. She told me—haven't I heard those words before?—that her career meant everything to her and that she wanted to Do Something Really Fine someday and repay people for making her a star. It wasn't until several years later that I was given a glimpse into a certain guarded chamber of her heart and discovered what she really wanted more than anything else in the world.

What Mary Astor wanted and has always wanted was the simplest, most elemental thing in the world. . . . *A baby,* that's all.

She spoke of it while slow tears rolled down the lovely planes of her cheeks and dripped unheeded onto the pathetic black gown that some friend—Florence Eldridge I think it was—had hurriedly found for her. It's instinctive with these actresses to dress the part and this was a Big Part for Mary. Somewhere out there in that raw Spring day men were diving down into the wreckage of the two planes that had crashed together while shooting a scene the day before and carried Mary's young husband, brilliant Director Kenneth Hawks, to his death.

She said, speaking monotonously as though she were thinking aloud, "Did you know they didn't tell me for hours yesterday?" (She had been appearing in a play at a downtown theatre between pictures.) "They let me go on, and laugh and be made love to until the matinee was finished. I suppose, though, they thought it didn't make any difference. It couldn't bring them back—"

"Them, Mary?" I said gently, "You mean the other men who were in the plane with Kenneth?"

She shook her head, staring ahead of her, holding her empty arms curiously across her breast. "Oh, no," she said, "I meant Kenneth and the baby I'll never have now. . . ."

I've talked to a good many movie stars and listened to strange things from their lips, but nothing ever made the cold chills creep up my spine like those words of Mary Astor Hawks in the drab light of a weeping Spring day before a fire that leaped and flickered and did not warm.

"You wanted a baby, Mary?" I repeated rather absurdly, "but . . . what about your career?" (This was in the year B.C. in

[*Continued on page* 71]

GIVE A "FACE POWDER PARTY"!

See If You and Your Girl Friends Use the Right Shade of Face Powder

By *Lady Esther*

You're sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're convinced it's the right shade for you, or you wouldn't use it.

Your girl friends feel the same way about the shades they use. Each is certain she uses the right shade.

All right—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll let you hold a "face powder party" at my expense. What's that? Well, it's a party at which you can have a lot of fun and, at the same time, learn something of great value.

You can hold this party at home or you can hold it at the office during lunch hour.

The Test That Tells!

Here's what you do: First, send for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, which I offer you free. Then call in several of your girl friends. Try to get girls of different coloring—blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Let each girl select what she thinks is her best shade of face powder. Have her try that shade on. Then, have her "try on" all the other four shades. Let the rest of you act as judges while each girl tries on the five shades.

Then, see how right or wrong each girl has been! Note that in most cases, if not in all, the shade of face powder that proves the most becoming is not the one the girl selected. On the contrary, you'll probably find that the shade that proves most flattering to a girl is one she would never think of using at all.

You can instantly tell which shade is most becoming to a girl. It immediately makes her stand out—makes her look her youngest and freshest. The other shades, you will observe, have just the opposite effect. They make her look drab and years older than she really is.

Why Look Older Than You Really Are?

It's amazing the women that use the wrong shade of face powder. I see evidences of it on every side. Artists and make-up experts also bemoan the fact.

There is one and only one sound way of telling your most becoming shade of face powder and that is by trying on all five shades as I have described above. Trying to select a shade of face powder according to "type" is all wrong because you are not a "type," but an individual. Anyone knows that a blonde may have any one of a number of different colorings of skin while a brunette may have the same. So, trying to match a "type" is fundamentally unsound if not impossible, and may lead to some weird effects.

Prove My Principle!

Be sound, be practical, in the selection of your shade of face powder. Use the test method as I have described here. Clip the coupon now for all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Face Cream.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (27) FREE
Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________*State*__________
(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

NEW CREAM MASCARA

Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!

Waterproof . . . far easier to use!

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara. The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Your lashes seeming to sweep your cheeks with their length... their luxuriance rich with the enticing charm of *naturalness!*

Quite obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret... for THIS mascara, *not being mixed with water when applied,* is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart.

Complete with brush in smart rubber-lined satin vanity... Black... Brown... Blue... 50c at the better stores. TATTOO your eyelashes!

TATTOO

Cream MASCARA

GIVEN—LADIES! 34 pc. COLORED GLASS DINNER SET or big cash commission. Send name and address. Beautiful Cherry Blossom design. CHOICE of green or pink glass: 6 plates, 6 tumblers, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 nappies, 1 each, sugar, cream, vegetable and platter. This is only one of nearly a hundred articles featured in our catalog, which we **GIVE** for selling our famous **WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE** for cuts, burns, sores, chaps, etc. to friends at 25c a box with a beautifully colored Art Picture **FREE** and remitting as per new premium plan book. 39th year. WE ARE FAIR AND SQUARE. Start now by sending for one dozen boxes. SEND NO MONEY—We trust you. BE FIRST. **WILSON CHEM. CO., Inc. Dept. 50-A Tyrone, Pa.**

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Barbara Lives—Laughs—Loves—and is Happy

[*Continued from page* 31]

at M-G-M one day last winter he told me, "The whole thing's like a madhouse. It doesn't make sense. Most of the time you don't know where you stand—nor how!"

Success such as he's experienced can be pretty overpowering. Sometimes it's as bewildering as failure. That day Bob reminded me of nothing so much as a tired swimmer who is fighting to keep his head above water. Then he met Barbara.

IT happened at the Zeppo Marx's. He saw a Redhead with the most level, direct eyes he'd ever seen in a woman, with a straight-from-the-shoulder attitude that was as steadying as a cool breeze. For the first time Bob felt at home in Hollywood.

"She's the grandest sport alive," he said earnestly. "What she's done for me can't be measured in ordinary terms. She's been in the theatre since she was two, you know, and she's taught me more with her knowledge of the stage than I would have learned in a lifetime. Steered me right, too, when a lot of other people were giving me the wrong tips."

For instance, when Bob started working in *Camille* with Greta Garbo he was given all kinds of free advice. "Don't do this"... "Don't do that"... "Don't approach her between scenes." He didn't know what to do. In desperation he turned to Barbara. "Look," she said equably, "she's human, isn't she? I think she'd like to be treated exactly like you treat everyone else." And Garbo, apparently, likes it very much. She's far less nervous and less restrained on this picture than she has been on any other.

In that direct fashion of hers, Barbara shrugs aside credit for anything she might have done. "I've made so many mistakes since I came to Hollywood that it's a treat if I can help anyone else *not* to make them!"

BOB, on his part, has taught Barbara how to play again. He's the first person she has gone out with since she arrived in California—and she's been here five years. When she was married to Frank Fay she never went out. Frank didn't care to. She lived on a large estate that had everything including a bicycle track, swimming pool and little theatre. Everything, I used to think, except gayety...

Now she lives in a small rented home in Beverly Hills. It's an English house and it has a lovely garden. Byron Stevens, her brother and manager, stays there with her. Nine times out of ten when you ring up it's Barbara herself who answers the 'phone. And she tells you it is whether you're a book agent or friend. Sometimes, you get a thin, small voice on the wire. That's Dion Anthony Stanwyck, the four-year-old around whom Barbara's life centers. When she's not working she takes sole charge of him.

"Thank God he's got a sense of humor," says Barbara fervently. "More than anything else I'd like to take him traveling. Not *touring* the world, mind you, but just living around in different parts of it to see what it's all like . . . Twice," she remarked, "I've gotten as far as Pasadena on my way to Europe! That's what happens to my plans when I make them. So I'm not making them anymore.

"Maybe I was too future-bound. People get like that sometimes. They get all wrapped up in Tomorrow and what it may bring—and forget Today may have something to offer. You never can tell! Anyway, I'm banking on just *Today* from now on..."

IT isn't hard to understand why Barbara and Joan Crawford are such good friends. They have the same forthrightness, the same clear honesty in outlook. It was shortly after Babs first came out here that they met. She was playing in a picture with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., at the United Artists studio and Joan went over to see Doug. He introduced them. They've been chums ever since.

Every Saturday night there's a get-together at Joan's house. Joan and Franchot Tone and Barbara and Bob Taylor. They have dinner in the blue-and-white dining room and afterwards they run off a movie in Joan's private theatre. Then, occasionally, you'll hear a tuneful Bob at the piano and Joan and Franchot doing the singing. Barbara is the audience.

Everybody's waiting for the Stanwyck-Taylor combine to follow the Crawford-Tone example. "At times it's kind of embarrassing," confesses Barbara, "having them all waiting for us to dash on a 'plane to wherever it is people dash to get married. It makes you so conscious of each other. But so far, fortunately, we've been able to see the funny side of it!"

The other day, for example, I happened to be in Barbara's bungalow on the RKO lot when Bob made his daily morning telephone call. John Ford, the director of her new picture, stuck his head through the open window. "Humph!" he barked. "Don't let that Taylor make you late on my set!" And at the same moment a girl shrieked from the makeup department above, "Barbara, *will* you come up here?" Barbara made a mock despairing gesture into the 'phone. "You see—that's the kind of life I lead. No privacy. See you at the Palomar!"

But she didn't dance *that* night. Preston Foster had hurled her to the cobblestones once too often! He plays opposite her in *The Plough and the Stars*, that vivid interpretation of the Easter Week uprising in Dublin in 1916. Barbara was to cling to him in a vain attempt to prevent his going off to fight.

"We'll show him throwing you off and then we'll cut to you lying on the street," temporized Ford.

"We'll do no such thing!" said Barbara. "We'll show the whole action!" And show it they did—but she was much too sore to take an extra step afterwards...

She's had no vacation since April. She started this picture as soon as she finished the one with Bob, *His Brother's Wife*. They fought against making that together. They were so afraid something might come up to mar their friendship. But nothing has. I doubt if anything can.

Barbara has need of this new freedom of hers. She's found herself in it. For the first time in her life she is at liberty to be completely herself. For the first time in her life she is happy as only a little redheaded student of the School in Hard Knocks *can* be happy once she's graduated! Poverty, a bleak background of suffering and heartache, the terrific struggle to keep illusions—she's known them all.

The Plough and the Stars. Symbolic of the material and spiritual side of existence. I think Barbara Stanwyck has found the Stars . . .

The Tragic Story Behind Mary Astor's Diary

[*Continued from page* 69]

Hollywood, Before Children when it was not only an unwritten law that an actress who had a child lost her popularity with the public at once, but a clause against maternity was written sternly into most feminine movie contracts.)

"Oh, I've always wanted a baby," Mary said, with a faint accent of surprise. She wasn't being dramatic—I ought to know the difference! "Ever since I was a child myself I've known just what she would look like. She's always been a little girl baby in my dreams. I don't know just why. Kenneth wanted her as much as I did. We've often talked it over but we always ended with 'someday.' Then only yesterday I decided . . ."

And suddenly she was clutching at my arm as I sat beside her on the davenport. "What is going to happen to me now?" she asked me. (I'm glad that I couldn't look ahead, Mary, and tell you of a crowded courtroom, and prying eyes, greedy for the emotions life had denied them, and a little book written in lavendar ink!) "Kenneth was so strong and wise. It's funny, but ever since they told me yesterday what had happened, I've been thinking 'I must take all this trouble to Kenneth, and then it'll be all right.' He always could tell me what to do. I needed him so. I need a hand to hold on to. And now—why, it's like being lost! I wonder"—I can feel those clutching fingers yet!—"I wonder whether I'll ever feel safe again in all this world!"

PEOPLE who knew Mary Astor and Kenneth Hawkes intimately, prophesied that Mary would never marry again. It had been one of the few real romances of Hollywood they said. They looked on approvingly when Mary fell into a nervous breakdown, as though she had taken her cue and was giving the right performance. But remembering that strange morning, with the wild March wind outside and a shadowy fire within, I did not share Hollywood's surprise when a year or two later Mary flew to Yuma one night and returned Mrs. Franklyn Thorpe.

She was back on the screen again, as beautiful as ever. More beautiful. Tears are becoming to Greek goddesses. Her career was at its height.

"Why?" Hollywood asked at the Brown Derby, *why?"*

I thought that I knew why.

With most women love for some man is the strongest passion. With a few it is love for the Child. Mary Astor was one of these latter. She may have thought that she was in love with the handsome young doctor who had brought her back from the shadows of a long breakdown, but underneath that emotion, urging her on, never letting her rest content with the easy things life was giving her—clothes, admiration, money, gay times, friends—was the fierce, primal need to hold a child in her arms.

I SAW Mary again just before she went to Honolulu, several months before Marylyn was born. She was radiant. She had a triumphant look about her, as though she had battled with destiny and won her heart's desire. An artist would have painted her rich content and named the picture, simply "Motherhood."

"But why Honolulu, Mary?" I asked.

[*Continued on page* 83]

COLD WEATHER doesn't put a stop to *this annoyance*

You can offend with *underarm odor* even though you don't perspire

YOU'VE often heard women say, "No, I don't use an underarm deodorant in winter. I don't need to, because I don't perspire in cold weather."

They're perfectly sincere. Because they do not feel moisture under the arms or see it on their clothing, they conclude they have nothing to fear from perspiration. How horrified they would be if they knew the facts!

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What Are Jean Harlow's Plans About Marriage?

[*Continued from page* 32]

discussion of what good friends she and Bill Powell are, and ever will be, and all that sort of run-of-the-mill blather. Of course, she and Powell are friends . . . devoted friends . . . true friends . . . and it's not at all unlikely that they have certain heart flutters about each other.

They spend a great deal of time together. Yes, they dine and dance together; they go to premieres or shows and other events.

On the other hand, Miss Harlow and Mr. Powell may not seek the diversions social. They may be quite content to enjoy each other's company, which is never less than amusing. Powell is good company for any one. He has a sharp, incisive mind, and a gay wit, and he is debonair. A combination of qualities that is most attractive. And when you add to that, humanness and good fellowship, you have all the things that make a "rare companion," as Jean says. No wonder she is fond of him.

She, herself, is a very warmly sympathetic person. Thoughtful and kindly. Responsive to the moods of gayety and seriousness. Her mind is absorbing and inquisitive, and very honest. She is not ashamed to show an eager interest in the experiences of others, or in knowledge, that might be enlightening.

Above all, Jean Harlow is feminine, eternally feminine. Her skin, her hair, her clothes, her perfumes are always exquisite. And the environment of her home is lovely and feminine. The furniture is comfortable, yet over all, graceful. The decor may be tailored rather than frilly, but always somewhere in the scheme of things there will be satiny surfaces of delicate peach or pale ivory tones . . . and sheerest linens with lace edges and frail monograms. She has a strong streak of the home-maker in her being. This she inherits from her mother who has extraordinary gifts and capacities along this line.

Jean's mother is also a great friend of Bill Powell's. He recently sold his large and pretentious Beverly Hills house, and she has been of great help to him in furnishing his new place, which is smaller and less elaborate.

Certainly if Jean and Powell decided to marry, there would be an added sympathetic bond in Mrs. Marino Bello. However, my feeling in the matter is that there will be no Harlow-Powell wedding bells . . . at least for some time. And this despite the fact that rumors were again hot during the making of *Libeled Lady*, in which Jean and Bill appear, in the company of those other two excellent stars, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy.

The main reason is the one Jean cited, namely, the importance that she gives to her career at this time. And, of course, there are other reasons. And one of these is the fact that she has been married three different times.

IF perchance she and Bill Powell were to marry, it would scarcely be comparable to the fourth marriage of lesser personalities. It would mean the uniting of two of the biggest box-office names in the picture industry. And then if for some reason the alliance were not successful, that it ended in separation and divorce, it certainly would be the final flinging of the dice for Miss Harlow, as far as her career would be concerned. It would be the end for her. One other former glamorous, top salaried and box-office star discovered this after her fourth divorce. She has never been able to come back.

Jean, however, is certain always to be the center of romance. That seems to be her destiny. Her first marriage was young—very young—love. Her second and third marriages were with matured men, men who desired only to help her.

I think Jean realizes that she now stands at that threshold. She is just being given the opportunity to knock on the door. Her latest success *Suzy*, with Franchot Tone and Cary Grant, gives a first glimpse of some of the plans of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization for her future. They intend to build her career to reach dramatic heights, and slowly and cautiously they are beginning to shape it already. One of the important men in the executive group of the studio told me this a few weeks ago.

Jean is aware, I am sure, of the significance of all of this. She realizes that it is going to take a good deal of study and hard work to enter that door leading to the broader horizon of her career, and once inside it, even more work and study to remain there. That's why she is going to think several times several before she follows the impulses of her heart that lead to marriage.

I HAVE often wondered what the experiences of her last two marriages meant to Jean.

"They gave me a great respect for men," she told me. "Paul Bern and Hal Rosson were kind, gentle men and very fine persons. Some girls come away from marriage with torn dreams . . . disillusionment. I was left a rich heritage. A profound respect for men."

The day I spent an hour with Jean in her home, we talked about many things. Bill Powell . . . her career . . . her mother, whom she worships, and who, incidentally, is a very handsome woman, always beautifully groomed.

We also talked about her hair which is now a lightish golden brown. On the screen and off it casts a softer glow to her face. But that's a superficial thing, after all. The softer glow to her face is a reflection of a change going on inside of Jean Harlow, the young woman. It's something mental, and something of spirit, too. She is maturing. She is bridging admirably the first and second periods of her life and career.

I can't help but feel that the friendship and association of William Powell have had much to do with the change in Jean also. Jean is facile, and absorbing, as pointed out before. Powell's position of stellar eminence . . . his long and varied experience in motion pictures . . . all of these forces are bound to have effect upon Jean. They are the rich gifts of friendship which Bill Powell brings to her. And she does not accept them lightly or casually. They mean a great deal to her. They are bringing to her a broader perspective on her own work, on herself.

"Bill and I don't talk shop in the strict sense of the word," she expressed. "But, naturally, there's no escaping picture talk . . . discussions of work . . . different characters in stories . . . how best to play

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"It's Fun to Be Crazy Sometimes—" Hugh Herbert

[*Continued from page 37*]

something I really do—in real life. Always have, ever since I was a kid. I'm not acting when I do it—see—it's *me*. I do it when I'm embarrassed, when I'm self-conscious. And I'm easily embarrassed, and often self-conscious—like now. So I sort of always put my finger tips together and somehow I feel that I won't slip away from myself."

S'truth. He really does do the hand business in real life. I can take my oath on it—for I saw him do it, unconsciously, half a dozen times during the afternoon. I said, then: "But that—er—noise you make—that 'wo—wo—wo'—whence springs that most amazin' series of sounds?"

"That comes natural, too," said Hugh. "When I was a boy I used to go like that when my Dad licked me. I discovered that in the midst of the trouncing I could alleviate the force of the blows by going 'wo—wo—' like that. I'd look around at my Dad to see what had happened to him and I'd find him with tears in his eyes. And when I discovered that they were tears of helpless laughter I knew that I was a made man. I realized that I had a weapon in my hands which was mightier than the pen or the sword."

"But the drumming on your own nose with your own fingers," I asked. "How'd you think that up?"

"That," said Mr. Herbert, gravely, "arises from sheer force of necessity. When I am being the Eminent Author, when I am writing, when my desk is so littered with manuscripts and notes that there is no room for me to drum on my desk as all worthy authors do, I resort to expedient and drum on my nose. Why not? It serves the same purpose."

"And the—ah—the drunks you play on the screen," I said bluntly, "do you get your characterizations by watching other gentlemen in the throes of intoxication, or—"

"I just copy my—I mean, I watch other fellows," said Hugh—and this was one of the times when he did the patty-cake business with his hands.

"IT must be kinda fun," I said, "to be considered—ah—sort of crazy. You can get away with so much, you know . . ."

"Well," said Mr. Herbert, "yes and no to that. It's relaxin' at times. Of course tax collectors and people who want to talk politics and boll weevils and such—you can sort of slip from under, you know. On the other hand, when you're signing contracts and trying to convince producers that you are a Hamlet at heart—kind of sober things, you know—it's a drawback.

"It's tiresome at times, too. My wife (I've been married to the same girl for twenty-one years, by the way)—my wife thinks I'm funny on the screen. She laughs her head off at me in pictures. She doesn't laugh at me at home. And when she went shopping just the other day she was annoyed. She was standing at a counter. She made her purchases, gave her name and address to the sales girl and then a voice near her at the same counter said audibly: 'It must be awful to be married to a nut like Hugh Herbert . . . I don't think he's really all there, you know.'

"Or like the other day—I was driving down Hollywood Boulevard in my car—every inch the rancher and the gentleman.

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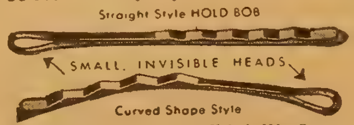

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I stopped at an intersection and put my hand out in the most modish-motorist manner. And I heard a man laugh and say loudly, 'That guy Herbert is as big a nut off the screen as he is on!'

"Sort of gets you confused, you know. You wonder . . . 'a nut or not a nut, that is the question.'

"AS a matter of actual fact and if it's the low-down you're after and although I am averse to talking about myself or revealing my private life—as a matter of inside information I am NOT a 'funny man' at home. Comics seldom are, you know. Do you know Chaplin? Well, you wouldn't exactly consider him a cut-up off the screen, would you?"

"I said I would not—and I recalled how Charles Butterworth had once said to me, 'I am really tempestuous at heart'—and how El Brendel had mourned bitterly that he had no sex appeal and how Sterling Holloway had said, with hurt in his eyes, 'Girls always laugh at me'—and how Charles Ruggles had wept large crocodile tears over the death of one of his little puppies."

"I am not," said Hugh Herbert, "the clown with the breaking heart—but only for the reason that I have nothing to break my heart over. I am happily married. I am sufficiently successful. I have my home. But I am Irish and if a break of heart should be indicated my heart could break second to none.

"I am not 'the Life of the Party' type. I am usually very quiet at parties. Now and then I kid around, of course. But it is the exception, not the rule. Now and then, of course, I am my own Uncle Charley. But you don't know Uncle Charley. I'll introduce you. It's like this . . . I have a set of false teeth. I have a machinaw several sizes too large for me. I have a hat that hits my ears. All right, a party will be in progress. I'll slip away, having been so quiet that my absence goes unnoted. Presently the front doorbell will peal and there will be my Uncle Charley, arrived from distant parts. My wife will greet him with joy. He will be introduced everywhere, the pretty girls will be asked to kiss him. The guests will be stricken with embarrassment—for me. What a blow, they will think, to have to acknowledge Uncle Charley. Poor Uncle Charley," smiled Hugh, "he's dead now—but he was fun during his life time.

"But there are all the other times, when I am not a clown at all, when I am myself, a serious man. By a man's tastes," said Hugh, "should a man be gauged."

AND if such be true, I learned, then here is where we debunk the legend that Hugh Herbert is "as big a nut off the screen as he is on." For he is a writer, you know, as well as an actor. When, on the screen, you see the name *F. Hugh Herbert,* as author or co-author of a film you will know that Hugh has put the "F" there—and not for fun.

HE was saying: "I should like, really, to get away from being crazy on the screen. Of course I know that most of the happy people of the world are in the asylums, still, even they think they are Napoleon. I didn't begin my professional life as a nut. I began by being an off-stage voice. It was in the pre-historic days of talking pictures. I stood off-stage and read the lines for all of the male characters in the picture. A stock company in Fall River, Mass., heard my varied performances and offered me a job. I did all sorts of things after that, comedy, drama, stage directing, writing. Murray Roth and

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I co-authored *Lights of New York,* you know, the first all-talking picture for the screen. I also wrote *The Great Gabbo.* Writing is awfully hard work.

"Anyway, I should like to do the comedy-drama sort of thing on the screen. The kind of a character Wally Beery does so well, for instance. In *Love Begins at Twenty* I played a sort of poor hen-pecked husband and I proved to my own satisfaction, at least, that I can appear on the screen *without being laughed at.* No Napoleon after Waterloo ever felt a greater sense of conquest than I did when I went to the pre-view and, drumming on my nose, crouched in my back-row seat, waited in fear and trembling for *the laugh that didn't come.* Maybe it was before Waterloo I mean wo—wo—wo!

"So many plain old fellows," said Hugh (going patty-cake fiercely now), "are such heart-breaking characters, the kind of characters I'd like to play—and make the world realize what they're all about. Like awhile ago a crowd of my old fellow vaudevillians happened to be in town. I asked a crowd of them to come out and spend Sunday with us, have turkey and some drinks and all. They nearly broke my heart. They didn't know it. That was it. I knew dam' well some of them hadn't eaten in days. I knew that they were rather more than 'between engagements,' vaudeville being what it is, times what they are. But do you think one of them let on to me that he wasn't sitting on top of the heap?

"No ma'am. They all patronized me. They swaggered. They spoke of 'temporary lay-offs.' They glanced around my place and said 'awfully nice, old man, thinking of having a little place of my own some day, can't decide whether to run it up in the East or out here . . . very nice, though, very nice' . . . things like that.

"AND here is a story that should wring your heart. It did mine. On one of my recent trips to New York I ran into a fellow who had been my manager in the old days. He was responsible, in fact, for many of my Broadway engagements and also for my first job in Hollywood. He'd been a Big Shot. I'd heard that things were bad with him—but not from him. He was full of vim and vigor. I asked him to have a drink with me. He said that the drinks were on him, I was the visiting Elk, wasn't I? He ordered beers. I had a couple of high balls. Then he laid down a five-dollar bill. That was all right, then. The tales I'd heard must have been false. He had used up the fiver. I suggested another round. He said no, no, he'd had enough. He said how swell things were going, how busy he was, putting on a show for Billy Rose, this and that job. I went on to the Lambs Club. There I ran into another chap who knew us both. I told him about meeting my erstwhile manager. I said, 'How's he been doing?' My friend at the Lambs shook his head. 'Pretty bad, I guess,' he said, 'but he's all right for tonight, anyway—*I loaned him five bucks this morning.*'

"That's the kind of character I'd like to play," said Hugh Herbert, "the broken-down, human, gallant sort of fellow who, like all down-and-out actors, never cries 'Wolf,' starves with his head in the air and a lie on his mouth. Maybe they're nuts, too, chaps like that. But they're the kind of chaps that make me think; 'the more I see of dogs the better I like men'—and I like dogs, too."

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Lost Horizon—Facts About a Fantasy

[*Continued from page* 41]

eyes that suggested that he had looked upon something that few men had ever seen, had lost it, but hoped to find it again. There were countless possibilities for the other rôles (so Capra thought then) but Colman was the only possibility for the rôle of *Conway*. He went to Colman, interested him in the part.

He did not choose the rest of the cast until a few weeks before the start of production. In fact, he did not fill two important rôles until the picture was nearly finished. And, in his casting, he did an unheard-of thing for a producer with two million dollars at stake. With the exceptions of Colman and Edward Everett Horton (who was "written into" the script), he did not choose any player with a box-office name. Instead, for every rôle, he sought a player who could *be* that character. That did not make the casting easy.

BUT finding a cast was simple, compared to the task of finding ways to picturize Shangri-La. Hilton placed Shangri-La in Tibet, land of mystery, which has been seen by few white men. Capra had to search for one of those few. He found Harrison Forman, explorer, adventurer, who had been lucky enough to penetrate the Forbidden Land and get out alive—with photographs. Forman gave him clues to native types, native settings, native customs.

So far as anyone knows, America does not have a single Tibetan immigrant. Forman went exploring over the whole West Coast of America. And he was practically home again—only 150 miles from Hollywood—when he found what he was seeking. Mission Indians, on the obscure Pala Reservation, *did* look like Tibetans. They are the natives of Shangri-La in *Lost Horizon.*

There are no Tibetan clothes in America, no Tibetan implements, no Tibetan houses. They all had to be made, by the hundreds. That task alone was monumental. But the settings were the most baffling problem. First and foremost was the monastery of Shangri-La—of an architecture unlike any ever seen on earth. That had to be built. Covering several acres on the Columbia Ranch in the San Fernando Valley, this one set cost $250,000. That gives you a small hint of its magnificence. . . . Then there was the peaceful native village beside a beautiful lake in "the Valley of the Blue Moon." This village was built, and this lake made, in Sherwood Forest, forty miles from Hollywood.

When all the settings had been discovered or built, when all the Tibetan types had been found, when all of the Tibetan houses and clothes and implements had been made, and Capra was positive that he could go from scene to scene without delay—then he began casting.

HE already had Colman for the rôle of *Conway,* and Horton for the rôle of *Lovett,* the jittery fossil-collector. But no one else. For the rôle of *Sondra,* with whom *Conway* has an idyllic romance in Shangri-La, he wanted a beautiful girl, not familiar to movie audiences, who could not only be ethereal, but could sing, play the piano, ride horseback, swim and—who would be willing to study the violin. He considered a dozen young actresses, finally chose Jane Wyatt of Broadway, remem-

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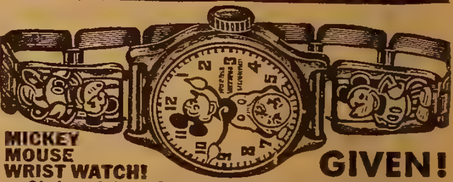

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bered on the screen in *Great Expectations*. (This character does not appear in the novel; she is a fascinating addition to the film.)

Capra decided that John Howard, comparatively new to films, fitted the part of *Conway's* younger brother, *George*, who rebels against staying in Shangri-La. (In the novel, he is less dramatic—being *Conway's* assistant, not brother.) After her memorable bit as the condemned seamstress in *A Tale of Two Cities*, Capra wanted no one but Isabel Jewell for the rôle of *Gloria*, embittered girl of the streets, who regains her health and beauty in Shangri-La. (This character is a missionary in the novel, and far less dramatic.) Thomas Mitchell, author and stage actor, but completely new to films, became *Barnard*, the fugitive swindler. Slender, ascetic-looking H. B. Warner became *Chang*, the lama who welcomes the overwhelmed strangers to Shangri-La. Hugh Buckler, typically English, became *Lord Gainsford*, to whom *Conway* unfolds his strange, unforgettable story. For the rôle of the High Lama, the mysterious figure three hundred years old, who explains Shangri-La to *Conway* (and to you), Capra wanted an actor with a magnificent voice. He chose Henry B. Walthall; Walthall died. His second choice was A. E. Anson, venerable English actor; Anson died. Capra began the picture, and nearly finished it, before he found his High Lama—Sam Jaffe . . .

The picture started, too, with no one chosen for the rôle of *Maria*, beautiful inmate of Shangri-La who looks twenty, although legend has it that she is sixty. Hilton himself was responsible for the choice of Margo for the part. On his way from England to Hollywood he saw her in the stage version of *Winterset*, met her, decided that she had the agelessness that he had tried to depict in *Maria*, and told Capra . . .

AFTER two long pictures, a lesser man than Ronald Colman might have flinched at the prospect of another—especially one that would last five months. That is a long time to concentrate on one characterization. And he was tired when he started work. But Shangri-La—and Capra—revived him. He became rested in the serene surroundings, gained weight.

He was a far friendlier, less remote Colman than anyone expected. For Colman, he was talkative—from everyone to Director Capra to his stand-in, Buddy Roosevelt, former stunt man. He even made up to Malibu, the deer (late of *Sequoia*), which strolls about the Valley of the Blue Moon. He assisted at the unexpected birth of a camel on location. He enjoyed singing (for the first time before any microphone), amusing the Tibetan children and *Sondra*. He revealed to Jane Wyatt, new to autograph-hunters, that he has four distinct signatures—one for general autographs, one for checks, one for more intimate autographs, and one for contracts—thus fooling any forgers. He laughed at the prediction of Tatsumbie, Indian prophetess, that he would marry again—after he retires from the screen. He refused to look at "rushes" of his scenes, and confessed that the reason was—self-consciousness. He gave a huge party to celebrate the finish of the picture, then laughed at the joke on himself, when the shooting continued for three days more.

The scene he enjoyed most? Probably the sensitive love scene between Jane Wyatt and himself in which the camera focussed on *the backs of their necks*, with their profiles revealed at the finish. That was something different in love scenes, after sixteen years!

[*Continued on page 79*]

IT STARTED WITH A "COMMON COLD"!

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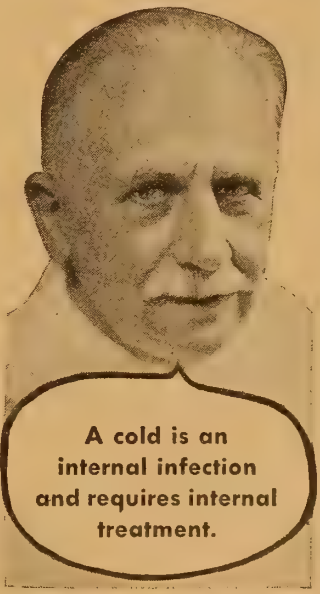
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Hollywood's Most Civilized Marriage

[*Continued from page* 35]

and her young man had better avoid marriage, indulge in an "affair." That is, until she continued to think about it in the privacy of her room. Later, that night, she crept into Helen's room and changed her vote to one for marriage.

Meanwhile, once-married Douglas sat back and waited. At thirty, he knew that this girl with her English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh blood, was everything that he wanted in life. The son of Edouard Hesselberg, Russian-born composer and concert pianist, and Kentucky's Lena Shackelford, he had managed to stack up his share of adventure. He knew the world and its women. He was born in Macon, Georgia; educated in Germany, United States, Canada. At seventeen, he joined the Army. He did not get to France. After the War he trouped the country in Shakespearean plays and others, was stranded, broke, married, hungry, started a dramatic school in Toronto. In 1928 he landed the Broadway part of *Ace Wilfong* in *A Free Soul.* It brought him recognition.

BY necessity, theatrical success changed Douglas' nomadic existence, although, today, his idea of a vacation is still to hop over to China, or Northern Italy, or take in the Russian Art Festival. The responsibility of fame tied him down, changed his ideals. When he met Helen Gahagan, star of many Broadway successes, in David Belasco's office where he had been summoned for her consideration as a leading man, he met a woman who interested him. As they worked together, he knew he could love her. Why? In the first place, their community of interests. He says:

"If I couldn't love Helen for herself, there would be two or three other interests that would be great enough to sustain our marriage. There is music. We both love good music, we have been schooled in it. My father and her mother instilled in us an appreciation for it. Even if we didn't have physical attraction for each other, and that, of course, is a fundamental part of any marriage, we would still have our bond of music.

"Although I hope," Douglas continued, "that we shall never reach the point in our marriage where music is the only thing that holds us. I hope that we shall be sensible enough to sit down and talk over the thing that has come into our lives that makes marriage intolerable, and that we shall be sane enough to know that if it can't be worked out, that it is best to separate.

"I can't imagine that ever happening to us," said Douglas, considering the fact. "Besides a mutual interest in music, art, books, the theatre, we have our son, Peter. In our marriage, children would tend to hold us together. We believe that in bringing Peter to life we owe him our united lives. Every child is entitled to a mother and father, a home that offers him security in childhood, and contentment."

Peter Gahagan Douglas, aged three this year, was born in Pasadena on October 7th, and enjoyed a pre-natal adventure that, if you believe the fishwives' tales, should mark him with a lust for travel. Shortly before his arrival was predicted, the Douglases, tired with theatre, films, dramatics, tossed aside all existing contracts and went off on a grand tour of the world. Somewhere on the bounding main (on a freighter, of all things), Mrs. Douglas' impending event made itself known. Promptly, Mr. Douglas' stomach got out of hand; he spent a wretched voyage, while his wife, with feminine fortitude, enjoyed a perfect trip.

HOWEVER "civilized" the Gahagan-Douglas union is, it meets the same problems that anyone's marriage does. Temperaments clash, differences arise. Helen Gahagan, wearing an ice-blue satin negligeè, laughs when she declares that she is not at all jealous of the cinema sirens (and some of them are honeys) with whom her husband has worked. Douglas, in open-necked sports shirt and informal slacks, lounging on the hearth's fireside seat, admits that he is susceptible to women. "I'm susceptible to beauty in all forms," he explains. He wouldn't be the artist he is if he were not.

Gahagan, therefore, is tolerant enough not to raise a row when she notes her husband's admiration for the actress with whom he is playing at the moment. He has appeared with Gloria Swanson, Lupe Velez, Claudette Colbert (*She Married Her Boss*—he was the boss; also *The Wiser Sex*), Ann Harding, Garbo (*As You Desire Me*), Mary Astor (*And So They Were Married*), Sylvia Sidney, Virginia Bruce, Barbara Stanwyck, Gail Patrick, and, latest, as one of Joan Crawford's three film lovers in *The Gorgeous Hussy.* Gahagan knows that feminine beauty stimulates him exactly like a lovely melody. And is willing that it should.

Just as important to their "civilized marriage" (we call it that; they don't) is the rational way in which they handle their professional associations. Douglas has directed his wife in two stage plays, *Moor Born* and *Mother Lode.* In the latter he also appeared with her. This could easily become the basis for domestic trouble, if the Douglases didn't treat their professional union objectively.

IT is interesting to note that Douglas does not believe in "marital vacations." If married people are harmoniously disposed toward each other, they don't have to run away to restore peace. It is with regret, then, that he sees his wife return to do a Theatre Guild play (*And Stars Remain* with Clifton Webb) on Broadway this Fall. He would go to New York with her, but Hollywood is making too many demands upon his time . . . two pictures a year for both Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Columbia, besides other assignments. Douglas, who craves to become a screen director, has made several abortive attempts to achieve film fame; deserted the scene just before he finally achieved it. Now, at thirty-six, he feels that he will stay on the job and reap the profits of his current popularity.

Six-feet one and one-half inches tall, blond, topaz-eyed, Douglas thinks that the trivialities that most married couples quarrel over are "unimportant"; that Hollywood's divorce rate is no greater than the social world's; and is entirely in favor of his wife lunching or dining with other men, *if she wants to.* Usually she doesn't want to, which strikes back to the Douglases' initial theory on marriage.

The only time that this enlightened husband became average, middle-class and highly disgusted with his wife was when he watched her, from the audience, as she tossed out gobs of red roses to the San Francisco crowds who were applauding her singing appearance in *The Merry Widow.* They were *his* roses. *His* gift to her.

Lost Horizon—Facts About a Fantasy

[*Continued from page 77*]

In the first seven weeks of production, Jane Wyatt was before the cameras just two-and-a-half minutes. But she was busy during those weeks—learning to play the violin. She had never had a violin in her hands before. But it is Jane you will hear playing in the picture. She worked a major miracle, rehearsing six hours every day to do it.

ISABEL JEWELL, who already has won five new rôles because word of her performance has leaked out, had the unexpected happen to her. The day after she made her first scene, everyone she encountered at the studio told her, "Mr. Capra wants to see you." She dreaded the worst; she thought she had lost her part. Capra told her. "Sorry, Miss Jewell—but we've got to shoot over those scenes you made yesterday. You were too beautiful. You were supposed to look ill, dying. And the cameraman made you ethereal." Isabel gasped, telling the story later, "Imagine anybody calling *me* 'too beautiful'."

Edward Everett Horton conceived a name for his Encino estate during the making of the picture, announced it to the company, and was greeted with laughter. He looked pained. "I'm the most misunderstood man in Hollywood! I give my estate a fine old Elizabethan name—and everybody laughs. I'll have you know that the spelling is B-e-l-l-e-i-g-h Acres."

John Howard, one of those candid-camera fiends, snapped one of the rarest shots in Hollywood history—a photo of Ronald Colman eating a hot dog, which, by the way, Colman bet Howard he could not get. And then someone stole John's camera, before the shot could be developed! . . . From all appearances, however, he derived considerable consolation from the company of Margo. They were together constantly between scenes, rehearsing their screen romance. And you could hardly blame John, when a connoisseur like James Montgomery Flagg, visiting the set, called her "a Mona Lisa of Youth."

BUT the scene that brought tears even to the eyes of Capra, himself, was the scene in which the High Lama dies, leaving the fate of Shangri-La in the hands of the long-awaited *Conway*. The mysterious old man is veiled in shadows, a light upon his face. Out of the shadows comes this magnificent voice, telling the dream of an idealist; the light gradually fades, until at the end the face is but a shadowed mask. The old man is dead.

Some of the most idyllic love scenes ever made are in this picture, which is an idyll in itself—an idyll of a man who does not know what he is seeking from life, but has a vision of that something in a magic land named Shangri-La, forfeits it, then wants nothing but to recapture it again.

It is one of the most imaginative pictures ever made—in plot, in settings, and in dialogue. It has adventure, romance, laughter, tears, rare beauty. And it has a deep humanity. Because on every scene was laid the magic touch of Frank Capra—of whom Tatzumbie, the prophetess, says; "He will become the greatest film director of all, then add to his fame by writing a stage play that will create a world sensation."

What does she mean—"Will become"? He is already! *Lost Horizon* is the proof.

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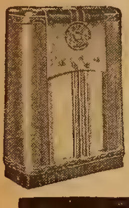

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The Fall and Rise of Michael Whalen

[*Continued from page 42*]

him to kick and scream against practising, like other children of respectable families. He had fooled them. He had begged eventually to become a concert pianist. But a concert pianist in the Shovlin family! A sissy with long hair and always-clean fingers! He could hear his father bellowing his contempt above the roar of the wheels which were now speeding him toward New York City. No sir—Joseph Shovlin was to become a hod-carrier in his father's contracting business and work his way up. But the young pianist could bellow also—and it brought a compromise. Woolworth's would not disgrace either side.

HE didn't remember just when he first saw the picture of Eva La Gallienne. He didn't know just when a yearning for the stage began to replace one for the piano. But he did know he had saved every possible penny to meet *her*—to help toward the time when he would be whirling toward that mysterious land of back-stage. Well, the past was over. He would even take a new name! He must have a name which would spell romance and danger and excitement. Michael Whalen! The name of his grandfather, his mother's father. He had always admired his grandfather—ten children; mayor of Avoca, Pennsylvania. A big fellow with dare-devil ideas. At least, this was a name which his 79 cousins would recognize!

When the train reached New York City, Joseph Shovlin had died and Michael Whalen had been born. A plodder had passed away; a gambler had come to life. It was too late to see Eva La Gallienne that evening but he went the next night and the following matinee. She was more wonderful in person than she had been in the newspaper. He asked for an audition for the Junior players and was told to report at eleven the next morning.

Michael Whalen sat in the front row of a cold theatre waiting for the curtain to rise upon his dream woman! When it went up, she sat there alone. He had to cross the entire stage to reach her. Awkward. Untutored. Nervous.

"What have you done?" He heard that magical voice of La Gallienne's which has thrilled so many.

"Noth-nothing." A stutter in his voice, which was experienced only in giving orders to five-and-ten cent store employees.

"Read this rôle, please. It is an old grandfather who is speaking."

Of course, he couldn't do it. He knew nothing of querrulous, old grandfathers. He knew nothing of reading lines for the theatre. Yet, *she* was before him. He must not let her slip from him. Michael Whalen! The gambler! As he remembered, he heard a voice begin to wise-crack. Jokes. Irish ones. They fell from his lips as easily as beautiful prose from a trained political speaker's. Eva La Gallienne unbent. Her eyes showed faint twinkles. Within a few moments, she was laughing loudly.

"Now, I'll show her I have poise," that inner voice of the gambler instructed. He turned so elegant that his best friends would not have recognized him as either Joseph Shovlin or Michael Whalen. This was the end for La Gallienne. She all but rolled on the floor and she signed him for her Repertory Theatre.

Now, if anyone had told Joseph Shovlin in Pennsylvania he would spend an

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entire year playing even the smallest rôles with Eva La Gallienne—he would have been unable to eat or to sleep from the thrill of anticipation. But the reality was disappointing!

Eight years later, he said, "I lost all my illusions. I think the biggest reason was because they insisted upon my using broad "A's." They were so affected. I will not be anything but myself! Why isn't the regular American "A" good enough for the theatre? I couldn't take it, got a little work singing on the radio, went broke and was going back home when I met James Montgomery Flagg. I posed for him for three years."

This is all he ever said of this one year in the theatre, but it is not difficult to understand the suffering of a young man who had saved $1800 to meet one woman; to seek one career—only to find the $1800 gone, the "one woman" not seeing him as the "one man," and to discover the theatre a world of reality rather than phantasy.

Just when Michael Whalen was wandering the streets of New York, wondering whether to return to his Joseph Shovlin personality—wondering if his lucky number would ever turn up, then he met Mr. Flagg, who looked at the Irishman's deep-set eyes, windy hair and full mouth and said casually, "You are just what I need. Come and work for me."

And this friendship brought the fullness to living which the theatre had taken from it. It brought not only work but social contacts and mental freedom. Eventually, it even relieved bitterness for the stage, and Michael headed for Hollywood to "crash" on his own. He had social introductions from Artist Flagg which admitted him to the best motion picture homes; he had not a single professional recommendation.

He stood on the top of one of Paramount's sound stages and looked beneath him. Sylvia Sidney was there and Rita Carewe and other lovely girls. He laughed. He had danced with Sylvia the previous night. If she looked up! But she wouldn't recognize him because she would not be expecting to see the social Mr. Whalen sweeping stages as a common laborer! His mind flashed back to the train carrying him to New York—and the train carrying him from New York City to Hollywood. He had been tested at every studio. He had spent a year in the stock company at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He had appeared in plays from the Pasadena Community Playhouse to Canada. Yesterday had been the day when he had to eat. So now he was sweeping sound stages. A common laborer. No—not a common one. He'd be darned if he was! And as soon as he'd saved enough, he'd be dancing with Sylvia Sidney again. Another play would come along—

HE was cast by Jim Timmony—yes, Mae West's Jim—in his first little theatre play, *Common Flesh*. No pay but experience. Almost nine years invested now in experience. But the wheel would turn—it had to turn. Michael walked home after each performance. He came down one morning and caught a wistful look in his landlady's eye. A soft-spoken, sweet woman, his landlady. Michael didn't pay for his room; he worked for it—doing odd jobs—even to helping with the housekeeping. But you'd never know it, the nice way she treated him. There were tears in her eyes now, as she looked at him. "We sold this house yesterday; we're moving out this afternoon. I'm awfully sorry, but you can't sleep here tonight, Michael."

Michael didn't say anything; he couldn't. He returned to his room, packed his things,

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slipped his hand in his pocket and pulled out his capital. Twenty-seven cents. No place to sleep—no money on which to eat and a job which paid him nothing. He walked to the theatre for a rehearsal, drew his hand from his pocket and showed his twenty-seven cents to a friend. "That's my stake in life, my boy—"

A messenger hurried through the door. "Mr. Michael Whalen, please?"

Michael jingled the coins in his palm. "Yes. What is it, son?"

"I'm from 20th Century-Fox. Mr. Zanuck says you're to come at once. They're going to sign you on a contract."

WHALEN laughed—tossed the coins into the air and caught them. He had struck his lucky number. Almost nine years since he had dictated his resignation at the Woolworth company—nine years of waiting for his lucky number—

His eyes softened suddenly. He had remembered. Out at the 20th Century-Fox lot was a lady, Lilyan Barclay, who had charge of the teaching of Shirley Temple and who scouted for talent. She had seen him in his first and last plays in California. She had never given up trying. Five tests had failed at 20th Century-Fox. This last one—

He knew how she had talked to casting director, Lou Schreiber, to persuade him to make it. She knew how Schreiber had lied to producer Daryll Zanuck to help him. One of those old tests had crept onto the screen by mistake when Zanuck had gone into the projection room to see his work.

"Who in hell is that?" Zanuck had demanded angrily.

"I don't know. Some mug trying to get in," Schreiber had answered. And when the new test, arranged by Miss Barclay and Mr. Schreiber swung onto the screen, Mr. Zanuck had not recognized him as the same fellow who was in the other!

He stuck the coins in his pocket and followed the messenger toward the car. A contract, hey? Well, it had taken nine years. But when luck struck once it would strike again. It has. *Professional Soldier, Song and Dance Man, The Country Doctor, The Mercy Killer*—and lastly, *Sing, Baby, Sing*. He walked into the lunch room and saw Alice Faye. He stopped instantly. "When luck strikes twice, it strikes a third time," he murmured.

Ten Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

Harold Lloyd

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The Tragic Story Behind Mary Astor's Diary

[*Continued from page* 71]

her. "Isn't Hollywood a good enough place for your baby to be born?"

She answered shyly. "Don't think I'm silly, but I wanted *her* to come into the world in the most perfect surroundings I could find. *I wanted her to open her eyes and see beauty first!* There will be so much ugliness for her to see later on, but I do think I owe it to her to be born as beautifully as possible!"

They claimed in court, those lawyers with their cruel words, that Mary Astor was not a fit person to bring up her child. They hadn't heard her then, as I heard her.

And now, as the silent pictures used to say, we skip over a few years. I have been busy. I haven't seen much of Mary except on the screen. I read about the sad family squabbling that brought her into court, and the divorce suit that Dr. Thorpe won last year without a contest, and I heard whispers of other romances. But when I was told these things of Mary, I saw before the eyes of my memory a frantic girl, demanding, "What will happen to me now with Kenneth gone? *I needed him so!*"

Mary Astor has told in court why she allowed that first cruel decree that took the custody of her child away from her. She was trying to save other people from threatened scandal and notoriety. Perhaps she even thought that she cared more for these "other people" than for the wide-eyed, dimpled little girl she was giving up. But she did not think that long.

During the nine days wonder of the Astor "diary trial" people all over the country asked one question. Why, knowing the wretchedness that would be dragged into the light of day for the world to see, *why* did Mary Astor reopen the case and demand full ownership of Marylyn? Didn't she know that it might mean the ending of her career on the screen?

Don't think for a moment that Mary Astor did not know that! She has lived too long in Hollywood. She has seen scandal drive too many stars heartbroken from promising careers into oblivion. She went into that courtroom and faced the torture of the witness chair with eyes wide open. Wide open as they were that day, long ago, when she considered calmly the loss of her career through motherhood, balanced all that it meant of ease and luxury and fame against the aching need of a little warm helpless bundle in her arms, and chose a baby instead of Hollywood!

I'm not trying to defend Mary Astor. Perhaps she doesn't need any defense, I don't know! Most human beings are parents, even if they haven't any children. Perhaps they have guessed the motive that brought this slim, white faced mother into the barren ugliness of a court, to face cameras that were not friendly like those of the studios. Perhaps, already in their hearts they have said as it was said before, "To those who love much, much will be forgiven. . . ."

But, I do know this, because I, too, am of Hollywood. It took *courage* for Mary Astor to do what she has done. Courage that few women would have had to face the world and say, "I don't care! I'll take the risks! Do with my career what you will, only give me back my baby! She's worth more than anything else in the world."

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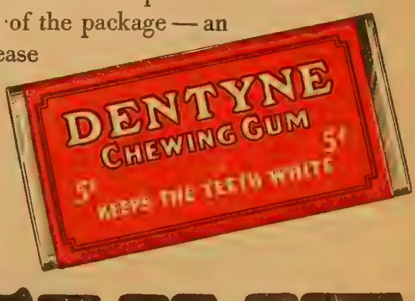

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The Quints Talk!!

[*Continued from page* 51]

in following scenes, who must catch any discrepancies in the small movements of the adult characters in this production, holds a stop watch on every movement. Minutes count—considering that every one of them cost the studio five hundred dollars—and that exclusive of the ten thousand dollars an hour the Quints receive for their government-controlled fund.

ONLY four persons are allowed in close proximity to the five toddling Dionnes. The director, the cameraman, the gaffer (electrician), and the sound man. The rest of the crew is a hundred feet away, doing their tasks at long range. All are so quiet that their breaths are whispers in their throats. They work with such concentration that you can almost see their taut nerves.

Outside the high wire fence enclosing the Hospital and its grounds are milling thousands. They are a small percentage of the full million who have come this summer to this outpost of the Canadian wilderness to pay homage to a miracle and to the efficiency of medical science—and to the courage and hope of one man—Dr. Allan R. Dafoe, the country doctor in real life.

It is a strange scene—an overwhelming scene. From North Bay, a distance of some ten miles, the scene of the Quintuplet birth is approached over slender, winding, paved roads. Ten years ago when I was a frequent visitor here, the roads were rutted and rough; the forest encroached to the very edge. Now there are clearings—tourist camps by the dozen have mushroomed—all decorated with the sign of Five Little Girls who have brought prosperity and renown to this region.

Callander is approached. A town of wind-whipped clap-board houses a year ago—now it is incongruous with its new oil stations to feed the steady stream of automobiles from the four corners of the compass; with its new tea-rooms, its souvenir shops; with its blaring advertising signs of fruits and tobaccos and baby foods. Canned goods. Things to wear. Things to eat. Places to visit.

Only one sturdy land-mark remains—Dr. Dafoe's two-story brick house, with its welcoming veranda, with its saggingly comfortable rocker; with its benevolent trees in the yard. As benevolent as the sturdy Doctor himself.

Oliva Dionne's new business venture—a souvenir shop—is across the road from the Nursery which a kindly government built for his five daughters. Tight around the stand are hundreds—pushing, shoving, curious to get inside. Patiently waiting interminable hours to get to an alcove in the store where Papa Dionne sits autographing pictures of his daughters at twenty-five cents a throw. Two other souvenir places compete with him—that conducted by Mme. Donalda Legros and Mme. Ben Lebel, the two midwives who delivered the first three babies before Dr. Dafoe arrived.

Raucous and loud and commercial—these Meccas of Souvenir hunters.

A stone's throw away is the Dionne homestead, birthplace of the Quints. As shabby, as careworn as it was before Fame turned its searchlight upon its pitifulness. And behind drawn blinds sits Elzire Dionne, the mother, hiding away from curiosity.

Behind a high wire fence directly across from it is an unpretentious bungalow—the Quint Hospital-Nursery. It is self-effacing, cheerful—and somehow satisfying. There is peace around it—even in the midst of six or eight or ten thousand people clamoring at its gates.

THE public gets an excellent view of the Quints. A covered, windowed corridor has been constructed around two sides of the Quint playground. Twenty abreast the crowd waits for the two hours a day during which the children are on display. In groups of thirty they are admitted through a guarded gate, and permitted to stand a moment at the windows. Silver screens on the windows block out the wondering throngs from the sight of the Quints. They play in their sand-pile, or in their pool, or on the six-foot platform to which they climb like small, active monkeys.

There is no disturbance as the thousands file by. There is very little conversation. This might be a Shrine, a Holy Place, a place of consecration. Women with eyes puckered by the years; glowing brides and grooms; middle-class families with their children in tow—they are all here. A cross section not only of a country, but of the human heart and life itself.

This is the scene, then, into which the company of actors come. The fervor catches at them, pulls at them. When they go through the private gate leading to the hospital, they too, are silent. Waiting, watching.

The first sequence which Taurog seeks to make is of the five in their playground. The studio wardrobe, designed and made for the Quints in Hollywood, has been brought out hours earlier. Their initial costume are postage-size sun-suits, blue with white stripes, backless—with bonnets and white shoes.

The Quints are brought out by their nurses—survey the scene with curious and round eyes. Jean Hersholt dangles his watch. They come to him. It is nice to believe that they sense in him an old friend. Dorothy Peterson, too, seems to attract them. Rochelle, in her red print dress with bangles on it, is a target for the attention of Emilie and Annette.

Rochelle, who said before she arrived in Callander that she wasn't going to be excited, is breathless with wonder; she seems afraid to hold them close, to even touch them.

THE Quints gurgle. Yvonne tried to pour water into her sand-sifter. Marie climbs the platform, and sits down very suddenly. Should she cry? She decides a smile will do as well. Cecile, the quiet one, is off to one side, speculating on all the strange faces.

Dr. Dafoe is everywhere. He has only one thought—to watch the Quints and the clock. Taurog gives few directions. There is almost telepathic understanding between him and his assistants. The movements of all the company is miraculously synchronized.

And the camera grinds on—as the precious minutes allotted fade away!

The Quints chatter—in that remarkable jargon of theirs.

"Regardez" (look) is distinguished. And "Le Docteur" time and again. And "non" —a word every baby learns almost at once. The Quints are being taught French first—their parents' tongue.

The hour is gone! The paraphernalia of picture-making disappears as if by magic. The first scenes of the Quints for their second picture have been shot!

And the Quints are bundled out of their Hollywood costumes—while they prattle away. Probably exchanging ideas about that curious place called HOLLYWOOD! And the wonders it performs!

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—And What Does Bill Powell Have to Say?

[*Continued from page* 33]

along with Jean, on a big house-party in the northern California mountains, not long ago. And hiking through the woods, Jean, one day, just prattled about Bill, as sweethearts will. And she revealed that, although she has met and known many men, and married three of them, that for the first time in her life she has learned what real love is and what it means. Bill has taught her. The other men were complementary to her, in their way and in their time (and this is not derogatory, in any sense, to any of them). But it is Bill Powell who, for the first time, has awakened in her the realization of real love.

"He is," Jean said, simply, "the most wonderful man I have ever known. He has humor, understanding, intelligence and—above all—tolerance. He is the most wonderful sweetheart a girl could have." (Odd, isn't it, how her words parallel those of Carole Lombard, Bill's most recent wife? Says Carole, of Bill: "He is the most wonderful ex-husband a girl could have.")

AS FOR Bill, himself—well, you may as well ask the Sphinx to tell you the latest gossip from Hollywood as ask Bill to talk about his romance! Bill's no snooty question-evader, mind you. "I realize that, in return for what they have given me, I owe my public myself," he admits. "Not only myself on the screen, but myself when I'm not in front of the camera." And so, in fair exchange, he gives his fans as great an insight into his offscreen life and thoughts as any star in Hollywood. BUT—that stops short at the Love-Line. "I feel," explains Bill, fairly and flatly, "that there is a proper decency lacking in the man who can parade his heart's emotions flagrantly and flamboyantly."

And that is final. And so Bill will not—and does not—talk about Jean Harlow.

But I was going to tell you about the fortune-teller, wasn't I? He is the man known to all Hollywood as the seer who has, for more than a decade, prophesied many of the things that came to pass.

That same fortune-teller said, not long ago: "Jean and Bill Powell have a deep, wonderful, rich love between them. It is good for them. But they have their careers, too. If they are careful of the precious love between them, they will find happiness throughout 1936—*but they must not marry!* They must not wed in 1936. Then, in 1937, they will find *their year!* If they wait until 1937 to marry, they will find all the happiness they can dream." Maybe—who knows?—Jean and Bill are heeding that fortune teller's words . . .

I've told you as much as I can about Jean and Bill, now. Now let me tell you about just Bill—one of the grandest, "regularest" fellows in Hollywood. He's a man, who, despite secure stardom, doesn't put on any of the airs that stardom breeds in so many others. Bill's no newcomer, though—Bill's a veteran of the screen. Bill's seen stars come and go. He's seen how precarious is the spot he's perched on. Bill's got no illusions about stardom, and he even kids it and himself. I recall the crack he made at a studio worker one day—

The man was chinning with Bill. (Bill likes to talk with the humblest workers on the set.) "I've been a lot of things," the man told Bill; "I've been a grip, assistant electrician, make-up man, errand boy, sweeper-up . . ."

"I see," grinned Powell, "you've been everything from a movie star UP, eh?"

Unlike other stars, Bill wants no yes-men about. The people he most likes to work with are those who tell him frankly when they think he's wrong, or done a poor bit of work. Of a certain publicity man who nearly got in wrong by writing down-to-earth copy about Powell once, Bill said: "I like that guy—because he writes the truth about me, and not hooey." The man kept his job.

Even more than stardom and its poses, Bill laughs at the fictitious Bill Powell that exists. He thinks this "suave, fashion-plate, man-of-the-world, super-sophisticated" stuff is too darned funny... Because, he insists, he's really none of those things. Above all, he swears, he's probably the world's most self-conscious man. Contrast the utterly poised-appearing Powell with this revelation about himself from his own lips:

"All my life I've been in mortal terror of entering a room where a group of people are gathered. I still am, in my private life. BUT—I've had to conquer that fear, or at least the surrender to it, professionally before both the camera and the public.

"I have set out and succeeded in acquiring a *mask of suavity* and polish. I studied everyone I ever saw who appeared at ease in a group of people. I patterned myself after them. And so, today, even though, inwardly, I'm quaking with self-conscious terror in a roomful of people, I can put over the picture of a man-of-the-world with all the suavity and sophistication the rôle demands. I wanted to be an actor."

THIS best-dressed-man reputation he's got, too. That gives Bill a laugh. Because the fact is that there isn't a sloppier dresser in all Hollywood than Bill Powell, when he can do it. At home, in the privacy of his own house and with his very intimate friends about, Bill loves to wander about with a somewhat neglected stubble of whisker, his hair tousled, his legs encased in an ancient and streaked pair of unpressed slacks or old pants, a well-seasoned sweatshirt or polo shirt on, and a pair of comfortably-aged slippers on his feet. Or, if the weather's warm, give him a breech-clout and a cool drink in a patio, and he's contented.

His valet's biggest job is to keep Bill dressed up to the public demand. Bill, if he weren't watched, would answer his own doorbell, dressed like a garbage-man if the mood were on him. It's the valet's job to prevent it—and to insist on his master dressing up for company.

Of course, Bill has the clothes to do it with. Here's a census of his clothes closet, at last peek. (Bill didn't want this published, because he's afraid people will think he's a clothes-dummy when he isn't. Also because he knows he'll get a lot of letters from people who need clothes—and he'd give away his wardrobe. He can't afford to do that, because this wardrobe I'm going to enumerate for you is not his personal, private clothes-closet. It's his stock in trade—it's the tools of his profession, it's the stuff he has to wear on the screen to keep his spot. So don't, please, ask him to divvy up, eh? Promise? Okeh, then—)

Full-dress suits, 5; dinner-jackets (tux, to you) 6; street clothes, business suits, and so on—44; overcoats, 14 (and one all-white one he has never worn); gloves, 39 pairs; sports trousers, 25 (but not one pair of knickers or plus-fours; he hates 'em); hats, 54 (including toppers and the opera-hat things you can pop); neckties, 167; turtle-neck sweaters, a la Gable, 6; sox, 175 pairs; shirts, 63. And one white beret.

To show how utterly these clothes aren't the real Bill himself, but tools of his work, I can tell you that he hasn't the slightest compunction about loaning them to other actors. Just the other day, on the set of *Rich and Reckless*, Gloria Stuart asked Reggie Owen who his tailor was, because his clothes looked so good. "Oh," grinned Reggie, "Bill Powell designed all my clothes." Gloria wanted to know when Bill had gone into the tailor business, and Reggie explained: "I was called into this picture so suddenly I didn't have time to buy a wardrobe—so Bill Powell loaned me his."

AT MGM, that lot of well-liked, regular-guy stars, Bill is one of the best liked of all. Everyone, from the biggest big-shot down to the newest and humblest worker, is his pal. They don't call him Mister Powell, they call him Bill. Or during a picture, they usually call him by the name of the rôle he's playing. Throughout *Ziegfeld* they called him "Ziggie." Many of them still do; it's a nickname that'll probably stick to him a long time.

Always, at about 4 in the afternoon, Bill stands treat on his stage. He sees to it that candies, peanuts, soda pop and sandwiches, hamburgers with onions, cold beer and other pick-me-ups are brought onto the set. Everybody cuts in—and Bill stands the treat. It's a time-honored custom, and nobody'd think of cutting in on Bill's privilege of paying for the works. Then, at the close of every picture, Bill throws a big stage party—

Sylvia Abel, winner of the TWA round trip to Hollywood in our Knitting Contest, being greeted by Sally Martin, our fashion editor, at the airport

In advance, he has arranged with a big-time caterer to move onto the stage as soon as the director yells the final "Cut!" On come tables groaning with swell eats and drinks. Then hilarity kicks Care off the set, and fun begins. Not only those who worked on that picture get in on it, but usually the whole lot—from office workers to workers on all other productions under way. For it's an Old Powell Custom, and everybody knows it, and when any Bill Powell picture is nearing its end, all the MGM-ers make ready to get in on the blowoff. Bill loves it.

But that's about the extent of Bill's party-giving. He hardly, if ever, throws a party at his home. His social life is quiet. He's a splendid guest and a splendid host when he wants to be, but he prefers quiet parties—a few close friends like Ronnie Colman and Warner Baxter and that group. Or a theatre party and a quiet supper with Jean Harlow.

HE'S got one great ambition in life. It's to be a wealthy retired movie star, loafing on the Riviera. He's pretty near the fulfillment of that ambition now—but he can't quite bring himself to actually doing it.

However—*and this is news!*—he has just about completed plans for a brand-new deal—you can call it his *semi-retirement*. It's like this: He feels he has worked long and well—more than ten years of grand pictures for you. He has earned a comfortable fortune, enough to quit on, forever. But he realizes, too, that he owes much to you fans who have given him that fortune. He knows that the mere earning of it is proof that you want him to stay on the screen. So—he plans to semi-retire on an arrangement whereby instead of four to six pictures a year, he will make *only three pictures every two years*.

And you can look, any day now, for the official announcement that Bill Powell has put that plan into effect. And then, maybe, he'll spend the rest of each of those two years when he's not working, loafing on the Riviera.

And maybe Mrs. Powell—nee Harlow—will be doing it with him, eh?

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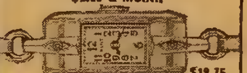
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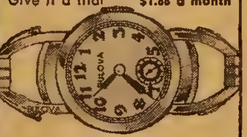
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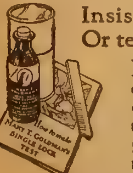

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Happy Ever After—

[*Continued from page* 36]

stress—but a rippling through it of light and shadow, with here and there a little rising inflection of amusement or surprise or emphasis.

"Of course," the voice went on, "you've got to use a certain amount of forethought. You can't just barge into it. But even that part of it's fun. One of the pleasures of building is that you've got to find things out about yourself. You've got to ask yourself what you really like. All your life you may have been hazy about it—rented houses, put up with this and that because it was just for a little while, visited other people's houses and said, 'how beautiful,' when you didn't really think so at all. But here's your own house that you're going to spend the rest of your life in—you hope. So you've got to sit down with yourself and say: 'See here, what do you really want, or don't you know? And if you don't you'd dashed well better find out.'" Remember how she looked in *The Thin Man?*—with warmth under her mockery, and happiness shining steadily under both? That was how she looked now.

"There were two things we knew we'd have to have—plenty of trees to look at and plenty of windows to look at them through. And we finally found the site of an old Spanish ranch, with a little hill to build the house on and a valley and orchard below—lime trees and fruit trees—they've borne their last fruit but they're lovely as ever to have around. Art for art's sake," she laughed.

"Meantime we tried to figure out as best we could the kind of house we wanted—the kind of house in which we could live our particular kind of life. We'd had several sketches submitted to us that looked perfectly beautiful from the outside. But the inside was all wrong. So we decided to build from the inside out—the outside just grew, like Topsy. Luckily for us, it grew to have a very pleasant face that fits the landscape—a kind of farmhouse face, yet the farmhouse thing isn't overdone. It isn't definitely any one type of house—" the smile in her blue eyes deepened to mischief—"—we don't believe in casting houses to type.

"OF course the people who warn you against building are right in this respect—that you're bound to make changes. So we started from a model—had it built to scale as completely as possible, even to interiors—mantels, fireplaces and so on. That way you can make all the changes you like—and save yourself considerable dough." The vernacular on Miss Loy's lips has its own piquancy. It comes rarely but it comes with relish and decision.

"One thing we were bent on—not to have a single room in our house that didn't work, that nobody ever went into. We live a very simple life. We don't need a lot of rooms that a lot of people need in Hollywood to live—no ballroom, no game room, no projection room, no elaborate bar. Every room we planned—something can happen in it—something, I mean, that has to do with the business of everyday living. There are—let me see, how many?—kitchen, pantry, laundry, den, dining-room, living-room—a large living-room—three bedrooms, two maids' rooms and the bathrooms. Outside, a pool and tennis court. We both love to play—and of course one *has* to have a pool. The terrible things one *has* to have," she sighed in self-mockery, leaving unsaid the words: "I know there are plenty of people

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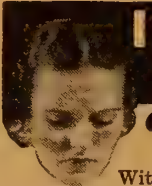

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who manage to be happy without a pool and a tennis court. I could manage, too, if the truth were known.

"Sometimes I think one room's my favorite, sometimes another. I suppose that means I love them all. But I must admit to a sneaking partiality for the dining-room. I loathe formal dining-rooms—the stuffy furniture and the chairs sitting 'round the table, waiting for important people to come in and eat their important meals. I much prefer the French provincial idea, where everything sort of goes on in the one room, and the room keeps something of the human quality of the people who've eaten and laughed and cried and lived there. Well, that wasn't quite feasible for us, so we compromised on plenty of light and air and gayety—a table with wide boards—comfortable chairs—comfortable just to sit in, if you didn't feel like eating and wanted to sit—a huge bay window with the sunlight streaming through—colorful dishes, good to look at as well as to eat from—odd little corners and cupboards and things—" Her voice trailed off. She had left me. She was in her dining-room, gloating over the colored plates against the wall, caressing the wide boards of her table. Then she returned, her eyes still dancing. "I think food tastes so much better in a room like that," she said demurely. "At least, it does to me.

"Is it finished? Good heavens, no. The second story uprights are in place, and they're putting the roof on. Every chance I get, I go over and sit on a keg and watch them. They probably think I'm mad. It's still just a skeleton, but I know it so well that I poke my head through an opening that's going to be a window some day and gaze admiringly at the splinters and plaster and sing: 'Isn't this a charming room?' We hope to be in by Christmas. But with a house, as they say, you never can tell."

THEN what about the rumored honeymoon abroad? She shook her head. "Not this year. In the first place, I've got quite a schedule ahead of me. And besides, we couldn't bear to leave till the house is up. Then we'll be ready to go. *If* we can get our vacations together. We want to see Italy. I didn't have time for it on my last trip. I hated to rush through, so I decided to save it all up for another time—like a dessert. I'm glad now I did," she said in a small, shy voice.

Her professional bark, too, sails through tranquil waters these days. *Nick* and *Nora*—the most popular wedded pair ever known on movie screens—are together again. She's playing opposite Bill Powell in *Libeled Lady*. They'll be teamed after that in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*. "It's such fun playing with Bill," she said. "There's a kind of understanding between us—a give and take. We have much the same slant on life, we laugh at the same things, we like the same kind of people, people like *Nick* and *Nora*, who were human—not all glamor and nobility—with human failings as well as virtues.

"That's what I hated so about the parts I used to play—their lack of humanity. We were talking the other day about the period of depression and discouragement I went through at that time. It wasn't so much the rôles themselves that depressed me as the sense of a barrier between the audience and myself, which I tried so desperately hard to penetrate, and couldn't. I thought there must be something wrong with me—a lack of that mysterious whatever-it-is that photographs or doesn't, that makes you a personality or a dud.

"I remember I'd stare at myself in the mirror and think: 'What a weird looking woman. You don't look human.' And I hadn't wit enough to realize that it wasn't I, but the parts that weren't human, that were stilted and impossible. You know how they used to draw those parts. When you were a heavy, *by George,* you were a heavy, and no mistake. Not a saving grace, no chance of adding a little white to the black and turning yourself slightly grayish for a change. I remember how delighted I was with my part in *Arrowsmith*—a vamp, to be sure, and *Arrowsmith's* mistress, but at least she was decent enough to let him go, when he wanted to go, without making a scene. Which may seem a small thing, but I was intensely grateful for it. Understand, I'm no more anxious to play impossibly good than impossibly bad women. All I ask is a plausible human being—and the movies are full of them nowadays, thanks be."

The telephone rang. Miss Loy was wanted on the set. She had been so helpful. She had talked so well and willingly. But I, a plausible human being, was also a pig. My mind harked back to the story I hadn't been told.

"You don't mind," I said, trying to make it sound wistful and pathetic, "if I just say you're happy?"

"Oh, *no,*" said Myrna Loy Hornblow, on the little rising inflection of emphasis and mirth.

Let it be said in closing that the Arthur Hornblows represent one of the happiest, most devoted couples in Hollywood. While awaiting for their grand new home to be completed they are spending their honeymoon at Palos Verdes, the swank colony at the shore. They will be At Home in their new home after October 15th.

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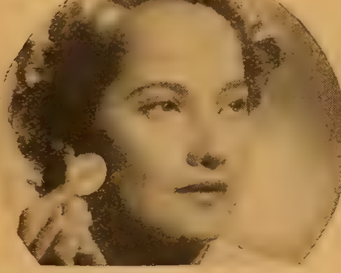

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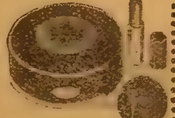

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"No Marriage for Me Before I'm Thirty"

[*Continued from page* 54]

orous jack-of-all-trades. She began her hectic day on the air with an hour of household advice. That same year, when the pastor of the local Methodist church took a four weeks' vacation, she pinch-hitted for him at the pulpit. And so when a girl like Gertrude Michael says she won't marry before she is 30, you can be sure she can advance plenty of good reasons for it. The remarkable thing about this girl is that in spite of her independent spirit and very superior intelligence she remains utterly feminine. Well, she wasn't born in the South for nothing.

SO LET us listen to her build up her case against early marriages.

Since the depression even daughters of wealthy families have become working girls, and today, more than ever before, women are entering business and the professions. The occupational lines between the sexes have well-nigh vanished. We have women engineers, architects, lawyers. For the average ambitious American girl a career has become an economic necessity, if nothing else. She can scarcely marry before she is 30. Take my case, for instance. I am a young motion picture actress. I am not yet important enough to tell the front office how many pictures a year I'll make, what rôles I'll play, whom I'll permit to direct me, etc. I can't afford to get temperamental, stage a one-person strike, walk out on my employers. But after five years, when I'll be 30, maybe I'll have enough money in the bank and feel sure enough of my position to defy the studio bosses, if need be. As an actress, I ought to reach my peak in five years. But right now I'm scared to death they will fire me if I don't behave myself.

"Today the real 'home girl' is the working girl. In the first place, chances are she is working because she wants to help her family hold together; she has a mother, or father, or brothers to take care of. Experience in the business world is the best training for marriage a girl can have. It gives her a better understanding of men, as she sees a side of their personalities not evident in domestic or social relations. She learns how to get along with people, to smile when she feels like crying. By the time a business girl gets to be 30 she has been through a hundred odd situations and has developed a tolerance and sense of humor which will be invaluable to her when she marries.

"AS a child," she continued, "I led a very sheltered life. I had a car of my own when I was 11. We had a summer home at Daytona Beach, Florida, where I spent some of the happiest months of my life, fishing with my father. I was devoted to him and saw everything through his eyes. He taught me the meaning of the wonders of nature and the joy of life. Then, when I was 15, he died of heart failure, and a few years later the depression came along. None of us in the family knew a blessed thing about business and earning a living, and we had no idea how bitter and degrading poverty can really be, especially for those who used to have comforts and luxuries.

"I started to take piano lessons when I was six years old, and a few years later began the study of violin. I won a scholarship at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music to study in Italy, but the depression

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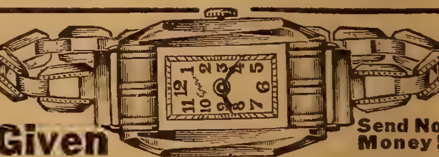

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upset that plan. I went to New York hoping to get on the stage, for I had always been interested in dramatics and had played in several amateur productions. I will never forget my experiences in New York. There were three days when I ate only two chocolate bars, and I was rehearsing for a play, too.

"Being broke in New York was fun. I dramatized it. If I had 35 cents, I would spend 25 cents by going to a show at the Roxy, and with the remaining ten cents eat a bowl of chili soup in a hamburger stand. But being broke in Hollywood is quite a different matter. One time, between pictures, I was so broke that I tried to pawn my violin."

WE expressed surprise that she should be so flat broke while working in pictures. Well, she said, blushing, there was a time when she didn't work for seven months. But hadn't she saved any money? we asked. Yes, she had saved a little money. She herself would not tell it, but the next day we learned from her brother that she had sent all her savings to her mother.

"I am telling you all these things," she continued, "to prove that the business girl knows the value of a dollar, which the girl who has not worked away from home can never know. But to return to my main line of argument:

"At 30 a girl has a far better chance to pick the right husband and make a success of her marriage than at 20. In my school and college days I had one crush after another, was falling in and out of love all the time. Now that I think of it, I realize the mistake I would have made if I had married the boys I was so crazy about—for two, three weeks. They were puppy loves, with no real basis. But now, I'm finding myself, learning what I really want from life, what is important and what isn't. A girl's first romantic impulses are bound to be accompanied by mistakes and disappointments."

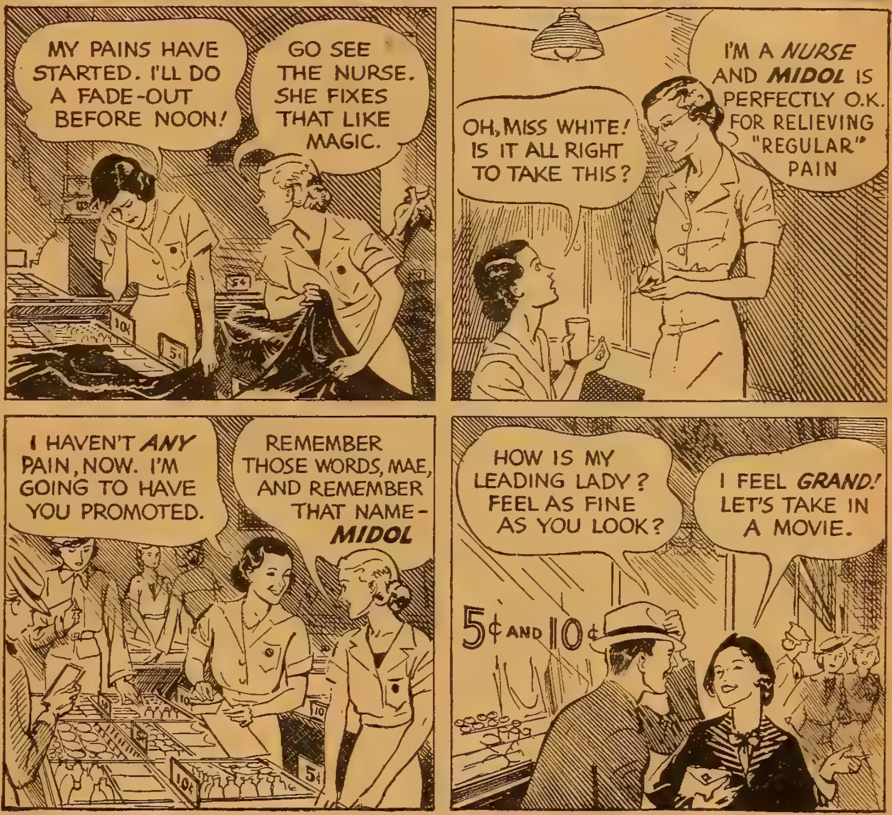
WE asked her to describe her ideal man.

"The man I marry should be able to rule me—I love to be mastered—but he must have a great deal of tenderness about him. In fact, only the truly strong can be really tender. He should be a combination of father, child and lover to me. He must have an infallible sense of humor—a rather quaint sense of humor, like mine. I must have a lot in common with the man I marry—similarity of tastes, a mutual appreciation of each other's aims and personality, love of children. I don't care much for looks. Compatibility is the important thing in marriage."

Gertrude's romantic interest for the past two years has been Rouben Mamoulian. This quiet, tall, dark man in owlish specs has squired some of the most glamorous gals in Hollywood. Remember his chase with Garbo across the Great American desert?

IT has always been a mystery to us why Gertrude Michael, who is not only one of the most capable and versatile actresses in the business, but is a real beauty, even more alluring off the screen than on, should be cast only in class B pictures and given namby-pamby rôles. "I have never played myself on the screen," she said, "they made me a character actress. I'd like to do high comedy—what Ina Claire and Lynn Fontanne do on the stage—or the kind of dramatic parts I can really sink my teeth into." They have great plans for her at R.K.O., and let us hope henceforth she will be given parts that would do justice to her talents.

"FIVE-AND-TEN"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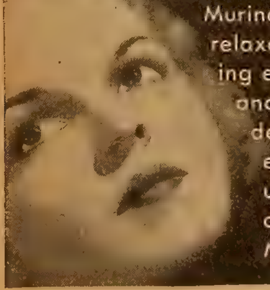

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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 10]

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Virginia Bruce and Cesar Romero
Are still quite deep in that affairo!

• • •

TALKING about Virginia Bruce, Hollywood is wondering whether maybe she isn't slipping one over. Because all the time she's been patently that-a-way about Romero, she has suddenly appeared, wearing a big sapphire-diamond ring on *that* finger. And she won't say who gave it to her—except that it was NOT Cesar . . . !

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Alan Lane and Betty Furness,
Despite her hats, are in a furnace!

• • •

THE Clark Gable-Carole Lombard gift-swapping reached a new glittering high the other day. It was from him to her—a gorgeous chromium bag, with Carole's monogram in rubies like a neon sign!

• • •

HERE'S Danny Cupid's strike-out list for the month:

1—Judith Allen moved out on Prize-Fighter Hubby Jack Doyle, and announced it'll be Reno for her. Then they as quickly made up, with Hubby Jack saying: "It was all my fault."

2—Lona Andre's sister, Betty Ann Logan, divorced Raymond Logan.

3—Merna Kennedy changed her separate maintenance suit to ask complete divorce from Film Dance Director, Busby Berkeley.

• • •

**CUPID'S COUPLET:
Michael Bartlett and Mary Astor
Hearts a-beating a little faster.**

• • •

AND here's Danny Cupid's home-run list for the month:

1—After the funniest wedding-postponement reason in Hollywood's record (because she had an earache!), Jean Chatburn and Agent Frank Orsatti flew to Yuma and came back Mr.-and-Mrs.

2—And weren't folks amazed when Maureen O'Sullivan up and announced her betrothal to Johnny Farrow! Why, they've only been going together for three or four years, now . . . ! Maureen says the wedding will happen soon at Santa Barbara, and that it's going to have all the trimmings—even a bridal veil. How odd.

3—Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump say they'll be Mr. and Mrs. by the time you read this.

4—Without a megaphone, Rudy Vallee crooned "Will Ya?" into the ears of Neila Goodelle of the radio. And she came right back with "Uh Huh!" Neither will say when the wedding bells will ring.

5—Grace Durkin and Bill Henry took a party at Patricia Ellis' house to announce publicly their engagement.

6—Charlotte Henry, who was *Alice in Wonderland*, is going to be the bride of Boulder Dam engineer George Martin, they both admit.

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Those months before baby comes put such a strain on mother's muscles, she frequently suffers for years.

Allcock's Porous Plasters do wonders for such backaches. They draw the blood to the painful spot—whether it be on the back, sides, legs, arms or shoulder. This has a warm, stimulating effect, and the pain soon vanishes. It takes only 2 seconds to put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster, and it feels as good as a $2 massage.

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Clear enlargement, bust, full length or part group, pets or other subjects made from any photo, snapshot or tintype at low price of 49c each; 3 for $1.00. Send as many photos as you desire. Return of original photos guaranteed.

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SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days postman will deliver beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay only 49c plus postage or send 50c—3 for $1.00, and we will pay postage ourselves.

BEAUTIFULLY CARVED FRAME FREE! To acquaint you with the HIGH quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all pastel colored enlargements FREE. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames for your choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today. Write **NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY**

11 x 14 inches

11 E. HURON STREET, DEPT. 708, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Introducing This Month's Search for Talent Winners

[*Continued from page 20*]

2. The "Search for Talent" opened May 1st, 1936, and closes at midnight, December 31st, 1936, unless extended by announcement in MOTION PICTURE and SCREEN PLAY Magazines. This program will consist of eight monthly contests.
3. Each photograph must be attached to an official entry blank or facsimile.
4. Each month four persons will be selected and their photographs will be published in MOTION PICTURE and SCREEN PLAY Magazines. At least one of these girls will be selected by the judges to receive a free screen test at some convenient place and time to be selected by the judges, plus $50.00 in cash. This screen test will be submitted to the officials of the Walter Wanger Productions at the United Artists Studios. If this screen test is acceptable, this person will be brought to Hollywood immediately for motion picture work in a Walter Wanger production.
5. At the conclusion of the entire program, we guarantee at least one of the winners of the monthly contests will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for motion picture work in a Walter Wanger production.
6. Entries for each monthly contest will close at midnight of the last day of the month. Entries received post-marked after that date will be put into the following month's competition.
7. Entrants may submit as many photographs in each monthly contest as desired and may enter as many monthly contests as they wish but each photograph must be accompanied by an official entry blank or facsimile.
8. Photographs cannot be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.
9. Judges of these contests will be executives of the Walter Wagner Productions at the United Artists Studios, The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., and MOTION PICTURE and SCREEN PLAY Magazines. Their decisions will be final.
10. Contestants agree to abide by the decisions of the judges and any entrant must by her signature to an entry blank agree to permit the publication of her photograph in connection with advertising and publicity concerned with the "Search for Talent." Contestants must agree to give Walter Wanger Productions first option on motion picture services and if an offer from any other studio is made after a contestant is selected, contestant must give Walter Wagner Productions an option on services for the same amount as offered.
11. Employees of Walter Wanger Productions, United Artists Studios, The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., MOTION PICTURE Publications and Fawcett Publications and their families are not eligible to compete in these contests.

ENTRY BLANK

Search for Talent, sponsored by MOTION PICTURE, Hold Bob bob-pins, and Walter Wanger Productions.

Win a motion picture contract! Attach your photo, fill out this entry blank, and send together with a Hold Bob bob-pin card (or copy) to

Search for Talent Headquarters,
1918 Prairie Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Name ....
Street ....
City and State ....
Height ....
Weight ....
Age ....
Training or talents ....

IMPORTANT! This entry blank MUST be accompanied by a Hold Bob bob-pin card (or facsimile).

"The Queen Has a Most Excellent Taste for Tea"

Some gracious Victorian lady may well have ventured such an opinion, for it was known that England's great Queen Victoria had had her private tea blended specially to her taste by the famous tea house of the time—Ridgways (Est. 1836).

Since 1900 all the world has been able to taste and enjoy Queen Victoria's private tea—now known as Ridgways "Her Majesty's Blend".

For 100 years Ridgways have been the world's Foremost Quality Teas.

Today Ridgways offers teas for almost every taste and purse. The experience of 100 years, in selecting and blending fine teas, assures the deliciousness and quality of the Ridgways Tea you may choose—

***Ridgways Gold Label*—100% Orange Pekoe**

***Ridgways "Her Majesty's Blend"*—(or "H.M.B.")**

***Ridgways 5 O'clock*—delicious Ceylon Darjeeling**

***Ridgways Orange Label*—now in a generous 10c size**

1836 - RIDGWAYS ONE HUNDREDTH YEAR - 1936

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG

Look 10 to 15 Years Younger

FREE BOOK Tells How! No Cosmetics—5 Minutes a Day Keeps Wrinkles Away and erases age lines. Men, Women, all ages. This new sensational home method fully explained by photographs in a thrilling book sent **FREE** upon request. Also **Facial Analysis Chart FREE.** Write before supply is exhausted. **PAULINE PALMER,**
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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO.** Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

WRITE A SONG

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TRIPLE INDELIBLE

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Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost
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10¢ and 20¢
AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

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Learn how you, too, can have *finer* rugs and save *Half*. Mail *Coupon* or 1c *Postal* for big color book. Shows how we shred, sterilize and reclaim the good materials, merge, bleach, respin, dye and weave (in a week) into luxurious *New* seamless, ***two-sided*** rugs.

CHOICE of 66 Early American, Oriental and modern designs, solid colors, two-tone blends, and ovals.

ANY SIZE YOU WANT Just phone the Railway Express to call at your door for material, or ship Freight —*our expense*. Satisfaction *Guaranteed*. Our 62nd year. (Beware of agents.)

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Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success.

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F A C E

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Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Drums and Traps
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)

Breakfast for Sunday Morning!

[*Continued from page 24*]

as an eye opener. Remember how the word "Cranberry" would cause "Sauce" to pop into our minds? Now-a-days cranberries are used in many recipes from cocktails to puddings and there's nothing better for your health.

CRANBERRY JUICE COCKTAIL

4 cups cranberries
4 cups water
2/3 cup granulated sugar

Cook cranberries in water until skins pop open. Strain through cheese cloth. Bring juice to boiling point, add sugar and boil two minutes. Serve over crushed ice. This may be made in quantities and stored in sterilized, well sealed jars.

Here is the recipe for the Sour Milk Pancakes that Brownie uses. Serve either broiled ham or sausages with them.

SOUR MILK PANCAKES

2½ cups flour
½ tsp. salt
2 eggs
2 cups sour milk
1 tsp. soda
2 tbls. sugar
3 tbls. melted butter
1 tsp. baking powder

Add soda to sour milk and beat well, dissolving soda. Beat eggs until light, add salt and sugar, then a little of the sour milk. Fold in flour, into which baking powder has been mixed, alternately with balance of milk. Add melted butter, beating mixture as little as possible to avoid toughening batter. Drop on hot greased griddle or electric plate and bake. Serve with (according to Fritz) "gallons" of Vermont maple syrup and "pounds" of butter.

IT'S YOURS! A COMPLETE COOK BOOK OF FILM STARS' FAVORITE RECIPES!

Now you can have this splendid collection of favorite recipes—autographed by the stars—for only fifteen cents! Printed on heavy stock, size 8½ x 11 inches, and punched for loose leaf notebook cover, this collection of approximately 100 kitchen tested recipes, selected by noted celebrities, is just what you've long wanted.

MOTION PICTURE has made this possible through the efforts of its home economics editor, Dorothy Dwan, herself a noted film player whose hobby is cooking. Here are the stars represented and their choice recipes.

Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
E. G. Robinson's Honey Recipes
Sally Eiler's Appetizing Leftover Surprises
Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
Heather Angel's Salads
Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
Pinky Tomlin's Hot Breads
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart
Mona Barrie's Famous Soups

Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, MOTION PICTURE Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15c IN STAMPS OR COINS.

POSSESSES APPEARANCE OF A STUNNING FIGURE INSTANTLY!

ADDS 3 *INCHES* TO CHEST MEASUREMENT—OR COSTS NOTHING!

No matter how flat your chest may be, you can now *transform* its appearance into feminine, full curvesome lines! EVERY GIRL can now do it . . . easily, *instantly!*

No Drugs, Creams or Exercises

Merely slip my Formettes in position under your regular brassiere and look into your mirror. You'll be thrilled to see the lovely, womanly curves and smart lines your dresses acquire. FORMETTES are *scientifically* designed to give perfect naturalness and comfort. Made of a special substance that feels and looks just like *real flesh*. So natural your closest girl friends will not detect them. If you want to **Try Formettes for ONE WEEK without obligation,** note the transformation—see what a wonderful difference youthful, alluring chest curves make in your whole appearance.

SEND NO MONEY Just your name and address and we will mail you a set of FORMETTES C. O. D. for only $1.87, plus a few cents postage. Try them for one full week, then if not satisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send today to *Dorothy Page,*
FORMETTES CO., 11 E. Huron St., Dept. 105, Chicago

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You get one—Your friends get one—without cost. Let us give you the details of this amazing Time Teller. Also it can pay you big money by showing others how to obtain without cost. Nothing to buy or sell! Write fast.
GARDEN CITY NOVELTY CO.
4372-A Ravenswood Av., Chicago, Ill.

"COINS WANTED"

1909 CENT $10—WE BUY CERTAIN COINS RARE AND COMMON—Some worth to $6000; 1864-1865 Indian head cents, $100 each; Dimes before 1895, $450; Liberty Head Nickels before 1914, $300; large pennies, $2,000; encased postage stamps, $13; Half cents, $275; Half dimes, $175; Quarters, $300; Fractional currencies; Paper money; Gold Dollars $1,500; Colonial coins $300; Silver dollars, $4,000; 1933 50c, $4.00; foreign coins, $165, etc. SEND 15c TODAY for ILLUSTRATED INFORMATIVE COIN BOOK, before sending coins. **National Coin Corporation (120) Springfield, Massachusetts.**

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—*FREE*

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. **Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer.**
40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine.
63rd year in business. . . Write today!
F. J. CHENEY & CO. Dept. 2211 TOLEDO, O.

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Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 35 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation.
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STOP Itching TORTURE *In One Minute*

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' pure, cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back. Ask for **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.**

What Are Jean Harlow's Plans About Marriage?

[*Continued from page 72*]

them . . . and how not to play them . . . what's good about a picture . . . what's bad about it . . . all the things that two persons in the same line of work would talk about. Naturally, Bill has had a longer and fuller experience in the business than I have had, so his opinions can't help but be stimulating and helpful to me.

"For the first time in my career, I think, I can stand back and look at myself in the abstract. I have a pretty good picture of my efforts during the years, but now I have one hope and dream, and that is to concentrate all of my efforts into one force, and direct that force toward one end. And that is to become a fine actress.

"I have no particular ambitions to play one type of part. For instance, I couldn't honestly say that I yearned to play Shakespeare or the classics. All I want to do is to study and apply myself seriously as I go along to the job in hand, and be ready to play the more dramatic and serious type of rôle when it is given me. And I am happy to say that I believe we are heading slowly toward that goal."

THE wheel of destiny seems to be spinning for Jean Harlow, and once again the road leads upward and onward . . . and once again the figure of a man is in the shadow of the wheel . . . the figure of a man extending the strong, encouraging and helpful hand of friendship. That man is William Powell.

In retrospect, the career of Jean Harlow is one of the most dramatic and spectacular in Hollywood's history. Many things that have happened in her brief, but colorful life and career, would have been unsurmountable obstacles to almost anyone else. To Jean Harlow they have been like strange interludes in the intensely important business of living and going ahead. She will always go ahead, I feel sure of that.

Youth alone couldn't have been her strongest weapon for winning the battle so far. It takes more than that. She told me what it was:

"My mother's love and devotion and unfailing loyalty, first and foremost. And then a philosophy which I gained from my grandfather when I was a very young girl. He once made me stand up before a mirror alongside him. We both looked into it and then he said: 'Jean, as you go on in life and grow up, you may find that people sometimes may betray you, and they may say untrue and unkind things about you. Never answer such things. Just look at yourself in the mirror. And if you aren't ashamed of yourself for any reason, then you'll be able to look squarely at yourself. When this happens you will know you are right, and nothing unkind or untrue can touch you. You'll always be at peace, and free to go ahead and do the things you want'."

DID YOU KNOW THAT Dick Powell "and wife" have reservations aboard a Grace liner, sailing from Los Angeles, September 19? Dick was non-committal when press sleuths uncovered the reservations. So it looks, putting 2 and 2 together, as if Dick and Joan will be Mr. and Mrs.—with a honeymoon in Hawaii.

Constipation Relief

THE BEST CORRECTIVE IS ALL-VEGETABLE

by Elizabeth McKenna

DO YOU want to know what's the best and safest help for a system that has gone sluggish, and needs assistance in throwing off its food-wastes?

Hundreds of thousands of women swear by NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy.) Because they have had proof again and again—not only themselves, but for every member of their families—that this pure, all-vegetable corrective is just right for stimulating clogged, sluggish bowels to any easy, normal movement that flushes away dangerous waste poisons.

Nature's Remedy is so *sensible*. It is entirely different from other laxatives, being purely vegetable. You'll notice the amazing difference in its action the first time you try it. So gentle and easy—yet so very thorough and invigorating. This is because NR is made up of a perfect *blend* of the most effective vegetable laxatives. NR is a *corrective*, a *conditioner* that aids in training the bowels to normal, regular functioning.

Try this stand-by of millions tonight. See if you don't wake up tomorrow morning feeling more refreshed—more "fit"—more alive and vigorous, than you have felt in a long while. You can try NR at small expense—25 doses in the handy tin only 25 cents—at all druggists.

Proved For Every Member Of The Family

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **TUMS** and **NR.** Send stamp for packing and postage to

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A. H. Lewis Medicine Co.
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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR WITHOUT PEROXIDE

. . . to ANY shade you desire
. . . SAFELY In 5 to 15 minutes

Careful fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. **Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener** requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste, it Cannot streak; Eliminates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application.

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FREE 36 page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.

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Learn Touch Typewriting Complete (Home Study) Course of the Famous Van Sant Speed Typewriting System—fully illustrated, easily learned, given during this offer.

Lowest Terms—10c a Day

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Send coupon for 10-day Trial—if you decide to keep it pay only $3.00 a month until $49.90 (term price) is paid. Limited offer—act at once.

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Send Underwood No. 5 (F. O. B. Chicago) at once for 10 days trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay $3.00 a month until I have paid $49.90 (term price) in full.

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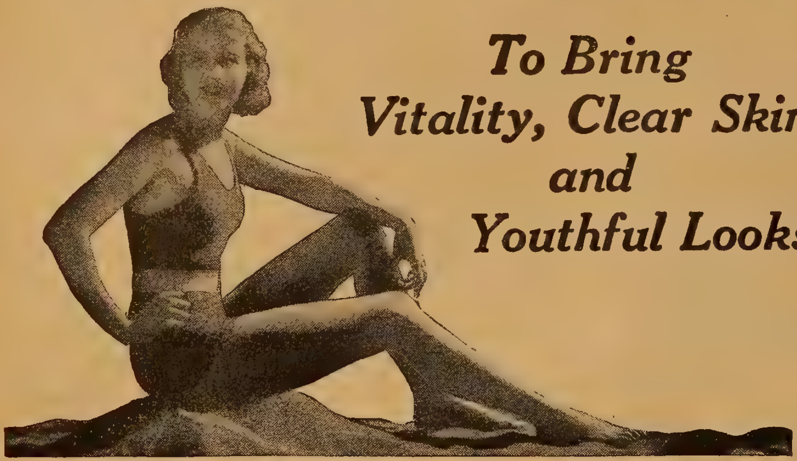
Kidneys Must Purify Blood



To Bring Vitality, Clear Skin and Youthful Looks

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood, is through 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If, because of functional troubles, your Kidneys get tired or slow down in their work, these poisons remain in the system and make your eyes look dull and your skin coarse and dry, and at the same time you find yourself all Tired-Out, Nervous, and unable to keep up with the speed of modern life.

Functional Kidney troubles also may cause much more serious and disagreeable symptoms, such as Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting, and Itching.

Any Doctor can tell you that the speed of modern life and present day foods throw an extra heavy load on the Kidneys, and that most people need help from time to time if they are to feel their best and preserve their youthful appearance. Fortunately, for sufferers, it is easy to help functional Kidney Troubles with the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex, which now is available at all drug stores under a positive guarantee to satisfy completely or cost nothing.

Dr. T. J. Rastelli

Doctors Praise Cystex

Doctor T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any Doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless." And Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, another widely known Physician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy in accordance with the strict and rigid standards of the United States Dispensatory and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and being designed especially to act in the Kidneys and Bladder is swift and safe in action. Most users report a remarkable improvement in 48 hours and complete satisfaction in 8 days.

Guaranteed To Work

Because of its unusual success, Cystex is offered under an unlimited guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Under this unlimited guarantee you can put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work to your complete satisfaction or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs, or delay. Ask your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex) today.

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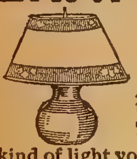
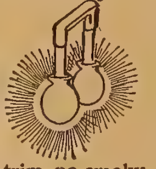
TURNS NIGHT AIR INTO BRIGHT HOME LIGHT!





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300 CANDLE POWER New device draws in 96% free air and with only 4% cheap kerosene (coal oil) magically turns it into 300 candle power of brilliant, white, soft light, penetrating every corner. Gives hours of bright light for few cents. World's lowest cost scientific light.

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Widely known specialist of 30 years experience, former chief ear, nose, throat clinic noted N. Y. hospital for 14 years makes it possible for all afflicted to obtain his home treatment with his formulas which has given relief to thousands. Write for free trial medicine today. Describe your ailment fully. Send 10c to defray cost of packing and mailing, or write for free literature. D. Friedman, M.D. Dept. 10, 815 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.

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WANTED

Women to make hooked rugs for our stores. No experience necessary. Steady work. We do the selling. Write at once.

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5657 Hollywood Blvd., Dept. 6
Hollywood, California

"Pale Hands, Pink Tipped"

[*Continued from page 22*]

shaped and filed conservatively short. A trick that never fails. . . .

THERE'S nothing that encourages daily care of the nails like a compact and attractive manicure set. Rummaging on the bathroom shelves for polish, on the dressing table for files is enough to discourage even the most nail-conscious person from doing her duty by her fingertips. That's why a word about Glazo's smart new Vanity Bag is in order. The essentials are fitted in a small tray which lifts out of the black moire silk bag (see accompanying photograph). The "essentials" are two shades of Glazo Polish, Glazo Polish Remover, Glazo Cuticle Remover, orange stick, emery boards, cotton and a nail white pencil. The silk bag is rubber-lined and has a smooth metal glide fastener, making it a natural for traveling. If, after you have used all the manicure preparations, you buy a new set (for variety) instead of getting refills for this one, the moire bag will serve you as a travel container for hairpins, tweezers, powder puff and other small gadgets that must go with a girl when she week-ends. . . .

Beside the bag in the photo is a jar of Luxor Hand Cream, which is a bargain if there ever was one, at 55 cents. It's a non-greasy, non-sticky white cream that makes your hands look presentable even after a siege of Fall housecleaning! Besides lubricating ingredients that keep your hands soft and white, it also contains soothing properties that benefit chapped hands. But if you use Luxor Hand Cream several times a day, your hands won't *get* chapped! The invisible, protective film it leaves on the skin helps to guard it against cold winds and housework.

You can change your nail polish twice a day and still not have to worry about brittle nails and dry cuticle, when you also use a nail emollient faithfully every night. There's a good one in the group photo—Brit-Tex—that has been used in the better beauty shops for several years. Brit-Tex conditions the nails and cuticle, making them pliable and soft, just as oil treatments condition hair and scalp. Massage it into the nails, especially at the base, and leave it on all night.

Have you ever had the annoying experience of cutting a finger and having to go around, clumsily bandaged, for two or three days? This minor injury has spoiled many a pretty pair of hands, but it needn't any longer. Bauer & Black have just introduced a small, inconspicuous and effective little bandage called Handi-Snip. It consists of two small tabs of adhesive that hold a tiny mercurochrome gauze pad directly over the hurt—and the whole thing is only an inch and a half long and three-eighths of an inch wide. It can be applied lengthwise, diagonally or crosswise, in a split second, and never hamper you a bit.

That rich looking compact in the group photo bears the Coty trade name. . . . It is one of the newest, designed just in time for Christmas trade. The distinctive cover design is etched in gold against a background of red, green, ivory or black, as you prefer. The price of this smart new compact, called "Comet," is only $3.75—low for such beauty and utility. The loose powder dispenser operates easily and the dry rouge is protected yet easy to reach. If you can wait that long, you should buy this for your own Christmas stocking!

A Woman's Business is Love

[*Continued from page* 67]

there will be no phase of my character or personality which will be a secret from the man I love. I'll tell him about myself—about my good qualities and my bad. About my idiosyncrasies. I'll tell him honestly that I've tried to make myself the sort of person who would bring happiness to a man. What's more, I am now preparing for marriage as carefully as I prepared for a career.

"I wanted success on the stage and so I watched competent actors and actresses—and from them I not only learned what to do, but also what not to do. The same applies to marriage.

"I'll know enough to be honest with the man I love. I'll know enough to try to make myself far more interesting, far more thrilling, far more charming than I ever was before I was his wife. *Mystery has no place in the courting schedule, but is essential in the marriage schedule.*

"I'll know enough to keep faith with the person he thought I was. And to keep faith with him by letting him alone. A missionary complex dooms a marriage.

"By the time I marry, I hope I will have acquired sufficient experience by impersonal observation of the causes of broken marriages, to avoid similar mistakes. And certainly I'll never marry unless I plan to work at the job of holding a precious love; to make a business of marriage as conscientiously as I ever made a business of my profession of acting."

IN A day when newspapers record almost as many divorces as marriages; when marriage is entered into with reservations; when women proclaim their independence of love—Rosalind Russell's solid, sane, substantial views are something of a milestone! No wonder that a girl of such crystal-clear viewpoints has risen to secure stardom in a few short months!

Five Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

Jeanette MacDonald

"WILLIAM POWELL has had a great year and no one could blame him if he even believed in Santa Claus." . . . "Joan Crawford and Marlene Dietrich went to an opening together, arm in arm and as thick as thieves, and afterwards outdid each other telling their friends how thrilled they were." . . . "The local damsels in Joel McCrea's home-town all admitted that he was good-looking, but he wasn't any Romeo. That is, in the old days!" . . . "There are natural blondes in Hollywood and Claudia Dell is one of them." . . . "Eddie Cantor has just finished *Palmy Days* (verra, verra musical) and it promises to be a hit." . . . "Bachelors living at the Garden of Allah are still wondering whether that was a flesh-colored bathing suit Elsie Janis wore when she dived into the pool after a gay bridge tea one afternoon, or not. They can't be sure, of course—but they have a shrewd suspicion. Why, Elsie!" . . . "Believe it or not the fashionable society ladies of Pasadena and Los Angeles have a secret organization which holds meetings once a week—to praise Clark Gable." . . . "Anita Stewart was spied in Hollywood the other day, looking like a girl in her teens." . . . "There are no private lives at Malibu Beach—the houses are too close together—but the stars love it!" . . . "Jeanette MacDonald wants the world to know that the report of her death, in an automobile accident in Belgium, is greatly exaggerated."

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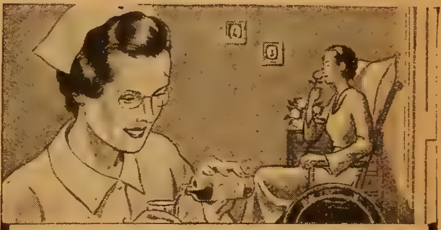

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 49]

in their own families—and now it's a rage. And the darndest things are being unearthed . . . ! ! !

They'll Need Washing

NOW you'll be seein' glass furniture in pictures! Paramount has imported a new European "flexible glass" to build things with!

Yee, Yiminy, Yimmy

GARBO yarns are running fast—here's the latest:

It seems that Jimmy Stewart got home one night, to find an excited houseboy.

"Mees Greta Garbo, she has was here," he announced.

"You," responded Stewart, "are balmy."

"No sair, sank you pleass, me no barmy—but Mees Garbo, she was is here this day," the houseboy insisted. "I know her. I see her on screen. So when she come here, I look at her front, I look at her one side, I look at her other side, I even look at her back, and sank you please, eet ees Mees Garbo.

"So I let her in, and she look upstairs, she look downstairs and she run out door and say she have making mistake, sank you pleass."

Puzzled, Jimmy investigated. And then he learned it was all true—Garbo had been at his house, and she had made a mistake. She had rented the house right next door—the one formerly occupied by Jeanette MacDonald.

"Whee," yelled Jimmy, "I'm gonna have Garbo for a neighbor." And he remembered (as who wouldn't?) the tale of how Greta sunbathes in the garden and totality.

But—next day, workmen, at Garbo's orders, began building an eight-foot-high wall all around the Garbo menage, preparatory to the elusive swedess moving in.

Poor Yimmy!

Bob's Caribbean Kiss

GALS, if your boy-friend knows how, ask him for the latest in osculation—the "Caribbean Kiss." Bob Taylor is demonstrating it in Hollywood. (Oh, professionally, understand.) Asked to explain what it is, he says the idea is "that a man who's been sailing the southern Caribbean seas for months and months and then returns to civilization and a lovely girl or three or seven is—ah—well—uh—more *enthusiastically* explicit in his kisses than the fellow who hasn't—

"And what he gives 'em is Caribbean Kisses."

That, gals, is a tip to you.

Swell-Gal Note

ALWAYS noted for her open-handed generosity and her unsnootiness, Marion Davies is winning new admirers daily. Two recent examples—

On the hottest days of the season, she was working in *Cain and Mabel.* On the day when girls on other sets were fainting right and left, none of the 200 hard-dancing chorines on the Davies set flopped. Why—Because Marion, daily, had 25 gallons of ice cream for them!

On the same picture, when the thermometers on the stages were 'way over 100, a studio self-important bigwig noticed the electricians in the high rafters working stripped to the waist. "Hey youse," he bawled, "put on your shirts or get off the set and keep on walking!" Marion heard him. Seizing a megaphone from the director, she yelled to the heat-stripped electricians: "Any electrician who does put his shirt back on can leave the set and keep walking. And what's more, if you've got shorts on, you can even take off your pants!" The front office bigshot did a silent fadeaway.

Preview For Two

WHEN Jean Harlow discovered her mother, vacationing at Catalina, had not yet seen her latest film *Suzy,* Jean took a morning off and borrowed a print of the film, flew to the island, had the theatre operator there show it privately for an audience of two—Jean and her maw—and then Jean flew back to work that afternoon.

Screen's New Sweetheart

BOY, oh boy, oh boy, are 20th-Fox going to put it on big for Simone Simon, the li'l French gal who, after such a bad start, made such a hit in *Girls' Dormitory* . . . ! Simone, through non-understanding of English, and through bad advice, started off on the wrong foot—what with temperament, Gallic ideas of behavior, and so on. Everybody predicted, months ago, that she'd go back to France a flop. Added to the picture was that Simone had been signed by Winnie Sheehan, former head of the studio, and not at all by the current bosses.

BUT—suddenly Simone caught on. And from that moment on, she made good on Sheehan's judgment. So good that they even changed the ending of *Girls' Dormitory* to give her the big break over Chatterton, who, in the original version, got the man instead of Simone. And now the studio plans for Simone call for nothing less than making her a combination Garbo-Crawford-Harlow-et al.

Big Giggle On Joan

JOAN CRAWFORD has just had a new solarium finished atop her roof, so she can take those nude sunbaths. The way up was via a lift-ladder. Correspondingly, the only way down was via the same. Joan got up all right. When she had finished her sunning, though, she couldn't make the ladder work. Maid's day off, too!

By the time Franchot got home and found her and released her, her sun-tan had gone several degrees blacker. And that, on Joan, is about a Jesse Owens shade.

Outharping Harpo

HARPO MARX'S best laugh recently was when he saw a crowd of autograph-hounds surrounding a man they thought was Harpo! You see, offscreen, Harpo looks as much like Harpo as like Three Little Maids from School. But the man the crowd was chasing looked so much like the screen Harpo that Harpo thought he was seeing a preview of the latest Marx Madfilm.

Hold That Line!

STARS still try to get away from telephone-caller-uppers. Examples: Seven times since she moved into her present home, Carole Lombard's had her number changed. In his home, Cecil De Mille has four lines; at the end of each picture he makes, all four are changed. Harold Lloyd has 27 lines in his own private exchange—but because he has his own operators to run it, he doesn't bother with number-changing dodging. Some others are so clever at withholding the numbers that they don't have to change—Bill Powell is one. And the payoff is that the Beverly Hills city library won't lend books to movie stars at all—because they change their numbers too often!

Star Clusters

HAVING beaten Shearer, Colman, Doug Senior, Marshall and all others in doubles combinations, Merle Oberon and Boy-Friend Davie Niven are now acknowledged table-tennis doubles champs of Santa Monica. . . . John Boles' wartime reminiscences during a golf game with Producer Bill LeBaron were so startling that John now has an order to write the stories he told into a picture in which he'll star and re-live his war life. . . . For a lark, Rosalind Russell took a ride in one of those See-The-Stars'-Homes rubberneck wagons the other day, and heard the spieler point out a stranger's home as hers! . . . Basil Rathbone has such a two-sided face that when he plays heavies they always shoot him from the hard side, and when he plays romantic heroes they shoot from the other in all profiles. . . . Because everybody stared at him so when he went riding in that famous white Valentine Ford Carole Lombard gave him, Clark Gable has had it repainted black—and that doesn't mean mourning for the romance, either ! ! ! . . . Will Shirley Temple wonders never cease? Latest is that after hearing Rosa Ponselle sing a certain aria in Italian only twice, Shirley sang a perfect "playback." . . . Patricia Ellis' real name is Pat O'Brien, but because Pat O'Brien the He is under contract at the same studio, Pat O'Brien the She has to remain known as Patricia Ellis. . . . The hitherto unruffled Gary Cooper finally got peeved on the set the other day, when a lariat thrower, instead of dropping the noose *over* his head, caught Gary smacko on the nose with it. . . .

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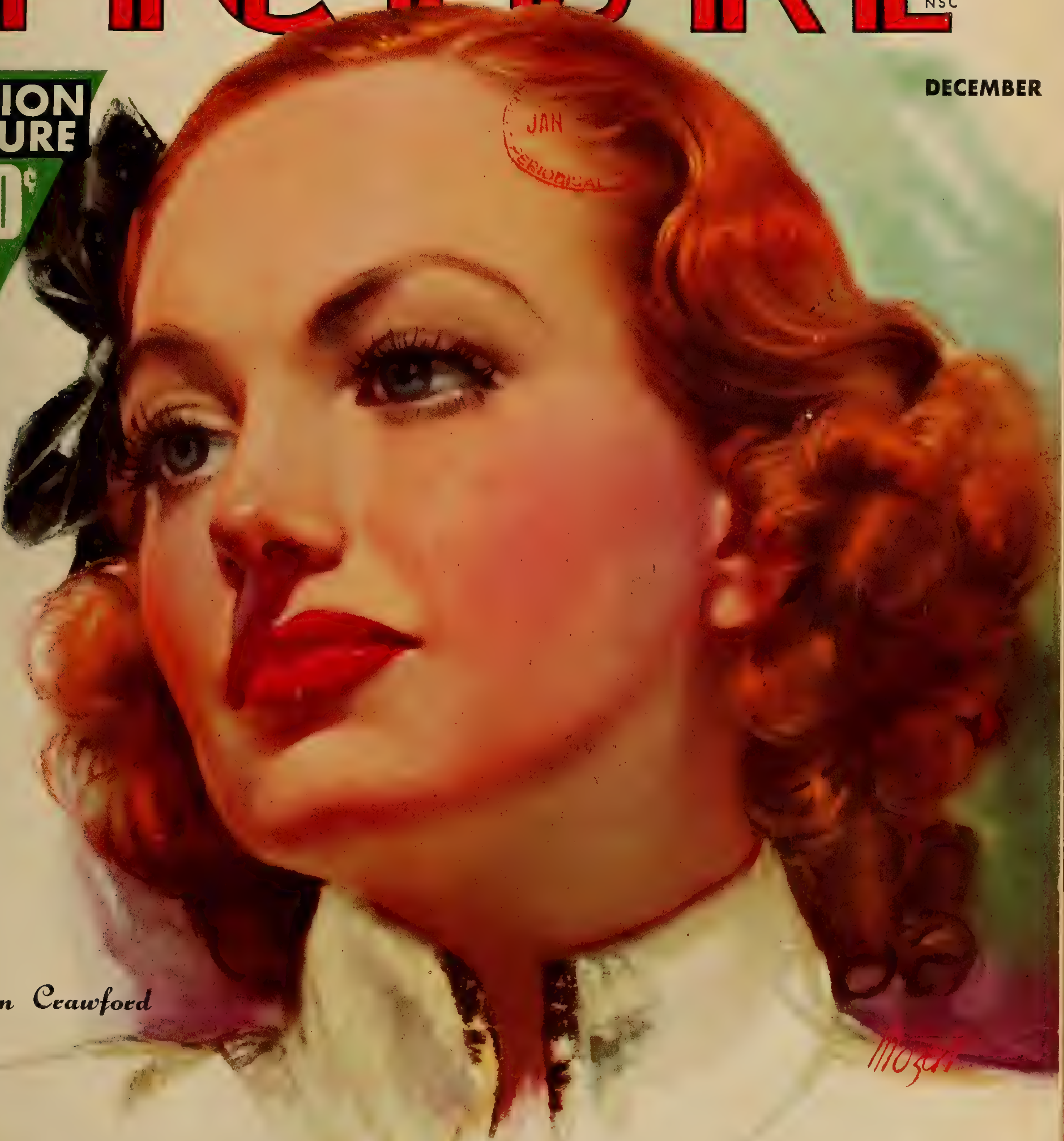
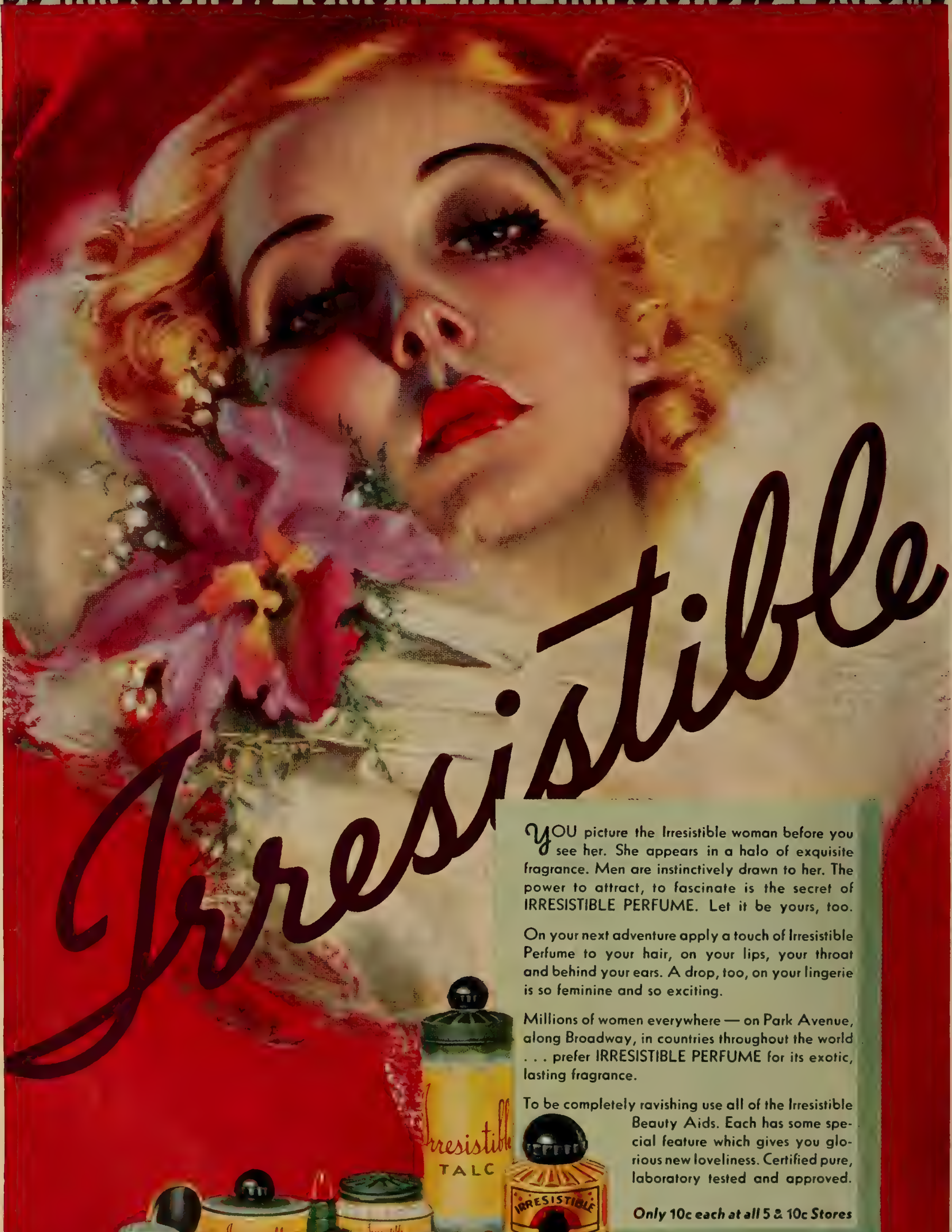


Joan Crawford

Y MARRIAGE ISN'T A GAMBLE—GRACE MOORE

M NOT THE TYPE TO BE A STAR—CLAUDETTE COLBERT

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



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Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. And I reduced 26 pounds."
Miss Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"
"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

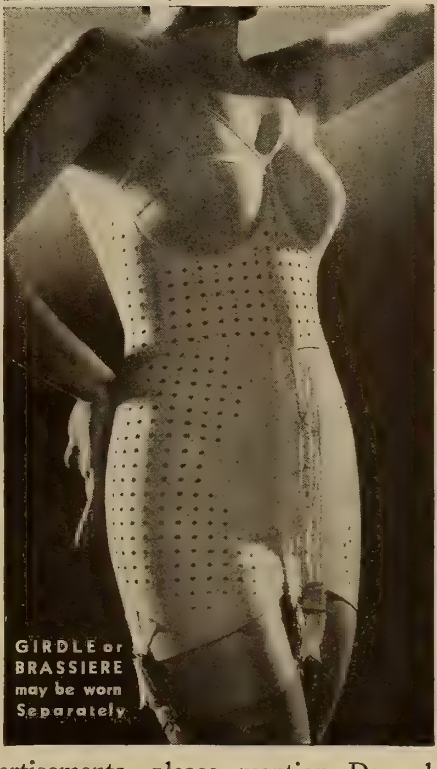
"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"
"I used to wear a size 42 dress and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
Mrs. Essie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches. I should be lost without Perfolastic".
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.

Notary Public



"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34½ INCHES!"
"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!
Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

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Mrs. E. M. Riggins, Memphis, Tenn.

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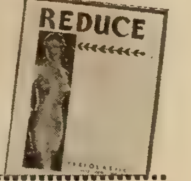

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MOTION PICTURE

LAURENCE REID, Editor

DECEMBER, 1936

Volume LII, No. 5 Twenty-fifth Year

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Few stars have the courage to turn the spotlight on themselves and give a convincing slant on their lives . . . to tell you "where they go from here." Not so Joan Crawford, who reveals her true self under the glare of her own spotlight . . . sizing up what stardom has accomplished for her . . . and the plans for the future . . . of how Franchot Tone figures in these plans. It's a straightforward account of one of our most popular stars . . . written by one of Joan's real confidantes. This story . . . as well as many others featuring top-notch personalities of the screen . . . such as Jimmy Cagney, Bob Taylor, Gene Raymond, will be found in the January issue of MOTION PICTURE. Order now.

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Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

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The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

BY HARRY LANG

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

Wide World

Having filed their intention to wed, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell wasted no time in becoming Mister-and-Missus

EVEN to a silk hat that glistened like a casting director's eye when a new blonde appears, Henry Fonda went Park Avenue in a mammoth way, when he married Mrs. George T. Brokaw, in New York. But it was interesting to note that not one movie personage was present at the wedding of the cinema flash and the society widow; the church was crowded with society folk and the sidewalks with movie fans. But in Hollywood, about the only person who got really concerned was Jimmy Stewart, Fonda's housemate. "So *that's* why I haven't had any letters from him lately," mourned Jimmy, learning of the wedding between concertina yanks.

The best comment on the Fonda-Brokaw wedding is credited to Commentator Harry Evans, who composed the following in their honor:

It's funda love a guy you're Fonda,
And I founda guy I'm Fonda;
My wagon to a star I'll hitch,
And I will love him, Brokaw rich!

• • •

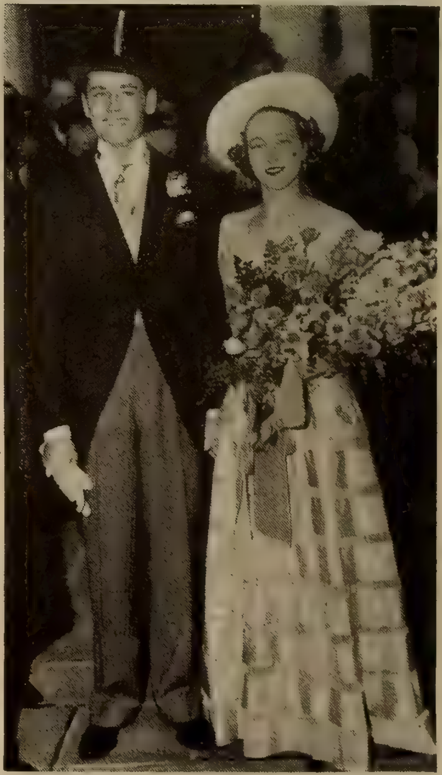
CUPID'S COUPLET:
"I do's" were said with love and kisses
Now that Dick and Joan are Mr.-and-Mrs.

HOLLYWOOD'S eyebrow raising over Lee Tracy taking Florence Lake to dinner so much, has ceased. You see, Florence is the wife of Actor Jack Good, and even Hollywood wondered. But Florence announced that she and Jack had been separated for several months before she started fattening Tracy's restaurant checks.

• • •

FURTHER eyebrow raising by Hollywood (my, this Hays influence *does* spread!) occurred over Binnie Barnes' recent eye-gazing with Jean Negulesco. So all Hollywood wondered what would happen when Binnie's hubby—Art Dealer Samuel Joseph of London—arrived. Its curiosity was satisfied when the impeccable Mr. Joseph stepped off a transcontinental plane, stared open mouthed at the slacks-and-peasant-kerchief Hollywoodian attire of his wife, there to meet him, and then

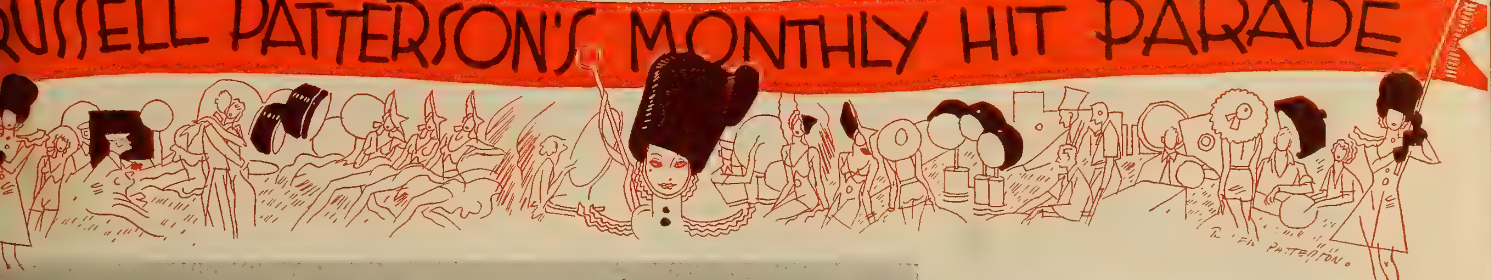
[*Continued on page* 8]



Wide World

A church wedding—with all the trimmings—marked the marriage of Henry Fonda and socialite Frances Seymour Brokaw

USSELL PATTERSON'S MONTHLY HIT PARADE


R. 'FR PATTERSON.

3 GREAT *Contributions* TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

OR months Hollywood has been predicting that this would be the greatest movie season in history. Well, I've just been looking over some of the screen capital's coming product, and all I can say is—Hollywood wasn't fooling!
't misunderstand me. I'm not a movie
rt—but I know what I like. And I want

Bing swings into his biggest laugh show, with 5 new song hits, in "Pennies From Heaven"

ell you, in a few well-chosen words—
pictures—about the three approaching
actions that I like best.

he first one you'll see will be
new Bing Crosby show—"Pen-
From Heaven". Here's the
iiest picture Bing's ever made.
his first for Columbia—an en-
ngly human romance with five grand new songs. And how Bing sings them, with plenty of inspiration from Madge Evans, who grows lovelier with every film. Their love affair literally starts on a dime—and almost ends in jail, when Bing takes under his wing an irrepressible little gamin (Edith Fellows, the 10-year-old who scored so heavily in "She Married Her Boss").

And don't miss Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild"! This mad, merry Columbia film is one of the biggest comedy surprises the screen has sprung in years. This story of a girl who starts half-a-dozen near-divorces trying to get her man, will have you howling from the very first foot. Melvyn Douglas is splendid as a New York artist who brings out the worst in small-town Theodora—more, in fact, than he bargains for!

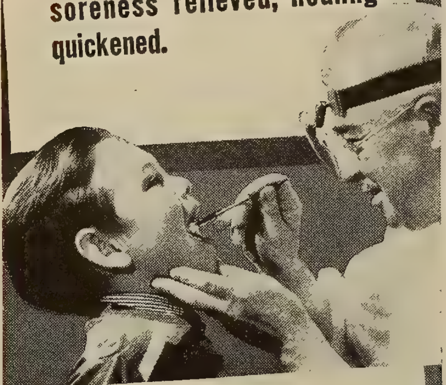
But the *greatest* treat that screendom has in store for you is Frank Capra's magnificent production of "Lost Horizon", a film that, without question, will take its place among the ten finest pictures ever produced. The story was adapted by Robert Riskin from James Hilton's world-famous novel, with Ronald Colman in the star rôle...a combination that is nothing short of inspired. Obviously Columbia has expended a fortune on this film, but to my mind it's money well spent. The picture is spell-binding, with its strange story of five people kidnapped and whisked far beyond

civilization, imprisoned in a paradise where people never age. Capra has definitely topped his "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds" in this one.

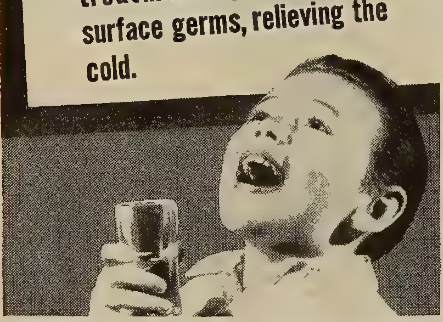
"Lost Horizon" won't actually reach the screen for some time yet. But when it does, you'll agree that this grand picture alone would have made good Hollywood's boast about its "greatest movie season".

Columbia is rumored to have spent two millions on its production of "Lost Horizon". Here are Ronald Colman and Margo in a tense scene, with producer Frank Capra in inset.

When Doctors Swab
SORE THROAT...
surface germs are destroyed, soreness relieved, healing quickened.



When you Gargle with
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC...
you continue your doctor's treatment by destroying surface germs, relieving the cold.



USE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC FOR COLDS — TO RELIEVE THROAT SORENESS

• The reason doctors have you gargle is to relieve soreness, kill germs. So remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds! Thus Pepsodent goes 3 times as far–saves you ⅔ of your money.

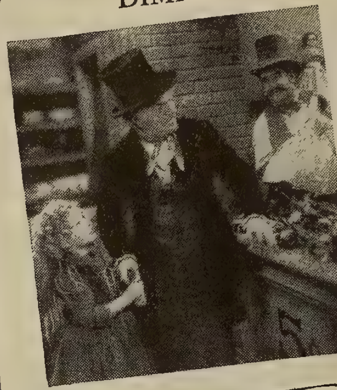
So active is Pepsodent that, in recent tests on 500 people in Illinois, Pepsodent users got rid of colds twice as fast as others! Get either the 25c, 50c, or $1.00 Pepsodent Antiseptic at any drug counter, and see for yourself how pleasantly effective it is.

SAVES ⅔ OF YOUR DOLLAR
..Goes 3 times as far!
Pepsodent Antiseptic
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

The Picture Parade

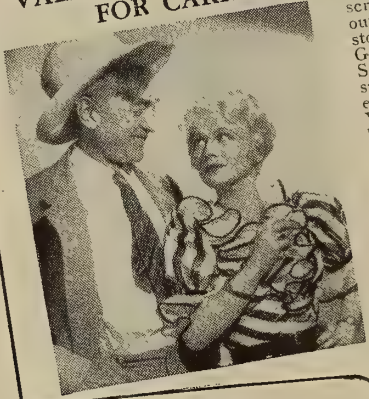
[Continued from page 12]

DIMPLES



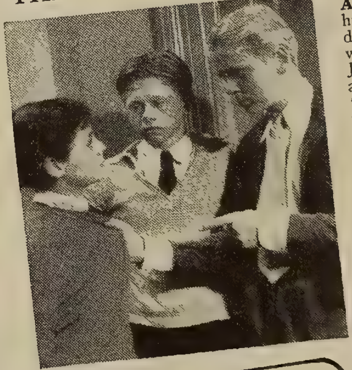
AAA½—The ever-charming little Shirley Temple again captures the hearts of the young and old. Given sufficient opportunity to display her talent, she is cast as a little harmonica-playing orphan. living with a *Professor* of debatable ethics (Frank Morgan). During her adventures she meets a rich dowager (Helen Westley) who is eager to adopt her. Helen's nephew (Robert Kent) is interested in producing stage plays and deserts his aunt for that endeavor. Lonely, and failing in an effort to adopt Shirley, Helen loans the *Professor* a thousand dollars in exchange for a worthless watch he maintains once belonged to Bonaparte. The *Professor* turns the money over to Kent to produce *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, starring Shirley. Helen is about to jail the *Professor* when she learns of the deception but relents when she sees Shirley doing *Eva's* death scene. Even the sophisticates must admit that Shirley continues her amazing ability to score another season of smashing success for her studio.—***20th Century-Fox.***

VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE



AAA½—A triumph for Gladys George in her screen debut, this impressive drama will stand out as one of the best pictures of the year. The story concerns the life of a scarlet woman (Gladys George) who is run out of town by moral forces. Suddenly finding herself the "Mother" of a small orphaned boy and a female foundling who escaped a train wreck, she takes them to New York and starts life anew to rise to noble heights of self-sacrifice for the children. Jackie Moran is superb in his characterization of the boy and wins sympathy and admiration from the start. Charlene Wyatt, also in her screen debut, is outstanding as the little girl. John Howard and Arline Judge are appealing as the children grown-up. Isabel Jewell turns in a convincing performance as the girl who has convinced Howard she needs his protection but who is really in love with a convict. Miss George has been entrusted with a difficult rôle demanding the utmost finesse which she plays with assurance and persuasive artistry. The supporting cast is excellent and the direction by Wesley Ruggles is a distinguished job from every angle.—***Paramount.***

THE DEVIL IS A SISSY



AAA—A comedy-drama rich in humanity and humor that will appeal to all audiences. It is a dramatic psychological study of the child mind with the cast headed by Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney, each playing as he has never played before. Circumstances forced the cultured Freddie, an English lad whose parents are divorced, into association with Jackie, the son of a boasting legionnaire and Mickey, the son of an electrocuted gunman. They resent Freddie's efforts to join their street gang, but it is he who leads them in burglary to get enough money to buy a tombstone for Mickey's father. With a tolerant judge setting the boys on the right track and a brush with bandits during which Freddie endangers his life, the boys' eyes are opened to the right way of living. Honorable mention goes to Ian Hunter, Peggy Conklin, Gene and Kathleen Lockhart and Katherine Alexander for their able support.—***Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.***

CRAIG'S WIFE

AAA—Essentially a dramatic character study, this production presents Rosalind Russell as a detestable, exasperating, self-centered wife loving only her home and dominating her husband (John Boles), servants, relatives and neighbors. The story is a close-up of a household revealing the unhappiness of its members caused by the wife's selfishness. The awakening of the husband starts when his aunt (Alma Kruger) quits the house where she has been promised a lifelong home. Rosalind establishes herself as a dramatic actress of outstanding ability. Acting honors also go to Miss Kruger and Jane Darwell, the latter as the housekeeper. Billie Burke, as the next-door neighbor, scores again as a magnificent actress. Dorothy Wilson and Robert Allen are good in their rôles, supplying the young romance. Bits by Nydia Westman, Thomas Mitchell, Raymond Walburn, Elisabeth Risdon and Kathleen Burke are excellently handled. Direction by Dorothy Arzner is superb.—***Columbia.***

[Continued on page 16]

FUTURE FAVORITES

◆

CRAIG REYNOLDS

By Hal Whitehead

CRAIG REYNOLDS, six foot something or other of dark, wavy-haired, blue-eyed handsome manhood, gives every promise of sharing the thrones now occupied by Clark Gable and Robert Taylor in the eyes of America's fair sex . . . Craig holds some kind of a record, in that he has changed his name no less than five times during his stage and motion picture career . . . He was, however, born Harold Hugh Enfield at Anaheim, California, July 15, 1909, which makes him a native Californian. . . . He played his first rôle in the Drama Art Workshop, a little theatre in Los Angeles . . . Since then, he has played on the stage in *Spring Song* with Vera Gordon; *Blood on the Moon, Biography* with Alice Brady; *Milky Way* and *To What Red Hell* with Lucille LaVerne . . . An agent spotted him and he got his start in pictures with leading rôles in three serials, including the remake of *The Perils of Pauline* with Evalyn Knapp . . . Recently, he played his best stage rôle opposite Mary Pickford in *Coquette* . . . This led to his contract at Warner Brothers, where his first picture was *The Case of the Lucky Legs,* followed by leading rôles in *Man of Iron, Ceiling Zero, Treachery Rides The Range, The Golden Arrow, Sons of Guns* and *Jailbreak*. . . . He is very athletic . . . anything and everything in outdoor sports gets his attention from tennis to deep sea fishing. He shoots in the low eighties in golf, is an excellent tennis player, rides daily, and when it rains, he selects ping-pong, poker and puttering with model airplanes as his "indoor" sports. . . . Exercise —with no dieting—keeps him in condition . . . A good cook, he occasionally serves dinners which he prepares himself . . . his favorite dishes are lima beans and Bel-Paese cheese . . . he collects pipes, has one Filipino servant, one dog, one Ford, and lives a comfortable bachelor existence . . . When he doesn't work he sleeps 'til noon . . . Mildly interested in clothes, he buys his wardrobe in Hollywood . . . His favorite stars are James Cagney, Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien, Bette Davis, Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins . . . He dislikes talkative women, spinach and hamburgers . . . His suppressed desire is to run into a road hog! . . . While not exactly superstitious, he balks at walking under ladders . . . speaks French . . . talks and walks rapidly . . . usually a dog at his heels . . . sends photos to all fans and answers their letters . . . He is interested in writing, but his present and only ambition is to make good on the screen . . . Later he wants to play on the New York stage . . . When he makes his mark there, he would return to the screen permanently.

Now...
a lovelier way to avoid offending!

KEEP *Fragrantly* DAINTY

...BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP!

YOU are so much more than just sweet and clean, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet!

For while its rich, deep-cleansing lather guards you completely from any chance of body odor . . . its exquisite, flower-like perfume keeps you alluringly fragrant.

Hours after you step from your bath Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like scent still clings glamorously about you . . . because it has the *lingering* quality found only in rare and costly perfumes!

No wonder fastidious women all over America now bathe only with Cashmere Bouquet . . . the perfumed soap that brings you a *lovelier way* to avoid offending!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

And now Cashmere Bouquet Soap costs only 10¢ a cake! The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 exquisite perfumes.

You will find this lovely Cashmere Bouquet at all drug, department and ten-cent stores. Why not get three cakes today?

Cashmere Bouquet
Cashmere Bouquet
Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢ - THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

A Lovely STAR AND Lovely SILVERWARE

IN THE HOLLYWOOD HOME OF

Merle Oberon

APPEARING IN THE

SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTION

"LOVE UNDER FIRE"

RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS

What Silverware could be more appropriate on this charming table! Now, by taking advantage of the new Quantity Saving Plan (saving you $2.50 or more) you can own a 26-Piece Service of this lovely Silverware at a really trivial cost.

1881 ROGERS

MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

The tarnish-proof HOLLYWOOD CHEST with Merle Oberon's framed photograph—containing a Service for Six with Hollow Handle Knives, $13.50

The Picture Parade

[*Continued from page* 14]

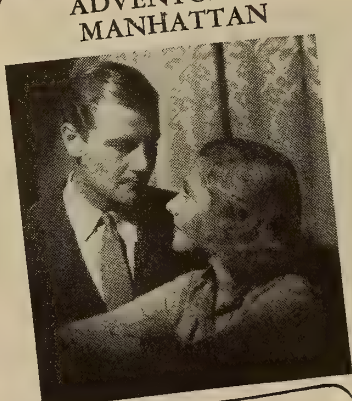
IN HIS STEPS

AAA—An emotional drama of young love, interspersed with sure-fire laughs, this picture is great entertainment. Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker prove a grand team as the children of antagonistic families. They elope, are married and sheltered in the home of the minister, Roger Imhof and his wife, Clara Blandick. At the request of her parents, a search begins to bring the boy back to be prosecuted for kidnapping. Meanwhile, the youngsters learn what it means to wrest a livelihood from the soil—a lesson they had learned from Harry Beresford, who had devoted his life to teaching that people should follow in the steps of Jesus. A news report, broadcast by radio, that Beresford is being prosecuted for refusing to reveal their whereabouts, brings them to the decision to return home and face their punishment. In a most unconventional court trial the story reaches its climax. The manner in which the couple overcome all parental opposition and win over the judge is done with great dramatic skill.—*Grand National.*

THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE

AAA—With the masculine and robust atmosphere of the steel mills, this comedy-drama relates the rivalry between Victor McLaglen and William Hall, two husky workers striving for the honor of being head man in their muscular trade. McLaglen's portrayal of the rough and simple he-man is a choice piece of acting. Jean Dixon is charming as the steel widow who runs the boarding house at which McLaglen lives and who finally succeeds in taming McLaglen. Binnie Barnes is excellent as the fickle girl friend of the boys, displaying her affections upon whoever is top man in the steel town. Billy Burrud is appealing as the youngster who idolizes the husky boys. The supporting cast is excellent, with honors going to Henry Armetta for his comedy work. All in all, a swell picture, simple in theme but delivered with human touches that will appeal to the entire family.—*Universal.*

ADVENTURE IN MANHATTAN



AAA—Romance and comedy interwoven in an original style make this production an intoxicating delight to the theatregoer. Joel McCrea contributes a clever performance as the criminologist, amateur art collector and newspaper man who predicts big crimes. His co-workers, eager to bring him down from his cock-sure, prophetic heights to the level of human beings, plan a gag which leads him to adventure and a meeting with Jean Arthur, an actress. A romance develops, as does their acquaintance with her producer, Reginald Owen. A rare painting is stolen and McCrea again starts predicting. Convincing his editor, the presses are set for a "scoop" which fizzles out—McCrea's job with it. At this point the story becomes zestful and adventurous with ample comedy and mystery to its melodramatic conclusion. Herman Bing, Victor Killian, John Gallaudet, George Cooper, Emmett Vogan and Charles Wilson lend able support. A novel and refreshing presentation that you shouldn't miss!—*Columbia.*

THE GAY DESPERADO

AAA—Nino Martini, with his golden voice, again captures the hearts of audiences in a love story that has the beautiful Mexican scenery and plenty of action by bandits as its background. Leo Carrillo, Mexico's most notorious bandit chieftain, succumbs to Martini's voice when he hears him sing at a dingy theatre below the Rio Grande, where a picture depicting the methods of American gangsters is being shown. He forces Martini to join his bandits and paves the way for him to sing over the radio. Following the first program, on the homeward trip, Carrillo commands Martini to steal a high-powered auto. Its occupants are revealed as Ida Lupino and James Blakeley, who have crossed the border to be married. Upon discovering that Blakeley is the son of a multi-millionaire, Carrillo decides to hold the couple for ransom, having been inspired by the American gangster's methods. There are many thrilling scenes that follow to the end when Martini saves the day with his golden voice and wins the girl. Martini is superb in his rôle and honorable mention goes to Miss Lupino and Carrillo.—*United Artists.*

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Dear— —:

Ever since Jean Harlow went "brownette," the blondes have been taking an awful licking. But now, look out, you brunettes!—for Joan Crawford has turned the Harlow tables—whereas Harlow, going from blonde to brunette, started the anti-blonde vogue, Joan Crawford has just up and told me that she's going to go blonde—and it's a 100-to-1 shot that Joan's move will bring blondes back into vogue.

Joan, who is a natural brunette, has been in a huddle with MGM's makeup and hair wizard, Jack Dawn, over her new hair color. They've worked out a definite blonde shade—"light, with a touch of red in it," according to Jack. "Joan will make a lovely blonde," he adds, "and I predict it'll bring blondes back into high favor."

Bob Taylor has taken the place once held by Clark Gable as style-setter-for-men. And, amusing though it is, one of Bob's first definite moves is the wearing of turtle-neck sweaters—just like Clark did, several years ago when the Gable was the big shot. Bob's wearing the turtle-necks everywhere, and already Hollywood Boulevard's parade of male fashion-plates reflects the trend. Bob's other innovation is a dressing gown that positively shrieks. No modest one-tone gowns for Bob; he wears a lounging robe that is checked in great, *three-inch* squares of pure white and blackest black. When he's not wearing it, he can play chess on it.

Count that month lost whose end sees no new sensation in headgear, a la Betty Furness. Right now, Betty's giving the Hollywoods hysterics with a bonnet that looks like a raffia wastebasket, turned upside down, and tied under the chin with velvet ribbons in a bow whose ends dangle almost to the floor . . .!!!

Suede for fall and winter wear is knocking the Hollywood lovelies into dithers . . . Madge Evans has a complete "suede section" in her new wardrobe, with everything from street suits to dinner gowns fashioned from the soft leather . . . Jeanette MacDonald's favorite suit is a tweed-suede combination—the coat of bullfrog green suede, swagger style with an exaggerated flair, lined with green-and-brown tweed, the material from which the skirt is fashioned. As an accessory, she carries a suede bag . . . Jean Harlow also goes for suede, with a sports skirt of navy suede, with laced seams, topped by a blouse in a lighter blue, also of the soft leather. With it, she wears a navy blue beret and light blue gloves and bag.

Gloves are attracting plenty of attention in cinema style circles. In *Love on the Run,* you'll see Joan's new gauntlet-type gloves of black galyak, with large silver fox fur cuffs . . . Sonja Henie, rapidly becoming famous as a style-setter, designs her own gloves. Several of her new ones feature palms of colors that contrast with the rest of the glove. Others are laced up the backs with gay leather in brilliant hues. Instead of fur for her gauntlet cuffs, Sonja runs to stitched effects.

Shawls are coming back into vogue—and you can thank Garbo for that. Designed by Adrian, some magnificent shawls feature Garbo's *Camille* wardrobe. It's legend that any Garbo picture starts a new dress vogue—and it's almost a certain bet that the Garbo-Adrian combination will launch a shawl vogue this time. The *Camille* shawls are of taffeta, with appliqued bands of colored taffetas giving gay plaid effects. They're silk fringed, in tones to blend with the pattern colors.

See you next month!—Mlle. Chic.

15¢-Price Now of Famous Cold Remedy

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in 1/3 glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin—the Thing to Take for Fast Relief

Instead of buying costly medicines for a cold, try the way nearly any doctor you ask will approve as the modern way — BAYER ASPIRIN. It is perhaps the most famous and most widely used of all cold remedies today — yet costs only 15¢ for a dozen tablets or two full dozen for a quarter anywhere in the United States.

The way you use it is this: Two BAYER tablets when you feel a cold coming on. Take with a full glass of water. Then repeat, if necessary, according to directions in each package.

This will act to fight fever, cold pains and the cold itself. And it will save you from taking strong medicines for a cold. Medicines that often upset the whole system. Relief comes rapidly.

Get the genuine BAYER ASPIRIN by asking for it by its full name: not by the name "aspirin" alone.

15c FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c
Virtually 1c a tablet

12 Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin
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Genuine
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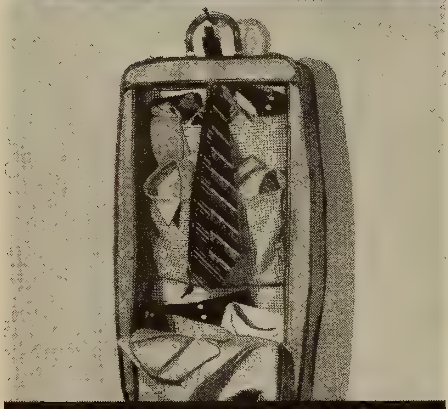
Paramount's famous star travels with VAL-A-PAK, the only piece of luggage that will deliver a suit en route as freshly pressed as when it's packed.

VAL-A-PAK is literally a portable clothes closet. Separate compartments for shirts, underwear, etc. Everything orderly and easily accessible.



VAL-A-PAK saves pressing bills. Suits (there is room for two) hang on regulation hangers, air cushioned against wrinkling or mussing.

VAL-A-PAK comes in fabric and leather models ranging in price from $8.95 to $50.00. At leading luggage and men's wear shops. Atlantic Products Corporation, Trenton, New Jersey.

Prices West of The Mississippi 10% Higher

Patented

THE *Styled* Val-A-Pak WARDROBE

Your Witness ON THE STAND

with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. Are Marlene Dietrich's eyebrows naturally high-arched, or are they pencilled on?

A. A pencil, not nature, is responsible for the Dietrich brows.

Q. How did Spanky McFarland get his name?

A. When the boy first came to the Hal Roach Studios five years ago, he was very mischievous (and still is!) and Mrs. McFarland was continually saying, "Spanky, spanky, mustn't touch!" His real name is George Robert Phillips McFarland.

Q. Who is the wealthiest star in Hollywood?

A. Charlie Chaplin.

Q. Having read that the earthquake scenes in *San Francisco* were done in miniature, I would like to know what instruments were used to achieve that earthquake rumble?

A. The sound department at MGM recorded no sound at all on the sound track for the earthquake rumble! A soundless and invisible electrical current of low frequency was passed through a vacuum tube, and on to the sound valve of the recording machine. The sound valve transformed the electrical current into tiny lines on film. When this film was run through the projection machine, the earthquake rumble was heard for the first time.

Q. How can I get in touch with John Gielgud, who played in *Secret Agent?*

A. The only tip I can give you is to write to British Gaumont, who made that picture. Or, better still, write him % Guthrie McClintic, Rockefeller Center, New York City—who manages him in the stage production of *Hamlet* which opened in New York City October 8th.

Q. What sort of disposition has Mary Brian? What is her next picture to be?

A. Mary Brian's disposition is usually above reproach. She is considered one of the "sweetest" girls in Hollywood. However, in the past few weeks she has been shattering her nerves working in the Oakwood cemetery at Chatsworth, and in a setting of wax-works consisting of medieval torture chambers and infernal machines. So I couldn't answer for her current disposition and wouldn't blame her if it were terrible, which it probably isn't. The picture is *Killer at Large,* which answers your second question.

Marlene Dietrich's bewitching eyebrows are the result of a pencil artistically applied

Q. How many screen writers are there in Hollywood?

A. About 600. This is not counting, of course, the thousands of chauffeurs, waiters, housekeepers, motormen, real estate agents, mechanics, high school students, and all the rest of Hollywood's population, each one of which apparently and honestly believes he is a Writer.

Q. Was Gary Cooper ever given a screen test, and if so what was it like?

A. Gary never had a screen test. B. P. Schulberg summoned him to his office one day, and he was given the first camera-less screen test on record. The room into which he walked was filled with producers, executives and directors. Finding himself without warning in this gathering, he flashed an embarrassed though engaging smile about the room and then, before he could utter a word, was dismissed. After he left, Schulberg asked his colleagues what they thought of him. Every comment was favorable, and Gary was launched upon his career.

Q. Do actors really grow the whiskers seen on their faces when they're supposed to look as if they needed a shave?

A. There's no time to grow whiskers. If an actor must look in need of a shave, the make-up man is called.

CURRENT FAVORITES ◆ PAT PATERSON ◆

By Lee Blackstock

CHEERS for Walter Wanger for persuading sparkling Pat Paterson to desert her chosen profession of being just "Mrs. Charles Boyer" to grace once again the screen with her talented, diminutive self. Although she is regarded as a newcomer around Hollywood, Miss Paterson is anything but that... She started acting when only 10 years old, appearing in *Babes in the Wood*... When she was 15 she became a real professional... Her first engagement was a six months tour through the British provinces with the Laidler Revue troupe... Then she went to London and grabbed a job with the road company of *Stop Flirting*... She was the under-study of the actress entrusted with the rôle created by Adele Astaire in London... In Edinburgh the star became ill and Pat played the rôle for an entire month . . . Her second big break also came as a result of another English star's illness... that of Heather Angel... And Pat stepped into her rôle as the star of *Let Us Be Gay*, a British picture... The two girls are still the closest of friends... Three years ago Pat came to Hollywood and made her bow before the cameras as Spencer Tracy's leading lady in *Bottoms Up*... She met Boyer at a party the night he arrived in Hollywood to make his first English-speaking film... Three weeks later they went to a theatre... The house had been sold out and they could not get seats... Boyer proposed in the theatre lobby and an hour later they were flying to Yuma to be married... Pat is not the least bit domesticated, claiming her husband can cook better than she... But she reads a great deal... And also is very athletic, preferring swimming, tennis, badminton and riding . . . Green is her favorite color... And she prefers very plain clothes, slacks, tailored suits and simple evening gowns... She has flashing blue eyes, reddish-blonde hair, and a smile that would make any man turn handsprings on red hot coals... Pat and Charles often spend quiet evenings at home for a week at a time... Then they may go out for the same length of time... She's a game little trouper, as well as a gifted one. Pat was recently seen in *Spendthrift*—a charming picture—with Henry Fonda and Mary Brian. And Pat and husband Charles have just returned from a trip abroad and we hope they are rarin' to get started again for we are rarin' to go and see more of Pat—and Mr. Boyer, too.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Joel McCrea when he gets tired of movie acting has his plans all laid for operating a "dude ranch" in Wyoming, exclusively for movie people who want to rough it?

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body—
A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By Lady Esther

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—*thoroughly* clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required

To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!

All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days' supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you'll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (28) FREE

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

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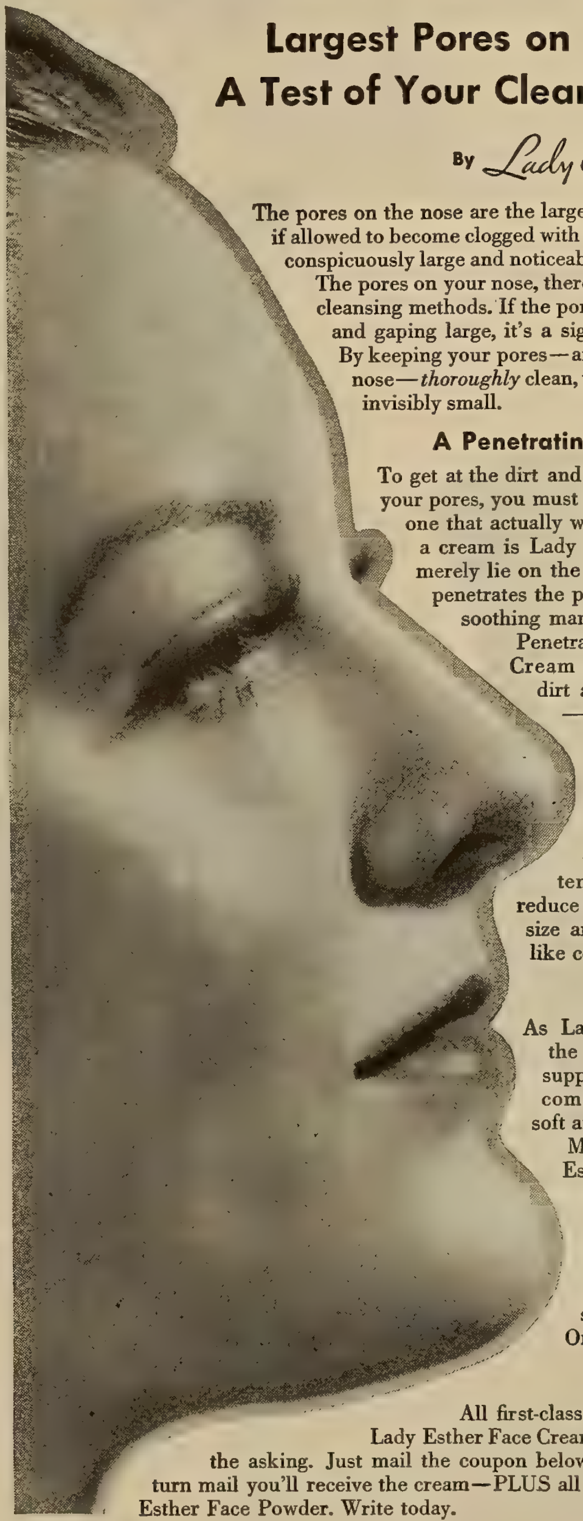
(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)



COFFEE and.....!

By Dorothy Dwan

(No. 1) Grant Withers likes coffee fresh and piping hot made in a percolator. (No. 2)—To achieve the perfect coffee Cesar Romero favors a Silex Coffee Pot. (No. 3)—Warren Hull makes coffee in an old-fashioned coffee pot, but he serves it in an attractive urn. (No. 4)—But campfire coffee is the most tasty says Dick Foran

Those black looks you get from husband or brother over the coffee problem will turn to smiles by following recipes of the stars

BETWEEN six and nine tomorrow morning, approximately one hundred million cups of coffee will be sipped—either with relish or resignation! Oh yes, otherwise erratic husbands have become resigned to the sins committed in the name of coffee. The "little woman" can whip together a meal that melts in your mouth—the cook broils your favorite steak to perfection—so why be temperamental over a beverage that refuses to be the same two mornings in succession, reasons many a better half.

On the other hand, talk about trumping your husband's ace and finding yourself a widow! I'll wager many a judge would rate headlines in the morning papers, praising his understanding of human nature if he asked questions relative to coffee grounds when trying to eliminate grounds for divorce.

So for once, I played traitor to my sex. There seemed to be only one way to get to the bottom of the coffee question—*ask the men!* And from four male stars, I found four fundamental rules that will prove priceless to you.

"Serve your coffee the moment it is ready," avers Warren Hull. Grant Withers insists, "Religiously scour the utensil used."

"Measure the coffee and water accurately," advises Cesar Romero.

Dick Foran says, "The coffee must be fresh and of a good brand."

Put them all together and they spell perfection. What flavor—what aroma—and what praise will be yours. Then again, it isn't just that the coffee is served piping hot, strong and yet delicate to the palate—it's what is served as an accompaniment that makes the story complete.

One person grins in anticipation when apple pie is mentioned. Yet another springs to attention at the sight of a doughnut while a third orders "coffee and coffee cake, please." Consequently I felt I played in luck upon realizing that these four men not only had definite views on how their cup of coffee should be brewed—but knew how to tell the ladies in question, be it wife or cook, what to serve to contribute to their at-peace-with-the-world feeling which is just what a good cup of coffee can give one.

Before I give you these coffee and food recipes, here's a suggestion of what to serve friends who [*Continued on page* 86]

HOLLYWOOD
Home Hints

Evalyn Knapp tends to a difficult task an easy way. She uses Wright's Silver Cream to keep her silverware sparkling

HERE are some helpful tips that come to us from the makers of Rinso: Never wash colored cottons with white cotton things unless the color is fast. Always remove tar, coffee and fruit stains before they are washed. . . . Lay aside torn and ripped pieces as washing will only enlarge the holes . . . mending before washing saves wrinkles when ironing. . . . To make your job easier, they advise that white cottons and linens be soaked for a short while before they are washed in lukewarm Rinso suds.

There's no doubt that a handy first aid kit will save time and worry later on. . . . For those times when "Junior" stubs his toe or runs a nail in his foot, there is nothing quite so handy as a Johnson & Johnson Red Cross Kit. What with a complete assortment of bandages, sterilized pads and various antiseptics, there is no need for complications to set in after a wound has been properly treated . . . then, too, there is a handy booklet that tells you exactly how to go about taking care of the injured.

It does seem as those manufacturers of fibre window shades, the Clopay Corp., just never will let up in their goal of giving housewives fine window shades at the lowest possible price. . . . And now they have gone one step farther. . . . They have perfected a process that gives to Fabray washable shades a marvelous pique effect, making Pique finish Fabrays astonishingly like costly woven cloth in appearance. Millions of women, who have been delighted with Fabrays because they are thoroughly washable and remarkably long wearing, can now find in Pique finish Fabrays the "last word" in extra smart window shades.

And now we have a metal food grater that you don't have to fasten on the table! It is cleverly designed, having a detachable self-contained glass bowl with a rubber base. . . . You have your choice of three different baked enamel finishes when you choose a Metco Food Grater, for they came in red, ivory and green. . . . The grater is particularly useful when it comes to grating cheese, crackers, toast, nut meats and many other dry foods.

And now for a suggestion on kitchen furniture. . . . The Mutschler Brothers Co. have made available a complete line of all metal kitchen tables, cabinets and cupboards designed to save you space and add to the beauty of your kitchen. . . . They have absolutely *everything* to offer . . . no need now for your kitchen to be untidy looking . . . for those metal fixtures are *so* easy to keep clean!

"It's the true Love Gift"

..*Says* ROSALIND RUSSELL enchanting M-G-M screen star

HOMES begin in hope chests. So, be sure you choose one that gives absolute moth protection. Lane is the only cedar chest that is factory-tested for aroma-tightness. It has a special patented inside finish that evens aroma flow and prevents the interior from becoming oily or sticky. As proof of positive moth protection, you get with this modern chest a moth insurance policy, free. See the glorious new Lane models with superbly finished hardwood exteriors now at your Lane dealer's store.

THE LANE COMPANY, Inc., Dept. G, Altavista, Va.
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4-piece matched walnut stump center panel and matched, quartered walnut on either side, divided by marquetry. Automatic rising top...

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The Rosalind Russell Chest—smartly modern in design with center panel of walnut stump and end panels of walnut separated by elm burl. New patented automatic double tray.

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...AN' MOTHER SAYS BE SURE TO BRING HOME A SUPPLY OF THOSE LAMPS THAT STAY BRIGHTER LONGER!

THE little girl's mother realizes that it doesn't pay to take chances with inferior lamps that grow dimmer and dimmer as days go by. She keeps her home well lighted with Edison MAZDA lamps because they *Stay Brighter Longer*... use electricity so much more economically than poor ones. Ask for Edison MAZDA lamps by name. It doesn't pay to take chances! General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

LAMPS WITH THIS MARK STAY BRIGHTER LONGER
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only 15¢
15-25-40-60 WATT SIZES

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
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THE G-E "DIME" LAMP. First real value in a 10 cent lamp. Comes in following sizes, 60, 30, 15 and 7½ watts. It is marked like this . . . . GE

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

George Arliss returns to the screen in *East Meets West,* a Gaumont-British production

The Amazing Quest—AAA—Based on the E. Phillips Oppenheim *Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss,* this very smartly made comedy, with a flavoring of romance, has Cary Grant and Mary Brian in the leading rôles. There are ample laugh lines and they never fail to score.—*United Artists.*

East Meets West—AAA—George Arliss returns to the screen in the rôle of an Eastern Sultan who holds up England and a rival Eastern power on the strength of the strategic importance of his harbor to both parties. There is an excellent melodramatic plot that will hold your interest.—*Gaumont-British.*

The Tattler—AA½—A refreshing angle on the radio commentators supplies the plot for this amusing comedy. Ross Alexander, as the radio gossip, Craig Reynolds, a picture star, Glenda Farrell, radio station secretary and Ann Nagel, as the radio singer for whom Alexander takes to the air, are superb in their rôles.—*First National.*

See America First—AA½—Another in the *Jones family* series with the original cast doing their usual excellent work. Tony Martin, a newcomer, is equally good. As the title suggests, the family start, via auto and trailer, on an American tour and the never-failing complications and comedy follow.—*20th Century-Fox.*

I'd Give My Life—AA½—Tom Brown, Sir Guy Standing and Janet Beecher head the cast in this picture which concerns the story of a young boy who killed his father in self defense and accepted a death sentence rather than tell the truth, to save his mother's happiness. The melodramatic scenes are filled with human interest.—*Paramount.*

One Man Came Back—AA½—A startling realistic story of a vivid cross section view of Condemned Row, where convicts await execution. Preston Foster, Ann Dvorak and John Beal head the cast which also includes a group of excellent players.—*R-K-O.*

They Met in a Taxi—AA½—Fay Wray, Chester Morris, Lionel Stander and Raymond Walburn pack this entertaining comedy with lots of amusing complications. Fay is excellent in her rôle as a model who becomes innocently involved in a jewel robbery and Chester is equally good in his rôle as an outwardly hard-boiled taxi driver. Lionel and Raymond score as the chief comedians.—*Columbia.*

Thank You, Jeeves—AA½—A nonsensical farce adapted from P. G. Wodehouse stories detailing the hilarious adventures of Bertie Wooster and his sober visaged but whimsical "gentleman's gentleman," *Jeeves.* Arthur Treacher heads the cast. —*20th Century-Fox.*

Mummy's Boys—AA½—The Wheeler-Woolsey fans will like this picture in which the boys turn pseudo archaeologists and invade the tombs of the Pharoahs, where the fatal curse of the dead kings still prevails. The high spot is reached in the chase through the tombs.—*R-K-O.*

Wives Never Knew—AA½—Riotous comedy supplied by Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, Adolphe Menjou and Vivienne Osborne, makes this story, with its new angle on marital complications and jealousy, one of the outstanding laugh-provokers of the season.—*Paramount.*

Old Hutch—AA½—Centered around the character, *Old Hutch* (Wallace Beery), who develops vague pains in his back whenever the word "work" is mentioned. He finds one hundred thousand-dollar bills buried on the banks of his favorite fishing stream and the climax of this story is reached when he tries to establish himself as a man of means. The supporting cast is good.—*M-G-M.*

Murder With Pictures—AA½—A murder mystery with an oil inheritance as the basic reason for the murders. The entire cast, inclusive of the newspaper photographers, are under suspicion. Gail Patrick, the heiress accused of the shooting, and Lew Ayres, as her protector, head the cast.—*Paramount.*

The Man Who Lived Twice—AA½—A unique story of a killer who prevails upon a medical scientist to permit him to be the object of his experiment whereby useful men can be made of useless stock. Ralph Bellamy is presented in the dual rôle and is ably supported by Marian Marsh, Isabel Jewell, Ward Bond and Willard Robertson.—*Columbia.*

Straight from the Shoulder—AA½—This story concerns the great affection that existed between a widowed father and his young son and the efforts of the boy to keep his dad from remarrying. It has a gangster atmosphere in which the boy is the hero of the hour. David Holt, Ralph Bellamy, Katherine Locke, Onslow Stevens and Andy Clyde are in the cast.—*Paramount.*

King of Hockey—AA—The excitement of ice hockey, with all its thrills, color and speed, is the background for this dramatic romance. The lead is played by Dick Purcell, former ace Fordham University player. Ann Nagel supplies the romance with Purcell.—*Warners.*

The Big Game—AA—With Philip Huston in his screen debut and June Travis, as the girl, this production is the first of several football films to be released during the gridiron season. James Gleason, Frank Thomas, Bruce Cabot and Andy Devine are in the cast.—*R-K-O.*

Oh Susannah—AA—An entirely new rôle for Gene Autry lends interesting highlights to this picture which is western in action and atmos-

Want a Thrill?

Movie fans everywhere find it is thrilling entertainment to read the complete fiction stories of coming films, before the movies are shown anywhere.

You'll like it too. Get ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, now on sale for only 10c. This magazine publishes the exclusive fiction stories of new films, each story illustrated with scenes from the production. Featured in the issue now on sale are: *Reunion,* the new picture starring the famous Dionne Quintuplets; *Portrait of a Rebel,* with Katharine Hepburn, Herbert Marshall; *Theodora Goes Wild,* starring Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas—and seven more stories starring Clark Gable, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and others.

Remember, ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES—10c at all good newsstands.

Donald Woods, Humphrey Bogart and Margaret Lindsay in a tense scene from *Isle of Fury*

phere, but factually is melodrama. Practically all the action is handled by Autry who is ably supported by Smiley Burnette, Frances Grant, Earle Hodgins, Donald Kirke and Boothe Howard.—*Republic.*

Yellowstone—AA—A mystery melodrama with the geysers of Yellowstone Park in its murder plot and the scenery of the park for its background. Henry Hunter, as a youthful ranger, and Judith Barrett, as the girl, are newcomers and both show fine promise.—*Universal.*

Isle of Fury—AA— Unfolding with the wedding ceremony of Humphrey Bogart and Margaret Lindsay during a tropical hurricane, this melodrama of the South Seas has many interesting angles on mystery and romance. Donald Woods and Jaul Graetz are excellent in their rôles.—*Warners.*

Sitting On the Moon—AA—This musical comedy relates the story of an irresponsible songwriter (Roger Pryor) who grinds out hit tunes for pictures between drunken orgies and gets into difficulty when he attempts to help a former star (Grace Bradley) stage a comeback. Joyce Compton, William Newell and Pert Kelton give good performances.—*Republic.*

The Three Mesquiteers—AA—A band of World War veterans trekking westward in model T's to take up farming land that the government has offered them in New Mexico and the resentment by the ranchmen, supplies the plot for this western. Syd Taylor, Robert Livingston and Ray Corrigan head the cast, while Kay Hughes adorns the picture with her romantic beauty.—*Republic.*

Forbidden Heaven—AA—Charles Farrell and Charlotte Henry furnish the love interest and head the cast of this production which concerns the struggles of a group of destitute persons who set up a winter home in an unoccupied building. Charlie's struggles and eventual success in making the grade in Parliament climax the story.—*Republic.*

Bulldog Edition—AA—A circulation war between rival metropolitan newspapers is the plot for this story. Evalyn Knapp, Regis Toomey and Ray Walker head the cast in a romantic triangle, while Cy Kendall, as the kingpin racketeer, lends able support.—*Republic.*

Don't Miss

the following big pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine: *Romeo and Juliet,* with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard as the tragic lovers in a magnificent version of Shakespeare's famous love story. . . . *Mary of Scotland,* an elegant historical picture starring Katharine Hepburn and Frederic March. . . . *Anthony Adverse,* an eloquent adaptation of the famous novel with Frederic March, Olivia de Havilland, Anita Louise and a great cast. . . . *The Road to Glory,* a dramatic war picture that doesn't glorify war, starring Fredric March and Warner Baxter. . . . *Give Me Your Heart,* in which Kay Francis triumphs in a highly emotional rôle. . . . *Nine Days a Queen,* a moving story of the tragic days in England following Henry VIII's death. . . . *My Man Godfrey,* a sparkling comedy with William Powell and Carole Lombard. . . . *The Texas Rangers,* a fine tribute to the courage of those who made Texas a worthwhile place to live in, with Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie and Jean Parker. . . . And if you haven't seen *Swing Time, The Gorgeous Hussy, Sing, Baby, Sing, Cain and Mabel, Midsummer Night's Dream, The Great Ziegfeld, Green Pastures, San Francisco* and *The White Angel,* you're missing some very excellent entertainment.

What Every Woman Desires!

A BODY BEAUTIFUL with the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Just dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe as usual. After drying, feel your skin—it will be delightfully smooth and soft—And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath . . . Make it a habit to take a Linit Beauty Bath and join the many thousands of women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

Linit is also unequalled for all fine laundering.

Pour le Soir

Naturally we lapse into French in telling you of this smart Whiting and Davis gold mesh evening bag.

★★★

We wanted an evening bag to be perhaps just a step ahead of the mode. We asked Paris and a noted couturier designed it. With the design came this note: "C'est joli avec tout" with which Hollywood stars were quick to agree.

★★★

You will see it in the shops you rely on for style and probably in several of next season's society screen versions. With so many sponsors, your gift selection has a perfect okay. But to most, the maker's name is sufficient.

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Ask to see Whiting & Davis metal mesh bags and costume accessories at your jewelers, at smart shops and department stores.

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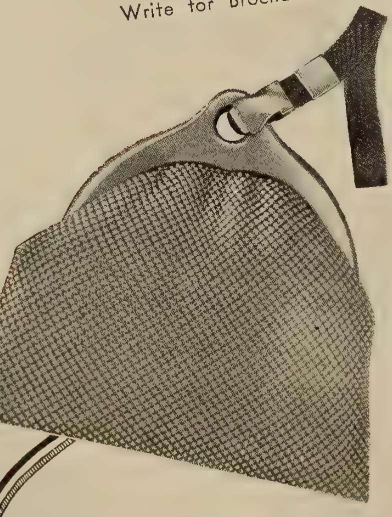

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You Know Your Movies?

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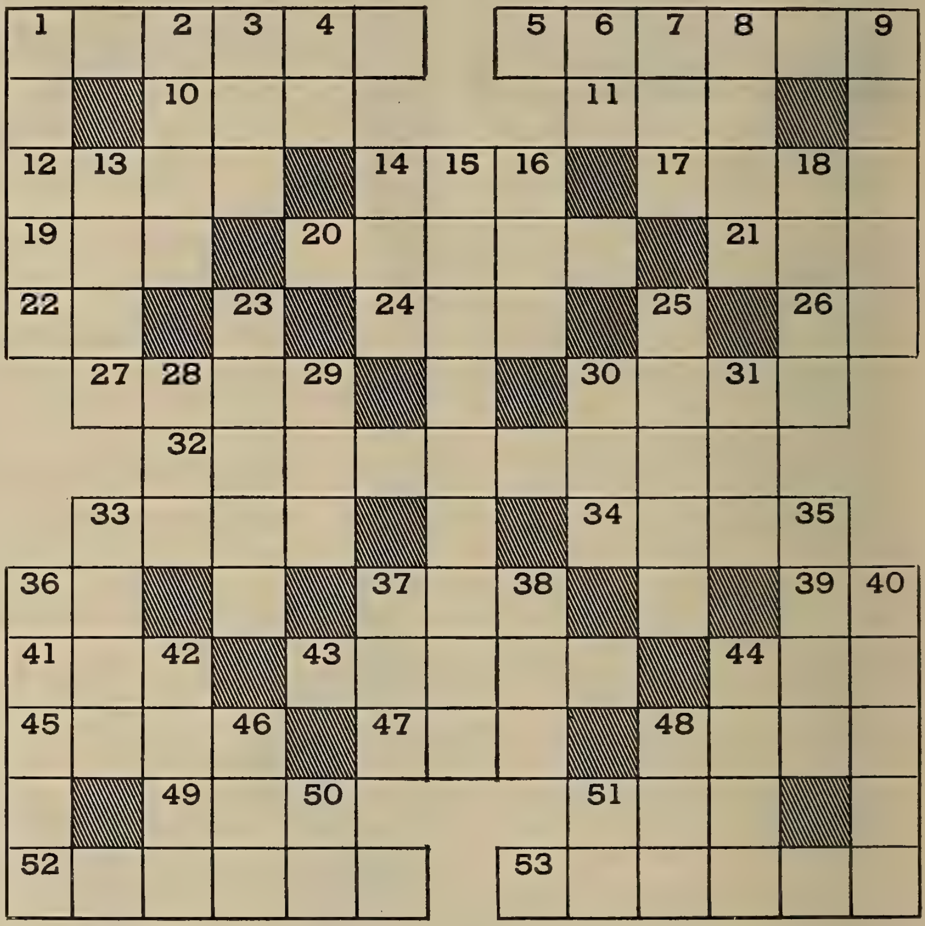


ACROSS

1. Jane Withers has title rôle in this film.
5. Co-star of SWING TIME.
10. THE LITTLE ——— SCHOOLHOUSE.
11. Hairy coat of Buck, canine star.
12. Wm. Powell and Myrna Loy were teamed in THE ——— MAN.
14. These are submitted by authors to the studios (abbr.).
17. THE ——— WITH THE IRON DOOR.
19. His last name is Brown.
20. Director of ROMEO AND JULIET.
21. Slang term for O'MALLEY OF THE MOUNTED.
22. AND ——— THEY WERE MARRIED.
24. You've seen him often in westerns.
26. Initials of actress recently divorced from Bennett Cerf.
27. Miss Birell's first name.
30. Clarence ——— was the janitor in SHOW BOAT.
32. Walter Huston film.
33. Whose rôle was that of THE WHITE ANGEL?
34. She played opposite Ralph Bellamy in DANGEROUS INTRIGUE.
36. Margaret Sullavan was born in this state (abbr.).
37. 36 ——— TO KILL (abbr.).
39. Initials of star of MARY OF SCOTLAND.
41. ——— LOVE AGAIN.
43. She was cast opposite Mala in THE LAST OF THE PAGANS.
44. What Bonita Granville told causing trouble for THESE THREE.
45. THE WALKING ———.
47. Article much used in film titles.
48. Animal friend of the deer in SEQUOIA.
49. La Rocque's first name.
51. Kind of dance executed by Eleanor Powell.
52. She has rôle opposite Muni in THE GOOD EARTH.
53. THE PETRIFIED ———.

DOWN

1. Comedienne with the fluttery hands.
2. Descriptive of Edna May Oliver in films.
3. Something used by stars in signing contracts.
4. Short for Mr. Lowe.
6. KING ——— THE ROYAL MOUNTED.
7. Jack Oakie often chews it in films.
8. First name of one who was GORDON in SWING TIME.
9. Robert Donat had lead in THE 39 ———.
13. Ex-husband of Sally Eilers.
14. Descriptive of Harpo Marx in films.
15. Paramount character actress.
16. June Travis' father is vice-president of the Chicago White ———.
18. It made Durante famous.
23. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE in ANTHONY ADVERSE.
25. Whose rôle is that opposite Huston in 32 Across?
28. Her last name is Ince.
29. Trailers, etc. (abbr.).
30. THE EX ——— BRADFORD.
31. Helen Gahagan had title rôle in this.
33. Nickname of 39 Across.
35. First name of one who was GEN. YANG in THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN.
36. Karen Morley's husband.
37. ——— MONEY.
38. The former Mrs. Nick Stuart.
40. GIVE ME YOUR ———.
42. Miss Maritza's first name.
44. She is married to Johnny Weissmuller.
46. ——— Ameche.
48. Bing Crosby works at this studio (abbr.).
50. Cecil B. —— Mille.
51. ——— MARY—WITH LOVE.

Solution and a New Puzzle Next Month

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

PARTY Hi-Spot of the Month was Fred Stone's "Night in a Nickelodeon"—which sent time spinning back a couple of decades. It was thrown at the Stones' Los Feliz estate. First thing guests saw was an old-fashioned nickelodeon entrance, with an overhead sign—THE LITTLE BIJOU—WORLD'S FINEST NICKELODEON. There was even a peanut whistling stand at the front gate, and in the box office, a gum-chewing ticket seller . . . Thither came the Pat O'Briens, all dressed up in togs of the past decades, arriving in a hoss-drawn hansom cab. Craig Reynolds came in an old two-lunger auto, and his shoes were the old-fashioned bull dog tip type, to top off his costume. Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald appeared aboard a bicycle built for two. Tom Brown, Henry Willson, Eleanore Whitney, Patricia Ellis, Glenda Farrell, Drew Eberson were among the others there . . . The nickelodeon show was a wow—old-time films, dug up from Allah knows where, featuring Clara Kimball Young, Blanche Sweet, Maurice Costello, Lillian Gish, Charles Ray and others of the old Hollywood. Harry McCoy accompanied the old silent films with "interpretive music" on the old out-of-key piano.

PRE-MARITAL parties kept Maureen O'Sullivan busy. One of them was a joint celebration of her imminent marriage, and the ending of filming of the year-long Tarzan Escapes. It took place on the MGM sound stage just after shooting of the last take. Maureen, herself, prepared the main item on the menu—a great ham, done in the Irish manner, which means it was first boiled *in beer* and then baked, Maureen following an old O'Sullivan family recipe. Those who helped Maureen celebrate were Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller, Benita Hume, Herb Mundin, and others in the cast. . . . A couple of afternoons later, Maureen was guest at a surprise shower. She didn't know what the party was all about until her hostess led her into the gift room—brilliant with sets of crystal ware, dainties, and all the things brides-to-be get at showers. Those who showered her included Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, Sally Eilers, Una Merkel, Paulette Goddard, Virginia Bruce and others. There was even a cake—done in shamrock shape, with a tiny bride and groom topping it off.

ANOTHER of Hollywood's famous airplane cocktail parties was given by Doug Fairbanks and his bride. They chartered a great air transport, loaded it with champagne and Kay Francis, Delmar Daves, Connie Bennett, Merle Oberon and David Niven, Grace Moore and her hubby, Gladys Swarthout and hers, and others. They took off about 7 p.m., wined and dined and even danced in the big cabin of the plane as it sped north to San Francisco, 400 miles away. There they landed, had late dinner at a night spot, a couple of dances, and flew back to Hollywood. They got home with the milkman.

ARTHUR Hornblow and new wifie, Myrna Loy, took a seaside house some 30 miles from Hollywood for part of their honeymoon—but did they have privacy? They did not!—they had, instead, oodles of guests, including Bill Powell, Jean Harlow, Eddie Sutherland, Loretta Young, and any number of other Hollywood whoop-te-doers. Around their house strutted wild peacocks—and if you've ever heard a wild peacock, you'll know why a feature of the house parties consisted of Myrna's husband's target practice at the birds with cans of talcum powder, guests' shoes, clothes brushes, cocktail glasses and what have you. Tennis, target practice, and the usual week-end diversions kept the Hornblows *et al.* plenty busy.

LUMP-IN-THE-THROAT Party was the big shindig thrown at Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel in honor of the stars of yesteryear. It was a huge dinner dance—and so splendiferous that even California's governor attended to pay homage to the old-time stars. Included in the array were Agnes Ayres, Ruth Stonehouse, D. W. Griffith, Wally Reid Junior and his mother, Cleo Ridgely, Maurice Costello, Florence Turner—remember those glamorous old names? Feature was the showing of great pictures of bygone years—many of them bringing tears to the spectators' eyes in memory of Valentino, Reid, Mabel Normand, Lew Cody, Jack Gilbert . . . The lobby of the hotel that night was jammed with star-gazers and autograph hunters—and many a white-haired man and woman stood in the crowd there for one look at their old-time screen idols in the flesh.

MOST ghoulish note in Hollywood's party month was the treasure hunt that included the digging up of 500 buried pennies in a Hollywood cemetery. Because there was a bit of a storm of protest afterward, the names of those who gave and attended the party are being shush-shushed.

[*Continued on page* 58]

CAPTIVATING
BINNIE BARNES
STARRING IN
UNIVERSAL
PICTURES

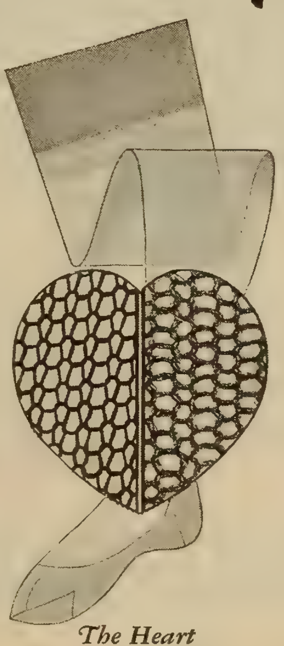
Binnie Barnes
tells *You* the Secret

● Why should we hire an advertising man to write about our product when a distinguished user writes an *unsolicited* letter such as this:

"As a motion picture actress, my personal appearance is of great importance to me and I have to be quite sure my stockings are the very finest obtainable. Admiration Hose fits beautifully, without wrinkling or sagging, even after repeated washing. Also, while appearing to the eye as very fine and delicate, the stockings give remarkably long wear."

Binnie Barnes tells you here in a woman's language what we have been trying to tell you for months about ADMIRATION. We invite you to try them. If you do, you will doubtless join the thousands of others who say "ADMIRATION is the best hosiery value I have ever found."

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
ST. JOSEPH · · MICHIGAN
Manufacturers of
Ladies', Men's and Children's IRONCLAD *Hosiery Since 1878*



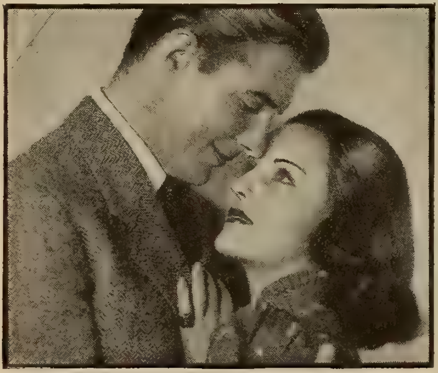
The Heart of Your Hose

These magnified sections show what gives ADMIRATION COSTUME HOSIERY its superiority. On the right is the loosely twisted silk used in ordinary hosiery. On the left is silk twisted by our secret process. This gives longer wear and added beauty. ADMIRATION COSTUME HOSIERY fits every leg and ankle perfectly and never twists or gets out of shape.

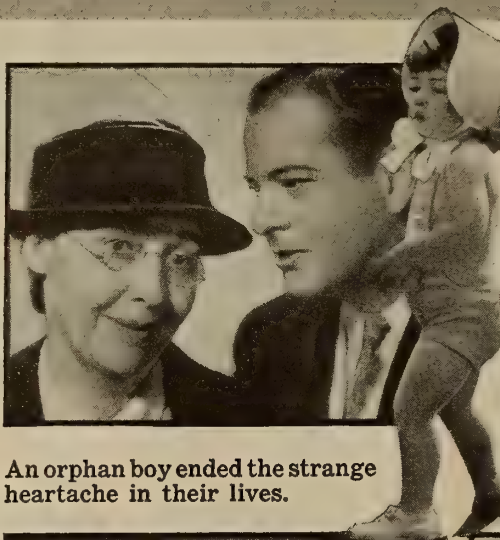
Admiration
COSTUME
HOSIERY

FOR THE WOMAN WHO CARES

THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR'S 3000 GROWN-UP "BABIES"



A society woman nearly stole him from her.



An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.

The fading movie star tried to recapture fame—and found love.

In this reunion, they almost parted forever.

Inseparable comedy pals . . . the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne Cecile Marie Annette Emelie

in REUNION

with

JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON HELEN VINSON SLIM SUMMERVILLE ROBERT KENT
DOROTHY PETERSON JOHN QUALEN ALAN DINEHART J. EDWARD BROMBERG SARA HADEN
TOM MOORE GEORGE ERNEST MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson

20th CENTURY FOX

Marion Davies

It's good to see Marion Davies back in the type of picture in which she excels—such as *Cain and Mabel.* Well established as one of the most skillful comédiennes of the screen, her sense of comedy values haven't been given the best expression of late—due to material unworthy of her. But *Cain and Mabel* —with Gable as a foil—is Davies at her best. Now word comes that Marion will take a flyer into Shakespeare with *Twelfth Night* as the opus. If true, it will make her greatest triumph

Six irresisti-belles salute you here with a "glamorously yours." They all have their heads up because they've been going places for some time. Their personalities are powerfully appealing. There's Alice Faye inviting you to give her the once-over. After *Sing, Baby, Sing,* she appears in *On the Avenue.* Ida Lupino, top, climbs to new heights in *The Gay Desperado* and *Yours for the Asking,* while Ann Dvorak, left, salutes you with a grand performance in *We Who Are About to Die.* It's hard for leading men to resist them. This also goes for the leading man who sits beside you in the darkness of the theatre

And on this side are three illustrious irresisti-belles who have made the name Hollywood synonymous with beauty. At top left, Rochelle Hudson registers a half-coyful, half-wistful expression. She is as versatile as she is pretty—and when you see the Quints' new picture, *Reunion,* you'll find Rochelle lending the romantic interest. At her side is the voluptuous Patricia Ellis who, perhaps, typifies Hollywood girlhood more than any other irresisti-belle. She appears in *Melody for Two.* At the right, June Travis' dark beauty lends an irresistible appeal. This Chicago girl made good from the start—that was a season or two ago—and after *Ceiling Zero,* she just had to settle *The Case of the Black Cat*

Irresisti-belles

—Hurrell

Myrna Loy

It's a new Myrna Loy greeting you from the screen these days—one who since her marriage to Arthur Hornblow has found complete poise, peace and happiness. As a bride she radiates her personality in *Libeled Lady*—with Jean Harlow, Bill Powell and Spencer Tracy rounding out a winning foursome

Jeanette MacDonald

And then there's Jeanette MacDonald who is soon to become a bride—one who looks upward soulfully toward a future that is calm, serene and perfect. Gene Raymond is the lucky man in the picture—and while the wedding remains in the offing, Jeanette is busily engaged in making *Maytime* with Nelson Eddy

—D'Gaggeri

I'm Not the Type to be a Star—CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Having played French and Egyptian rôles, Claudette adopts an early American pattern in her new film, *Maid of Salem*

It doesn't seem right to Claudette that she should be a star. She's one star without conceit

By Katherine Albert

CLAUDETTE'S new home was complete—each room a poem of beauty and comfort. For weeks in New York she had brooded over furniture until at last there was just the right piece for every space. Original paintings worth small fortunes hung upon the walls. Well loved draperies and rugs lent color and grace. And—to cap the climax of all this charm and luxury—there was a projection room where Claudette, her family and friends could loll in Hollywood splendor and watch the newest films run off.

That projection room was a symbol to Claudette—a symbol which said that after all the years of heartache and struggle she had at last arrived, become a first magnitude star.

Trembling with delight, Claudette called the studio and asked for the latest release. They were sorry, she was told, but Mr. So-and-So, a man whose salary or importance in no way compared with hers had that particular picture. She asked for another film almost as good. Oh, no, Miss So-and-So, a youngster recently put under contract was running that one in *her* projection room.

Claudette went down the list until at last her choice rested between *Way Down East* and *Curly Top*—both pictures months old, both pictures Claudette had seen. She chose *Curly Top*. The next night *Way Down East*.

A few days later she tried again. It was the same story. Oh, yes, she could have her choice between *Curly Top* and *Way Down East*.

"If I have to see those pictures again," she said, "I'll scream!" Everyone laughed. They knew Claudette wouldn't scream. So they sent her *Curly Top* and *Way Down East*.

It went on like that for weeks. At last Claudette stood in the lonely splendor of her projection room with her hat on. She was going to the neighborhood movie to see a new picture. She sighed. "Everybody else but me can see pictures in their own homes," she said, too weak to be grammatical. "Well, I guess I'm just not the regal type."

And there is a portrait of Claudette which gives you a complete tip-off to her character.

When friends of mine ask me what Claudette is *really* like I usually say, "She's swell" and let it go at that. It's just too doggone difficult to make people realize that here is a very great movie actress, who earns $150,000 a picture, who is mobbed by autograph seekers wherever she goes, who is at the glamourous heights of popularity and who just isn't the regal type." Perhaps the only way to make *you* believe it, is to give you some examples, to show you what my eyes have seen, to repeat what my ears have heard.

LET'S begin by going on a shopping tour with her. She walks into the fitting-room, shoves her hat on the back of her head, and, unconscious of the fluttering sales-ladies, models and designers, proceeds to give the gowns on display the works. Her frugal eye doesn't miss a thing.

[*Continued on page* 74]

Spencer Tracy is one of the best poloists in Hollywood. It's his hobby.

Spencer insists that his wife, Louise, is a better poloist than himself. They both can be found playing every Sunday

GIVING YOU SPENCER TRACY

(*SO YOU'LL UNDERSTAND HIM BETTER*)

Why Spencer Tracy rates high with Hollywood and you

By Harry Lang

I THINK I can best show you the sort of fellow Spencer Tracy is, by telling you, first, about what he knows to be the finest, biggest moment in all his life. . . .

It's not very long ago. We're in a doctor's office in San Francisco. A very famous specialist. Spencer Tracy sits there, hope and fear battling for possession of him. For this visit (and those that have gone before and are still to come), Spencer Tracy is paying many, many thousands of dollars. Yet nothing could be further from his mind, at this moment, than that money. Spencer Tracy's only thought, just now, is a great and fearsome wondering at the verdict the great doctor will speak. . . .

Tracy's eyes are fixed in prayerful intensity on a wide-grinned little boy who sits there, too, all hooked up in a device of gadgets and wires over which the specialist is fussing. This lad, and *not* Spencer Tracy, is the subject of the doctor's diagnosing; this lad, *not* Spencer Tracy, would face, on the doctor's words, a life of bitter emptiness, or a life rich with the blessings of healthy organs. And yet, the boy, with the strangely unconscious bravery of childhood, is grinning up at his dad with no more fear than a baby in its mother's arms.

ncer likes to sink his teeth in a
e, like the tragic figure in *Fury*

The new picture in which Spencer Tracy appears is *Libeled Lady* with Jean Harlow, Bill Powell and Myrna Loy

Spencer contributed magnificent acting as the priest in *San Francisco*

The love of Mrs. Tracy and Spencer is founded on deep love and respect. At right, Spencer and Johnny as they appeared three years ago. The boy's hearing is being restored

Yes, his dad. This boy is Johnny—eleven-year-old Johnny Tracy, Spencer's son. When he was just a baby, infantile paralysis left him with his hearing gone. The great specialist fidgets with dials, buttons. Things buzz in the machine. Suddenly, into little Johnny Tracy's eyes, there leap a light of rapt wonderment. The doctor smiles, and turns to Spencer Tracy—

"Here, you talk to him. . . !" He hands Tracy a speaking device. Tremblingly, hardly daring to believe, Spencer Tracy speaks:

"Hello—h-hello, Johnny," he falters; "c-can you *hear* me?"

Explosions of joy rocket in little Johnny's eyes, wide and round with the wonder of a something new that is happening to him. Vigorously, he shakes his head—the up-and-down shake that means yes. Spencer Tracy, in that moment, knows that for the first time in too many years, his son hears him. Tracy can't talk any more. He just hands the gadget to his wife, who is there, too, of course. The mother speaks to Johnny. Spencer, the great big movie roughneck, is over in a corner, bawling like a baby!

"He has hearing left," the doctor was saying, afterward, to Mr. and Mrs. Tracy. "It has not been totally destroyed; the faculty is still there. It is not at all unlikely that we can bring it back much more—even, God grant, completely."

Those words were wonderful to Tracy. But, in a sense, they were anti-climax. For that one instant, when Spencer Tracy saw that his deaf son had actually *heard* him speak, was the most wonderful moment Tracy has ever known. He doesn't hesitate to admit it. He is not ashamed of it, nor of his tears.

"I'd owe Hollywood the skin off my back," he told a friend afterward, "if all it ever gives me is the memory of the look on that kid's face when he heard, for the first time, his mother's voice and mine. . . !"

I'VE told you this inside story because I want you to have a truer picture of Spencer Tracy, the man, than the picture that the hammer-tongued gossipers of Hollywood have tried to give you. They've scandal-gossiped about his private life to no end—they've linked his name with a certain actress or two, they've whispered that he's a "bad boy of Hollywood" with no more sense of responsibility than a

[*Continued on page* 66]

I'm Thankful for My Enemies-JOAN BENNETT

By Virginia T. Lane

SHE came into the living room with a gay stride. Her greeting was gay . . . but beneath all that was a current of excitement, of something tense and keyed high. Something that made her eyes glow darkly, her cheeks flush.

I thought, "Joan Bennett used to be the prettiest girl I knew. Now she's the most beautiful woman I know. Drat it, what's happened?"

She fingered a book on the table (the book that Ditty, her eight-year-old, had been regaling me with) and smiled brilliantly. "I'm furious!" she announced.

"I've been furious since I woke up at five o'clock this morning and all during the time I was on that shopping expedition and attending a luncheon party and having two interviews! And I've never felt better. It does me good. It *rouses* me. First time in months I've been this roused and watch things pop! Injustice and stupidity are the two things I can't tolerate—and I'm going to show them!"

I didn't ask who the "them" were. Hollywood careers are bound to be sprinkled at intervals with odious "thems." People who poach on the stars, who try to get the better of them at every turn.

Suddenly the littlest Bennett was chuckling softly. "It's odd. It's almost fantastic, I suppose. *But the people who have hurt me most are the ones who have helped me the most! They've made me fight!* It's been that way all my life. I don't seem to get places until I *am* roused! I was naturally a reserved and sensitive youngster. Things hurt terribly. But they did stir me to action! There was the time, for instance, when I was thirteen. . . . It seems amusing and relatively unimportant now—but then it was my whole life. You see, I fell in love—puppy love! He was a senior at the Berkshire Prep school and I met him at a dance there. At first I didn't pay much attention to him even after he drove me all the way back to St. Margaret's, the school I was attending. This chap, A. W., was blond and blue-eyed and quite gallant. But it wasn't until he became a freshman at Yale that Fall, an honest-to-goodness college man, that I began to get thrilled. Only, as I fell *in* love with him he fell *out* of love with me. . . . It was all pretty heartbreaking, especially when he began going with another girl. I cried and cried until I got used to going to sleep with a wet pillow. . . .

"But one unrequited love merely led me into another! Down on Long Island, at Easthampton that summer, I happened on B. D. He was eighteen

[*Continued on page 78*]

Joan is not the fighting type of Bennett—it always takes the Enemy to spur her on

—*Wm. Walling*

Joan Bennett credits her enemies for all of her success. They've roused her to action and made her fight. She calls them her best friends

Reaching Stardom From a Pair of Stilts

Cary Grant's stilt-walking days are over and his feet are on the ground. As a movie star the crowd still looks up to him

By Grace Mack

HALF the fun of this interviewing business is the surprise element. The star who has charmed you on the screen with his (or her) gay witticisms sometimes turns out to be just about as gay and witty as a clam when it comes to giving an interview. The star whose screen performances leave you cold as dry ice may send your blood pressure skyrocketing in a face-to-face encounter. And vice versa. More than once I've had a preconceived idea about somebody knocked into a cocked hat.

Take Cary Grant. I might as well confess that Cary had never been one of my major enthusiasms. I was willing to admit that he was handsome and that he made a good foil for blondes like Mae West and Carole Lombard. But my private hunch was that he probably "acted" away from the cameras as well as before them and that he doubtless had a pretty good opinion of Cary Grant.

I was wrong. DEFINITELY. Cary is okay. After spending several hours talking with him my typewriter just automatically starts writing the words "Nice Guy." He's natural, human, and like most people who have experienced both sides of life, he is wholly without pretense.

Sitting in the living room of the charming beach house with the ocean for a background, he regaled me with stories of the days when his most important problem was figuring out where his next meal would come from. You see success didn't roll up to Cary in a golden chariot and invite him to hop aboard. His road to the top was much more in the nature of a hitch hike.

Not so many years ago, had you been walking along New York's Sixth Avenue in the early morning hours, you might have seen him standing with the group of men who gather on the sidewalk in front of the employment agencies that nestle in the shadows of the elevated tracks, waiting eagerly, hopefully for the job—*any job*—that would mean dinner.

As a kid, Cary had run away

[*Continued on page* 70]

The happy wedded couple, Joan and Dick—now honeymooning in New York

It's a new and different Joan who smiles at you here. And she explains why she has changed

By

Katharine Hartley

HOW DICK POWELL Helped JOAN BLONDELL

NO ONE on the Warner lot, and only one other female star in all of Hollywood, has a set dressing room to equal Joan Blondell's. A set dressing room is usually a portable "two by four," made of beaver board, with a couch, a dressing table and a mirror for furnishings. Most of them look, from the outside, like large packing cases. They are usually dismal, dreary, and in need of paint. Sometimes they also have a dent or two in them, the result of being moved around so much. Joan used to have one like that. She used to think that just a box was all right. In fact, she didn't used to think about it at all.

But today! Today everything about Joan Blondell is different!

Today she has a dressing room which is handsomely painted a delicate cream color. It has a Colonial type of door with a little window in it, and at each side of the door are other little windows. These windows are hung with a cheery beige, pink and turquoise print. Inside there is a beautiful divan, a maple dressing table, a maple chair, a maple end table, a radio, a bookshelf, a maple waste basket, two enamel ivy containers set against the wall, two Colonial hand painted mirrors, and carpeting from one end to the other. Inside, in other words, there is luxury and beauty. And on the outside of the door, delicately printed are the two words *Miss Blondell.* Not Toots Blondell, or Buddy, or Joanie, or plain Blondell, not any of the names by which she has been known in the past. But Miss Blondell! Just at the time when she is becoming Mrs. Dick Powell, it is quite pertinent that you hear about this new Miss Blondell, for the one has a bearing on the other.

For a long time Hollywood has been talking about "the new Joan Blondell," but this newness has only been known in connection with her physical appearance . . . her new beauty. The new things that have happened to her go much deeper than that.

"It's a new point of view, a new purpose, that I've found. A new ambition. I know where I want to go and I think I know how to get there," she said rapidly in that enthusiastic quick kind of speaking she has.

She was wearing one of her *Gold-diggers* costumes, a military gabardine coat, and gold spangles for a skirt. She had just removed the heavy drum-major hat from her head, and unbuckled the sword from her side. "Whew!" she said, sinking down into a chair and throwing her good-looking brown legs up on the couch. Then, indicating the sprawled position of her legs, she explained, "That's to rest the ankles so they don't swell. I cracked them both a long time ago, and then sprained one of them again on the picture before last. They bother me like the devil, and this marching business will go on from now until midnight. Well, let me see where to begin. . . .

[*Continued on page 72*]

Warner Baxter's pleasant hillside Tudor home is built and furnished for comfort

Looking In On The BAXTERS

By Ida Zeitlin

"I'M GOING to buy an island," Warner Baxter called to us. We were standing at the head of a flight of stone steps, leading from behind his house down to the pool. It was one of the pleasantest spots I'd ever stood in, high on a hill in Bel-Air. Back of us spread the comfortable proportions of the Tudor house, all sunwarmed stucco and mellow brown timber. The tree-studded grounds rolled away on either hand to a terraced grove below. Still farther below, the crazy-quilt pattern of Los Angeles glittered and winked in the noonday glare. From the pavilion beyond the blue-tinted pool Mr. Baxter came striding toward us, brandishing a letter.

"Come on down," he called, "I'm going to buy an island."

If the delight in his face differed from that of a twelve-year-old boy's, blissful over his first bicycle, I couldn't detect it. What price blasé movie stars? I thought, seeing his eyes aglow with eagerness, hearing the ring of exultation in his voice. If there's anything blasé about this man, I'll eat his island.

"Look—" He couldn't wait till we'd reached the pavilion. "Here are some snaps—this is the shore line—take a squint at those gorgeous pines—Lord, what a place!—here's the little one—got to take 'em both together—Dollar Day—two islands for the price of one, and a penny over—we could always use the little one for a dog-run—"

"Have you seen them?" I demanded.

"No, but who cares? They're islands, aren't they?" And his eyes went back to gloat over

[*Continued on page* 68]

An ideal couple, the Baxters are as romantic as young lovers

Peace, romance and contentment reign over the Baxters—they're that happy. This story gives you a close-up of their private life

Warner's interested in buying an island

No star's future was more dependent upon Thalberg's rare guidance and advice than that of Garbo. Her pictures were made under his supervision. With his passing Hollywood wonders what Garbo will do

By
Elza
Schallert

With THALBERG Gone Will GARBO Retire?

THE untimely and unexpected death of Irving Thalberg changed the destiny of many persons in Hollywood. He was the pre-eminent leader of the motion picture industry. His leadership carried the power to make careers, and the power to sustain careers already made. He was the flame that fired the latent powers of creative artists, lifting them ofttimes into empyreans they had not known before.

No star's future was more dependent upon Thalberg's rare guidance and advice than that of Greta Garbo. And the question is, will his death cause her retirement?

Her latest production of *Camille* was started by him, although carried to completion by others. It was a choice of story which reflected the wise box-office appreciation, and artistic discernment of Thalberg. *Camille* is just the sort of story that Garbo needs at this time.

The production has glowing beauty, and the rôle of the hapless *Camille,* who loved too deeply but not too wisely, has great warmth and appeal. And will, doubtless, make popular amends to American audiences for the less heartwarming heroine of *Anna Karenina.* Especially, with Robert Taylor in the famed rôle of *Armand,* her lover.

An event like Thalberg's death might be sufficient reason for Garbo's retirement.

When *Camille* is released, audiences will behold a Garbo more beautiful, perhaps, than at any time during her career. And they will see a *Camille* so frail that breathing, itself, will appear an effort. And this will not be an achievement of make-up art. It will be a camera impression of Miss Garbo, herself.

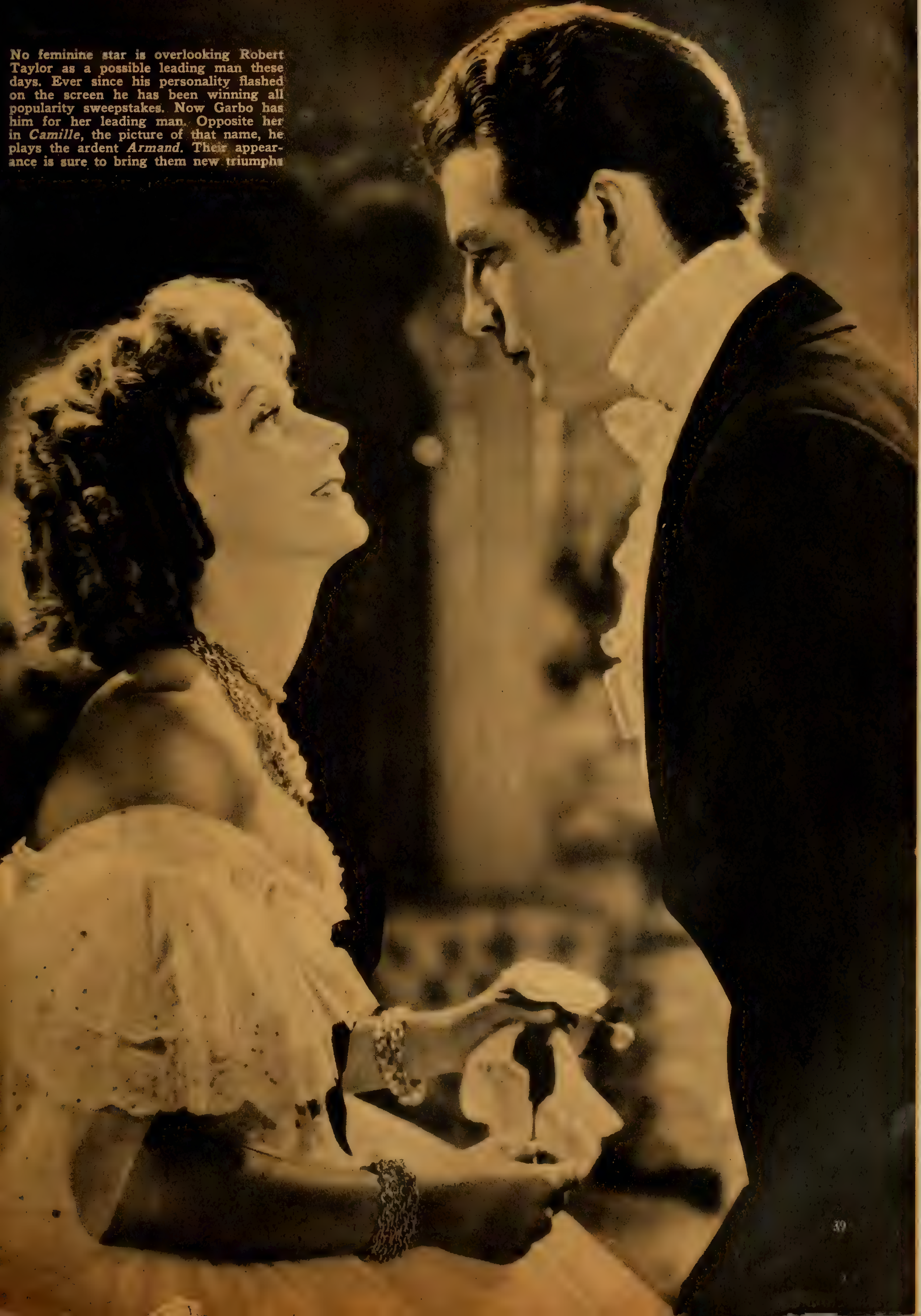
There never was a time when the gifted and strangely magnetic actress was physically more fragile. Her physical reserve is not as sustaining as it formerly was. By many this is regarded as very serious.

Heavily-skirted velvet and embroidered costumes of the rococo period of *Camille* were increasingly difficult for her to carry. More maids were required to hold the costumes up and away from her, so as to relieve the physical strain. Rest periods between scenes and "takes" were more necessary. And to make the impression of *Camille* even more realistic in wanness, Miss Garbo would diet strenuously.

There is no denying that the actress's submission to the demands of her work, her artistic expression, is praiseworthy. And if my impression of her is correct, her philosophy will protect her on this score. "Far better to give to one's work completely—starve for it if necessary—and burn the flame brightly and exhaustively, rather than compromise in any way. At best careers are short-lived. Give all while you may." Such, I have reason to believe, is her philosophy about her career.

PRIOR to the death of Irving Thalberg there was much talk about the complete change in Garbo. About her gayety, her playfulness, such as running a race with Robert Taylor, her democratic attitude toward fellow workers in the company, and electricians and technicians. Her response to, and apparent approval of, music being played

[*Continued on page* 82]



No feminine star is overlooking Robert Taylor as a possible leading man these days. Ever since his personality flashed on the screen he has been winning all popularity sweepstakes. Now Garbo has him for her leading man. Opposite her in *Camille*, the picture of that name, he plays the ardent *Armand*. Their appearance is sure to bring them new triumphs

This is the house that Huston built up in the San Bernardino Mountains to get away from Hollywood. It has a swimming pool, tennis court and great pine trees which seem to touch the *real* stars at night

WALTER HUSTON wont live in Hollywood

And tells a dozen reasons why, straight from the shoulder

By Faith Service

"I REFUSE to live in Hollywood *because it is the most idiotic place in the world in which to live.*" Thus said Walter (*Rain—Gabriel Over the White House—Night Court—Hell Below—The Prizefighter and the Lady—Rhodes—Dodsworth* on stage and screen) Huston to me. He added, "I refuse to live in Hollywood because I do not want to be known as a 'motion picture actor.' An actor, yes—I hope. Not a 'Hollywood personality' tagged and labeled and trade-marked and card-indexed.

"I refuse to live in Hollywood because *I don't want money.* I mean it. Not Big Money. Of course," said Mr. Huston, a twinkle in his deep-set, kindly eyes, a twist of his tolerant mouth, "I'm rather glad that screen players are taxed as they are. If they were not I might, being human, succumb to the terrific sums which are paid here in Hollywood. But the taxes are exorbitant and I am able to withstand the temptation—and save my soul.

"I say I don't want money. I've never envied poor *Dodsworth.* I'm not accustomed to the luxury standard. I've seen more grief than good come out of it. I'm fifty-two years old. I'm happily married. A giddy whirl and a giddy girl no longer invite me. I have built for myself and my family the kind of a home I want—in the San Bernardino mountains between Lake Arrowhead and Big Bear Lake. I have put into this home every dream I ever dreamed of home-building. . . . So much more important," smiled the man who played *Rhodes, The Empire Builder,* "than empire building!

"I live life there (when I have the chance) as I have dreamt it should be lived, tranquilly, close to the natural sources. My wife, Nan Sunderland, who played with me for the three year run of *Dodsworth,* you know—she loves it, too. We are away from the crowds. We have acres of great pine trees, which seem to touch the *real* stars at night. From my front porch I can sit and rock and smoke and look 7,000 feet down into the valley of San Bernardino. We have a swimming pool and a tennis court. We have dogs and

[*Continued on page* 80]

The breaks finally came to Isabel Jewell—spelling real love and recognition

Love Comes to ISABEL JEWELL

By Sonia Lee

It was love at first sight with Isabel and Owen Crump

IN THE space of one year Isabel Jewell has come from defeat to glory; from disillusion to love! Twelve months of dynamic happenings; twelve months which have made her forget all past despairs!

I watch her eyes as she tells her story spanning two Septembers. They brim with happiness, with contentment, with a healthy, sweet excitement. And I remember her eyes of two, three years ago. Hurt eyes, bewildered, baffled eyes—belonging to a girl who was making a desperate fight for recognition, for some chance for her great and individual talent.

She has the two things now she wants most out of life. LOVE. And OPPORTUNITY. And her words are simple—with inspired simplicity, as she tells the saga of a year.

"Often, very late at night, I wonder if all that's happened to me recently is true," she says. "So much has happened. So many unbelievable things. You

[*Continued on page 76*]

Elissa Landi

Well, well, look who's here—if it isn't Elissa Landi!! And togged out in shimmering satin to appear in the role of a writer of detective stories in *The White Dragon*. It's like acting one's own life as Elissa has authored five novels. She's rumored engaged to tenor Nino Martini

"Don't go West, young man! Go East, if you want to be a film actor," most emphatically says Walter Abel, Hollywood's latest rave. He says a mouthful, having gone through the mill

ABEL *Raises Cain*

By Dorothy Spensley

WALTER CHARLES ABEL, square-shouldered, square-shooting district attorney in Metro's *Fury*, hung around Hollywood, off and on, for years before the movie moguls discovered what a good actor he was. Is, pardon! You will see him, currently, in Warner Brothers' *Green Light*, epic of spotted fever fighting in Montana, story by retired Reverend Lloyd C. (*Magnificent Obsession*) Douglas. Abel's home studio is RKO-Radio.

As a Broadway stage actor of a certain amount of prestige—he had done Shaw, Shakespeare, O'Neil, some of the Russians, with a dash of Al Woods and one of the numerous episodes of the *Potash* and *Perlmutter* saga—Abel dashed out to have a try at Hollywood, the moment the rumor that the infant industry was at last talking had been verified.

He sat around the town for weeks; landed the part of the carpenter in the Fox-Ferenc Molnar *Liliom*, prize floppo with Charles Farrell and Rose Hobart; sat around a little longer, then returned to deah old Broadway, determined that Hollywood and the lisping screen had nothing to offer him.

Well, you know how Fate is. A studio scout got a good look at Abel in a Broadway show, and tested him for Paramount, with the result that Abel hit the Hollywood trail for the second time. On this stint he sat around for six months without again appearing before the camera, and at the end of that endurance contest, he hopped a "rattler" and beat it back to old New Yawk.

"I thought I was 'washed-up' with films for good that time," said Abel, across his St. Moritz plate at Warners' Green Room Café, "but it's funny how things work out. The fall and winter following my 1933 Hollywood excursion and the season before I appeared in George Kaufman's stage show *Merrily We Roll Along*, I rehearsed five shows on Broadway, got fourteen weeks pay out of the entire lot, and when spring came I was pretty flat.

"My agent worked like the dickens trying to get me a film job, at my suggestion, because I was desperate, knowing that the theatrical season wouldn't pick up until late summer and my family and I had to live during the hot season. There wasn't a nibble from the Coast, although my previous contract had been secured because of my work in a successful Broadway stage show.

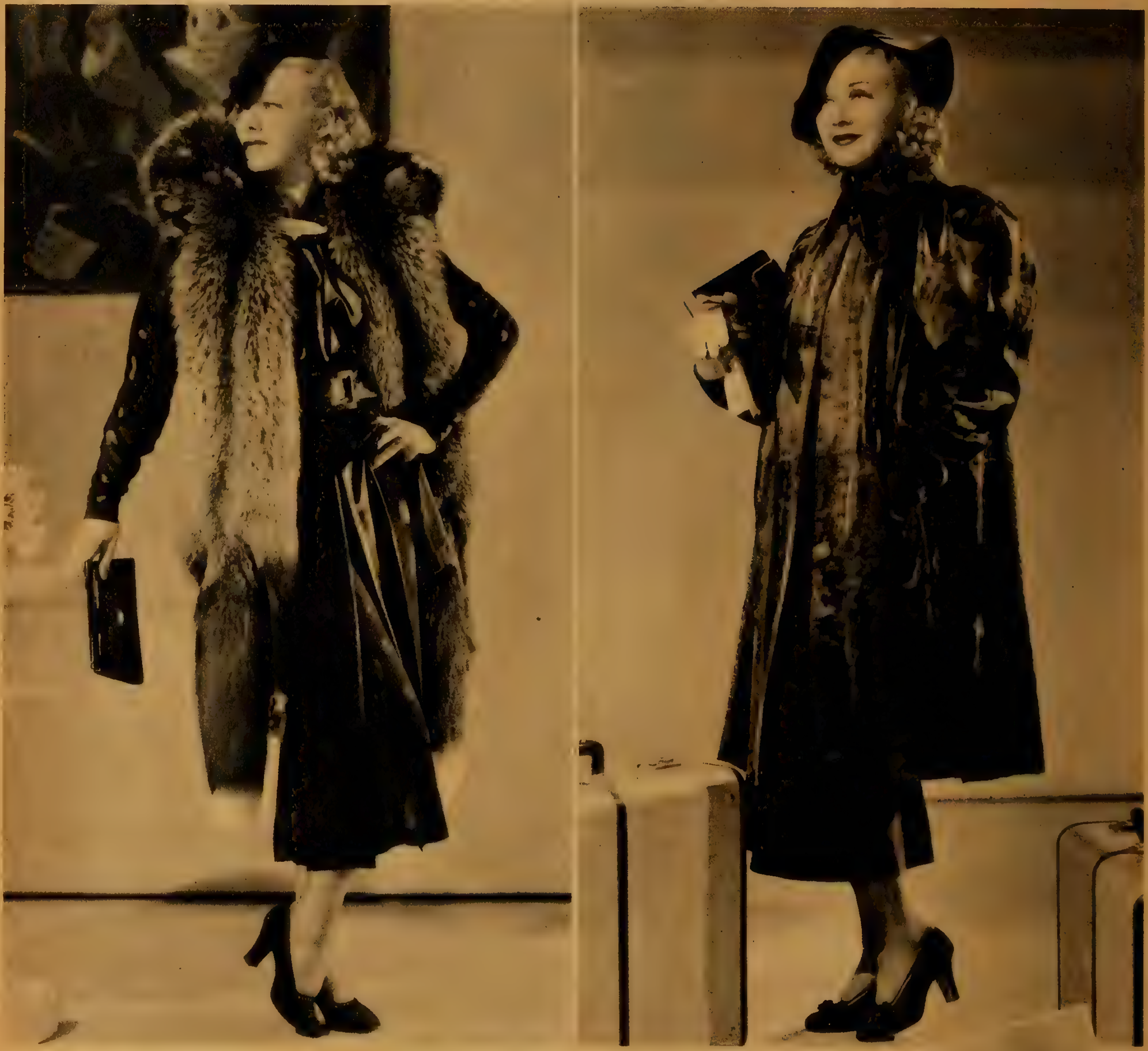
"We dragged through the summer, and in the early fall I got the part of the artist in *Merrily*. The rôle of the playwright was done by Kenneth MacKenna. The play opened on September 28. Now get this. On September 28 *Merrily* opened, five-six months before I couldn't get a nibble from Hollywood; the morning of the twenty-ninth my agent was deluged with offers from the Coast movie producers. They all wanted me to make tests for them.

"It proves my point that the youngster who longs for a film career is a sucker to go to Hollywood and wait around for his 'chance,'" continued Abel raising Cain with the accepted theory for gaining picture recognition. "I'd say 'go Broadway and let Hollywood come to you.' The answer is obvious. There is usually a dearth of actors on Broadway because as soon as one clicks, even in a small way, in a good part, the Hollywood producers fight to get his name on the dotted line. It stands to reason that the ranks of Broadway actors are constantly thinning. That the minute one newly 'discovered'—is discovered by Hollywood, I mean—actor goes out to the Coast, there's a stage vacancy that must be filled.

"Instead of rushing to Hollywood, hanging around the studios, waiting for some producer, director, agent, manager, to discover him, I'd advise any young fellow, or girl, too, who wants a theatrical career, to get his acting experience in the theatre. There's something about

[*Continued on page* 71]

I DRESS AS I PLEASE



Over a stunning black dress trimmed in satin, Ginger Rogers, RKO star, wears a two-skin silver fox scarf. The fox heads are swirled around to form standing shoulders and are held in place by the four paws braided together. The black felt hat features two small birds. Above right: Glossy brown galyak kidskin makes this swagger length coat worn by Ginger. Back fullness, large sleeves puffed at the shoulders ending tight at the wrist and pointed turn over collar are of fashion interest. A brown suede sports hat completes the ensemble

By SALLY MARTIN

Fashion Editor, Motion Picture

Furs—Willard George

Hats—J. W. Robinson Company

Photographs—John Miehle

For dress up occasions, Ginger wears a chic bonnet of black suede trimmed with white coq feathers and a rolled knob of the material on top to give height

For sportswear Ginger wears East Indian kidskin, seldom seen due to thousands of skins required to achieve the most unusual markings

Ginger, star of RKO's Mother Carey's Chickens, poses in a smart stitched black satin hat with a pointed crown trimmed with feather fancies

Write to Sally Martin, fashion editor, MOTION PICTURE, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, for personal help with your wardrobe. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope

Ginger wears a smart lame evening gown and gorgeous eastern Canadian mink cape scalloped around the bottom. A narrow ribbon between each skin makes the fur soft and supple. The neckline is finished with a large two animal throw collar that ties in front

The TALK

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in that dear old Hollywood

With no ice for skating Sonja Henie tries handball. She débuts soon in ***Peach Edition***

That Viennese charmer, Luise Rainer, who trouped so well in ***The Great Ziegfeld***, scores another hit in ***The Good Earth***

CHIEF Talk of Hollywood these days is the sudden and serious shortage of leading men for the screen! There are she-stars aplenty—but the supply of handsome heroes to play opposite them is so low, and so restricted, that virtually every studio in Hollywood is praying for new Gables, Taylors, Coopers, MacMurrays, or what have you . . .! As I write this, I can name at least a half dozen pictures, all ready to shoot, which are being held up because no suitable leading man can be found. George Raft, walked out of *You and Me* and left Paramount stranded for a leading man. *Exclusive* is in the same spot. Over at RKO, they don't know who to cast opposite Lily Pons. Universal, Wanger, Warners are other studios with leading-man trouble. Even M-G-M, well fortified with such big shots as Gable and Taylor and Bob Young and Tone and a few others, is worried.

Shortage of male actors has been the reason, of late, for the phenomenal rise of such players as Taylor, Jimmy Stewart, MacMurray and for the rush to sign up New York stage actors, and for the flood of "unknowns" who are being given important rôles in many of the new pictures—in producers' fond hopes that somehow, maybe, they'll develop into one of those skyrocketing new stars. So, if you're the type, and have what it takes, get yourself a good agent and a press agent, and who knows—you may be another Robert Taylor!

Rage On Wheels

NEWEST rage in Hollywood are the new motor-gliders. They look like a fancy kiddie kar, with a one-lunger motor hooked up. Joan Blondell just gave one to Dick Powell.

Chukker Outer

NO SOONER do we tell you, in that story a few pages forward about Spencer Tracy, how absolutely coo-coo he is about playing polo, than M-G-M ups and plays him a dirty trick . . .! They've ordered him to stay off a horse's back until they've finished shooting *Libeled Lady*. And that sort of order, to horse-and-polo-loving Spencer, is grief.

However, Old Lady Fate stepped in and proved that M-G-M was wise—for hardly had the order gone out to Spencer than his wife, who's just as rabid a polo-

If you've been wondering about Charles Laughton, who is ***Motion Picture's*** choice as the screen's greatest actor, here is your chance to get acquainted with him again. He stars in London Film's ***Rembrandt***, playing the title rôle of the great Dutch master

# of Hollywood

Speaking of figures, crowds are flocking to see Simone Simon who shapes up as worthy of a high seat on a pedestal. The girl with the most provocative mouth in Hollywood scored a sensational hit in *Girls' Dormitory*. You'll see more of her in *Ladies in Love*

ist as Spencer, himself, was thrown from her pony while playing polo at the California State Fair, and so thoroughly bruised and banged around that she was out of action for several days. If that had been Tracy, it would have cost M-G-M thousands in delay! But Spencer got partly square, nevertheless — he rented two of his thoroughbreds to M-G-M for use in *Libeled Lady*, and the rent he collects for the horses will pay his whole stable feed bill for a month!

Sax-a-peal

BIG-HEARTED Fred MacMurray, who hasn't forgotten how to tootle the saxophone, is spending most of his spare time, nowadays, teaching John Howard how to play it.

The Kliegs shed a strong white light on Errol Flynn who, teaming with Anita Louise, stars in the best-selling novel, *Green Light*

Two Eleanors

I WALKED into a drug store not far from Paramount, the other day, and stared pop-eyed at the gal behind the soda counter.

"Gee," I told the druggist as I paid for the aspirin, "that gal could double for Eleanore Whitney any day!"

"Double for her, *hell*!" whispered the druggist; "she IS Eleanore Whitney!"

—And five minutes later, at the studio, they told me that Eleanore was doing a day's soda-jerking to get experience for her rôle in a film she's working in.

Incidentally, talking of Eleanors, I learned an interesting thing from Dr. Laurence Spangard, of Hollywood, who conducted some tests on Eleanor *Powell* . . . he hooked her up to machines that registered heart action, breathing, energy output, and all that sort of thing, and found that in six minutes of high-speed tap-dancing, the Powell gal uses as much energy as a professional fighter in ten rounds, as a champion tennis player in two full sets of tennis, a swimmer backpaddling two full miles, and a golfer over 72 holes!

As for Mrs. Flynn (Lili Damita to youse gals and guys) she's come clean back into pictures to appear in G N's latest hit, *The Devil on Horseback*

Stander-Upper

GOOFIEST letter Bob Taylor found among his thousands last month was one from a girl who didn't sign her name—but it was on snooty stationery, and the writer said she was an eastern heiress.

"I must see you, for reasons I can't reveal," she wrote, "but I can't give my name. So please, walk into the Brown Derby restaurant tonight between 8 and 10 o'clock. I promise I

won't embarrass you, or even talk to you, but I simply MUST see you."

Did Bob do it? He did not—between 8 and 10 that night, he was emoting opposite Garbo in *Camille* on the M-G-M lot.

Streamlinings

ARE you a *streamlined lady?* It's the new Hollywood term for a certain type of dancing girl that's being used—specifications: under 5 feet 4, trim hips without billows, slim waists but not too incurved, 34 chest, long hair or long bob.

Off The Reservation

LUPE VELEZ, 'way off in London, may be amazed to learn she's not a Mexican hot-shot at all, but a Chickasaw princess . . .! At least that's what a strange gentleman told the world at one of Hollywood's busiest corners the other night . . . He stood on the corner, let loose an Indian war whoop, and told astounded passersby that "I'm the chief of the Creek tribe and Lupe is a Chickasaw princess and she's my squaw! I'm going to find her tepee and carry her off. Johnny Weissmuller has just been taking care of her for me . . .!"

Burgess Meredith scored such a hit in the Broadway play, *Winterset*, that Hollywood sent for him to play in the film

The police got him, bye and bye. He wasn't an Indian at all. He was from Milwaukee, and those things they sell in Hollywood night clubs were too much for him.

By An Eyelash

HOLLYWOOD is giggling at the short-lived Mae West—vs.—Alice Brady battle, over (of *all* things!) false eyelashes. It seems that one of Mae's imperial edicts on all pictures has been that only she, and no other woman in the cast of her picture, might wear false lashes. To which Alice Brady said "poo!" and appeared for the first day's shooting with her own lashes lengthened by prop ones, even more than Mae's. Mae blew up. Alice stood pat, and defied Mae, or anything else to take off her lashes. Somehow, Alice won. To which a certain Hollywood wise-crackeress remarked: "H'm, Mae must be slipping!"

Research

HOW many of you have discovered that Fred Astaire could double for Stan Laurel?

World Serious

WHEN Paramount got mad at George Raft for going temperamental, and refusing to take his rôle in *You and Me*, they suspended George without salary. Did it make Georgie mad? Not at all—for George really wanted the time off so he could go to the World's Series—so Paramount really did its bad boy a favor by suspending him. Incidentally, *You and Me* was to have been George's first rôle on his new contract—a three-year one, at $4,000 a week.

Room, Bird, Bath

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone are making a bird sanctuary of their Brentwood home. Originally, Joan had scores of tiny birdhouses nestled away in trees, bushes, and so on. When Franchot moved in, he designed a 100-room birdhouse—complete with running water and feeding troughs. They put it up in their garden—and now it's so popular that birds fight for the rooms all day long. Right now, as a result, Franchot is designing a 500-room birdhouse, which will be hidden away in a back corner of the Crawford-Tone estate.

"Thank God," says Franchot, "they're not ostriches!"

Pup Premiums

LAST month, I told you about "party insurance" in Hollywood, where hosts could insure themselves against hurts to guests. Now comes the newest form of Hollywood insurance—dog insurance. Dog poisoners have been busy lately in Hollywood residential districts. Many fine dogs have been lost. As a result, Lloyds of London have written $1,000 policies on the two dachshunds owned by Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, and another on Jean Harlow's St. Bernard. The policies provide that if any of the dogs are killed by poison, $1,000 will be automatically released for the expenses of detecting, identifying and convicting the poisoner. Many other Hollywood stars have applied for similar policies.

They grow them nifty in the deep South—which is by way of introducing dancer Lois (Honey Chile) Lindsay of Gulfport, Miss., and *Cain and Mabel*

Paulette Goddard, togged out in something new in "evening clothes," is working on her new Chaplin-directed film

Boy met girl and did some sparkin' an' courtin'—even in grandma's day (love being what it is through the ages). So Herbert Marshall shines up to Katharine Hepburn and vice versa in *Portrait of a Rebel*

There's something of Lombard and something of Crawford in Judith Barrett, a newcomer signed up with Universal to appear in *Flying Hostess*

Bob Taylor, the man of the hour (his fan mail is the biggest of all), takes time out for a smoke while making love to the Garbo in *Camille*

Bargain Counter

NEITHER Ginger Rogers nor Radio studio are exactly happy over the strange turn that's been taken by Ginger's endorsement of a certain line of dresses. It seems that the studio has been ballyhooing Ginger as one of Hollywood's smartest-dressed gals. And then, suddenly, out comes a line of department stores with "Ginger Rogers Dresses — Just Like Ginger Wears—at $2.95!"

High Dudgeon

NELSON EDDY and his temperament had a bit of a run-in the other day. Nelson won—this time. It was at lunchtime, and Nelson arrived at the M-G-M lot's gaudy new restaurant to find every place taken. Other big shots were waiting for chairs—but Eddy burned up, turned on his heel, and stalked off in what is quaintly called high dudgeon. But somewhere, in the next few moments, Nelson must have had a talk with himself. For, sheepishly, he came back—and waited for his turn.

Making Home Folks Of Stars

I HAVEN'T any idea of how Mr. Hays feels about it, but it seems that almost any moment, now, you can go to bed with your favorite screen star . . .! But don't, please don't, get excited! It's all right—no skendel! You see, the idea is that two big manufacturing companies both got the same basic idea—one, a wall-paper concern, is going to put out wall-paper decorated with the portraits of various actors and actresses. Another concern manufactures pillows. It's already putting out a pillow with the likeness, life-size, of Garbo's face thereon . . .! But who, I rise to ask, would want Karloff's. Or even W. C. Fields' . . .?

Don't Forget To Write, Mr. Jones

QUAINT "incognito" trick, that one of Bill Powell's. Avowedly to dodge autograph hunters and crowds, Powell made reservations aboard a United Air-lines plane under the name of William T. Jones.

And then what?—why, then the man appears at the airport with none other than his darling Jean Harlow by his side, to bid him farewell—and was it any wonder that both Bill and Jean were mobbed before the take-off?

Thumbs Down

THIS is the other side of the autograph-hunters-nuisance picture: Three miles from Palm Springs, the other hot week-end, Karen Morley's bicycle went out of commission. Karen, in shorts and sunburn, tried to thumb a ride back to the resort. But after an hour's vain thumbing, she had to hike the whole three miles under the broiling desert sun. Not a single motorist recognized her; not one, recognizing or not, offered to give her a lift!

Dressing Walls Now

CLARK GABLE has one definite kick against returning prosperity. His faithful valet-butler-cook, a light-chocolate Negro named Ballinger (I told you about him in that recent story about Clark in MOTION PICTURE, *remember?*) has deserted him.

[*Continued on page* 56]

Fan Males

And speaking of fan males these three answers to maidens' prayers, Joel McCrea, Michael Whalen and Charles Boyer, greet the postman every day with huge stacks of fan mail—written by you and you and you. They are all tall, dark an' handsome. You wonder how Mae West could have acted without 'em. Joel has been around longer than the others, and is just now coming into the star prominence he deserves. Did you see him in *Adventure in Manhattan*? And Michael was down to exactly 27 cents—even though he had posed for magazine illustrations—before he went to town. Charles has intrigued feminine curiosity ever since his personality was captured by a camera. His mysterious Gallic charm makes a perfect foil for Dietrich in *The Garden of Allah*. As for Michael he's the man you'd like to marry in *The Man I Marry* or in *Sing, Baby, Sing*. Fan Males? You said it

My Marriage Isn't a Gamble—GRACE MOORE

They have no secrets from each other

According to Grace Moore no marriage is a risk when it's founded on love like hers

By James Reid

THE gods of fame are jealous gods. So are the gods of love. No woman can pay homage to both at the same time—and win the smiles of both.

No woman can have an exciting, absorbing life as an artist and, at the same time, find fulfilment in life as a wife. If her happiness in a career is certain, then her happiness in marriage is a gamble—a gamble that she cannot win.

"I have heard that all my life," says Grace Moore, whose beauty and whose voice have given her the most exciting career of any woman alive. "It is an old, old idea—like the idea that prima donnas must be fat. And no truer.

"Geraldine Farrar, Mary Garden, countless famous singers, have said out of their own experience. 'No artist should ever marry—art chafes at bondage—art requires freedom.' Once, perhaps, I believed that. Now, out of my own experience, I say, 'Marriage need not be an enemy of art. Marriage *can* be its greatest inspiration.'

"I believe nothing on earth more than this: that I would not have the career I have today, if I were not married to Valentin Parera." Softly, tenderly, she says this. Her voice caresses his name.

"Why," she asks, intense in her earnestness, "why are artists looked upon as a race apart—different in emotions, as well as talents, from other humans? We aren't, you know. If we were, we would have no audiences; our talents would be meaningless; no one would understand us. When other people marry, are *they* always sure that they will be happy forever? Isn't there any element of chance that they won't be? After all, marriages do fail among other people besides artists. We see unhappy couples in all walks of life.

"We all hope to be the exceptions. But as we walk to the altar, we have no guarantee that we will be. Can't we be frank and admit that? Can't we admit that marriage is a gamble for all of us, no matter who we are or what we are, until *we* have tested married life and married life has tested *us?*

"Most women marry for two reasons. One is security—protection, a home. The other is love. Each year, more and more women support themselves. No longer do they have to 'sacrifice themselves upon the altar.' The materialistic motive is going out of marriage. Today, thanks to their careers, women can wait to marry for love. And no marriage founded on love can be a desperate gamble. Love is the greatest inspirational force in life. Love is the greatest spiritual cleanser. Love makes us unselfish, sensitive, [*Continued on page* 84]

Gifts for your HAND BAG

Here are some smart answers to "What do you want for a Christmas present?"

Marian Marsh, Columbia player, keeps correct beauty aids in her bag, on her dressing table, to attain that beauty

THERE is a definite relation between your appearance and the appearance of your handbag and dressing-table. . . . That's one of those statements that sounds far-fetched but, on analysis, proves to be surprisingly sound. Of course, I'm willing to admit that there are beautiful gals whose handbags contain nothing but a repulsive collection of old ticket stubs, broken mirrors and dirty powder puffs, and whose dressing tables are merely cemeteries for extinct costume jewelry. . . .

BUT—in spite of this, the girl who takes pride in having her bag and vanity table suitably outfitted with correct beauty aids has a head start on perfect grooming and glamour. . . . With Christmas in the offing, it might be a good idea for you to take an inventory of *your* bag and dressing-table equipment. Then, when a generous family and close friends say, as they inevitably do, "What would you like for Christmas this year?", you can specify beauty aids, and prevent a deluge of bonbons and crocheted doilies. . . . The suggestions on these pages may also provide you with ideas for inexpensive, practical gifts to your mother, a favorite girl cousin, your sister or best friend.

No girl should try to make one lipstick do for both bag and dressing-table. There's too much danger of being caught pale and lipstick-less when you run into that new man at lunch. . . . That's why a gift of two, three or all five shades of Tattoo is in order. You'll be proud to whip this lip-stick out of your bag, and proud of the smooth, flattering and permanent color it imparts. I've used four of the five shades, with different color frocks, and find them all becoming. The improved formula for Tattoo makes it a better buy than ever at one dollar.

If you're fortunate enough to get a Harriet Hubbard Ayer "Golden Hours" compact for Christmas, your handbag will take a new lease on life beginning December 26th. . . . This fluted gold vanity with its simple, modern lines, comes with loose powder alone or with loose powder and rouge. Packaged in a gift box, it is priced at $5. A stunning cigarette case to match, holding a dozen cigarettes, can be had for another $5, in case you have a rich beau!

Maybelline Cream Mascara, in a waterproof zipper pouch, with brush included, will conserve space in your handbag. And its simplicity of application will conserve your patience, when you want a quick eye make-up between office and dinner-date. Maybelline Cream Mascara costs only 75 cents.

While Houbigant's new "Little Original" editions of "Quelques Fleurs" and "Ideal" were not especially designed as purse flacons, they are quite sturdy enough for this purpose. . . . Exact replicas of the large bottles, these miniature two-dram sizes cost only $1.50. . . . Apparently the perfumer realizes that even gals who work for a living like truly fine perfumes!

DEVILBISS' new Lenox china perfume containers with amusing animal figures attached to the droppers, prove that dressing-table accessories can have decorative charm as well as utility. The sleek looking cat pictured is only one of this group, which also includes squirrels, dogs, rabbits and birds—all done with simplicity and humor. If you are expert in household lore,

2

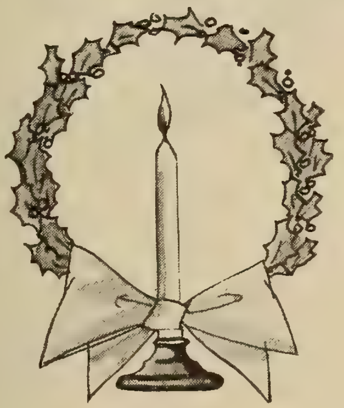
3

4

by Denise Caine

and your DRESSING TABLE

Your beauty problems may seem most puzzling to you, but quite simple to MISS CAINE. You may ask her for advice on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. This service is free, of course. All that is necessary is a stamped, self-addressed envelope for MISS CAINE'S personal reply to your letter. Simply write to DENISE CAINE, MOTION PICTURE, *1501 Broadway, New York City.*



you know that Lenox is the finest domestic china made, and if you are up on atomizers and perfume containers, I don't need to tell you about DeVilbiss quality. These gadgets come in white and pastel colors and cost $2.

A euphonious name isn't all that recommends the Varady of Vienna preparations for a place on your dressing-table. . . . Laboratory-tested ingredients and skillful blending make them beneficial to your skin. The wax-free cream is a thorough cleanser and lubricant for normal, young skin, and the Oil of Youth is very effective in correcting dry skin and preventing lines. Its low melting point permits it to spread quickly, making it a "natural" for busy women.

Unless a vanity table has plenty of cleansing tissues and absorbent cotton in handy form, it doesn't deserve the name "vanity." These two aids pay dividends in skin health far out of proportion to their cost; but, even so, many girls neglect to keep them on hand. Which means that they will appreciate a gift of a half-dozen boxes of Kleenex or a trio of Bauer & Black Cotton Pickers.

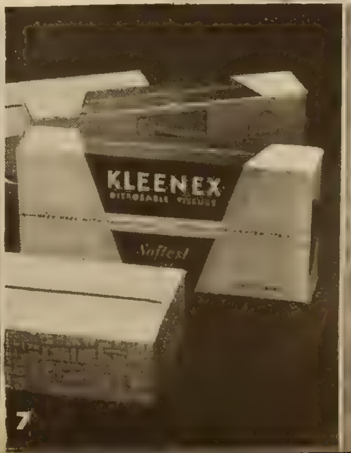
Pretty, well-groomed hands and nails depend so much on the boudoir care they receive. . . . That's why a complete manicure set and a bottle of hand lotion should be part of your dressing table picture. The compact Cutex Club Kit ($3.75) and Italian Balm in the Imperial Gift Package ($1.10), both out in time for Christmas buying, are eminently suited to dressing table prominence and daily use.

1. Tattoo lipsticks, 2. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's compact, 3. Maybelline Cream Mascara, 4. Houbigant's two-dram perfume flacons, 5. Lenox china DeVilbiss scent container, 6. Varady of Vienna preparations, 7. Kleenex, 8. Bauer & Black "Cotton Picker," 9. Cutex Club Kit and 10. Italian Balm in Imperial gift package

10
Campana's
ITALIAN BALM
The Original Skin Softener
Italian Balm

9

6
Varady of Vienna
Face Cream
Varady
Oil of Youth
Varady of Vienna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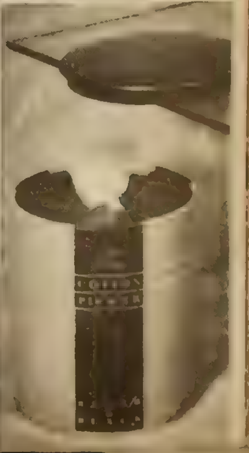


Jeane Megerle of Fort Thomas, Kentucky, is the winner this month of $50 and a screen test. She is 19 years old, weighs 100 pounds, is 5 feet tall and has brown eyes, black hair—and a very fair complexion

Dorothy Watt, 18 years old, of Jonestown, Miss., wins honorable mention

Carol Williams, 20 years old, of Hollywood, also wins honorable mention

Our Congratulations to This Month's Search for Talent Winner

Jeane Megerle, a Kentucky belle, won a $50 cash prize and a screen test. Next month it may be you

By E. J. Smithson

TO Miss Jeane Megerle of Fort Thomas, Kentucky, goes the honor of winning this month's first prize in MOTION PICTURE'S Search for Talent Contest. $50 in cash, a screen test, and a chance, when the grand prize is selected, to sign her name to a bona-fide film contract with Walter Wanger Productions at United Artists, are her rewards —and all for so simple a thing as merely sending in her photograph by which she became an entrant in this popular Search for Talent Contest.

Honorable Mention winners this month are Miss Carol Williams of Hollywood, California, and Dorothy Watt of Jonestown, Miss. Their names, too, are entered as possible winners of the grand prize—the movie contract.

Here are the screen tests winners to date: Miss Evelyn Gresham, Chattanooga, Tenn. . . . Miss Betty Middleton, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Miss Gerda Egloff, Dallas, Texas. . . . Miss Jeane Megerle, Fort Thomas, Kentucky.

Entered to date in the selection for a screen contract are the following girls who have won honorable mention: Miss Jean Fadden, Cleveland, Ohio. . . . Miss Jane Carson, South Bend, Ind. . . . Miss Noel Adrien, New York City. . . . Miss Ethel Hare, Wichita, Kansas. . . . Miss Elissa Mojica, Chicago, Ill. . . . Miss Carol Williams, Hollywood, Calif. . . . Miss Dorothy Watt, Jonestown, Miss.

Now the question is—will this extraordinary good luck come to you next month? It will if you get busy right away and send in your photograph along with your Hold Bob bob-pin entry blank. There's no expense, save for a few cents for postage, to become an entrant and thus a candidate for a film contract.

EACH month, as you have learned from reading previous issues of MOTION PICTURE, three girls are selected by the judges as winners—of these three, one wins a $50 cash prize and a screen test; the other two win honorable mention and likewise a chance to enter the grand prize which is the coveted screen contract with Walter Wanger Productions.

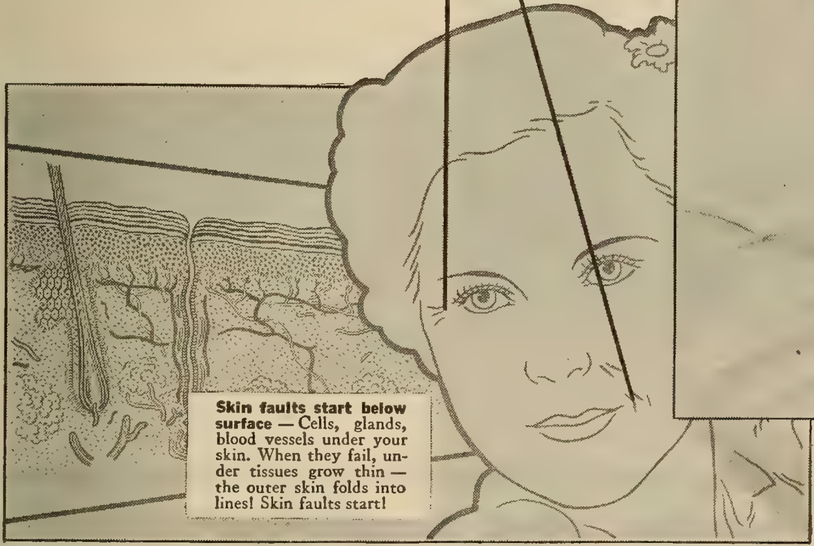
As you are aware this Search for Talent Contest is sponsored by the Hump Hairpin Company in conjunction with MOTION PICTURE. Hump Hairpin Company manufacture Hold Bob bob-pins, those hairpins with the invisible heads which are so popular among the stars of Hollywood. Hold Bob bob-pins are on sale everywhere. Your favorite store carries them and will be glad to give you further details concerning this nation-wide Search for Talent Contest. NOW—

With your entry blank filled out and your photo ready for mailing, the next step is to address it to this address: Search for Talent, 1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A word about Walter Wanger, famous Hollywood producer. Wanger is regarded by those high in

[*Continued on page* 88]

LINES SAY *"over 30!"*



Skin faults start below surface — Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin — the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start!

Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

*A Sign that **UNDER TISSUES** are Shrinking!*

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under* tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside,* where it shows.

Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. M144, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City________________State________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 49]

"Boss," Ballinger told Clark the other day, "I'se a plasterer by trade, and business is pickin' up, so I'm going back to plasterin' and you'll have to find another valet."

Friends In Clover

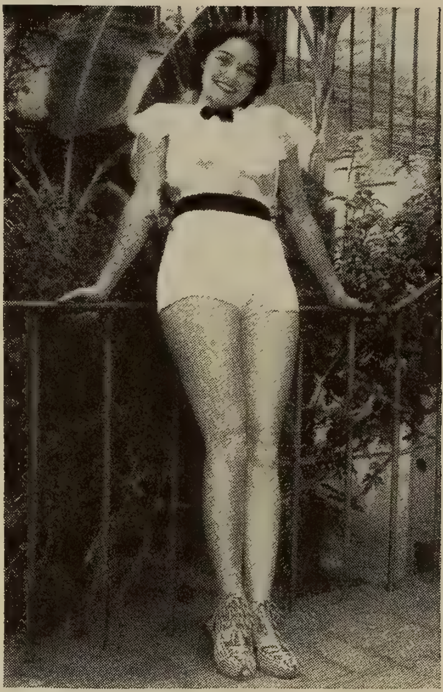
FRANCIS LEDERER is going to distribute good luck in Hollywood, if charms will do the trick. He recently cornered the rabbits' foot market in Hollywood, and gave all his friends the supposed luck-pieces, mounted as watch charms or purse pieces. And now he has just given a jeweler an order to make up 100 four-leaf clovers in silver, to give away to those he couldn't give rabbits' feet to when the supply ran short!

Chauffeur, Call a Taxi

SWEETHEARTS Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, between them, possess five motor cars. BUT—whenever they go out together, they call a taxi instead!

Minnie

SHE may be Myrna Loy to you, but to her brand new husband, Arthur Hornblow, she's "Minnie!" That's what he calls her—and ain't that r-r-r-r-r-romance?



Marjorie Weaver, Warner player, tapped her way to Hollywood by winning a contest in our sister magazine, SCREEN BOOK

Jimmy's Good Turn

BACK in 1933, Jimmy Dunn was motoring along an Illinois road when a tire blew out. The car crashed, and Jimmy, unconscious and bleeding, was flung to the roadside. A boy found him, applied the tourniquet he'd learned as a Boy Scout. When Jimmy finally reached a hospital, the doctors said the boy's tourniquet had saved him from bleeding to death. In gratitude, Jimmy, from his hospital cot, told the lad: "If *ever* you need anything, look me up."

The other day, he was leaving Columbia studios when a youth plucked at his coat sleeve. "Remember me?" the stranger asked. "Nope," said Dunn, fearing some new racket. "I'm George Murray," the youth said; "remember that auto crash . . . "

Memory flooded Dunn's mind. Here was the boy who had saved his life. The boy told a sad tale—both parents had died, left him penniless, homeless. He hitch-hiked to Hollywood, remembering Jimmy Dunn's word, trusting Jimmy Dunn. Jimmy repaid the trust. He is providing a home for the lad, and is finding him a job.

Thar's Silver in Them Mountings

DICK FORAN, the western star, is a fool for luck. At an auction, the other day, he bought a dirty, soiled, old Mexican saddle for $11.

IT'S ALL SPOILED
READ HOW PIMPLES ALMOST TURNED POLLY'S DREAM INTO A NIGHTMARE
WHY POLLY— WHAT IS THE MATTER DEAR?
HARRIET'S LETTER - Y-YOU REA IT - SHE W-WANTS TO D-DRIVE OVER D-DURING VACATION AND BRING HER B-BROTHER J-JACK
HERE POLLY— I WANT YOU TO TRY EATING THIS YEAST FOR AWHILE. MRS. AMES SAID IT CLEARED JEAN'S PIMPLES RIGHT UP!
WELL, JEAN CERTAINLY HAS LOVELY SKIN. DO YOU THINK THERE'S REALLY A CHANCE FOR ME?
LATER
IT SURE WAS A LUCKY BREAK I LEARNED ABOUT THOSE YEAST CAKES IN TIME. THERE'S NOT A SINGLE PIMPLE LEFT! OH, I DO HOPE JACK WILL LIKE ME

He took it home and cleaned it. And discovered that the mountings were real silver—and worth $30 for the metal alone!

Such Fun

SALLY EILERS played a gag on Bob Armstrong, while making *Without Orders*. She collected a group of school children, from a school near the location scene, and whispered that Robert Montgomery was over there and wanted to give them all autographs. Down they swooped on poor Armstrong, yelling "Oooh, Mister Montgomery, gimme your autograph, wilya?" Bob fled—and hid while Sally, splitting with laughter, treated all the kids to ice cream cones.

The Old Familiar Names

HERE in Hollywood, we've been hearing the grand old names of the screen's past, more frequently lately than ever before. There seems to be some sort of rebirth of interest in the glamorous stars of yesteryear—And so, the word is getting around that Bill Hart, who has been off the screen for years, is coming back in his famous two-gun character very soon, in a series of six westerns . . . And Edwina Booth, the beautiful "white goddess" of *Trader Horn,* who came back from filming the picture in Africa, stricken by a sun-ray ailment that almost took her life, is on the comeback trail, her health improving, and her hopes high for going back into pictures in a few months . . . And Clara Bow, now merely Mrs. Rex Bell, every so often rumored coming back to the screen, will have to wait a while longer if she so plans

Martha Raye, former night-club entertainer, rates now as one of Hollywood's best comediennes since *Rhythm On The Range*

—for Old Doc Stork seems to have an engagement with her, first... And Gloria Swanson, once toppest of the tops, but recently completely out of pictures, got such a tremendous ovation at a radio broadcast the other night, that big shot producers are deluging her with offers to get back on the screen . . . But Mary Pickford, at long last, is through forever with acting. Just the other day, she let it be known, for the first time definitely, that she will never act before a camera again. She will not even direct, or write screen plays, her closest friends say she has decided . . . The most glamorous name of old came up, too, this past month—Rudolph Valentino's crypt, in that cemetery which clings to the walls of Paramount studio, was banked high with flowers a few days ago. It was the tenth anniversary of his death.

A Postman's Holiday

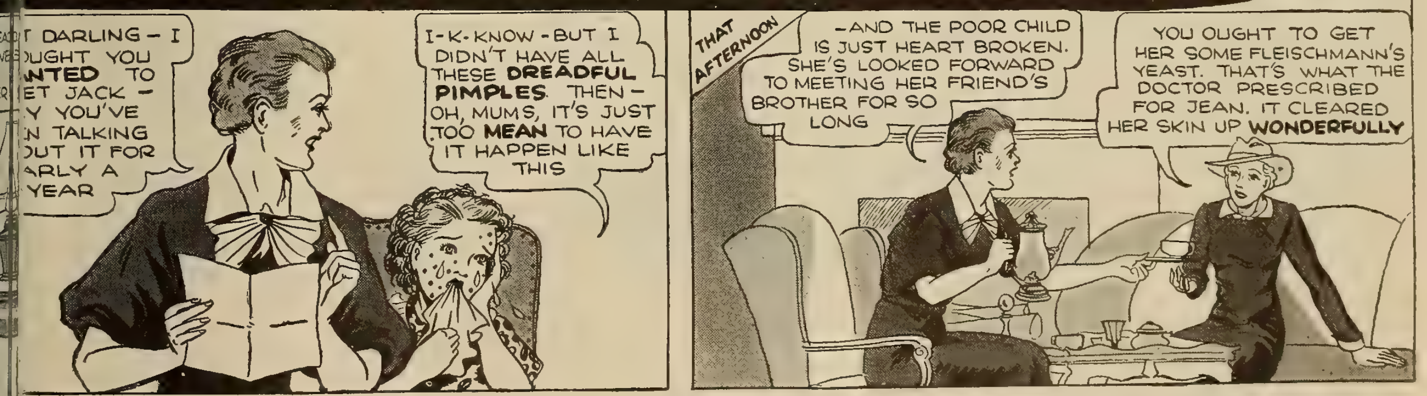
IRONIC, what happened to Edna May Oliver. The long-faced comedienne, a bit fed up on Hollywood and movies after many months of studio work, went to England recently to get away from it all. She took a secluded English country cottage, and moved in. And the very next day, up roared a battery of trucks and hundreds of people, and began shooting movies in the fields and lanes right next to and all around Edna May's cottage. And it was Director Chuck Reisner, of Hollywood, and a bunch of Hollywood actors, making a film for English release! It's just like a postman or a sailor taking a day off. One takes a walk for himself, the other a ride in a rowboat.

The "Lone Wolf"

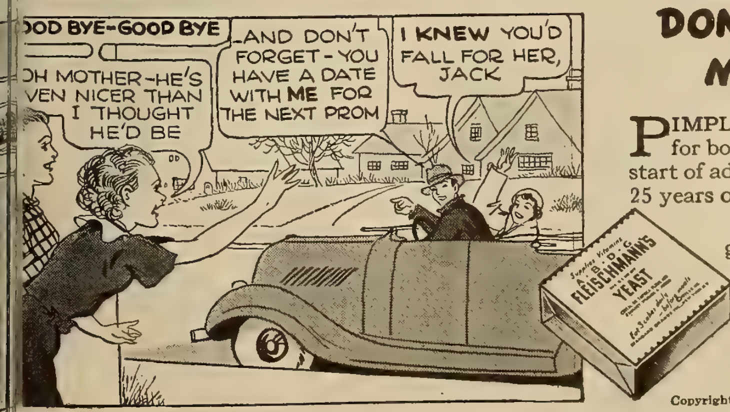
GARY COOPER'S planning to buy 300 acres of timberland in the north woods—for his own private game preserve.

[*Continued on page 98*]

VOW—HE'LL HATE ME ON SIGHT



T DARLING – I
OUGHT YOU
NTED TO
ET JACK –
Y YOU'VE
N TALKING
OUT IT FOR
ARLY A
YEAR
I-K-KNOW - BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ALL THESE DREADFUL PIMPLES. THEN – OH, MUMS, IT'S JUST TOO MEAN TO HAVE IT HAPPEN LIKE THIS
THAT AFTERNOON
–AND THE POOR CHILD IS JUST HEART BROKEN. SHE'S LOOKED FORWARD TO MEETING HER FRIEND'S BROTHER FOR SO LONG
YOU OUGHT TO GET HER SOME FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBED FOR JEAN. IT CLEARED HER SKIN UP WONDERFULLY



OOD BYE-GOOD BYE
OH MOTHER-HE'S
VEN NICER THAN
I THOUGHT
HE'D BE
–AND DON'T FORGET - YOU HAVE A DATE WITH ME FOR THE NEXT PROM
I KNEW YOU'D FALL FOR HER, JACK
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES MAKE YOU HATE TO BE SEEN

PIMPLES spoil many a "date"—for boys as well as girls—after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Then, unsightly pimples pop out.

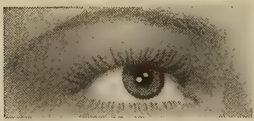
Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes each day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears.

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Which Word Describes Your Eyes?


COLORLESS—Pale, scraggly, scanty lashes—eyes seem small, expressionless. A definite need for proper eye make-up.

CONSPICUOUS—Ordinary mascara overloading the lashes in heavy, gummy blobs. Hard-looking and unattractive.

CHARMING—Dark, luxuriant lashes, yet perfectly natural in appearance — with Maybelline. Eye make-up in good taste.

So Simple-this Beauty Secret

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature—or they should be! Are you making the most of their possibilities by framing them properly with long, dark, lustrous lashes? You can do this best by applying just a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste. No longer need you worry about having pale, unattractive lashes, nor fear that hard "made-up" look if you darken them—with Maybelline!

★ Maybelline is non-smarting, tear proof, and absolutely harmless. Cream-smoothness of texture—utter simplicity of application—tendency to curl the lashes into lovely, sweeping fringe—these are some of the wonderful qualities which make this the eyelash darkener supreme.

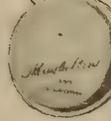
★ You will adore the other delightful Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! See with what ease you can form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Try blending a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow—it deepens and accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes.

★ Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are preferred by more than 10,000,000 discriminating women as the finest that money can buy—yet they are nominally priced at leading toilet goods counters everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at all 10c stores. Try them today—you'll be delighted!

Maybelline's world-famous, economical Solid Form Mascara, in the brilliant red and gold metal vanity—75c.

Maybelline Cream Mascara in Black, Brown or Blue, with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.


Maybelline Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Hollywood's Trick Parties

[*Continued from page 25*]

NUTTIEST party of the month was the birthday riot given for Gary Cooper's rotund manager, Jack Moss, by Director Walter Lang. You'll understand why it was the nuttiest when you read that the guest list included Carole Lombard and her secretary-palsy-walsy Fieldsie, Clark Gable, and other Hollywood wild-party fiends. Hilarity topspot of the evening was the trio singing by Carole, Clark and Gertrude Niesen—and to make it funnier, it was recorded and played back with tempo variations that had 'em rolling on the floor.

JIMMY Gleason and Lucille celebrated their thirtieth wedding anniversary. And among the gifts was a great bouquet from Darryl Zanuck, festooned with a beautiful rope of pearls for Mrs. Gleason. More than 300 pals of the Gleasons gathered in the Gleason garden for the festivities.

CHINESE party was that given by Harry Lachman and his lovely wife, Chia, in honor of Russell Sun and his wife from Shanghai. Hollywoodites who attended included Anna Sten, Charlie and Mrs. Farrell, the Ralph Bellamys, Billie Burke, Irene Purcell and many others. By now, Chia Lachman's Chinese dishes, prepared by herself in the true fashion of her homeland, are famous in Hollywood. The night's offerings included tiny tidbits of fu-yong, chicken livers wrapped in bacon, and huge shrimps in Chinese fashion.

Fifteen Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

Charles Chaplin

"CHARLIE CHAPLIN has taken London by storm. As a matter of fact the crowds surrounding his hotel are so large that it's often impracticable for him to leave his suite." . . . "Marie Prevost has announced that she will never wear a bathing suit for public purposes again." . . . "Eugene O'Brien won stardom as Norma Talmadge's leading man." . . . "May Allison has revealed her marriage to Robert Ellis, Selznick director." . . . "Jackie Saunders is being sued for $50,000 heart balm by Juanita M. Cohen, who charges that Jackie purloined the affections of J. Warde Cohen, Juanita's husband—and Jackie claims she didn't know Cohen was married." . . . "Bull Montana, celebrity of the ring and screen, has made known his intention of swearing allegiance to America." . . . "Naomi Childers is so busy being the wife of the author, Luther Reed, these days that she has neglected the screen." . . . "Clara Kimball Young has gone into vaudeville." . . . "Richard Dix is on his way to stardom alright. He has purchased a house in Beverly Hills, thus fulfilling the first requirements." . . . "Mabel Normand recently spent several weeks in New York. Her days were spent at the modistes and her evenings at the theatres." . . . "Conditions are so bad in the movie business that many stars are now willing to work for a thousand a week and the producers are willing to give them five hundred. If Harold Lloyd should lose his horn-rimmed spectacles he'll probably be forced to lay off until better times." . . . "*Love Is An Awful Thing* is the title of the forthcoming Owen Moore production in which Owen and his bride, Kathryn Perry, will be seen. Mr. and Mrs. Moore began work on this picture immediately following their honeymoon. It should be realistic." . . . "Gloria Swanson is now appearing in *Under the Lash*." . . . "MOTION PICTURE salutes Diana Allen, the girl who does such splendid work in *The Way of a Maid*, and other pictures." . . . "Censorship suggestion: Eliminate scene showing husband making his own wife a present of a sealskin coat. Not true to life." . . . "Latest Hollywood report—fashions decree longer dresses for the fair sex. Let's hope this doesn't include the bathing girls." . . . "Despite rumors, Madge Kennedy has not deserted the screen." . . . "While making a personal appearance Ben Turpin had all sorts of trouble dodging matinee girls who crowded the stage door." . . . "Hollywood Boulevard looks like Main Street the day after the circus." . . . "John Bowers is performing a real service for humanity by designing pyjamas."

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 10]

two scenarios, and thrown them both away because they weren't "big" enough for her. He's writing the third now. Meantime, there are rumors that Charlie and Paulette and Charlie's two sons are going to take a trip to Europe soon.

• • •

NOW that all the furore over their betrothal has died down, the actual wedding of Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald is beginning to definitely intrigue Hollywood . . . ! You know, neither of them has so much as hinted at a definite date. Instead, both have gone deep into the silences on all talk of their love and marriage plans. And right now, the Hollywood wiseacres are trying to make something out of the sudden departure from Hollywood of Gene's mother, Mrs. Mary Kipling. Mrs. Kipling heretofore has never spent less than six months east, after leaving Hollywood; this time, she told inquirers that she "doesn't know when she'll return." And Hollywood, knowing the extremely close affection that has existed between Gene and his mother, are positive Gene won't marry Jeanette unless his mother attends. So, as I said, Hollywood is wondering and waiting . . . . . Nearest either Gene or Jeanette have come to talking about the actual wedding plans was to say that it will be a high church wedding, with *all* the trimmings, when it happens.

• • •

AND still and still and still Hollywood wonders whether Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers will ever marry. . . . ! They're still going to affairs together, still smiling into each other's eyes—and still parrying all marriage questions with an evasiveness and a mysterious smile. However, a little bird whispered in my ear something about an October date—so watch out!

• • •

REX BELL denies it—but here's a bet that Old Doc Stork is winging his way, right now, to the Rex Bell-Clara Bow ranch on the California-Nevada state line, where Clara has been housewifing it happily ever since she married the movie cowboy. Significant, that Clara, who has been stepping about Hollywood a few months ago with Hubby, has suddenly gone into retirement on the ranch, and that doctors have visited here there. Incidentally, one of Hollywood's most accurate fortunetellers tipped me, not long ago, to his translation of an astrological chart which indicates that Clara may have twins, next time.

• • •

TALKING of Old Doc Stork, it's an interesting fact that he is seriously interfering with the divorce business in movieland. No less than two Hollywood break-ups are complicated by the big bird's dates—Pat Wing, who has sued W. H. Perry for divorce, has had to postpone her suit because she's going to be a mother soon. And at the same time, Old Doc Stork has made a March date with Mrs. Ted Healy, who has left her comicker-husband and announced that divorce will probably follow. Trouble was, Mrs. Ted complains, that Ted's stooges kept filling the

[*Continued on page* 90]

THE BOSS PLAYED ME A DIRTY TRICK-
MR. TRASK PROMISED ME THE JOB. NOW HE'S INTERVIEWING OTHER GIRLS! IF THAT ISN'T A DIRTY TRICK...
THEN SHE FOUND HER NAME IN AN OFFICE MEMO
OFFICE MEMORANDUM
TO : Office Manager
FROM: Mr. Trask
I have changed my mind about taking Miss Lane as my secretary. I still think she's capable, but I have noticed that her breath—well, frankly, Miss Lane should see her dentist.
JANET SEES HER DENTIST
YES, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
ONE MONTH LATER
MR. TRASK SAYS YOU'RE THE BEST SECRETARY HE EVER HAD, JANET!
THANKS, ANN!
AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

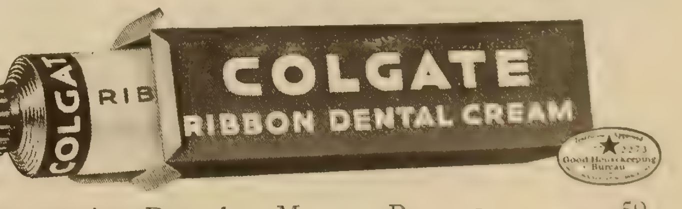
WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

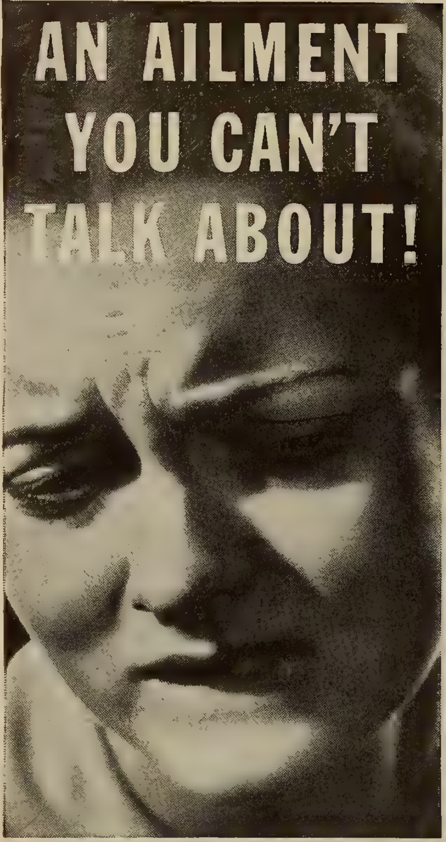
Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢


COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM


AN AILMENT YOU CAN'T TALK ABOUT!

ARE YOU ONE OF THE MANY VICTIMS?

Do you suffer from Piles? If so, you know what they can take out of you. They wear you down physically and mentally. They make you look drawn and haggard, no matter how you try to conceal the suffering. They handicap your every activity in life.

But the suffering, bad as it is, is not the only thing about Piles. They can turn into something very serious. This is always a possibility because of the delicacy of the trouble. Many people hesitate to seek medical treatment for Piles, when, as a matter of fact, no trouble is more in need of attention.

Three Effects in One

Today, you have medication for Piles that is of extraordinary merit. It consists of Pazo Ointment. Pazo does more than merely "kid" Piles. It actually placates them. Pazo is unusually effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which tends to relieve inflammation, soreness and itching. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and check bleeding.

Pazo comes in tubes fitted with a special Pile Pipe which permits application high up in the rectum. It also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo Suppositories the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC. **MAIL!**
Dept. 73-F, St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose **10c** to help cover packing and mailing.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________
This offer is good only in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. R. Madill & Co., 64 Wellington Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

Prize Letters

HOW READERS RATE THEM!

ADVISING THE PRODUCERS

$15 Prize Letter

WHEN a person goes to the theatre he is solely interested in the production which he has paid admission to see. Unfortunately, the present policy of the producers is to push the current picture into the background to make place for elaborate publicity on coming attractions. These preview displays lessen the interest and anticipation of the theatre-goer for the feature he has actually gone to see. To illustrate this point. Suppose I say: "Here's a book—read it. But first, let me tell you about some other books I'm going to give you to read later on." Or, suppose I say: "Here's a book. I know you're going to enjoy it. There are thrills, surprises, serious moments and humorous gems."

It's easy to see that a person would prefer the latter of the two situations. So, why not use some of the time and expenditure, now spent on elaborate previews, in arousing interest and anticipation for the current attraction. Any producer who would put this suggestion into practice would immediately add to the value and prestige of his trade name.—*Howard W. Moyer, 139 Tod Ave., N. W., Warren, Ohio.*

BOUQUETS FOR MARY OF SCOTLAND

$10 Prize Letter

Katharine Hepburn

SUMPTUOUS! This is the only word which can aptly describe *Mary of Scotland.* Never have I received a picture with such enthusiasm. Florence Eldridge excellently portrays *Queen Elizabeth* as the vain, egotistical queen really existed. Fredric March, as the blustering, fearless, yet lovable Scottish rogue, has never been better cast. Katharine Hepburn, as the fiery, tempestuous, yet sweet, courageous *Mary*, presents her as a real flesh and blood person. Splendid performances are presented by the supporting cast. Rarely have I seen so many fine actors and actresses as in this epic-making drama.

Thank you Katharine Hepburn, Fredric March and Florence Eldridge for a memorable sojourn in English-Scottish history.—*Miss Evelyn Dennis, 706 North Port St., Baltimore, Md.*

BETTE DAVIS CAN TAKE IT

$5 Prize Letter

Bette Davis

AT LAST a long-anticipated award has come to a lady who can take it . . . Bette Davis. Years back I saw her do a part with Arliss, and even his mastery did not overpower her personality. Furthermore, even then she could act. So much for the actress, but laurels to the woman who knows how to wear them with grace and complete naturalness. Has Bette changed? No! She went to get her award, thrilled and pleased, probably more excited over the pride of her husband and his eyes on her than over herself and what she had done for herself.

It is to be hoped that in the rush to present this fine actress to the public she won't be given half-way good roles. *The Golden Arrow* was supported by her good performance but the picture was not up to the talents of Bette Davis. May we see this charming woman and talented star in fewer, but more suitable productions. We respect, we like, we admire her.—*Cinina Brescia, 478 Vernon St., Oakland, Calif.*

THE DEAF APPRECIATE TALENT

$1 Prize Letter

I JUST SAW two grand pictures I could enjoy from start to finish, *The Great Ziegfeld* and *Mary of Scotland.* I am very deaf and oh, it's good to see such pictures and actors. So often there isn't enough action to be able to follow the story, but Bill Powell was superb. His facial expressions were so good I could tell what was going on without hearing. He did the best acting I have seen in a long time.

William Powell

You would be surprised how many deaf people there are in the world and how we depend on the movies for entertainment. In *Mary of Scotland*, Katharine Hepburn and Florence Eldridge were wonderful. Florence looked exactly like *Elizabeth's* portraits. Facial expression to us means as much as words to others, and here's hoping there will be lots more pictures like these, where acting as well as beauty is evident.—*Edith Applegate, Skyland, Rt. 1, Asheville, N. C.*

ENGLISH GALS PREFER OWN MEN

$1 Prize Letter

WE, IN ENGLAND, think your American films are grand. We all agree that British films have a long way to go before they catch up with yours from "over the water." Your photography, mounting and recording are perfect, even in minor films. We don't like your men very much, preferring our own Leslie Howard, Robert Donat, Brian Aherne, and the French Charles Boyer. But, your women beat our dowdy dolls by yards, nay miles. Katharine Hepburn—whom have we to touch her? She is, not only a sensitive actress but, a real, glowing personality. So are Bette Davis, Ina Claire, Helen Hayes and Ann Harding—who is even lovelier off screen than on. Ginger Rogers and Mae West we can't abide, to say nothing of the hundreds of "cuties" with platinum hair, but the few I have mentioned more than compensate for any deficiency among the lesser lights.—*Miss Sydney Miller, 24, Canynge Square, Clifton, Bristol, England.*

DIVORCED STARS TOPIC AT BRIDGE

$1 Prize Letter

ARE THEY only acting? Is this a true picture of their former life together? These are the questions we fans ask ourselves and others when we see divorced couples in romantic or anything-but-romantic sequences on the screen. It's very intriguing, to say the least. And we enjoy it—it gives us something to discuss at our bridge or cocktail parties. I'm for the idea, personally. There are too many swell divorced couples in Hollywood who would be grand together on the screen to let us lose the enjoyment of their splendid performances simply because real-life romance was not possible for them. Here's to more screen romances that bring together ex-real-life sweethearts!—*Cecelia McIntyre, 132 E. St. James St., San Jose, Calif.*

MARTHA STOLE THE SHOW

$1 Prize Letter

RECENTLY I went to see and hear an old favorite, Bing Crosby in *Rhythm on the Range* and stayed to admire and laugh at the comedy performance of one Martha Raye. Miss Raye is positively the funniest person who has come to freshen the screen for a long, long time. The evening the writer enjoyed her antics, the audience appeared to be hysterically delighted with her. She has a mouth of such prodigious proportions that Joe E. Brown can never again boast about that enormous cavity of his. She sings ludicrously, "mugs" marvelously, and makes a howl of everything she does.

Martha Raye

To me and to many others, the matter of greatest importance connected with this tuneful picture is the advent of this new "female funny" at whom we will all be laughing often and hard, in the days to come, providing Hollywood does right by her.—*Miss Kay Newton, 3935 Upton Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.*

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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On the Sets with the Stars

EVEN Garbo falls for Robert Taylor's charm! So much that she couldn't follow the script on *Camille* the other day. The scene called for Taylor to lean suddenly across a Paris inn table and kiss Garbo. Whereat Garbo, as *Camille,* was to become angry. But for two takes, Garbo merely smiled back at Taylor, showed no anger. Director Cukor chided: "Don't forget, Miss Garbo—you are supposed to become angry!" Smiled Garbo: "I try to—but he does not gif me a chance . . . !" Taylor blushed.

Trying to dodge getting soaked during a rainstorm sequence on *Dodsworth,* Walter Huston hid under a huge awning on a sidewalk cafe set, while synthetic rain poured down on the other players. He laughed at them, while he stayed dry. But the tables were turned—gallons of water, trapped in the awning, finally broke it down and Huston was deluged and drenched, while the set was ruined.

Hepburn's *Mary of Scotland* is a comparative flop in England and her colonies. The script took so many liberties with the historical facts that the British became irked, vexed, peeved, and wouldn't pay their shillings to see England's history made over by Hollywood.

On the same day, Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper had bellyaches. Reason: the day before, all three of them worked in a scene in *The Devil is a Sissy* wherein they ate fruit—Freddie ate 16 apples; Jackie swallowed 18 bananas, Mickey made away with 9 lemons.

When Twentieth-Fox began shooting *Lloyds of London,* they followed the usual studio custom of insuring the production. And what insurance company do you suppose wrote the insurance?—yes, you're right—Lloyd's, of London.

Mae West is a stickler for accuracy. On the day she had to swing a punch at Warren William in *Personal Appearance,* Mae invited four of her friends—all pugilists—to the studio to watch her act. Then she appointed them all technical advisors, to teach her how to swing the punch right!

Courtesy is all right, but Ann Sothern got fed up with it during RKO's *The Smartest Girl In Town.* She appeared on the set with a big white streak of powder across the shoulder of her gown. A fellow player wiped it off. A few minutes later, she was there with the powder streak again. An electrician wiped it off. Finally, after two more experiences, she had a set artist hurriedly paint a card: "This powder streak is in the script; PLEASE don't wipe it off."

Mirror-breaking is supposed to be seven years bad luck. If so, it's tough for Sam Goldwyn and the members of his *Come and Get It* Company. For in the big scene in the gambling hall, Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer and Walter Brennan throw things in a free-for-all fight shattering exactly a dozen large mirrors which line the walls of the joint. To make sure they threw right, Steve Clemente, Hollywood's professional knife-thrower, taught Arnold, Brennan and Frances the tricks of movie-hurling.

Margaret Dumont is the blonde who is chased by Harpo Marx in the mad Marxes' movies. Statisticians swear that in ten pictures, Harpo has chased her 10,000 miles. But here's news—Margaret has to wear a specially-designed corset, so reinforced that she won't be hurt in her rough-and-tumble scenes with Harpo. She's already ordered a set for *A Day at the Races.*

Smart work by a director. Kept awake by terrific screams from the United Artists lot during night shooting of *Love Under Fire,* neighbors protested to the police. The police found that Merle Oberon was doing the screaming for a certain scene, and ordered her to stop. Director Potter sent assistants around the neighborhood, offering to hire all objectors as extras for the night, at $7.50 each. All complaints were at once withdrawn—and the company stayed on schedule.

At Warners, there's a specially built elevator which carries the camera, cameraman, director and other technicians for the amazing shots in the mammoth dance number of *Gold Diggers of 1937.* In the middle of the number, the other day, the elevator stuck in mid-air. And 200 chorus girls had a 25-minute vacation before they got it fixed, and brought the entrapped technicians back to earth.

Katie Hepburn, maybe, wishes she weren't so set on not having doubles work for dangerous scenes. The other day, for *Portrait of a Rebel,* Katie scorned the use of a double to lead a donkey across a rushing stream by

small stepping stones. She started it herself. Half way across, she slipped and down went Katie and donkey in a watery mess. In the same picture, though, Katie *has to* have *four* doubles for her—because she appears first as a baby, then as a girl of 5, as a girl of 10, and as a girl of 18, before being herself. By the wizardry of makeup, four children played Katie at the different ages—and all, on the screen, look like Hepburn!

During *Libeled Lady* at MGM, William Powell used up 90 hamburger sandwiches during the shooting. He was supposed to eat 'em all during the action. But he didn't. There are limits!

Because Guy Kibbee has a rabid fan in Arkansas, a bunch of little boy and girl extras on *The Making of O'Malley* at Warners had a watermelon feast the other day. You see, Guy's fan sent him a 145-pound watermelon. Kibbee doesn't like watermelon, so he gave it to Sybil Jason. And Sybil had it cut up and distributed to the gang of youngsters working on the picture with her and Guy.

Ah, Hollywood . . . . .! By day, he stalks around in glittering uniforms, and pomp, kowtowed to by hundreds of people on the set of *Champagne Waltz* at Paramount. He plays the rôle of the Austrian emperor, Franz Josef. But at night, he goes home on a five-cent street-car, and sits around in shirt sleeves and carpet slippers. He's just a ten-dollar-a-day bit player.

As a fencer, Robert Montgomery is a fine electrical disturbance. Anyway, during MGM's *Trouble for Two,* Bob became so fancy in a dueling scene that he thrust the point of his rapier right into the innards of a microphone—and production was held up for a half hour, while they installed a new mike and fixed the wiring.

Over at RKO, in *Winterset,* Margo had to smoke during a certain sequence. She did it, bravely enough—but was so sick after the scene that they had to send her home. Not until then did they discover it was the first time in her life that the brilliant little actress had smoked!

It may have been heaven to Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond —but their betrothal was a pain in production to MGM's director, Eddie Goulding. Because the day after the announcement, Jeanette had to do a crying scene—but was so happy that none of the usual artifices brought tears to her eyes—and so Goulding had to postpone the scene!

Production giggle of the month: Jack Chapin, who was never hurt in years of dangerous stunt man stuff as double for famous stars, appeared in a straight rôle at Paramount the other day,—and threw his knee out of joint in a love scene with Mary Carlisle!

They were looking for a double for Nino Martini, in *The Gay Desperado,* because, it was a hard-riding scene. Suddenly, up spoke Nino. "I need no double," he protested. Pitted against hard riders from the plains, Nino held his own, and explained "I've been riding since I was six."

GERDA EGLOFF, of Dallas, July winner in the nation-wide "Search for Talent".

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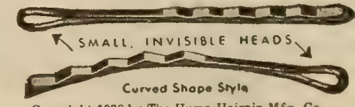

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Your Questions
HERE ARE THE ANSWERS
Ask the Cinema Sage

James Stewart—Was born in Indiana, Pa. Is six feet, two and one-half inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and grey eyes. His next picture is *Born to Dance.* (J. H., Toronto, Ont.)

Joan Crawford—Her right name is Lucille Le Sueur. She was born on March 23, 1908, in San Antonio, Texas. Was married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is now Mrs. Franchot Tone. (M. J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Gene Raymond's fan mail is piling sky-high since the announcement of his engagement to lovely Jeanette MacDonald

Eric Blore—He has appeared in *The Gay Divorcee, Flying Down to Rio, Top Hat, Diamond Jim, Old Man Rhythm, I Live My Life, I Dream Too Much, To Beat the Band, Sons O'Guns* and the *Ex-Mrs. Bradford.* (Mrs. C. R. R., Grants Pass, Ore.)

Irene Dunne—She is five feet, four inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. She was born in Louisville, Ky., on December 21, 1904, went to the exclusive Loretta Academy in Louisville until she was ten, then attended a convent in St. Louis and later the Chicago College of Music from which she graduated in 1926. Her husband is Dr. Francis Griffin of New York. *Show Boat* was her last picture and she is now scheduled to make *Mme. Curie* for Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. (C. E. M., Jennings, La.)

Jack Holt—is an expert horseman and polo player. He owns and raises 1,000 head of horses on his 10,000 acre ranch near Fresno, Calif. He likes hunting and fishing, plays tennis and golf and swims daily in the Pacific ocean, but prefers more active sports. Jack was born in Winchester, Va., on May 31, late in the 19th century. He is six feet tall, weighs 184 pounds, has brown hair and dark brown eyes. You can obtain a list of the pictures he has made from Columbia Pictures Corp., 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. (M. E. H., Denver, Colo.)

Mary Carlisle—Was born in Boston, Mass., on February 3, 1912. She is five feet, one inch tall and weighs 100 pounds. Constance Bennett is five feet, four inches tall and weighs about 100 pounds. She was born in New York City in October, 1905. Eleanor Powell was born on November 21, 1913, in Springfield, Mass. She is five feet, six and one-half inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. (C. F., Hammonton, N. J.)

Janet Gaynor—Her address is 20th-Century Fox, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Loretta Young is also at this studio. Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Taylor, Eleanor Powell, Nelson Eddy and Robert Montgomery can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Irene Dunne and Margaret Sullavan should be addressed care of Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. (G. F., Raleigh, N. C.)

Frankie Darro—Was born on December 22, 1918, and started to work with his parents in vaudeville when only two years old. He made his first picture, *Judgment of the Storm,* when five years old. He has brown eyes and dark brown hair. Always rides his own horses. Some of his pictures are *The Public Enemy, Three on a Match, Amateur Daddy, Mayor of Hell, Sin of Madelon Claudet, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Valley of Wanted Men, The Real McCoy, Stranded, Little Men, Broadway Bill, Born to Fight* and *Charlie Chan at the Racetrack.* His address is 20th-Century Fox Studios. (Belle, Newark, N. J.)

• If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Olivia de Havilland—She was born in Tokio, Japan, on July 1, 1916. Is English descent, 5 feet 4 inches tall, 107 pounds, has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. Her favorite hobbies are sketching, writing, working cross word puzzles and reading good books. Is fond of perfumes and flowers. Horseback riding, swimming, tennis and badminton are her favorite sports. She was brought to America when 3 years old. (R. C., San Francisco, Calif.)

John Halliday—He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and taken to Europe by his parents. There he studied mining engineering and at 18 returned to U. S., joined the caravans of gold seekers journeying westward and gained a fortune in Goldfield. He moved to Sacramento, lost all his money through bad investments and applied for a job with Nat Goodwin's repertoire show. He remained with Goodwin for several years, then returned to New York and was given an excellent rôle with John Drew in *The Circle,* and first saw his name in electric lights. Is 6 feet, has hazel eyes and grey hair. His birthday is Sept. 14th. (E. D., Springfield, Mass.)

Harry Richman—Was born October 10, 1895, in Cincinnati, Ohio. His real name is Reichmann. He made famous such songs as *Muddy Waters, Laugh, Clown, Laugh, King For a Day* and *The Birth of the Blues.* At present he is interested in aviation. (J. R. C., Puerto Rico.)

Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Crawford, and Clark Gable—can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Anita Louise's address is Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Gene Raymond's address is Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Send a remittance of twenty-five cents for autographed photographs. (L. C., Quincy, Mass.)

[*Continued on page* 87]

Keep an eye open for this eyeful of beauty in *Gold Diggers of 1937.* Patsy Bellamy will dig her way into your heart in this Warner picture

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Giving You Spencer Tracy

[*Continued from page* 33]

bat, they have in general beat a merry tattoo with their tongues on Spencer Tracy's hide.

Spencer has taken it. More credit to him—it's the sign of a gentleman that he can hear untrue and unkind gossip without raising seventeen kinds of ungentlemanly hell about it. Me, I'm not half the gentleman Tracy is, I guess—because I'd like to see Spencer go out and take a couple of handfuls of these little nasty-mouths, and crack their heads together until the peanut-brains rattle inside! But, after all, that isn't necessary. For there has come to pass one of those Hollywood manifestations that show, above all, the innate keenness, the uncanny ability to discern true character, that is demonstrated over and over again by you millions of movie-going fans. That manifestation is this:

Up to a few weeks ago, Spencer Tracy considered it a big month if he got as many as 200 fan letters. That's pretty small, as fan-mail goes. It looked bad for Spencer Tracy. Then he did the rôle of the priest in *San Francisco;* he did that grand thing in *Fury. And today, Spencer Tracy's fan-mail is topping 3,000 letters a month! And that,* even in Hollywood, is a tootin' big fan-mail. And you can't blame Spencer Tracy, as he looks at the mail bags, for having himself a quiet little chuckle at the so-and-so's who did their best to tear him down and predict "he's through," can you?

They're trying to say it was just a lucky break—that any actor with two fat rôles like that would get a big fan-mail response. That, my reader friends, is a lot of balloon-stuffing! The fact, as I see it, is this: you fans out there "caught," with that indefinable sixth sense of yours, the real character of the man, Spencer Tracy, as it shows through those two rôles he played. You saw Spencer Tracy's real heart and soul there on the screen, as he put that heart and soul into those characters. And you weren't kidded by all the blatherings of the dirt-shovelers. You know Spencer Tracy's a real man. And so do we, in Hollywood, who know him.

Tracy's not trying to pose, ever, as a goody-goody boy. Tracy's human, and he knows better than anyone else that he's got certain human traits that are sometimes called weaknesses. Tracy likes to play. He likes to have a good time and now and then tell chores to go to hell. I ask you: is there a single one of you who doesn't? So what? So Tracy plays. He goes to his club and he orders a bottle of beer or two, and he enjoys them. And forthwith, the rumors fly that Tracy is this-and-thatting and heaven-knows-what. They don't mention that he's back at the studio, doing a darn sight better job than some of your pretty heroes, as soon as the call comes.

NO, as I said, Tracy doesn't pose as a goody-goody boy. He does, however, recognize that a lot of people don't like the way he behaves. And recognizes, too, his obligations to the industry that has made him the big star he is, and to the public who've put him there. So he fights for Hollywood, while others at the pinnacle decry it and condemn it.

"If there's one thing that gives me a pain in the neck, he says, "it's to sit around where a bunch of Hollywood people making a million or so a year, in the aggregate, are panning Hollywood and complaining about long hours and hard work and this and that. Say, I ask you—nowhere else in the world, in no other profession or business, can a person earn so much money doing the thing he likes!"

Money?—Spencer's a bit afraid of it. So he keeps himself broke. He spends money on his one hobby—polo. He parks most of the rest of it, over living expenses for his family, in annuities and insurance and trust funds. So that, if anything ever happens to him, he'll know that that wife who loves him so much, and those two kids—the adored Johnny and his little girl—will never have to worry.

In his pockets, Spencer Tracy doesn't keep a lot of fat bank notes rolled up. He doesn't let money lie around where it's too handy for him. "I'd rather not have it—not for myself," he grins. "Tracy'd be too inclined to be a bad boy if he had too much dough in his mitts. I'd be too likely to go a bit nuts—to realize that with all that cash, I could tell the studio 'So long, I'll not be needin' you!' So, as far as ready cash comes in, I see to it that I keep sort of broke and so I'm happy and safe. Get it?"

About Tracy, you can safely say this: his three big interests in life, in the order of their importance to him, are (1) his wife and family and home, (2) his work, and (3) polo. Ever since the day he found out that horses don't eat humans, he's been cuckoo about them. Did I ever tell you about that? No? Well, look . . .

Picture a big, rolling pasture, not far from Hollywood. In it are a couple of big, lazy, friendly, old mares, well-disposi-tioned and harmless. Well, over the fence at one side come sneaking two trembling-kneed souls. Timorously, they advance toward the grazing horses. Naturally, up come the horses' heads and ears. Stifling howls of terror, the two men scamper back to the fence, hurtle pell-mell to safety on the other side. After a breathing spell, they try it again. This time, they hold fast to their courage. One of them even goes so near one of the horses as to hold out his hand. There's a lump of sugar in it. His knees play a castanet solo, but courageously he holds his ground while the horse sniffs, then carefully lips the candy off his hand and crunches it. In a noble flood, courage now sweeps over the man. He turns and calls to the other, who has again retreated to the safety of the fence:

"I'm gonna try it—NOW!" Then, somehow or other, this brave soul manages to clamber up onto the back of the placid old mare, who merely stands there, hoping for another chunk of sugar, and wondering what sort of mild maniac this is. In a few moments, the man half-falls off again, hands the horse another lump of sugar, yells to the other: "I did it!" And then they both go away.

WELL, that's the story of how Spencer Tracy overcame his first fear of horses. The other man? Chester Morris, if you *must* know. Chet's still sort of scared of the beasts, but he's gotten over it enough to ride down the Beverly Hills bridle path on one, now and then. But Tracy—well, from that day on, he went nuts over horses. He must have been the guy they wrote the song about. Anyway, he decided that just feeding 'em and riding 'em wasn't enough, he'd have to *play polo* on 'em, too!

He knew the studio wouldn't like it. Studios don't like their stars to risk their necks playing polo. So Spencer used to sneak out, at dawn's crack o' mornings, to a polo field. He got a horse by the name of "Whitesocks" and, with the help of Polo Champion Snowy Baker, he'd climb laboriously aboard, and ride up and down the polo field, batting furiously with a mallet at the little white ball. After a while, he got so he could hit it. And after a while, he got so he could hit it darned well, and still stay on the horse. In fact, after a while, he learned how to be a good polo player. He is, today. Not on "Whitesocks," though. "Whitesocks" belongs now to little Johnny Tracy. Johnny rides him over the bridle trails of the Hollywood hills—that's one joy that deafness can't cheat him of. One doesn't have to hear to be able to enjoy the companionable solitude of riding a good horse through lovely canyons. . . .

Even though others admit that Tracy is, today, one of the best poloists in Hollywood, Spencer himself insists that "I'm the world's lousiest polo player!" But how he plays it—he gives it his all. The studio bosses have fits of nervous depression every time they hear about it. He gets steamed up and in a worse lather than his ponies, and after a hard chukker, he has to bundle up in a big polo coat and walk up and down the sidelines, lest he catch pneumonia. At these times, you'll probably find him stuffing hot dogs and root beer at the soda-pop stand on the sidelines.

And after the game, in the clubhouse, he looks like a Comanche on the warpath. He's all daubed up with iodine or mercurochrome where he's been cut or bruised from the frenzy with which he plays. And there he sits, in his war-paint, post-morteming the game with all and sundry who care to listen, worse than a Culbertson expert after a bridge match.

Popularity is Tracy's middle name. That goes on the polo field, where he's as popular with the big-shot millionaire star players as he is with the grooms and 'ostlers, with whom he'd just as soon sit on the sidelines and wisecrack, laugh and bet on the next chukker. He insists his wife, Louise, is a much better polo player than he himself, however. Louise plays every Sunday, like Spencer. She's the prime female polo-nut of California, and has organized the many teams of women who now play the game almost as wildly and roughly as the men. At home, the main conversation is horses and polo. And believe me, it's not just a lot of twaddle, either, because Tracy has learned, from that first day he timidly approached the mare with a sugar bribe, about horses. So much so that nowadays he's in definite demand as a judge at horse shows, gymkhanas and things like that.

BUT even polo-playing, crazy as he is about it, takes second place to his work. He loves it. He makes no bones about his love for acting. And he'd rather have a good, fat, worth-while gutsy rôle than a big salary boost. That sounds like the sort of thing Ted Cook would print in his column along with the silhouette of a snorting bull. But the odd part of it is that it's true. As a matter of fact, as I explained before, Tracy's quite satisfied with the money pictures pay him, now. Rather than have more cash, he'd take rôles he can sink his histrionic teeth in—like the priest in *San Francisco* and that terrible tragic figure in *Fury*.

Around the studios, they love him. It's been written of other stars how palsy-walsy they are with the grips and electricians and even the lowly extras. Spencer Tracy does that and goes further. He's a great favorite with the producers, the big-shots, the studio executives. And that's a lot tougher job than being buddies with the electricians. And with the women around the lot!—why, say, you'd expect, wouldn't you, that the women wouldn't notice this hatless, ill-dressed, shambling, roughneck, unpolished sort of mug named Tracy, alongside all the glittering, glamorous, sleek-haired, too-handsome-for-words, hand-kissing, bowing, super-immaculate and sophisticated screen heroes, eh? Well, you're crazy—! Take a census of the women workers in the studios where Tracy does his stuff, and you'll hear things like:

"Spencer Tracy is the finest, truest, squarest, cleanest, most decent *gentle*man on the whole lot!"

That's where Tracy rates. And now—even beyond polo and even beyond acting, comes his biggest rôle in life—husband and father. I've told you about his son. I've hinted at the things that have been outspoken elsewhere—the "romance he should have foregone" as he himself expresses it, and "the bad boy I've played on occasion."

Listen—if those things had been the *real* Spencer Tracy, do you imagine as fine a woman as Louise Tracy is would still be his wife? All Spencer's "bad-boying" piled up together wouldn't be a pebble to the mountain of his fine-ness and his real-ness. And so, somehow, Spencer Tracy and his wife have achieved a finer, greater, richer, lovelier understanding and love and respect than a lot of other highly-publicized cooing couples in Hollywood. And that, somehow, is a pretty good test of a man.

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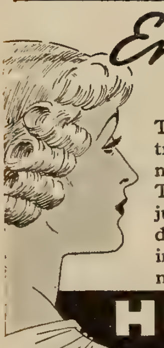

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HOPKINS
RAJAH BRAND
EGYPTIAN HENNA

Looking In On the Baxters

[*Continued from page* 37]

the snaps. An agreeable voice yoohooed from the top of the steps. Baxter looked up and waved to his wife, with a smile that made his lean, pleasant face still pleasanter to see. "Hello, darling," he cried. "I'm going to buy an island."

Mrs. Baxter is tall, though not so tall as her husband, and she moves serenely. As she came closer, you saw that her pale rose lounging pajamas brought out the clear, warm tones of her skin. You saw that there was humor in her soft, dark eyes and sweetness in the curve of her mouth. You grew conscious before long that the serenity of her movements marks an inner serenity, which probably acts as a ballast-wheel to her husband's natural exuberance.

She linked her arm through his. "Ask them to throw in a cowbell with the island, will you?" she coaxed. "So I can tie it round your neck, and find you when I want you."

"I'll ask them to throw in two," he agreed. "One apiece. Listen—" And with dramatic effect he read from the letter: "'Living on this island is like being the monarch of a little kingdom.'"

"So that's what did the trick—"

"And I'll crown you queen. Queen Winnie of Antler Isle. What more could a lady ask?"

"A little lunch, please," she murmured meekly.

We sat in the covered pavilion, open on one side to the gardens and the turquoise pool. A streak of blue—and we all held our breath as a bird, his wings the color of sky and water, soared aslant over the pool and into the pavilion. For one moment he perched sociably on the mantel, his inquisitive head turning this way and that. Then he was off—a blue arrow through the trees.

A sigh of content escaped our host. "Too bad he couldn't stay for lunch," he said, helping himself to the mixed grill. "We ought to give them a spread some day, Winnie—all of 'em—the birds—Poddy here—" He patted the dog who gazed up at him with yearning eyes. "Like him? He's an Australian heeler. No relation to heel—except that his relatives round up the cattle by snapping at their heels. Whom else could we ask?"

"The dear little croaking frogs," suggested Mrs. Baxter. "They could furnish the music."

"Yes—and the goat that came strolling in the other day. You could hold his beard while I milked him, and the party would cost us practically nothing."

Her eyes turned dreamy. "Seems to me I've heard it rumored that goats who have beards don't have milk."

He brushed that aside. "All right, we'll *buy* the milk."

"Oh, and don't forget the deer—"

IT WAS nice to watch his bronzed face soften to unconscious tenderness. "Have you ever come on a deer suddenly at a turn in the road?—just standing there with his long legs and his head up and his big soft eyes on yours for a split second, before he turns and runs? It's happened to me six or eight times around here." He caught Mrs. Baxter's eye and winked solemnly. "Maybe you don't know actors as well as my wife does. So I'd better explain that an actor's six or eight times doesn't mean the same as, say, your six or eight times. With an actor, you divide by two and subtract five, which should bring you fairly close.

"Not that he lies, you understand. Take me, for instance. I'm a pretty truthful guy, wouldn't you say so, Winnie? Well, I was once playing a town in the Middle West. The manager came to me after the performance and said: 'Warner, we've played to the lowest gross that's ever been taken in the whole United States. The absolute, lowest possible, all-time gross—a gross of six dollars and seventy-five cents.' Well, I was so impressed that when I met a man I knew on my way home, I buttonholed him. 'John,' I told him, 'we played to the lowest gross tonight that any company ever played to since show business began. We played to a gross of *seven* dollars and seventy-five cents.' You see how it is, don't you?" His tone was plaintive. "An actor's bound to exaggerate, even when he hasn't sense enough to know how. As a matter of fact, I haven't seen deer around here more than four or five times. Well, anyway, twice—" and the white teeth flashed in the smile that will always recall the *Cisco Kid*.

"And besides being an actor," he continued, "I'm sanguine by temperament. My imagination enlarges the little and brightens the dull. I've always been convinced that I'm lucky. When we didn't have a cent, I'd say—and believe it: 'Winnie, some day I'm going to make more money than you can spend.' I've had bad luck too, but I could always persuade myself it was good. How? By proving it might have been a hundred per-cent worse.

"Trouble with me is, I can't be moderate about anything—not even islands. Say island to me, and immediately I'm sitting in a place of quiet beauty, entirely surrounded by fish, flesh and good red herring. I'm particularly sensitive to islands just now because we've just come back from British Columbia. I'd done five pictures in a row. I had the jitters. I couldn't cross my legs without bobbing them. Two days up there, away from the telephone, and I was made over. It's nice for a change—*just* for a change—to be where people don't give a hoot about movie stars. We got a kick out of one old gentleman who was distinctly cool at first *because* we belonged to the movies. Then one day he came up on the porch with the *Illustrated London News* tucked under his arm, and bowed. 'You're here in my paper, Mr. Baxter,' he said, 'and I should like to make your acquaintance.' If his English paper took us up," Mr. Baxter chuckled, "that made it all right. He'd take us up, too.

"That's why I like an island. They leave you alone. You give the press a half hour when you arrive, and the rest of the time you don't see a soul. You can walk along streets and look in shop-windows—"

"How about the time I wanted to go shopping in Victoria?" asked the irrepressible lady opposite. "And we were about to park? And they recognized you? Who growled: 'Let's get out of here. We don't *need* any soap—'"

HIS chin rested in the cup of his hand, his eyes were bemused. "Somehow I couldn't hear you, darling," he said. "I was just tying off my boat up there." Then a thought struck him. "If Ronnie Colman ever saw my island, he'd go nuts about it. Suppose we sell him the small, little one for a small little sum. What do you say, Winnie?"

Gravely she contemplated the problem of selling Colman an island they didn't own—and had no intention of owning.

"Ronnie's very smart," she decided finally.

"Who isn't?" demanded her lord and master, and stuck his thumbs into his armpits.

My inquiring eyes had lighted on a medical book.

"It's Warner's," said Mrs. Baxter. "He's mad on the subject."

"I wanted to study medicine when I was a kid," he admitted. "But there wasn't the wherewithal."

"When he gets his hands on a doctor," his wife chimed in, "it's all the poor man can do to make his escape." A spark flashed between them, which I'd begun to recognize as the cue to something good. They seemed to need only the stimulation of each other's humor to get them well launched.

"A spider bit me the other day," Mrs. Baxter began, "and my wrist started swelling. Warner got excited, and came running down with all these terrible-looking knives and things. Like a good wife, I submitted to his ministrations, knowing they were well meant, though all the time I kept thinking: 'It isn't the bite I'll die of—'. Anyway," she hurried on, seeing purpose in his eye, "he made a little hole—"

"Hole!" he exploded. "What kind of expression is that for a would-be doctor's wife? Made a little hole—"

"Excuse me," she amended. "Incision. He made an incision. But the swelling didn't go down. So he sent for the doctor. The doctor spent ten minutes with me, the patient. And two hours with Warner—"

"The impatient," he supplied calmly. "Well, I paid him fifteen dollars for making a little hole. I had to get something out of him, didn't I? Moreover, I refuse to stay here and be made fun of. I'm going to sell Colman an island."

He went to the phone. "Hello, Ronnie. Want to buy an island? Well, I'm buying one right now. Let me read it to you. No, not the island, the letter. Listen—'twelve acres—thickly wooded—away from the world — well-stocked waters' — wait, here's the important part—'Living on this island is like being the monarch of a little kingdom.' Wouldn't you like being a little king, Ronnie? No, that's not all. 'Everybody loves an island. It suggests romance and adventure, and there is scarcely a word in any language more alluring than this one.' What?" He put his hand over the mouthpiece. "He says I'm breaking his heart." Then he turned back. "How soon? Right. I'll be ready for you."

"He'll be over in half an hour," announced the high-pressure salesman, looking mysterious.

"To buy the island?" Mrs. Baxter inquired with awe.

"To play tennis," grinned her husband.

LATER they took me through the house—the generously proportioned rooms which have none of that ornate, movie-set quality of so many Hollywood homes but look as if they'd been built for years of living—the diet kitchens where "Warner fusses with the Mexican dishes he loves"—the projection room where "we entertain our friends with the films Winnie chooses"—the upstairs porch, with its sweeping view over hills and town and valley, where they dine when they're alone at night.

On Mr. Baxter's bed—in the kind of solid, no nonsense-about-it room to delight

[*Continued on page 97*]

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER
TWO FRONT SEATS FOR THE FOLLIES, CURTAIN TIME AND NO DOROTHY. THAT WINDS IT UP!
FOLL
DOROTHY! YOU'RE EVEN PRETTIER THAN I COULD REMEMBER; IN WE GO!
FOLL
YOU'RE A DEAR NOT TO SCOLD; I'M LATE BUT I'M LUCKY.
LET'S DANCE A LITTLE, AFTER THE SHOW.
LET'S DANCE A *LOT*. I'M IN MY DANCINGEST MOOD.
WHAT AN EVENING; WHAT A *MAN*. AND IF I HADN'T TRIED *MIDOL* I'D HAVE LOST OUT. IMAGINE MY DANCING IN COMFORT AT THIS TIME OF MONTH.

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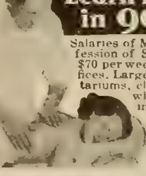

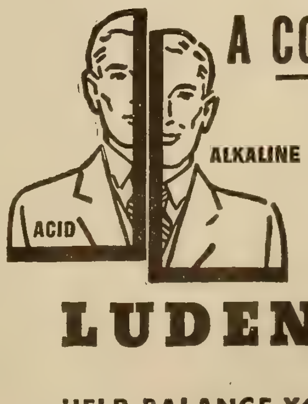

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Reaching Stardom from a Pair of Stilts

[*Continued from page* 35]

from a comfortable home in Bristol, England, to join an acrobatic troupe. Eventually they came to New York, to the Hippodrome. The season lasted two years. Then, abruptly, it ended. Cary's salary hadn't been enough to enable him to put anything away for the rainy day.

"I had to eat," he says in reminiscing about those days, "so I did anything I could get to do. I hung around the employment agencies for awhile, then finally I went down to Coney Island and talked myself into a job as a barker. I wasn't good enough to be a full time barker. I was what was known as a relief barker. While the regular barkers were out to lunch or dinner I pinch hit for them. I made about $2.50 a day.

"Then I got the idea of walking on stilts, to attract the crowd. This went over so well that I got a raise in salary. But I certainly had to watch my step when I was on the stilts for some drunk was always coming up behind me and pushing the stilts out from under me or a bunch of kids would gang up on me and trip me. Many's the tumble I took. But I was making a living and getting three meals a day and, believe it or not, I managed to save enough money to get back to England—steerage."

YOU might have thought that this experience would have cured him of his attack of footlight fever but it didn't. As soon as he got back to England he got himself a job with a cheap little stock company so that he could learn the rudiments of acting. He also studied voice. And one fine day Hammerstein heard him and thought he was good enough to bring back to New York for a show called *Golden Dawn*. Later, he played the lead opposite Queenie Smith in *Street Singer* which was a Broadway success, and when that show closed he joined the St. Louis Repertoire Company where he had the lead in twelve operettas. Incidentally, that bit of singing he did in *Suzy* wasn't dubbed in. It was really Cary's voice that you heard.

After the St. Louis season he went back to Broadway to play with Fay Wray in *Nikki*. The show had a brief run and Cary and a friend decided that they would drive out to Hollywood, just for a lark. He really had no particular thought of trying to get into pictures but someone at Paramount persuaded him to stooge for a girl who was making a test. When the test was run it was Cary—and not the girl—who was given a contract.

Now that he is a screen star it would be understandable if he drew the curtain over his stilt-walking past. But, just to show you that he isn't that sort: Not so long ago some smart society folk whom Cary had met in London were paying a first visit to New York. Of course they wanted to see Coney Island so they asked Cary to escort them.

"All the old time barkers and concessionaires around the amusement park recognized me," says Cary, "and rushed up to shake my hand and talk over old times. 'Remember the way the drunks used to trip you and send you sprawling?' they asked. 'Never thought then that you'd ever have your name in lights and be playin' opposite Mae West, did you?' "

"And what did your society friends think?" I asked.

"I don't know what they thought," replied Cary, "and I didn't care. I'm not ashamed of having been a barker. Why should I be? I was earning an honest living and believe me some of the people I knew in those amusement park days were as good friends as I've ever had."

AND there you have Cary Grant as he really is. I know people and so do you who wouldn't have liked being recognized by those who knew them when. But Cary says:

"We had a grand time doing the park. We got free hot dogs and saw all of the sideshows for nothing!"

And that is one of the reasons why I reversed my opinion about Cary Grant. Here's another: Recently when Cary appeared on a broadcast with Amos and Andy his Santa Monica address was given over the air. His privacy died then and there. The following day fans were swarming all over the place, climbing the wall, craning their necks to see the Grant menagè. Finally the traffic got so jammed that the police had to take a hand.

"It didn't bother me," says Cary, "but when I found out that some of the kids were climbing over the wall in the early morning hours before I was up and diving into the swimming pool I got worried. Suppose one of them had been hurt?"

He was not at all concerned over his privacy being molested but he was disturbed by the thought that someone might be injured. It's nice to meet a star like that.

As you probably know, Randy Scott is Cary's best friend. They met when they were both new at Paramount. And when it comes to divulging any details about their various romances, Cary and Randy have done a swell job of running interference for each other. Recently, the papers came out with the surprise news that Randy had been secretly married some months ago. Cary of course knew it all the time but not for worlds would he have given his pal away.

NOW that Randy has taken the leap into matrimony, of course Hollywood is wondering whether Cary will follow suit. But Cary will neither admit nor deny.

"Marriage is the only answer to the companionship which every man craves," he told me. "It's all very well to say that a bachelor can have whatever type of companionship appeals to him, with none of the responsibilities, but the fact remains that even though he may know a lot of attractive girls whom he likes and enjoys, he can never have the same sort of companionship, the same sense of intimacy which marriage gives. I enjoy being a bachelor—but then I also enjoyed being married. So what?"

This, of course, was the perfect opening for asking him whether he intended to marry again. But Cary seemed somehow to forget to answer. In fact, he suddenly became very much interested in a ship that was little more than a dark speck upon the distant horizon. There was just the suggestion of a twinkle in his eyes. On the piano was a large picture of Mary Brian and glancing at it, well it seemed to me that Mary's eyes twinkled a bit, too. So, whether their romance, which has had Hollywood talking and speculating for months, results in wedding bells—well, your guess is just as good as mine.

Abel Raises Cain

[*Continued from page* 43]

'far pastures looking greener' that makes the movie magnate do his film-star seeking some two or three thousand miles to the East of Hollywood."

OF COURSE there's more to acting than merely getting stage experience. And this almost-six-footer is the first one to tell you that, too. He believes you must have vast and varied knowledge to be able to interpret a part well. Therefore, in Abel, you see the most peripatetic university student that the acting profession knows.

Walter Charles went to school (Harvard) when he was playing in Boston . . . just for a few months; Yale when he was playing at New Haven; he took six subjects at Chicago University (where his uncle-in-law is instructor) when he was appearing at a Windy City theatre. One Summer he studied economics and philosophy at the University of Wisconsin, and another time he enrolled in a school in Philadelphia (don't ask us which) when he was doing a stage stint there.

The sum total of this is that when a studio hands Abel a script in which he is to play a doctor, as *Dr. Stafford* in *Green Light,* he has the "feel" of the part before he masters the dialogue, because he's dabbled in medicine, or in law, or in economics, or whatever the part is.

As for the mechanics of drama, Abel went about learning those, too. He is an alumnus, as are Bill Powell and other Hollywood scintillators, of the American Academy of Dramatic Art. Like Bill, who lived on crackers, apricots, followed by water, when he attended the Academy, Abel lived, in his own words, on "oatmeal for breakfast, soup for lunch, hope for dinner." But he learned all the histrionic calesthenics, diaphragm breathing, voice placement. After two years' time he was an actor. All he had to do was to prove it. That was eighteen years ago.

ORIGINALLY Abel migrated to Manhattan from St. Paul, his birthplace, by way of Heron Lake, Minnesota, pop., 945 several decades ago. When he was fourteen he bade farewell to his mother, father, sister, brother, and hied himself off to Heron Lake, two hundred miles distant, where, by working as soda-clerk in the drug store, he put himself through high school. His spare time went into furnishing theatrical entertainment for the town's residents. Later in his career he stage-managed big-time theatrical companies. Today he describes that form of activity as the "glorified title given the janitor."

When he was eighteen Abel packed his duffle bag and dashed to the Big Town. Two years at the Academy followed. He has been eighteen years on the stage. Today at thirty-eight, Abel has been married to Harpist Marietta Bitter, Bryn Mawr graduate who is also a good cook (her husband says so), for ten years; has two sons Michael and Jonathan, aged two and four. He hates mayonnaise (you should see what he did to the Waldorf salad on his "St. Moritz plate"); loves golf; shoots a 91 after only a year's pursuit of the game; and has a funny kind of contract, in a town where eccentric contracts flourish.

His five-year contract with RKO-Radio reads that every two years Abel is allowed six Broadway months in which to appear on the stage. One look at the man and you'd know that he insisted on the clause. He is a first-class champion of the theatre, as art and entertainment. He's worked, in stock with Katharine Cornell and her husband Guthrie McClintic; in the Provincetown group he played the *Sheriff* to Walter Huston in *Desire Under the Elms,* rushing from one theatre to another to do it, too, because that was a dizzy moment when he was doing two shows at a time.

When Kaufman's *Merrily* (that's the way Abel refers to the play) closed its successful run, Abel dashed off to that mad Hollywood where the part of *General Grant* awaited him. The studio tested him with whiskers, without; with cigar, without; with campaign hat, without; and just about the time the film was ready to go into production, *General Grant* was called off. "Too expensive for the budget at the moment," was the answer.

With a mighty ha-ha, Abel roared at his luck. He decided, then and there, that the third attempt to crash Hollywood was most emphatically *not* the charm, as the old saw has it. But he was wrong. By this time Radio was casting the stirring *Three Musketeers,* from the Dumas tale, and they took one look at Abel. "Why not use him?" they said. "We have to pay his salary anyway, until his contract is ended, so why not put him to work?"

WHEN Abel heard there was a chance for him to do the swashbuckling *D'Artagnan,* lastly immortalized by the super-swashbuckler, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., he was besieged by doubt. "Don't be a fool," counseled friends. "That picture will make you. Once you get a part like that, you're set in films for a lifetime. Boy, it's your chance."

Abel is one of those funny fellows who, when he wants to, slips easily out from under worry. He simply doesn't let it get him down. "Let 'er rip!" is his attitude. That was the mood he carried into *The Three Musketeers.* That was the attitude he held when he signed the studio's new five-year optional contract that preceded the part of *D'Artagnan.* Under this contract, by the way, he has made eight films.

Radio was smart in signing Abel to a long-term contract. To date, two other film companies have made gestures toward taking it over: Metro because of his excellent work, on loan, in two of its films; Warners because of his *Green Light* trouping. Radio, however, will not part with its contractee. Before he went to Warners, Abel finished *Second Wife,* with Gertrude Michael, for his home studio, and it wants him for *Mother Carey's Chickens* and several others, as soon as the Burbankers are through with his services.

Abel, we think, rather enjoys all this fuss about his artistic talents. He is enough of the Latin (his mother is Italian and Swiss—his father was born in Leipzig, Germany) to respond emotionally to the rapidly growing interest in him. After all, there were years when Hollywood bounced him around from pillar to post and it's comforting to know that one's talents are at last appreciated. Abel is human enough to enjoy expanding under the warm sun of Hollywood's approval. Humanness, come to think about it, is Walter Abel's outstanding trait. Perhaps that explains why he is such a consistently good performer.

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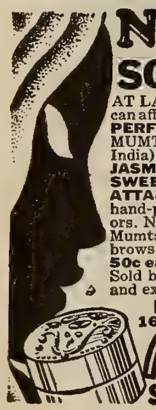

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How Dick Powell Helped Joan Blondell

[*Continued from page 36*]

"SEE that picture up there, that fat little chubby rascal? I think I've been a 'changed woman' ever since I knew I was going to have him. Having a little blonde fellow like that around the house does something to you. To every mother, I suppose. Suddenly brings your feet to the ground. Suddenly makes you realize you're responsible for somebody besides yourself. Suddenly *makes you ambitious!*

"It's funny . . . until a year ago I never was really ambitious, not as most girls in this business are ambitious. Oh, I wanted to get ahead just like everybody wants to do that, of course—and deep down inside of me I sort of hunched, intuitively, that I would—but I never did anything about it. I was flighty, helter-skelter, feet-in-the-air, careless, thoughtless, not-give-a-darnish. Looking back on it now I wonder how I ever managed to stay in pictures. Really I do! Possibly you won't believe it, but I had made twelve pictures when I met and married George Barnes—and even though he was a cameraman, and I had made those twelve pictures, mind you, *still* I didn't know what a cameraman was, or did! Oh, I knew there was someone who turned the crank or whatever they did with the camera, but I had no idea of the importance and intricacies of the job. I saw his salary check one day and asked him what in the world he did, to earn all that money! Example one, of the Blondell vaguishness.

"Again people, and especially prominent people, were of no importance to me. Oh, I used to nod and speak to everybody and occasionally I remembered faces, but names never meant anything. Not that they do now except as they effect my career. But anyway—I had been working on the Warner lot for two years when one thing happened which, as I recall it now, was enough to wash up my Warner career forever. Why it didn't, I'll never know. I was coming out of a preview when a man stepped up to me and said, 'You're looking very charming this evening, Miss Blondell.' I thanked him and he stood there chatting for a moment, and then the friend who had escorted me to the preview caught up with me in the crowd and I was forced to make an introduction. I knew my friend's name all right, but when it came to naming the other gentleman I stumbled and fussed and finally said, 'I'm sorry, I don't believe I know your name.' 'Jack Warner,' he answered. My boss of bosses, the man who had been figuratively signing my salary checks for two years!

"THEN I wonder if you remember how I used to run around this town! I don't mean 'run around' in the night club sense. I mean the kind of clothes I used to wear. The car I used to drive. Things like that. When I came to Hollywood I bought an old second-hand car. I don't think I paid more than a hundred and seventy-five dollars for it. I drove it until almost a year ago. It had no paint on it. It sputtered. It choked. It stalled in traffic . . . always in traffic. It had a leak in the top, and even the top was tied on with rope in spots. Finally Dick made me see how foolish that car made me look. How undignified. 'If you want to be somebody important in this town you have to compel people to think of you as important. Driving around in that bus they can only think of you as a good-natured, helter-skelter girl. Get yourself a new car.' I did. I liked it. Now I have an additional one, too. Dick gave it to me. It isn't that these two cars make *me* feel any more swanky, or give me a swell head, but they do have a psychological effect on how other people think about me. And that *is* important in this business.

"Then clothes, as another example. For years I never wore anything but slacks and sweaters and shirts, and if I was invited to a party I'd invariably leave the dress question to the last minute, then dash out and get something which probably didn't fit, and which I'd have to pin up in the back to make it stay on. Style never has meant anything to me. Even before I came to Hollywood, I dressed exactly as I pleased, which was in comfort, regardless of what 'they' were wearing. If the fashion was long tight skirts I wore short full ones, because I didn't like anything tight around my ankles, because the other was more comfortable. Incidentally, I've always had an aversion toward anything tight. I would always buy clothes a size too large, hats, coats, everything. I would never even wear bracelets because they bound me. But look!" Joan stood up, turned around to show her shoulders. "Did you ever see a costume with a finer, tighter fit than this one? Look, not a wrinkle anywhere. Doesn't it look neat, *planned?* That's because I stood four hours having it fitted. Something I wouldn't have thought of doing a couple of years ago. And what's more I've been planning and buying clothes for my personal wardrobe with the same attention lately. Why I have more clothes and more good clothes now than I ever had during all my life before! And it's all for a purpose—yes, and you can put that down, Purpose with a capital P.

"What's more," she breezed on, "I used to be so impatient about my hair that it got to be quite a joke around here. Once shortly after I came out here, the studio hairdressers wanted to try changing my hair a lighter shade, so I let them. The process took over two hours, and I finally left the hairdressing department with the firm resolution that that was the last time I'd let myself in for any fuss like that! Two hours to have my hair done . . . why it was preposterous! I couldn't be bothered. I *wouldn't* be, either. Every time I saw a hairdresser I ran. Why, I made one whole picture with an inch of dark hair showing in the part, where the lighter dyed hair had grown out, just because I refused to let anyone bother touching it up.

"But now! Well, now things are different. I used to arrive at the studio at ten past nine . . . ten minutes past the time I should have been made up, and ready, on the set. I would run a comb through my eyes, dash on a make-up, fall into my costume, and that would be that. Now I get up at six-thirty, get here by quarter past seven, allow forty-five minutes to have my hair done, and another forty-five minutes for my make-up, and fifteen to get dressed, and there I am at nine o'clock, on time, and ready. Ask the girls around here! They don't know what to make of it!

"But I do . . . you can bet your life I do! It's part of my new orderliness, part of my new ambition. For my baby's sake I want to amount to something really big in this business, and through Dick's help I have gained a different viewpoint on how that should be done. You see the old Joan Blondell, the old Joanie, Buddy, or plain Blondell was just the 'good egg' type . . . executives and directors always figured they could throw her into any old rôle, talk her into any old public appearance, make her talk on any old interview-subject which came along. You see you could always slap the old Joan on the back, and if you can be slapped on the back you can just as easily be *kicked* in the back, if you know what I mean. Now I just don't allow either."

AND the amazing thing is that it's working! Not long ago when Joan was assigned to do *Stage Struck,* she insisted on having a special writer write her part specially for her. The first time she asked they tried to talk her out of it, and the old good-sport Blondell, (which, out here is just a word for being-made-a-monkey-of), would have let them. But not the new one. She stuck to her guns, got the writer, and for the first time in a long time she received really good reviews. Then she also demanded something besides a strictly song-and-dance part—and won out there, too, with a part in *Three Men On a Horse.* Furthermore, she laid down the law when writers began clamoring for the low-down on her romance with Dick Powell. She would not be quoted on the subject of the romance. It wasn't good taste, and besides it wasn't anybody's business. Yet the publicity department could have persuaded the old palsy-walsy Joan that it was the thing to do—for its sake. Instead of just trusting to luck she began to find out what really made a good motion picture, what constituted a fine performance, what made a story click. She *studies* scripts these days, and she never used to. She sees her daily rushes, yet in the past she scarcely knew they existed. She goes to her previews religiously, watches audience reaction, carefully diagnoses reviews. Yet there were six pictures which she made back there in the dim distant past which she never even saw in completion. Naturally, all this takes a lot more time, a lot more care, "But the funny thing is," she says, "that somehow or other now I have more time to do the things I want to do, and to be the person I want to be than I ever had before. I have time to read now. I have time for companionship with others. I have time to plan, good constructive planning. I have time to give to *making* something of myself in this business. I am never again going to 'get by' on luck."

Psychologists might find a lot of intellectual deep-diving, high-sounding reasons for this change that has come over Joan. Yet how simple is the explanation to those who know her well. A baby, Norman Scott Barnes, to whom she refers as "that fat little blonde fellow at my house"—to give her ambition. A man, Richard Ewing Powell, with whom she has fallen in love—to give her confidence, advice, and encouragement. Successful as she was, Dick saw that she had still greater possibilities. He made her see them too, and he inspired her to want to make them a reality.

This new "go get 'em" Miss Blondell is every bit as lovable, as friendly, and as delightful, as the old Joan Blondell. But she is also more admirable, more substantial, more terra firma. And she *is* a go-getter now—let there be no doubt about that. That new dressing room, incidentally. It wasn't given to her . . . she demanded it!

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I'm Not the Type to Be a Star —Claudette Colbert

[*Continued from page* 31]

She wants to know at once, "Will this material fade?" Imagine a gal with Claudette's money and position giving a durn whether material is going to fade after a couple of wearings or not. But she cares.

Once I saw her try on a perfectly stunning frock which looked divine on her. But I knew as I watched her turning and twisting before the full-length mirror that she would never buy it. It was much too theatrical for Claudette Colbert, the movie star.

"It's a lovely dress," she said at last, "but it's so showy that I couldn't wear it more than a few times without people spotting it."

"What's wrong with wearing it a few times and throwing it away?" I asked maliciously.

I saw her French soul go cold with shock. Nothing could ever make her so brutally extravagant. She can spend thousands of dollars for a painting because that is something which will give pleasure for generations. But wearing a dress a few times and throwing it away is a gesture it would be physically impossible for her to make.

Her figure is utterly divine—the most beautiful legs in the world, the slimmest hips, the most softly-rounding arms and, because it is so perfect, she loves to find fault with it. She will say quite earnestly to the sales-lady, "You see I have to be very careful. My shoulders aren't broad enough to wear that." Or, "that would make me look dumpy. With my figure I have to be careful."

And with her figure she has to be careful about nothing—except jealous women. But, actually, she doesn't have to be careful about that. For women, realizing how little she dramatizes herself, how natural and simple she is, invariably like her. They like her because in almost all of her contacts she uses her brains instead of her sex.

ESSENTIALLY Claudette is a "heady" actress and as proof let me tell you how she approached her rôle in *Under Two Flags*. The day after she got the part she made her poor husband practically strangle over his soup that night at dinner by asking quite calmly, "How does a person die when he's been shot in the stomach?"

However, Dr. Pressman knows Claudette's insatiable clinical curiosity so he answered, as calmly as possible, "Well, his eyes stay open. He wouldn't be able to speak because he'd be in a coma."

"Hummmm," Claudette hummmmed, "that won't do."

She explained later. As *Cigarette* in *Under Two Flags* she had to be shot in the stomach and die beautifully in Ronald Colman's arms while she murmured deathless words of gallantry loud enough for the microphone to pick up.

Another actress would have been content to die in the conventional screen way, finishing the scene with the eyes slowly closing. But Claudette's passion for realism would no more allow her—the wife of a doctor—to pass out like that than her French frugality would allow her to buy a dress she could wear but a few times. She was worried and pre-occupied for days.

At last she announced, "I've got it. Oh boy, I've got it."

"Got what?" Dr. Pressman asked.

"The way to die."

She had to speak the lines. But she barely whispered them. She would not be allowed to die with her eyes open. So she asked Colman to cover her face with his hand and turn her face away from the camera. The compromise satisfied Claudette. It satisfied Colman, too, since it threw the scene to him.

Claudette can always find a way. In fact, I've never seen her in a situation from which she could not extricate herself. And I've seen her in some pretty tough ones.

There was the time, for instance, when we were all up in Harlem together. In spite of the fact that the ballroom was in semi-darkness and Claudette wore the most inconspicuous of clothes and we all called her "Lily," word got 'round after about the first two minutes that she was there. She realized that if she autographed for one person she would have to do the same thing for hundreds and would see none of the amazing sights she had come to see.

At first she tried smiling sweetly and saying, "I'm afraid I'm not the person you think I am." But it didn't work—it didn't work at all and those hundreds began milling around her, closing in upon her and at last they started to sway back and forth, with that dreadful mass rhythm which might strike the tempo for any sort of violence. I was really afraid and a couple of the men in our party started to make their way through the crowd to Claudette. But before the rescue party arrived Claudette had dispelled them herself. She had simply looked into that sea of faces and said, "Look here. Please be good sports. I'm up here to have some fun. How can I have it if I've got my nose in autograph books all evening? Come on, don't pay any attention to me."

It worked like magic. The crowd dispersed and Claudette stood on a chair and watched the "Lindy" contest and had the time of her life.

YOU see, by not being "the regal type" she had a lot of fun she wouldn't have had otherwise. Another time that I saw her come through a trying circumstance, gallantly, was when she was still married to Norman Foster. It was New Year's Eve and they had attended a private party at one of the smart hotels. Claudette had been chatting to someone sitting next to her when a man whom she had good cause to dislike came up to her, touched her shoulder and asked her to dance. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I promised the next dance to my husband."

The man smiled maddeningly, "I'm afraid your husband isn't here."

"Oh, he'll be right back," Claudette answered with an assurance she did not feel. But he did not come back—not for hours. And Claudette chatted and smiled and pretended not to notice either Norman's absense or the fact that all eyes—some merely curious, some pitying—were upon her.

Claudette was "the regal type" that night. She was a great lady in the truest sense of that gallant phrase. Mentally, I put other picture girls in her place—girls who would have marched indignantly from the room (and been written up in the gossip columns the next day), girls who would have wept on the most convenient man's shoulder, girls who would have stormed and cursed.

But Claudette sat—poised, charming, assured—routing her enemies by the quiet graciousness of her charm.

When it was time to go Claudette found Norman in the public dining-room chatting with some friends completely unaware that he had given her a moment's unhappiness. Gay, irresponsible, boyish Norman—how ill-mated a pair they were. How much better suited to each other are she and the intellectual, scientific, adult Dr. Joel Pressman.

Perhaps one of the reasons that Claudette has kept so beautifully balanced in the unbalanced society of Hollywood is that she—one of the town's most important stars—never thinks of herself as that. She is still a movie fan and is as excited and pleased over her contacts with the great of the film colony as if she were a little girl just arrived from Keokuk.

I remember her telling me once about a party she had been on with Marlene Dietrich and some other people. "Dietrich was amazing," Claudette said. "When we were in the night club everybody was watching her and she was living up to all her glamour. Then one of the couples suggested that we go up to their apartment and have scrambled eggs. Marlene said, 'Let me cook them.' I practically fell off my chair at that. But we went to the apartment and Dietrich tucked her gorgeous evening gown up around her waist and put on a kitchen apron and made the best scrambled eggs I've ever tasted. And she loved doing it. Imagine! Imagine Marlene Dietrich in somebody's kitchen cooking eggs!"

YOU see? That was all as amazing to Claudette as it would be to you and me. She told it as a fan would tell it. And it never occurred to her that she is as great a star as Dietrich, that her glamour has been touted, too. Perhaps it is this very attitude—this ability to stay (spiritually) outside of Hollywood and look on—that has kept her from becoming the regal type.

A very good friend of Claudette's said to me, "I wish Claudette weren't my friend. I wish Joan Crawford were instead. Joan is such swell copy. She's always changing, always creating new stories to write about. And honestly Claudette is just the same girl she was when I first knew her—long before she was a star."

This friend spoke the truth. She is the same girl who—so long ago—sat at the feet of the great Katharine Cornell and said, "What am I to do? My career is ruined."

Claudette had, a few months before, lost what she thought was the most important rôle of her career. Heartbroken, desperate, she had attended a party just to get her mind off her troubles. There she met Katharine Cornell and into those wise ears she poured her troubles.

"How old are you?" Cornell asked the girl.

Claudette told her.

"When I was your age I had just as serious a disappointment in the theatre. I was quite sure that I was through—forever. And now—"

"And now," said Claudette, with new courage in her heart, "you're the first lady of the theatre. Thank you for telling me."

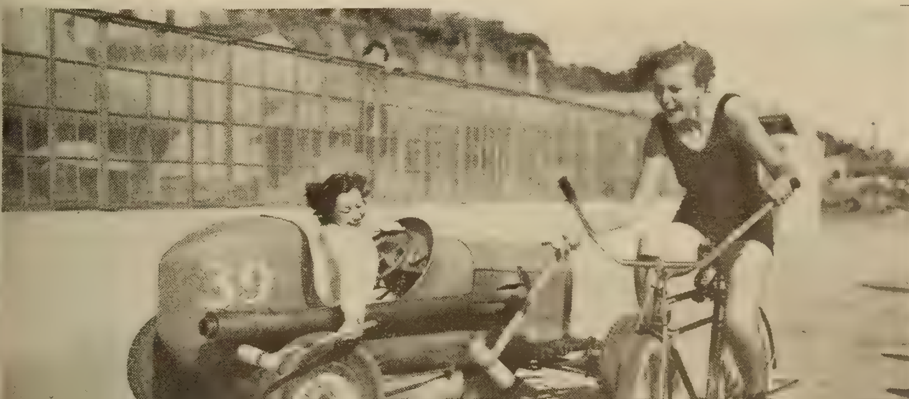
That happened ten years ago. But Claudette still worries about her career; she is quite sure that she's completely through after every picture she makes. And, if you're a friend of hers, you're apt to find her almost any day sitting cross-legged on the floor of her beautiful projection room—no, not seeing *Curly Top* and *'Way Down East*—but thoughtfully gnawing at her thumb and musing to herself, "I've done enough light comedy. They'll be sure to get tired of me in light comedy. I've got to have a good lusty melodrama for a change. I can't last much longer if I keep doing the same old part. I . . ."

If you break in on these ruminations you'll hear a long story about her career worries. Claudette thinks they're real—just as she thinks it's real when she assures the designers that she has to be careful of her figure.

"Well, if I'm through," she'll go on carefully, "I have a trust fund which will bring me in an income and we have this house and . . ."

"Shut up, you fool," you tell her. "Don't you know you're one of the biggest stars in Hollywood?"

She will shake her head in amazement. "It doesn't seem right somehow, does it? I'm not the type—honestly, baby, I'm not the type."



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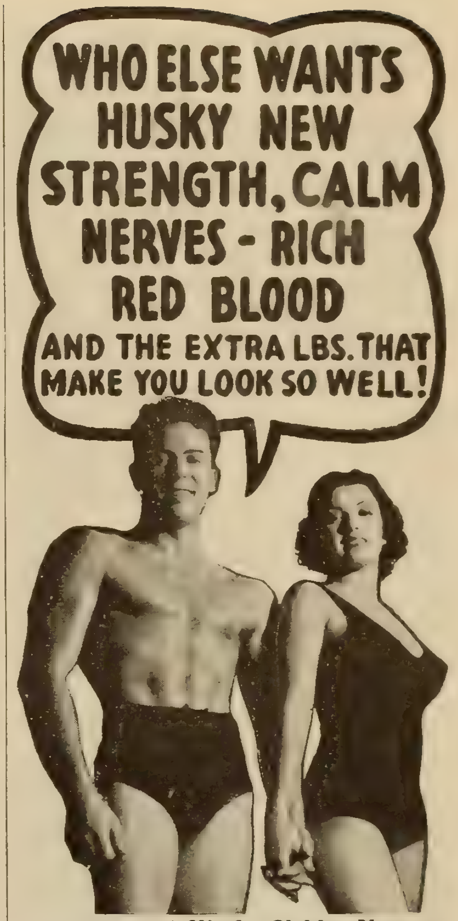
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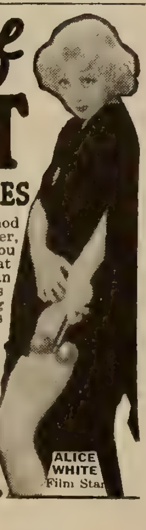

Love Comes to Isabel Jewell

[*Continued from page* 41]

couldn't think them real if you read about them in a book.

"It was early spring of last year—and I was through, completely through. My personal life was in a mess. My option hadn't been taken up. I had no money at all. I didn't have an idea what would happen to me. No job was in sight. My father was ill—desperately ill.

"My only hope was that my test for the little seamstress in *A Tale of Two Cities* would get me the job. If it didn't—I didn't dare to look ahead. I had fought for that test—pleaded for it. Now my whole future depended on it.

"The break came when I was signed to make *A Tale of Two Cities.* I didn't know it then—but it proved itself so.

"When that was finished, I sort of sized up the situation. I had a tiny bit of money. I got on a train for New York. Either this is the absolute beginning of a new era in pictures for me, I thought to myself, or the ending of a very bad one.

"Two excellent rôles were offered me in stage productions while I was in the East. One was in *Dead End,* which turned out to be a sensation. But I couldn't take it—the studio wired for me to come back for retakes.

"In September *A Tale of Two Cities* was finally finished. And instantly I went into *Ceiling Zero.* I had totally different characterizations in the two pictures—and I knew that if *now* producers didn't notice me, I never would get anywhere on the screen.

"Both pictures were released simultaneously—and my luck changed overnight. For the first time since my coming to Hollywood I had more offers of rôles than I could possibly do.

"I DIDN'T have time for romance. Love was behind me. In any event, the man with whom I would fall in love, didn't exist—he had to have too many qualifications to exist. At this particular time I was immersed in preparations for *Lost Horizon.* Ronald Colman had told me about his commitment to play the lead in it when we were still working on the Dickens novel. Strangely enough, right then I had the curious feeling that in some way I, too, would be in it with him. And here I was—playing the bitter, tubercular, beaten, little guttersnipe. A remarkable rôle—a splendid rôle.

"It was the middle of February. The only thought in my mind was wardrobe, makeup, hairdress. I ate with *Lost Horizon*—slept with it, dreamed with it, lived with it. And so an invitation to a Sunday morning breakfast was pretty much of a social nuisance. I tried to beg off—gave every excuse on the calendar.

" 'You must come,' my friend insisted. 'I want you to meet Owen Crump; he's a perfectly elegant guy, and I've told him *you* would be here!'

"It developed later that Owen was just as indifferent about coming as I was. But when he telephoned his regrets that morning, the hostess told him that he was picking me up. There was no out for him.

" 'What a striking looking boy,' I thought to myself as I came down to the lobby of my apartment hotel, where he was waiting for me. He was tall and dark, with an arresting manner.

"Later that morning I discovered other things about him—that he was a brilliant conversationalist; that he was a portrait

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painter of sufficient note to have New York exhibitions; that he was writing, producing and directing two important radio programs —*Curtain Calls* and *Armchair Play-House* —both hour shows; that he was thirty-two years old.

"His voice, particularly, impressed me. It had a quality of breeding, an engaging charm. He was a completely delightful and interesting person. He didn't know who I was. He didn't connect me with the little seamstress in *A Tale of Two Cities*—although he had seen it twice, and we discussed it that morning at length. He praised the performance of that anonymous girl.

"He telephoned me several times after that first meeting. But I was too rushed—much too concerned with the job in hand. But about the middle of June—when *Lost Horizon* was within a week of completion, I accepted his dinner invitation.

"He didn't ask me where I would like to go—but that evening when he called for me—he said 'I'm taking you to a place you might enjoy.' It was a funny little place in Chinatown.

"I looked at him curiously. I was thrilled that he could sense the sort of thing I'd want to do. That I would prefer this to the usual dining and dancing spots.

"Ever since I had come to Hollywood I had wanted to explore this unusual section of Los Angeles—had been promising myself to do this. But not until this night had anyone ever taken me. We explored Olvera Street—that quaint remnant of old Mexico—near the center of town. We saw the Puppet show; we watched the street dancing; we laughed like children at the bizarre collections of pottery and weaving and art.

"We spent from seven-thirty until three in the morning getting acquainted. But that wasn't really necessary—I felt as if I had known him all my life.

"I MUST have fallen in love with him the first time I saw him. How else could I be so content with him—so happy in his constant companionship from that evening on?

"He was so many fine and splendid things. I never dreamed that any man *could* possess all the admirable qualities he possessed. The man I didn't think existed—*did* exist —and I loved him.

"In three weeks he asked me to marry him. He had always been self-sufficient, independent, he had plans for his future which did not include marriage. Many men in his mental state would have resented the reality of love. He did not. Love must have an element of greatness. Of selflessness, of understanding. And in the weeks since our engagement I have found it in him.

"He is the sort of person who stands back and cheers. Who gives you encouragement when you need it most—and self-confidence. He is probably the most unselfish man I have ever known and the most considerate.

"In the first three weeks of my friendship with him, three great crises developed in my life. I had a shocking professional disappointment. A very dear friend of mine failed in her loyalty to me. And the death of a person dear to me occurred. Owen's first instinct was to relieve me—to make things easier to bear, to comfort me. No one ever before had worried about ME. I was always the one to do the worrying and the sacrificing. It was a new and a very sweet experience.

"In many ways Owen and I are alike. His background is similar to mine. My mother's family comes from the South. His father is a Judge in a Southern State. Our education, our interests almost parallel. He is an accomplished musician—and I play a bit, too. We both have the same tastes in literature—and it's a source of constant amazement to me, when I mention a little-known book, to discover that Owen is familiar with it also.

"We both love to dance—love to browse in strange, out-of-the-way places. And we both love to laugh!

"And that is love—to find kinship of spirit with another person.

"We plan to be married soon. We'll both take a holiday. I have made eight pictures in rapid succession. Owen, too, has worked very hard in the past year. And so we plan to go away—if nothing interferes. For a little while anyway.

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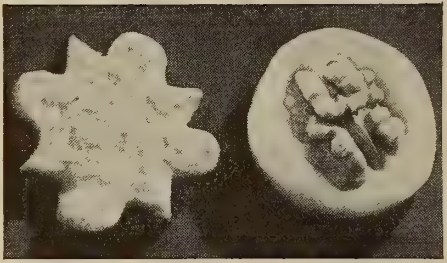

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I'm Thankful for My Enemies—Joan Bennett

[*Continued from page* 34]

—blond and blue-eyed, too. (I ran true to form!) And he was a divine dancer. We had 'dates' at the Canoe Place Inn for a while. But I discovered my devotion was not returned. I didn't think life could go on! There was only one thing to do—I set out to make myself popular just to 'get even' with those two boys!

"Probably I never would have thought of doing such a thing otherwise. But it *made* me be popular. I learned to keep my best foot forward, I even managed to shed my inferiority complex. At that particular age it was the greatest stimulus I could have had—'getting even!' Because, without it, it might have taken me years to develop any social graces . . . and I'd have missed all that fun at the Princeton and Amherst proms!"

THE next time that Joan, figuratively at least, rolled up those diminutive sleeves of hers to fight the Enemy was in Hollywood. And this time it was an ugly, gloomy spectre. She was eighteen. She had a completely adorable baby (Ditty) less than a year old to provide for. Her mother was away off in Europe, her father on the road with a play. And Joan found herself dumped unceremoniously at the door of Moviedom. Dumped after her first picture, *Bulldog Drummond.* United Artists had brought her out to appear in it with Ronald Colman—and then let her go. (Incidentally, the three men responsible for the dumping are unheard of today.)

Joan grew up in that moment she faced the three of them and received her walking papers. Up to then she had been a sweet, romantic kid, the "Bennetts' youngest." It seemed pretty much a dream—that meeting with John Fox on the boat to Europe, their marriage and subsequent divorce. She had scarcely started on a stage career when Hollywood called. That siren call which was ending so abruptly in a bleak note of dismissal.

Joan got mad. She got steamingly, overwhelmingly furious. She'd make good now or die! Of a sudden, all her ambitions crystallized. She knew where she was going and exactly what she was going to do. When George Arliss sent for her to play a part in *Disraeli* she worked harder than she ever had before . . . And at the end of that production United Artists sent for her again and offered her twice her original salary!

"YOU can see it's my Enemies who actually are my Best Friends," Joan ejaculated. "Each time they've spurred me on!"

I nodded. I was remembering the Case of the Cat . . . she was one of those cloying, deep-scratching women who give a purr with every dig. But to get back to Joan. She had had a terrific accident—a fall from a horse during the making of a picture—and she had lain on her back in a plaster cast for six months. Everybody was rooting for the game, littlest Bennett—among them Mr. Gene Markey, noted writer, who was much better-looking than writers have a right to be. His attention to Joan obviously annoyed the Cat. One day she remarked to Gene in a way that Joan couldn't help overhearing—"Poor dear Joan . . . You know, she probably won't be able to walk again! Imagine being in love with someone tied to crutches!"

It was as cruel as it was lacking in results . . . for Gene swept Joan off her feet, crutches and all, until she promised to marry him. And Joan . . .

The Bennett spunk was up a hundred points. It had been flourishing right along, of course, but now it reached a new high. She'd walk again. She'd walk as good as ever! I don't know what courage it took to go through the agony of exercising those injured muscles—but I can imagine. Joan stuck to it, tirelessly, relentlessly. And long before the doctors dared to hope for such a thing she was back at work, completely recovered. A short time, thereafter, she became Mrs. Markey . . .

You know the Myrna Loy-William Powell marital combine on the screen? That's typical of the Markeys *off* the screen! There are no staid "settled down" touches to *that* romance. You have a feeling of very closely-knit family life in their home. But their careers are something apart.

SHORTLY after their marriage Gene was writing at one studio while Joan was being handed a series of poor pictures at another. (It's still one of Hollywood's major mysteries why they ever cast Joan, who is as daintily feminine as filigree, in the rôles of Tenth Avenue "molls" and hardboiled wisecrackers.) She got distinctly fed up. Just to show them, she walked out and did a super job in *Little Women.* She has been going places ever since—recently in *Two in a Crowd,* one of the best current releases, and in *Wedding Present.*

"There are times," said Joan, "when I'm my own Enemy! I know there are things I shouldn't do—but I simply *have* to do them. Like eating beans with rice, for example. That may sound queer but it's a case in point. Every so often I *have* to have beans and rice, plentifully mixed with catsup! It gives me frightful indigestion. I knew beforehand that it's going to—but still I've got to have them! It's a hangover from my childhood, so to speak. From the days when I was so tiny they were always giving me rice to build me up. One day I stirred some beans in with it. Then I went to the kitchen and while cook wasn't looking I took the catsup . . . Perhaps the reason it tasted so wonderful was because it was a partly forbidden dish! At any rate I've craved for it ever since—and it's the worst thing I could eat.

"Then—don't laugh—I've done over my bedroom again . . ." She had done it over just a little while before. And here she is getting ready to move into a new home out in Holmby Hills soon!

"Oh it's sheer madness," she confessed. "I shouldn't have done it—but I did. On the spur of the moment. Want to see it?" On the way up the stairs she chuckled. "It isn't like me, is it? Me, with my strong Scotch leanings!"

BUT the Enemy Joan did a beautiful job on that bedroom. There is a rose-beige carpet and heavenly drapes the same shade, and two enormous couches done in turquoise blue velvet and brocade. Her mother sent her most of her Blanc-de-chine collection. Two cherry satin chairs add a charming note to the room. To say nothing of those exquisite little rose quartz pieces in the corner wall brackets.

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Men Behind the Stars

E. H. GRIFFITH

Director of *Ladies In Love*

RESERVED and unassuming, but with a determination and strength of purpose lying behind china-blue eyes, Edward H. Griffith, a mere youth when he started back in the silent days, first came into prominence in Hollywood when he discovered the modern trend of entertainment, known as "high comedy," which he has emphasized in his subtle productions such as *Holiday, Rebound, Another Language, Biography of a Bachelor Girl, No More Ladies, Next Time We Love* and his current production, *Ladies in Love,* with an all-star cast which includes Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Simone Simon, Constance Bennett, Don Ameche, Paul Lukas and Alan Mowbray.

Griffith's "new" idea of modern, well-informed picturizations of modern people and their problems, met opposition from all sides. Not to be licked, he put his entire energy to that aim. His argument was sound and eventually he proved his point. When, in 1930, Pathe agreed to produce his first story, *Holiday,* starring Ann Harding, the results spoke loudly, in large round figures. People lined up at the box-office in the hinterlands as well as in the big cities . . . crying for more. It was then he was acknowledged to be the foremost original and resourceful director in Hollywood.

It is a known fact that he has never dismissed that early argument of the producers: "Too ritzy—reserved for the classes." And, just to be sure that he doesn't lose his perspective he sends his servants to the previews of each new picture he directs and listens carefully to their reactions.

A SIX FOOTER, broad of shoulder, with the bronzed features of an athlete, Griffith impresses one with that perfection of masculinity that should be before the camera instead of behind it. But as far as anyone can discover, he has never squandered a single thought in that direction. A natural, uninhibited, regular type of person, "Ned," as he is known to his friends, is one of the most popular as well as most skilled directors in filmland. He has never been evoked to temperamental outbursts, nor have the most glamorous of stars while at work on his sets.

When directing a picture, he imbues his casts, first of all, with confidence, a trust in him and his faith in them. Immediately his co-workers are at ease and the play is off to a happy start. Although he is one of the most demanding directors on the screen or stage, he obtains his best results through suggestion, rather than direction in the strict sense of that word. He selects his casts with care. They must be artists, experienced or otherwise possessing an instinctive genius. They must have complete understanding and sympathy for the rôle to which they are assigned. His demands on suitable screen stories are equally rigid. Primarily, there must be a story to tell, and he must believe in it enough to want to tell it—entertainingly.

He is one of the few directors with a consistency for handing out bouquets. He admits quite frankly that he is an ardent admirer of Jeanette MacDonald, considering her as gifted an actress as she is a singer. He also confesses that he would like to have the honor of directing Greta Garbo, Irene Dunne and Merle Oberon.

EARLY ambitions, struggles and discouragements on "the way up" Griffith prefers to dismiss into the yesterday and discuss with enthusiasm his plans for today. It is this same looking forward policy, this courage for new convictions, that has won him his reputation.

Despite the acclaim which has been his, he still has one unfulfilled ambition. He wants to write plays. Disregarding the encouragement of friends and associates, he clings to the opinion that no man should both direct and write at the same time—and most definitely that no director should try to produce anything he has written.

"Either profession is too big for any man to try to excel in both," he says. But undoubtedly he will turn his creative skill to the pen one day. It is logical that he should, for he was once a crack feature writer for the Hearst papers and started his motion picture career as a scenario writer for the old Edison studios. It is our wish, however, that he continue to entertain us with the same "high comedy" in which he excels.

E. H. Griffith's directorial eye is on Simone Simon and Paul Lukas while cameras click this scene in *Ladies in Love*

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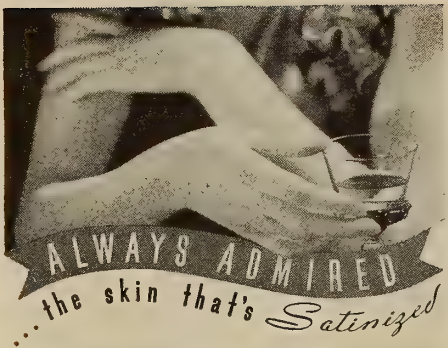

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Walter Huston Wont Live in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 40]

flowers and books. I do a great deal of my own gardening. I love it so much that, to tell you the truth, I've had flood lights installed so that I can do some gardening at night if I've been working all day. I often get up at four in the morning when I'm working and drive into Hollywood in my flivver and back again that same night. So much more content am I to be at home than to remain in Hollywood. I can stretch and grow up there. I can renew myself. I have time to think . . . and feel. . . .

"Yes, I've got what I want . . . the comforts of the average successful man. I want those comforts, of course. I want security more than anything else in the world. You're writing about a man, you know," said Mr. Huston, that shrewd and kindly twinkle in his eyes, "you're writing about a man who is no Robert Taylor. You're describing a man who has passed the 'fitful fevers of youth.' And knows it. And I don't think I'd get security in Hollywood. Too hectic. A gold-rush town. Ninety per cent of the population are either striving frantically to get a contract or striving frantically to get out of one.

"As for the money—if that's what you want of Hollywood—you get into the stellar brackets and you get less than you would get if you did less work, were less 'important.' That doesn't make sense to me.

"I REFUSE to live in Hollywood because I'm an egotist. And because in Hollywood individual effort means next to nothing. Here's what I mean: If I play in a picture which is a tremendous box-office success and even though my performance has been flat, even though I have 'walked through the part' (I never have, but for the sake of argument—) I get the same amount of money, either salary or flat sum as I would have got had I broken my heart to give the most tremendous performance in me. On the other hand if the picture is a box-office flop and I have broken my heart to give my very best, *I still get the same amount of money, no more, no less.*

"And so, if money is all you care for, it doesn't matter a damn what you do, d'you see? But what I do matters to me. It's about all that matters. Pictures are a sure thing for the actor before he ever begins —financially. They are anything but sure —artistically. I am a day laborer at heart, I guess. I care more for individual effort and its reward than I care for huge chunks of 'unearned income.' I want to earn my money for a job well done. I want to be 'docked' if I shirk on the job.

"When we played *Dodsworth* on the stage we got, Mrs. Huston and I, a percentage of the profits. And so every person who filed into the theatres to see us meant something to us. Meant not only the satisfaction of the actor but also the satisfaction of the business man. Each occupied seat meant so many more pennies in the Hustons' Penny Savings Bank. Each satisfied customer meant good word-of-mouth advertising. If the actors in Hollywood were paid on a percentage basis they'd darn well do their best, each and every one of them, to make each picture a success. If they just get their salaries as they do, whether or no—well, we're all human, you know.

"I think, since you want me to describe myself to the fans, honestly," said Walter Huston, "I'd call myself a business man with a real passion for his business. And my business is acting. And if I can do a good job I expect to be compensated for that job and if I do a poor job I expect to lose on it.

"I REFUSE to live in Hollywood because I have 'convictions of acting.' I have a passion for doing certain and definite rôles. I also have a conviction about refusing unsuitable parts. And if I did not have these convictions I would be merely selling a face and a personality labeled 'Huston.' I have, now, a passion for doing *Othello* on the stage. I'm going to New York to produce and to play in *Othello*. I'll be there, no doubt, when this article appears. But the majority of Hollywood actors do not share my conviction. It's like this: a certain actor will be mentioned for a certain part. If he happens to be around he gets the part and does it. But if he doesn't happen to be around any one of ten other actors will do. Nobody seems to care very terribly. I care—*very* terribly.

"I care about all the details of my work. On the stage I plan or collaborate in planning every set, every detail of every costume. I supervise and select every member of the cast. On the screen I don't know, half the time, what I am to do or to say, what scene is to be shot when, how it is to be done until I step onto the set in the morning. If I were to do many pictures I would make it an absolute condition that I sit in on the script, have my say about the story, the director, the cast.

"You've got to love the work you do," said Mr. Huston. "I wish I could broadcast this message to every professional man in the world. *It's the only commandment.* You've got to love the work you do—and I can't love anything unless it is mine.

"Then, I refuse to live in Hollywood because it is a postman's holiday for those who work here and live here, too. I know. I've gone out of an evening in Hollywood and it's usually been to a premiere and shop talk goes on faster and more furiously than in the studios themselves. Or I've dined at the home of a Hollywood friend and met there, nine times out of ten, producers and directors and fellow actors and actresses and what do they talk about? You guess!

"I refuse to live in Hollywood because I will NOT be labeled. I will not be a factory product. And Hollywood is a factory turning out personalities in mass production. There are a few real actors here, a few fine actors, but the majority of them are 'popular appeals,' sold to the public because of a certain eternal smile or set of tricks which never vary, world without end. I expect indignant protests to follow this rash statement. Let 'em come, my shoulders are broad and my conviction honest. In every picture these factory-made personalities play one part over and over again —*themselves.* The title of the picture changes. The name of the 'character' portrayed varies. But the actor remains unchangeable in a part which is also, intrinsically, the same—conceived to exhibit the especial bag of tricks for which that personality is 'known.' And even though," laughed Mr. Huston, though his grave, gray eyes were serious, "even though the more I worked on *Rhodes* the more I got to look like Ramsay MacDonald. I'd rather look like Ramsay MacDonald than like Walter Huston forever!

"I am not A Personality. I don't want to be one. I am an actor, I hope. What does that fellow Huston matter? I want to be as many different persons and personalities as my range permits. And everyone's range is limited to some extent. That's why I wouldn't stay in Hollywood where there are no limits known.

"I REFUSE to live in Hollywood because I might grow vain—self-conscious. I might not be able to stand too much back-slapping, too much florid publicity, too much pointing out and saying: 'Look, there's Walter Huston!' I won't give many interviews and when I do give them they must be honest and thoughtful as I am trying to make this. Otherwise, being human, I might begin to romanticize myself, to think of myself as a devil of a fellow, a sad dog. I might forget that we are all giants in the limelight but pygmies in the lamplight. And if I did that I'd be gone.

"Nor do I consider it necessary for the actor to live in Hollywood. Perhaps if you are a youngster, a new-comer, it might help you to be seen at the night spots frequented by producers and directors. I know it would be a waste of time for me. If I have not sufficiently impressed myself on the producer-consciousness by this time so that they will think of me when a part I should do comes up—then it is too late to begin now.

"After all, *the job we turn in is all that really matters.* It's the same with any craft or profession, isn't it? If a writer delivers a sound and salable piece of work it doesn't really matter a damn whether he is young or old, fat or thin, gives parties or doesn't give them, lives in a shanty or a chalet. It's the job that tells the tale. That's my credo. And I think it would save a great many people in many walks of life many heartaches and much money if they would get this through their heads."

"Is there anything," I asked Mr. Huston, "is there anything on earth or in Hollywood which could induce you to give up the stage and live here and work here for the rest of your life?"

"Nothing," said Walter Huston, "absolutely nothing."

"Suppose they offered you simply fabulous sums, 'tax free'?"

"No," said Mr. Huston.

"Suppose they swore to you that you should do only the parts you want to do, could have full say about script, cast, everything?"

"No," said Mr. Huston.

He added, "There is no sum of money in the world, no inducement of any sort that would make me stay in Hollywood. I might make one or two pictures a year under the conditions you mention last—but that's all I would do and only under those conditions.

"You see, *I love the theatre.* It's like the love of one woman. If a man loves one woman he remains true to that one woman, if he *really* loves her. I really love the theatre. I love it so sincerely that I even love the inconveniences. They mean more to me than all the lush comforts of Hollywood.

"I love one night stands and being face to face with my audience. I love catching trains in the dead of night. I love the bodily sound of applause. Of course I get a certain satisfaction out of seeing a finished picture, too. It means something to be able to see yourself on the screen, be your own audience and critic. You can't actually see yourself on the stage. But you can see yourself reflected in the living, breathing, upturned faces of your audiences. And that," said Mr. Huston in his deep, rich voice, "that is the only way in which the actor should see himself—as the character he plays reflected in the responsive faces of those who come to see him as that character. To be applauded as Walter Huston or Clarke Gable or Gary Cooper makes only for self-satisfaction. And only the character he plays should satisfy the actor."

AND certainly, I reflected, Walter Huston doesn't talk for the sake of talking. His deeds confirm his words. For it has been three years since he made a picture in America. And offers have come to him from every major studio in Hollywood. It took a great deal of time and all of Mr. Goldwyn's powers of persuasion to induce him to do *Dodsworth* for the screen. His last Hollywood picture, prior to *Dodsworth,* was *The Prizefighter and the Lady.* And in the intervening three years he has made one picture for Gaumont-British in England, *Rhodes.* The rest of the time he has been touring the key cities and the tank towns with the stage presentation of *Dodsworth.*

He was saying, in his easy way: "I wasn't born to the Hollywood luxury standard, I guess. I'm a plain man with plain ways . . . and a sneaking, strong desire to 'dress up,' to 'play-act.' One of the reasons why I want to do *Othello* is because I can have my fill of gorgeous costumes and color and lavish make-up.

"I was born in Toronto, Ontario, on April 6, 1884. And for the first eighteen years of my life I was just a plain, gangling kid doing whatever other youngsters of my age did. I went to public school, helped with the chores at home, put on my 'Sunday best,' got ten hours sleep every night, ate plain food and dreamed of being a cowboy, an Indian, a Canadian Mounted Policeman, a locomotive engineer and, occasionally, an actor. I should have known that what I really wanted was to be an actor. For all my other ambitions were really dramatic and playing parts, too. I never, you'll note, wanted to be a bank clerk or a business man or anything that would take me out of the limelight.

"When I was eighteen I left a good home for the amazing experience of acting in a traveling road show. It was terrible and I loved it. I loved the hard work and the hard-working people and being stranded and sleeping in railway hotels. I loved the smell of grease-paint. I loved the cabbages and onions and ripe tomatoes and hisses and applause. It's a rich broth. I hit New York eventually and got a part in *Convict Stripes,* a very meller 'meller' written by Hal Reid, father of the late Wallace Reid. After that I toured the country with a company playing *The Sign of the Cross.* I knew then that it was me for the stage forever. We love best the thing for which we suffer and starve, sacrifice, cuss out and worship.

"But my Public didn't seem to reciprocate my love. It was blandly unrequited. And as I had to eat I dug around and discovered that there was at least a living to be had in other work. I went to Nevada and to Missouri as a water and electrical engineer. Then I became city engineer in St. Louis. I was doing all right as an engineer by day, and by night I wrote vaudeville sketches for myself. And finally, in 1909, I got myself and my act put on and if I do say so, it was something of a wow. In no time at all I was headlining and for the next fifteen years vaudeville was my bread and butter, my home, my

[*Continued on page 96*]

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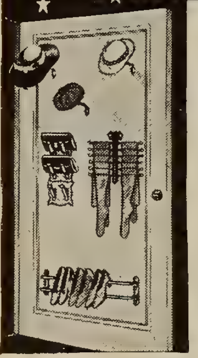

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With Thalberg Gone Will Garbo Retire?

[*Continued from page* 38]

constantly on the set between scenes. Swing music, classical music. An unheard of thing on a Garbo set.

There is some truth to all of this. She was more lighthearted during the making of *Camille*—the early portions of it—than she had been for a long, long time. By that I mean, she evidenced a change of manner and mood which was apparent to larger numbers of people than possibly ever before.

Albeit, some of those people were slightly embarrassed by a certain self-consciousness which they sensed Garbo, herself, felt over some of her capers, or antics, or convivialities. Which probably proves that once an actress establishes a policy of isolation in her work and private life, every one, somehow, expects her to adhere to it. And is momentarily embarrassed or bewildered by something else suddenly appearing in its stead. Cruel? Yes, perhaps. But that is the way things are.

Of course, to her various leading men and to her directors, Miss Garbo has always been most genial, and to them she has revealed a very naive quality and a goodly sense of humor. Also a most ingratiating simplicity of manner. I recall these qualities in her, too, from another day, when I used to meet her socially in Hollywood's foreign colony. When filmdom really had a European salon.

TO GET back to her much discussed metamorphosis, it really wasn't due to a deliberate change of heart or mind on her part. It wasn't her gesture toward that highly touted democratic spirit of an actress, which is supposed to be so gloriously desirable. The business of slapping everyone on the back. Garbo could never do that.

No, it wasn't anything of that kind. As a matter of fact, the change was something with which she had very little to do. It didn't come from within herself. It was a reaction produced by George Cukor, director of *Camille*, and of such brilliant successes as *Little Women*, *David Copperfield* and *Romeo and Juliet*. It was a mood which Garbo captured from him. Undoubtedly, Cukor was unaware of it. But Garbo is sensitive, and susceptible to people and conditions, and environments.

Cukor had established the mood of gayety and lightheartedness from the very beginning of the picture. With the aid of the excellent script of Zoe Akins, he was determined from the start to bring to *Camille* some of the sparkle and the esprit which pervades the original Dumas novel, *La Dame Aux Camelias*. Above all, he wanted to avoid the heaviness and the somberness which often threatens a production of Camille from the outset.

Then, too, besides being one of the finest directors in motion pictures, George Cukor is one of the most amusing persons in the world. One can't be too serious around him. He'll break it down every time with some shaft of wit or cleverness. Also Mr. Cukor is very fond of music, and wherever he directs, whomever he directs, be it Hepburn or Freddie Bartholomew or Garbo, there's just bound to be some music on the set. Invariably, you'll find some one playing a minor or small part in one of his productions who is a good pianist. And invariably there's one of those small portable pianos around waiting to be played.

THAT'S exactly what happened on the *Camille* set. There was a portable piano around. And Rex Evans, clever London night club entertainer, who has a small part in the picture, played and sang whenever time and opportunity permitted.

Garbo was captivated by his songs. She expressed her interest to Cukor, who made introductions. The next thing, Evans was playing Garbo's "favorite" melody. And guess what it is, or at least, was on that day? A little number called, *Harlem's On My Mind!* When Evans finished playing it, Greta said:

"That is very nice. But when Noel Coward played it for me, it was a much longer tune."

(Mr. Noel Coward being England's most brilliant, and New York's favorite playwright. It is understood the author of *Cavalcade, Private Lives* and *Design for Living*, to name a few of his works—and the glamourous Swedish star met in New York several years ago, and renewed their friendship on Coward's brief sojourn in Hollywood two seasons back. And it is surmised that on either, or on both of these occasions, the illustrious Mr. Coward, who is also a gifted musician, played at great length for Miss Garbo the hot "Harlem" piece. And that, obviously, she liked it. When he played it.)

What might have become the cause for irritation, or what even might have precipitated an outburst of temperament, no matter how slight, was turned into a delightful joke by Director Cukor one day. And it amused Garbo hugely. She laughed heartily over it for a very long while.

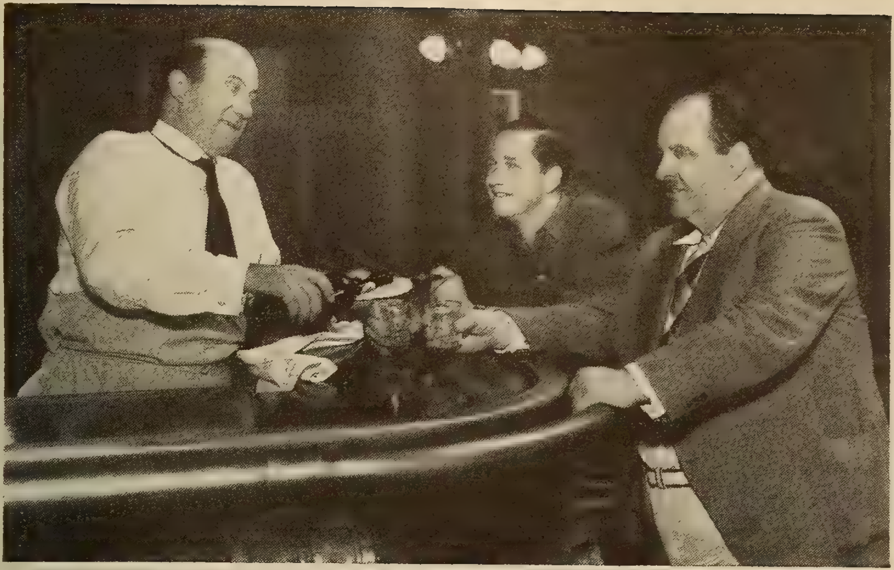
A fly kept buzzing around her during the making of a scene. One of those elusive flies. Hard to catch, and very annoying. Until the feat of catching and killing had been accomplished Cukor described to Garbo his own experience of the night before trying to sleep while being pursued by a fly. It became quite a saga before Cukor had finished relating the fantastic tale, and an elaborate demonstration of pantomime and amazing sound effects. All of which Garbo appreciated to the very fullest. Her deep chuckles of laughter were proof.

PERIODICALLY reports appear in the papers that Garbo has purchased large acreage in her native Sweden, where she plans eventually to build a home and retire. Such a report was given out again not so long ago. Maybe there's something to those stories. Although someone close to Garbo disputed it the other day, on the strength that from a financial standpoint the celebrated star is not ready to retire at this time, and that, economically, it is not possible for her to buy vast estates that involve huge sums of money.

A remark was recalled which Miss Garbo is supposed to have made to Fredric March during the making of *Anna Karenina*. March is reputed to have said to her one day:

"Greta, why do you continue to work so hard? Why don't you give up picture making and buy yourself a nice island in your part of the country, and live like a queen? You've got plenty of money—more than you'll ever need. And then you ought to marry one of the several men who are crazy about you."

[*Continued on page* 92]



Mervyn LeRoy (center) directing *Three Men On A Horse,* gets a set-up on the set

HAVE *YOU* ENTERED THIS $500 TRADEMARK CONTEST?

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By E. J. Smithson

DO you want to pick up some easy Christmas money? All you have to do is to become an entrant in our Trademark Contest. You just jot down trademark ideas that will be symbolical of a Mervyn LeRoy Production. A three-cent stamp is all it costs you in the way of expense.

Mervyn LeRoy, as you undoubtedly know from seeing *Oil for the Lamps of China, Tugboat Annie, Golddiggers of 1933, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Little Ceasar, Five Star Final* and *Anthony Adverse,* all of which he directed, is regarded by the film industry as one of its outstanding directors. He has only recently finished directing that great stage success, *Three Men on a Horse,* for Warner Bros., who plan on releasing it as one of their big specials of the year.

Soon Mr. LeRoy will be producing pictures for his company under the name of Mervyn LeRoy Productions. Pictures will be released through Warner Bros. At present his chief concern is a trademark that will be significant of the pictures he plans on producing.

Read what he says:

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Mr. LeRoy's first picture under the Mervyn LeRoy Productions trademark will be *King and the Chorus Girl* (formerly under the title *The Grand Passion*) by Norman Krasna and Zeppo Marx. The story will serve to introduce to American audiences Ferdinand Gravet, the French idol, and Mr. LeRoy is confident that Gravet will become a sensational success.

Following *King and the Chorus Girl,* Mr. LeRoy plans to produce *Son of the Gods.*

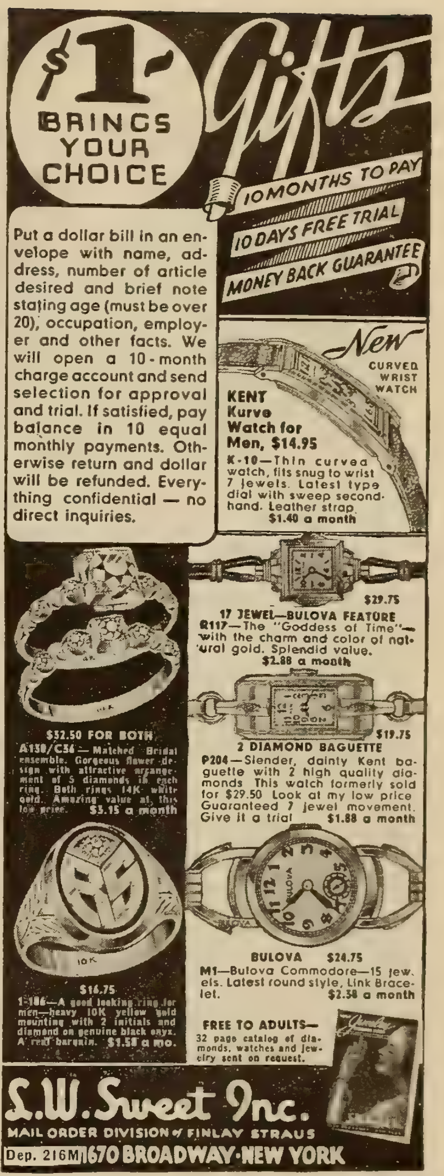
WHY not begin today to transcribe to paper the trademark ideas you have in mind? Your chance of winning a prize is as good as anyone's. Bear in mind that the winners of the entries submitted to MOTION PICTURE will receive a $50 cash prize and a chance at the $250 grand prize.

This same offer appears in the December issues of Fawcett's affiliated film magazines—HOLLYWOOD, SCREEN BOOK, MOVIE CLASSIC, and SCREEN PLAY. The winner of entries submitted to any of these magazines receives $50 and an opportunity to win the $250 grand prize.

Here are the rules:

Read these rules very carefully.

1. The contest closes December 20th, 1936. All entries must be in the mail not later than December 20th, 1936.
2. Any reader is entitled to enter except employees and relatives of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Motion Picture Publications, Inc., or A Mervyn LeRoy Production.
3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark. You can outline your idea in words.
4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated entries.
5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, Director of Advertising and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Edward Selzer, Publicity Director for Warner Bros.
6. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned.
8. Prize winners agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs, and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same.
9. Send in your entries to Contest Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



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My Marriage Isn't a Gamble—Grace Moore

[*Continued from page* 51]

human.

"No artist can ever be a loser, marrying for love . . . as I did."

A shy smile touches Grace Moore's lips. "It is difficult for me to talk about something so intimate, so close to me, so—so inexpressible," she explains.

For a long moment, she pauses, searching for words. Then: "You know what women say—that most of their misery comes from loving men too much. But most of their happiness comes from the same source. If women meet disaster in love, it is because, when they love terribly, they are inclined to abandon all other interests and just concentrate upon that love. They do not realize that it is not strength of love, so much as the quality of love, that matters.

"TO ME, successful marriage is not a question of years, but a quality of living. We see a couple celebrating a silver wedding anniversary, as if they have accomplished a magnificent achievement—when we know that for twenty-five years they have fought like cats and dogs. They never have known happiness, true happiness, together.

"They never have known a great ecstasy, never shared an adventure in Paradise, never known how complete a companionship can be."

Again that shy smile appears. "I knew, the moment I met my husband, that life in that instant had taken on a different color—new, thrilling, tremendously important. From the very first, it has been as it is now. When I am with him, everything seems to be right. I couldn't sing a false note, become discouraged; nothing could go wrong. With him, I feel complete. And long before I met him, I knew it would be like this.

"Several times, before I ever saw him, I thought I was in love. I lived in a world of charming, romantic events. I was young, impressionable, romantic. And I met such interesting, intelligent, exciting men. Many of them proposed to me. And, always, I laughed away the subject of marriage. I said that an artist needed freedom. Even though I thought I was in love, you see, I *knew* that I had not yet found the man with whom marriage would be a fulfilment of my entire being.

"Ever since I was a little girl in Jellico, Tennessee, Mr. Parera has been my dream-man. Does that sound silly—incredible? Nevertheless, it's true. Every young girl, I imagine, has a mental picture of the kind of man she wants to marry. Particularly after she becomes conscious that her aunt is having beaux and eavesdrops on the 'sparking' on the front veranda.

"And the man I dreamed about was dark, slender, tall—Spanish, I rather thought. A sensitive, intellectual, courageous man. The more I thought about him, the more convinced I became that I would marry a Spaniard. I can remember asking my father if there was any Spanish background in our family. I was trying to explain the fascination. Today, I explain it by the fact that the Spanish and the Irish have got along famously together for centuries. A strange thing, too—I never went to Spain before my marriage. I had many chances to visit there. Once I was invited to sing for the Duc de Alba. But I would not go. My friends laughed at me. 'No,' I would say, 'Spain is something special to me. I'm going to keep my own ideas about it—until I can see it as I have always dreamed of seeing it.' . . . And my dream came true. Val took me there on my honeymoon."

AND the romantic Southern girl, Grace Moore, world-famed as a singer, had thought that all the exciting things in life had already happened to her—as she boarded a steamship in 1931 for a concert tour and vacation in Europe!

"I was playing backgammon with my secretary on the top deck, on the first day out, when some of the checkers fell off the table. A tall, dark, slender man, standing nearby, picked them up and returned them to me with a bow. He did not say a word; just bowed, and walked away. Now, if that had been an American," she adds, mischievously, "he would have struck up a conversation! . . .

"I did not know who he was. I knew nothing about him. Only that he was the man I had seen in dreams, ever since I could remember. I, too, said nothing—merely bowed. I *couldn't* say anything. The meeting was too unexpected, too startling to me. A few yards away, he turned and gave me a strange, puzzled look—as if wondering why I had looked so startled. I said to my secretary, 'There is the man I am going to marry.' She laughed; and the more I tried to convince her that I was serious, the more she laughed.

"I did not see him again for three days. (For three days, I was seasick.) Then, on the last night of the voyage, we met—at the captain's party after the 'guest concert.' *He* had not known, before that, who *I* was. Irresistibly, we were drawn to each other. Until dawn, we sat on the top deck, talking. He proposed to me that night—and I knew, that night, that I would marry him. Our wedding took place in Cannes, France, just three weeks later. And all my friends predicted that it 'wouldn't last six months.' Everything was against it. They ridiculed the idea that I, who loved freedom, would enjoy marriage.

"I have had more freedom, as the wife of Valentin Parera, than I ever knew before. . . . When a marriage has been a success, a charming tenderness—oh, it's so hard to find adequate words!—it can't help but do things to one. It can't help but give one more freedom of emotion, more depth, greater sensitiveness to beauty, greater joy in life. Everything has sailed so smoothly since I met Val. Marriage has been the captain of my ship.

"I had a brilliant, exciting life before I was married. But it was not complete. I was never flattered by the attention I received, never. But this has taken me to new summits, brought new and unimagined beauty into my life. Our life together has been a constant, marvelous sharing—of thoughts, emotions, dreams, music, laughter. That, perhaps, is our secret. People are so afraid to share! People are so egotistical in their emotions! They say, 'Oh, if I could only share this experience with you!' And immediately they put a handicap on any spontaneous closeness of companionship. . . .

"We have few intimate friends, go out seldom. Eight out of every ten evenings, we are alone together, sharing plays, movies, books, great music. Last summer, we drove across Europe for two days and two nights, just to be lifted together, hearing Toscanini conduct *Die Meistersinger* at the Salzburg Festival. Everything we do, we do together. Every new experience is a discovery together.

"MARRIAGE is like everything else—like a career. There comes a day when that first tremendous excitement, that youthful enthusiasm, those captivating moods are all reduced in tempo. Then all the things you did before become so tremendously important in retrospect. Val and I are thinking of that as we go along.

"If we capture the present, every lovely thing in the present, there will be nothing commonplace in the future—for the future will never come. We shall have the present, and memories. And memories hold people together."

And what tangible part does Valentin Parera play in Grace Moore's *career?*

"He is my business manager. He handles every detail. He has been responsible, in every way, for my movie career. He had faith in my screen possibilities, when I myself was skeptical. He had an unshakable belief that the American people, beaten down by the depression, were wearied of gangster pictures. He said, 'Music is the thing they want now—*good* music, presented entertainingly, by someone who can really sing.'

"I had come out for a concert at the Hollywood Bowl. I did not intend to stay. I was going back East two days afterward. But Val told me, 'You're not going to leave here! Someone is going to give the world great singing on the screen—and I want you to be first. Give me one more week. . . . ' He is my most severe critic. Even Toscanini says that he has never before seen such sensitivity to music in a man so young. Val does not sing, himself, and he plays the piano only by ear. But he has been going to the opera since he was six, when his parents started taking him to the great opera house in Madrid. His family still is there—in Madrid; he has not heard from them since the civil war started. He does not say much about it, but I know how terribly that silence affects him. . . .

"His peace and his far-seeing wisdom are a perfect balance for my impulsiveness. Whenever I go off at a tangent, he always drags me back to the right path, with infinite patience, infinite tenderness.

"I did not ask him to give up his own acting career to manage mine. No woman could ask such a sacrifice of a man. He decided for himself to make it. I think he felt sorry for me, with my four careers. He has had offers from every studio in Hollywood, and he has declined them all. He says that watching over my career is something much bigger, more important, than anything he might do as an actor. I am humble before such unselfishness, such greatness. I couldn't have a career without him."

There are two reasons why the Parera-Moore marriage is not a gamble. One is Grace Moore. The other is Valentin Parera.

P. S. Back from a sensational concert tour abroad and another "honeymoon," Grace Moore is now making her fourth starring picture for Columbia. Tentatively, it is titled, *Interlude.* Written and produced by Robert Riskin, of *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* and *Lost Horizon* fame, the story is smart, modern and American in setting. The heroine is a tempestuous young Australian diva, who comes to America for a singing engagement, and likes the country so well that she wants to remain. To circumvent the immigration laws, she marries the first available American citizen she can find. (This happens to be Cary Grant.) Since they are total strangers, even after the ceremony, this marriage looks decidedly like a gamble—although the amusing script can probably be trusted to circumvent *that.*

As in her previous hits, Grace sings both light and operatic music. One of her operatic songs is an aria from *La Tosca,* which her severest critic, Mr. Parera, unhesitatingly calls the best recording that she has ever made. And that is saying something. Grace, herself, is partial to the recording of *Our Song*—written for her and the picture by Jerome Kern. Perhaps you can settle the debate, when the picture flashes on your favorite screen during the holidays or soon thereafter.

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Coffee and . . . . . !

[*Continued from page 20*]

drop in around the Holidays. New York hostesses sponsored the idea and it has gained in popularity over the country. Make your coffee in the usual way. Pour into attractive cups and serve with pieces of stick cinnamon, which are used to flavor the beverage while stirring it. Let's hope your guests prefer their brew black, as the cinnamon flavor has more appeal this way but it is very appetizing with cream, too.

So here we are. Coffee and accompaniments straight from the male shoulder with no embellishments from your cooking editor except that I tested their suggestions to make sure I wasn't providing ground for divorce sure 'nough!

Camp coffee and doughnuts are Dick Foran's long suit. Here are his recipes.

CAMP COFFEE

1 cheese cloth bag
1 tbls. coffee for each cup
1 extra tbls. for the pot
1 cup cold water for each serving
Pinch salt

Place coffee in cheesecloth bag, and tie with string, allowing room for coffee to swell. Measure water into pot, and add salt. Place bag of coffee in pot, tying string to handle. Allow to boil hard for about five minutes, then set aside to cooler part of fire to simmer slowly for several minutes. Remove bag before serving.

FORAN RAISED DOUGHNUTS

1 cake Fleischmann's Yeast
1 tbls. sugar
1¼ cups milk, scalded and cooled
4½ cups sifted flour
3 tbls. butter
½ cup sugar
1 egg well beaten
1 tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. salt

Dissolve yeast and 1 tbls. sugar in lukewarm milk. Add 1½ cup flour and beat well. Cover and let rise about 1 hour or until bubbles burst on top. Cream butter and sugar. Add egg and nutmeg. Add to yeast mixture. Add salt and remainder of flour to make moderately soft dough. Knead lightly, then place in well greased bowl. Cover and let rise about 1½ hours. When light, turn out on floured board and roll ½ inch thick. Cut with small doughnut cutter. Place on floured board; cover and let rise about 1 hour. Fry in deep fat, hot enough to brown a 1 inch cube of bread in 60 seconds, or 375 degrees. Fry doughnuts on both sides, turning but once. Drain, cool and roll in powdered sugar.

Warren Hull prefers good old pot coffee anyday. However, Mrs. Hull always pours the beverage in a lovely silver urn in which it reaches the table. Give Warren a piece of apple pie, and his day is complete!

POT COFFEE

1 tbls. coffee for every cup
1 tbls. coffee for the pot
1 cup water for each cup of coffee
Pinch of salt

Mix coffee with a little cold water to hold grounds together. Egg shells may be added also. Run cold water into pot and as soon as it boils, add salt and coffee and water mixture. This will stop the boiling process for about a minute. Just as soon as boiling is resumed the coffee will come to the top of the pot and turn over. As soon as this takes place, reduce heat and allow coffee to simmer slowly, (never boiling) until the desired strength. Remove from range and allow to stand at least three minutes to brew before serving.

APPLE PIE

6 to 8 sour apples
¾ cup sugar (more if apples require it)
¼ tsp. grated nutmeg or cinnamon
¼ tsp. salt
1 tbls. butter
2 tsp. lemon juice
Few gratings of lemon rind

Line pie plate with crust. Pare, core and cut apples in eighths. Put row around plate ½ inch from edge and work toward center until plate is covered, then pile on remainder of sliced apples. Mix sugar, nutmeg, salt, lemon-juice and rind and sprinkle over apples. Dot over with butter. Wet edges of under crust, cover with upper crust, and press edges together firmly. Make several slits in upper crust for steam to escape. Bake at 450 degrees until crust is slightly browned, then reduce heat and bake until apples are tender.

Grant Withers admits he "perks" a mean cup of coffee and his "Dunker's Cookies" are delicious.

PERCOLATED COFFEE (Coffee is cut for percolator)

1 tbls. coffee for every cup
1 cup cold water for every cup
Pinch of salt

Place coffee in top of percolator, and water underneath. Add salt, and allow to perk until all water has passed through coffee grounds.

DUNKER'S COOKIES

¾ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup molasses (Brer Rabbit Brand)
2 tsp. soda
1 cup Bran Flakes
4 cups flour
1 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. salt
½ cup sour cream

Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly and add eggs. Combine with molasses to which soda has been added. Mix Bran Flakes with the flour which has been sifted with the spices and salt. Add to the first mixture alternately with sour cream. Place in refrigerator and chill overnight. Roll a small amount of the dough at a time, cut and bake at 275 degrees for 15 minutes.

Cesar Romero's German Coffee Kuchen blends perfectly with his Silex coffee.

SILEX COFFEE

1 tbls. coffee for each cup
1 cup cold water for each cup
Pinch of salt

Place the desired amount of water in bottom of Silex container, and pour coffee into top compartment. Allow water to come up through tube and cover coffee completely. Coffee will slowly drip back into bottom compartment and is ready to serve.

GERMAN COFFEE KUCHEN

1 cup scalded milk
1/3 cup butter

[*Continued on page* 93]

Your Questions—Here Are the Answers

[*Continued from page* 65]

Gene Raymond—Was born in New York City on August 13, 1908, a descendant of a Huguenot family who came to America late in the 17th century. His real name is Raymond Guion. Horseback riding and tennis are his hobbies. (D. B., Bronx, N.Y.)

Lili Damita—Is an enthusiastic sportswoman. She loves swimming, riding, golf and tennis. Born in Paris on September 10, 1904, she is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. Her next picture will be *The Devil on Horseback* for Grand National. (B. S., Kansas City, Mo.)

Bing Crosby—He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has blue eyes and light brown hair. He was born Harry L. Crosby in Tacoma, Wash., on May 2 (the year is his secret). His hobbies are concert music, football and short story writing. Dixie Lee is his wife and they have three sons. (V. R. R., Duluth, Minn.)

Janet Gaynor—Never misses a concert at the Hollywood Bowl and likes jazz as well as classical music. She was born in Philadelphia on October 6, 1907, is a trifle over five feet, weighs 100 pounds, has bright copper hair and expressive brown eyes. She loves to swim and play golf but her hobby is collecting perfume bottles. Her real name is Laura Gainor and her address is 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (A. P., Chicago, Ill.)

Richard Cromwell—Was an art student who had fair success as a mural painter, but with no stage experience when he was selected by Columbia to play the leading rôle in *Tol'able David*. He was born Roy Radabaugh in Los Angeles, Calif., on January 8, 1910, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He is a sun-streaked blond with blue-green eyes. (T. M., Montauk, L. I.)

Henry Fonda—Was born at Grand Island, Nebraska, on May 16, 1905. His height is 6 feet 1 inch and his weight is 170 pounds. He has black hair and blue eyes. Margaret Sullavan was the first Mrs. Fonda. He recently wed Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw, of New York society. You can reach him at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (Mrs. P. R., Duluth, Minn.)

Simone Simon—Is an only child in her family and was born in Marseilles, France, on April 23, 1914. She came to Hollywood in August, 1935. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 114 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Her favorite sports are tennis and dancing and she prefers slacks, sweater and sport shoes to fancy dress. She owns her own car which is painted robin's egg blue. You can write to her care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (L. C., Rochester, N. Y.-U. G., Lima, Ohio.)

Charles Collins—Is married to Dorothy Stone, the famous dancing daughter of Fred Stone. You can write to him care of Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Be sure to send 25c for an autographed photograph. (E. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Jean Rogers—Has naturally blond hair, deep blue eyes, stands five feet five and one-half inches and weighs 116 pounds. She was born Eleanor Lovegren in Belmont, Mass., about 20 years ago. Her address is Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. (R. H., Worcester, Mass.)

Spanky McFarland—No! It was Joe Cobb, formerly of Our Gang Comedies, who died a few months ago. (M. W., Lake Worth, Fla.)

Michael Whalen—He adopted his maternal grandfather's name when he came to Hollywood. His real name is Joseph Kenneth Shovlin. Born of good Irish stock at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., on June 30, he is now 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. Swimming is his favorite sport. You can write to him at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (E. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Allan Jones—Was born in Scranton, Pa., about 27 years ago. He has dark brown hair and brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. He is married to Irene Hervey, who is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. She has brown hair and hazel eyes. (E. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Tom Tyler—Was born in August, 1903. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has dark hair and blue eyes. (L. H., Big Spring, Tex.)

Olive Borden—Her real name is Sybil Tinkle. She was born in Norfolk, Va., on July 14, 1906. Is five feet tall and weighs 105 pounds. Her hair is black and her eyes brown. (L. M., Seaside, Oregon.)

Herbert Marshall—Was born in London on May 23, 1890. He is six feet, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. He plays an excellent game of pingpong and chess and likes poker. His wife is Edna Best, the actress. You can write to him at Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. (U. G., Lima, Ohio.)

Jessie Matthews—Was born in London on March 11, about 25 years ago. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 107 pounds, has brunette hair and dark brown eyes. She is married to Sonnie Hale. Her address is Lime Grove Studios, Shepherds Bush, London W12, England. (E. S., Betteville, Ill.)

Lynne Overman—Was born in Maryville, Mo., on September 19, 1887. Is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 142 pounds, has blue eyes and blond hair. He was a race track jockey at the age of 12, joined the Ward and Wade minstrels at 18 and landed in New York in 1916. His first stage play was *Fair and Warmer*. He enlisted in the navy when U. S. entered the war and after the Armistice returned to New York and divided his time between there and London, until 1933 when he went to Hollywood. His first picture was *Little Miss Marker*. (E. O. Springfield, Mass.)

Bobby Breen—He lives with his mother, father, older brother and two sisters. It was while he was appearing on Eddie Cantor's radio program that Eddie became very much attached to the boy and would adopt him if he didn't already have parents. Bobby was recently seen in *Let's Sing Again*. Robert Taylor is American. (C. P., Philadelphia, Pa.)

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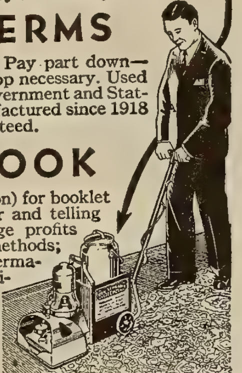

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Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and **may be relieved when treated** in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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Famous Hollywood cosmetic manufacturers who have been supplying the studios with beauty products for many years, have developed a startling new method for creating a Permanent Wave at home, **QUICK, EASY & ABSOLUTELY SAFE!** Any woman can give herself a Beautiful Lustrous Permanent, with soft deep waves close to the scalp and enchanting little ringlet ends, without heat...without electricity...without mechanical equipment. Especially good for bleached and dyed hair. Excellent for children. **WAVE LASTS TILL HAIR GROWS OUT.** Costs far less than most beauty parlors. Users report: "...and needless to say, words cannot express my thanks to you for the best Permanent Wave I have ever had." L. B.—"My hair just would not take a Permanent, but now with MOVIE WAVE my problem is solved." H. S.—"Since using MOVIE WAVE my hair is soft and lustrous, and it has all the highlights and healthy color that it had before I had other Permanents." J. J.—**Big profit for demonstrators.** Write today for FREE illustrated booklet describing MOVIE WAVE and how it can make money for you. MOVIE COSMETICS CO., 2088 Taft Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

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Our Congratulations to This Month's Search for Talent Winner

[*Continued from page* 54]

the film industry as one of its foremost leaders. Such notable film luminaries as Henry Fonda, Sylvia Sidney, Charles Boyer, Madeleine Carroll, Joan Bennett, Pat Paterson and others are under contract to him. His list of great pictures include such exceptional ones as *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, We Live Only Once, Big Brown Eyes* and *Spendthrift.*

IT MAY be that six months from now your name will be signed to a Wanger contract; you may be chumming with the stars; calling them by their first names; seeing your name in bright lights above theatre marquees; attending their parties; living a life of luxury. It sounds like a fantastic dream, but it's far from that! Your photo and your Hold Bob entry blank may, in truth, be the Open Sesame to movie fame and glamour!

Another fact about this Search for Talent Contest. You may send in as many photos as you wish and enter as many of the monthly contests as you desire. There's no limit. If you fail this month, you may be the winner the next month. So don't give up!

To participate all you have to do is to cut out the entry blank published in this issue of MOTION PICTURE, attach a card container (or facsimile) of Hold Bob bob-pins, and submit it with your photograph. Do this today!

Here's a brief sketch of each of this month's winners:

Miss Jeane Megerle, winner of the $50 cash prize and also the screen test, is 19 years old, weighs 100 pounds, is 5 feet tall, has brown eyes, black hair and a fair complexion. She does tap dancing as well as novelty dance numbers. She possesses an alto voice and has appeared in high school plays.

Miss Dorothy Watt is 18 years old, weighs 107 pounds, is 5 feet 3 inches tall. Her hair is blonde, eyes grayish-green, and her complexion is light olive. Tap dancing and ballroom dancing are her specialties. She has appeared in college dramatics.

Miss Carol Williams is 20 years old, weighs 115 pounds and is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Her hair is golden brown, her eyes blue and her complexion fair. She is studying voice and has appeared in amateur dramatics.

Following are the Search for Talent Rules. Read them over carefully. Then obtain your ten cent Hold Bob container (or facsimile), attach your photograph to the entry blank and mail them to the Search for Talent department. Here's hoping that you may see your name in the "win" column next month!

ENTRY BLANK

Search for Talent, sponsored by Motion Picture, Hold Bob bob-pins, and Walter Wanger Productions.

Win a motion picture contract! Attach your photo, fill out this entry blank, and send together with a Hold Bob bob-pin card (or copy) to

Search for Talent Headquarters,
1918 Prairie Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Name ______________________
Street ______________________
City and State ______________________
Height ______________________
Weight ______________________
Age ______________________
Training or talents ______________________

IMPORTANT! This entry blank MUST be accompanied by a Hold Bob bob-pin card (or facsimile).

RULES

1. **Any woman 16 years or over who is a resident of the United States may enter the "Search for Talent." Girls from the ages of 16 to 18 years must have the consent of guardian. It is not necessary to purchase any article to enter.**
2. **The "Search for Talent" opened May 1, 1936, and closes at midnight, December 31, 1936, unless extended by announcement in MOTION PICTURE and SCREEN PLAY Magazines. This program will consist of eight monthly contests.**
3. **Each photograph must be attached to an official entry blank or facsimile.**
4. **Each month three persons will be selected and their photographs will be published in MOTION PICTURE and SCREEN PLAY Magazines. At least one of these girls will be selected by the judges to receive a free screen test at some convenient place and time to be selected by the judges, plus $50.00 in cash. This screen test will be submitted to the officials of the Walter Wanger Productions at the United Artists Studios. If this screen test is acceptable, this person will be brought to Hollywood immediately for motion picture work in a Walter Wanger production.**
5. **At the conclusion of the entire program, we guarantee at least one of the winners of the monthly contests will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for motion picture work in a Walter Wanger production.**
6. **Entries for each monthly contest will close at midnight of the last day of the month. Entries received post-marked after that date will be put into the following month's competition.**
7. **Entrant may submit as many photographs in each monthly contest as desired and may enter as many monthly contests as they wish but each photograph must be accompanied by an official entry blank or facsimile.**
8. **Photographs cannot be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.**
9. **Judges of these contests will be executives of the Walter Wanger Productions at the United Artists Studios. The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., and MOTION PICTURE and SCREEN PLAY Magazines. Their decisions will be final.**
10. **Contestants agree to abide by the decisions of the judges and any entrant must by her signature to an entry blank agree to permit the publication of her photograph in connection with advertising and publicity concerned with the "Search for Talent." Contestants must agree to give Walter Wanger Production first option on motion picture services and if an offer from any other studio is made after a contestant is selected, contestant must give Walter Wanger Productions an option on services for the same amount as offered.**
11. **Employees of Walter Wanger Productions, United Artists Studios, The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., Motion Picture Publications and Fawcett Publications and their families are not eligible to compete in these contests.**

Bebe Daniels and Pauline Gallagher partners, review the proposed fashion line for the new season trend

Mrs. Skeets Gallagher and Bebe Daniels know their job from the moment of inspiration down to the completed creation. Here they are shown examining a near complete model

Doubling in Dresses

Bebe Daniels and Pauline Gallagher also make good in sportswear

By Sally Martin

THEY couldn't get what they wanted—and so they made it themselves!

That, in a line, is the success story of Bebe Daniels and Pauline (Mrs. Skeets) Gallagher who, in one short year, find themselves on the top of the California sportswear dress manufacturing heap.

Style authorities for women who buy their ultra-smart creations in shops throughout the country, they have shown the fashion world what successful business women actresses can become, thereby exploding the old theory of—"beautiful but dumb."

It happened this way. A few brief years ago, Bebe and Pauline decided to go into business, any business. After much consideration they chose the sportswear business in Westwood, where they set themselves up and proceeded to sell clothes to practically every college girl on the nearby California campus and every other smart woman in town.

Came the hitch, however. Bebe and Pauline searched the country over for smart things. When they found them, they couldn't get delivery.

Did they give up? Never. They merely went into the manufacturing business, like lambs into a lion's den, as it were, and started a little manufacturing on their own.

Each morning they were at their desks at 8 o'clock, designing, supervising and creating what the trade calls a "line." And what a line!

At that point, Bebe and Pauline called in their husbands, Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher. Bebe and Ben took the line into hard-boiled New York and sold it—like hotcakes. Pauline and Skeeter did likewise on the coast.

[Continued on page 94]

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Dazzled by the glamour of a newspaper office, she learned the bitter truth that a woman reporter's life is a frenzy of shattered ideals—with all the baser passions of men exposed. What chance has young love against such a background? Read,

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The makers of Frostilla—the famous skin lotion that keeps hands, face and body smooth and lovely—asked Margery Wilson, the international authority on charm and poise, to tell

- how to hold a cigarette
- how to pick up cards
- how to shake hands
- and how to make hands behave to the best advantage on all occasions

Margery Wilson gives the authoritative answers to these and other questions in an illustrated booklet on How to Use Your Hands Correctly. Although this booklet is priced at 50c, we have arranged to present it *without charge* to Frostilla users in the United States and Canada until May 30th, 1937.

Just mail coupon with the front of a 35c, 50c or $1.00 Frostilla Fragrant Lotion box (or two fronts from 10c sizes) and your copy will be sent *FREE.*

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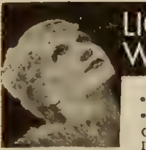

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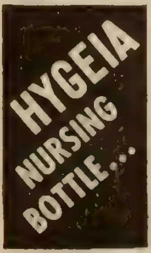

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BECAUSE
IT'S
EASIEST
TO CLEAN
•
ASK
YOUR
DOCTOR

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 59]

Healy house, and "after the 50,000th time she got sick and tired and threw them out of the house"—and Ted, too.

● ● ●

STILL undiscouraged by the slow progress of settlements whereby George Raft eventually expects to win a divorce from his wife, George and Virginia Pine, who have repeatedly told the world they'll marry the moment the decree is effective, have been looking at Beverly Hills houses, recently. Which looks as though George has inside information that it won't be long now.

● ● ●

FRANCIS LEDERER and Mary Anita Loos, who have been rather torrid of recent months, have decided to be just good friends now. And now Francis is busy telephoning Margo, the New York stage firebrand who's making *Winterset* in Hollywood.

● ● ●

OF COURSE, all movieland thrilled when Maureen O'Sullivan and her Johnny Farrow walked up to the altar at last. It's been long years that Johnny and Maureen have been a-courtin'—and it's been a long wait on their part for their Church to grant the dispensation that would permit Johnny and Maureen to marry. And so, when the way was smoothed at last, and Maureen and Johnny came down the aisle of that Santa Monica church, newly-wedded, no wonder a big crowd of stars was there to bid them all happiness. The ceremony partook of the old custom of Maureen's Ireland—Maureen arrived alone at the church. Farrow arrived alone, a few minutes later. Until they met at the altar, neither saw each other on the wedding day. There, under a flower-banked arch, they knelt while the priest made them man and wife. It was a double ring ceremony.

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OTHER Hollywood weddings of the month—in Olathe, Kansas, which is Buddy Rogers' home town, Movie dancer Edna Callaghan became the bride of Max Schall, who's Buddy's personal secretary. Immediately after the wedding, Edna flew back to Hollywood to play in an MGM picture, while the new hubby headed east. They won't have any honeymoon until Edna's done with her movie . . . !

● ● ●

HOUSEHUNTING together gave Hollywood the tip-off that revealed that Louise Latimer, actress, and Erwin Gelsey, the scenarist, had married in Denver last June. They were slick with the elopement—told nobody when they left on a plane, ostensibly on vacations, but left the plane at Salt Lake City, motored to Denver, were married and returned to Hollywood separately . . . And Ann Sheridan, Warners' 21-year-old beauty, married Eddie Norris, one of MGM's young actors. Norris used to be married to Lona Andre.

● ● ●

FOR the second time, Lola Lane has found marriage in Hollywood a failure. "I don't believe," she tells us, "that there's any happiness in Hollywood for people with careers." She said it when she admitted that she and Al Hall, the director whom she married after the collapse of her first marriage with Lew Ayres, have separated after a two-year-try at marital happiness. Lola, who was one of the top stars while she was married to Lew Ayres, plans to go east to be with her mother. Her picture career has been submerged, lately, to marriage.

● ● ●

THERE'S a bright new engagement ring on Grace Durkin's finger—and Bill Henry, MGM starlet, says Grace is going to be Mrs. Bill sometime near Christmas. Grace's brother was Junior Durkin, the youthful screen star who was killed in the auto crash which also claimed the life of Jackie Coogan's father.

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DON'T be surprised if Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, Jr., hop an airplane almost any day now, and fly to Yuma, Arizona, where you can get married in 15 minutes or less. And that despite the fact that Ol' Man Tattler has been noticing an acquisitive gleam in the eye of Bill Shakespeare, the former college football player who is now in Hollywood. Bill has been giving Anne a bit of a rush—but take it from us, Bill is still three touchdowns away.

● ● ●

THE Mary Brian-Cary Grant romance seems to be chilling a bit, if not more than a bit. Cary's been stepping out places, lately, with a beautiful blonde named Bobbie Cooper—and all Cary's best friends tell you that he's a champ at falling in and out of love. Mary, too, has been out with other boy friends lately, and the inseparable Mary-Cary combine looks blooey.

● ● ●

MARLENE DIETRICH, who lost a lot of weight after Jack Gilbert died, and who kept a lighted taper in front of a portrait of Jack in her dressing room for weeks, has been stepping out, during her recent European trip, with Rudolph Sieber, her husband.

● ● ●

LUISE RAINER, who's been a very sick girl and came out of a hospital siege eleven pounds lighter than she went in, isn't letting even illness interfere with her romance with Clifford Odets, young playwright. It was Odets who sent the huge baskets of flowers that came to Luise's hospital room daily. And it is Odets whom Luise took an airplane to New York to see, as soon as the hospital let her out. And now that she's back, the long-distance wires are hot several times a week with Rainer-Odets calls. Maybe it'll be wedding bells, instead of telephone bells, next.

● ● ●

IN the fact that both Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor's professional schedules call for them to be in Chicago early in October, there isn't an insider in Hollywood who'd bet against their getting married there and then!

MARGOT GRAHAME is back in Hollywood from her native England—and without her husband, Francis Lister. There was talk that she and Lister have come to a definite parting of the ways. But at the same time, there was just as much talk that they've smoothed things over. Margot, typically, britishly, shrugged it all off with a non-committal: "Oh, I really don't know when I'll see my husband again. Contracts, you might say, are keeping us apart."

• • •

GIGGLE on the Columbia *Come Closer, Folks* set: On the first day's shooting, John Gallaudet and Wynne Gibson arrived, along with the others in the cast. Director Lederman was busy introducing the members of the cast—he came to Wynne and John. "Er—do you two know each other?" he began—"Miss Gibson, may I . . ." He stopped, confused, because both Wynne and the man were laughing. "We—ahem—used to be married," explained Wynne.

• • •

ARLINE JUDGE and Wesley Ruggles have finally written a frank FINIS to marriage. Some months ago, they parted—but that time, they moved in together again. But the other day, Wes moved from the Beverly Hills mansion into the Beverly Hills hotel. And Arline explained: "It simply didn't work out." However, nobody in Hollywood is surprised. Despite the fact that since their try at reconciliation, Wes and Arline have been giving some grand parties, and all has appeared smooth between them, there was the knowledge among their intimates that the reconciliation simply was not "taking." Despite their second separation, Arline went right ahead working in the picture Wes is directing—and they were sweeter to each other on the set since the break than before.

• • •

IT must be love between Lily Pons and her musical director, Andre Kostelanetz, whom she says she's going to marry some time. Kosty is flying between New York and Hollywood at least once a week, conducting symphonies in New York, but spending as much time with Lily in Hollywood as air schedules will permit. Of course he explains it's work that brings him west, because he is supervising the musical end of the next Pons film at RKO—but Hollywood knows. . . . !

• • •

BETTY GRABLE and Jackie Coogan are getting tired of waiting. That five-years-odd marriage date is too remote—and right now, Betty is working hard on RKO officials to either delete from her contract the clause which forbids her marrying for at least two years, or to break the contract itself—so she can marry Jackie at once. The couple, who spend so much time together that an observer said that they look as bored as old married folks already, have already drawn up plans for a Beverly Hills house.

• • •

WHISPER: Merle Oberon and David Niven are making plans to both be in London for the coronation of King Edward. And don't say I didn't tip you off, if you suddenly find out they're getting married at the same time . . . !

HOLLYWOOD Twosome List:—Astrid Allwyn, away on location, sending Swedish love wires to Robert Kent, who's having Jean Hersholt translate 'em for him.—Gail Patrick and John King, and their friends are betting on wedding bells, despite Billy Bakewell.—Alice Faye and Tony Martin are singing love-songs to each other.—Tyrone Power, Jr., so badly smitten with Sonja Henie's charms that he's even learning to ice-skate so he can thrill her.—Addison Randall and Louise Brooks breaking bread together at the Brown Derby, more often than not.—Nino Martini and Elissa Landi, still here, there and wherever you look.—Harry Jans and Maxine Jennings, the li'l RKO honey, are pitapatting in the heart region.—Rouben Mamoulian and Gertrude Michael have patched up whatever it was, and are stepping out together again, puh-lenty.—Lee Tracy's making the restaurants richer, buying dinners and lunches for Florence Lake.—Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberson, still turning on the heat when they gaze into each other's eyes.—Helen Twelvetrees being seen around a lot with Cecil Sillman.—Jean Muir discovered Gordon Oliver in Warners' stock troupe, and now they're worrying Richard Watts, the New York drama critic, who's all het up over Jean.

• • •

YOU know, of course, that Clark Gable and his wife are merely separated—and that, until now at least, there's been no move toward divorce. They've been living under a verbal agreement whereby they have arranged to live "peaceably apart." BUT—just the other day, Clark started legal proceedings in open court, asking the California Superior bench to "define, compute and compound" the agreement between himself and his wife—so that there may be no misunderstanding when and if a divorce move is started by either. Wonder if that's the curtain raiser?

• • •

YOU'D hardly imagine that Mary Astor, after her recent court ordeal, would be thinking about marrying again, would you? Yet that wise li'l bird that whispers in Hollywood ears is twittering about Mark Goodrich, film writer, who has been Mary's staunchest friend throughout the recent affair.

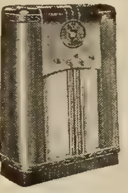
• • •

LORETTA YOUNG and Director Eddie Sutherland are still blazing. And there's a pretty good bet that they'll be Mr.-and-Mrs. before Young Mister 1937 rolls around . . . Also slated for wedding bells before many months are by are Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump. They've got their plans all laid—they're going to buy a yacht, they're going to name it *Little Seamstress* after Isabel's pet rôle in *Tale of Two Cities,* and they're going to take a vagabond honeymoon cruise aboard her . . . And, talking about marriage, there's an unkillable rumor about Hollywood that Colleen Moore and her business manager, John Hewlett, are really Mr. and Mrs. John Hewlett.

• • •

JUST say, to yourself, "pooh, pooh!" whenever you read gossip-column reports about Rosalind Russell stepping out with whoozis or whatsisname. Because, even though a gal does have to go out now and then in Hollywood, Rosalind's escort of the evening is nothing more than that—

[*Continued on page* 95]



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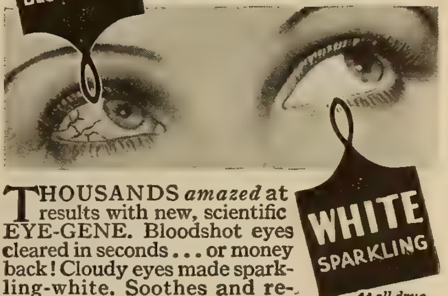

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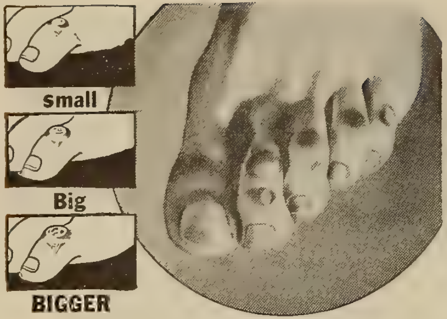

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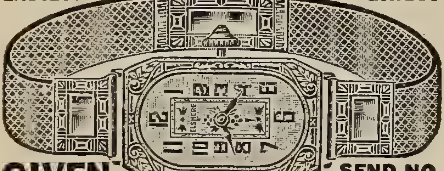

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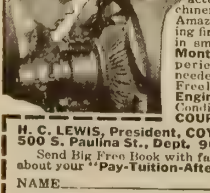

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With Thalberg Gone Will Garbo Retire?

[*Continued from page* 82]

It is asserted that Garbo's reply was: "Well, Freddie. It is not so easy for me to give up working as you may think. I lost a great deal of my money in a bank failure and a stock investment. More than I can ever again save. And as for the men . . . well, they are just interesting playthings."

More than passing significance was attached to the presumed romance between Miss Garbo and George Brent, which started when Brent played opposite her in *The Painted Veil.* Also Rouben Mamoulian, director of *Anna Karenina,* was supposed to be romantically in the offing, at one time. However, of the two, Brent's friendship and devotion were regarded as the more serious. And for that matter, still are.

However, if one may refer to the past, then there are two chapters in the Book of Life for Greta Garbo which may be likened in poetic and idealistic love to the *Song of Solomon* . . . and *Tristan and Isolde.* Those chapters were written by Mauritz Stiller, her discoverer, and Jack Gilbert.

Greta Garbo stands at the crossroads of her career and life, and since the two in her instance are so closely welded, one can scarcely speak of one without thinking of the other. She seems to be marked for sorrowing and frustration, except in her career. And even in that she has lost her producer-adviser-friend, Irving Thalberg, the man into whose hands she had consigned her artistic destiny. Will her path stay on the broken, tumultuous high road of Hollywood . . . or will it be a hail and farewell . . . and a permanent retirement to Sweden?

Ten Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

Beatrice Lillie

"BEATRICE LILLIE is making her first picture, *Exit Smiling,* and she's a riot and a knock-out, even if she is known in British society as Lady Peel." . . . "Tom Mix thinks most people lose their chances of happiness because they are forever trying to be something that they are not." . . . "Wallace Beery thinks that the restrictions of modern life are destructive to happiness. He would choose the road to freedom." . . . "*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* 'Is that so?' asks Louise Brooks. She has just been chosen as the vamping baby sister whom the gentlemen very frankly prefer—in *Love 'Em and Leave 'Em.*" . . . "Greta Garbo seems to be the young foreign actress who is going to accomplish in America what was originally expected of Pola Negri." . . . "Hollywood sets the style—Rolled stockings! Tut! tut! what are the girls of this generation coming to?" . . . "Virginia Bushman, daughter of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, was married recently to Jack Conway, Metro-Goldwyn director." . . . "Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have abandoned the idea of touring the Orient. They are back in Hollywood and all ready for some strenuous work in the studios." . . . "Claire Windsor never does anything sensational—but she always gets in the lists of the "ten most beautiful women" and is frequently hailed as the "best-dressed." . . . "Emil Janning's arrival in New York is to be celebrated by many social affairs." . . . "There's something wrong in the McIntosh family. Constance Talmadge has been seen about with Buster Collier, to whom she was reported engaged up to the very day of her marriage to Captain McIntosh." . . . "After being dignified and irreproachable for years, Florence Vidor bobbed her hair and unleashed her sense of humor—and fairly dazzled the Lasky officials into making her a star."

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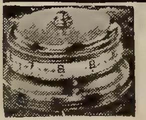

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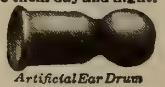
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SCREEN BOOK

Coffee and . . . . . !

[*Continued from page 86*]

¼ cup sugar
½ tsp. salt
3¾ cups flour
1 egg or two egg yolks
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½ cup Sun-Maid Raisins, cut in pieces

Add butter, sugar and salt to milk. Heat until lukewarm. Add dissolved yeast cake, egg and flour to make stiff batter. Add raisins, cover and let rise until double in bulk. Spread in buttered dripping pan ½ inch thick. Cover and let rise again. Before baking, brush over with beaten egg and cover with following mixture.

TOPPING

3 tbls. melted butter
1/3 cup sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
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Mix until crumbly and sprinkle over top of kuchen. Bake in moderately hot oven at 375 degrees for about thirty-five minutes or more.

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Doubling in Dresses

[*Continued from page* 89]

And the proverbial snowball had nothing on them. They have gathered momentum each day, and now it's a flourishing "big business," and the three retail shops—in Hollywood, Avalon and Palm Springs—are merely a sideline.

Last summer Ben and Bebe went to London on a personal appearance tour. But Bebe's task was twofold, for she attended all the Paris openings, wiring back details, shipping fine materials, which have a prominent place in their smart winter collection. Meanwhile, Pauline has handled the factory itself, as well as making trips to San Francisco and other points to reap the golden harvest that awaits creators of "high style" clothes.

In October, she went to New York with the "cruise line," showed it to critics for the fashion magazines, then to buyers for the eastern stores. And the factory is working overtime filling the orders.

Five Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE Magazine

William Powell

"WILLIAM POWELL, who is now making *The Gentleman from San Francisco,* is one of the happiest bridegrooms you ever saw. Just as Carole Lombard Powell is one of the happiest brides." . . . "Noah Beery is one of the best bad men on the screen, but he puts away his famous sneer when he takes off his make-up. Try to make some fans believe it, though." . . . "Clark Gable may be the sensation of the year, but at Fox studios Warner Baxter tops all the men, including Charles Farrell, in fan mail. And Elissa Landi has edged in on Janet Gaynor." . . . "Greta Garbo threatened to move when a careless gardener clipped her shrubbery so low that the grounds of her country place were exposed to passersby." . . . "Edward Everett Horton finds it easy to get work even though he asks $5,000 a week and will not sign for less than four weeks. He says he doesn't know why they pay it—says it's a crime." . . . "Joan Crawford refuses to be perturbed over the reports that her husband, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has been seen out riding with Rose Hobart, with an extra girl, with anybody at all. Joan thinks it jealousy. People don't like to have other people as happy as she and Doug are." . . . "Billie Dove is considered the most beautiful woman in Hollywood, though there is a school which stands back of Dolores Del Rio." . . . "Ann Harding has a secretary and fiction aspirations." . . . "Ernst Lubitsch has lost twenty-five pounds by diet, which pleased Ona Munson who won't admit their engagement—yet." . . . "Universal is in a quandary. They've signed Tom Mix for a serial and find they have no story." . . . "Wallace Beery, in the old days, was a comic female impersonator. Quite a difference from the rough-and-ready rôles he now portrays." . . . "Clark Gable is afraid of women interviewers." . . . "Before *Bad Girl,* women stars used to be so nice to Sally Eilers that she knew they didn't consider her dangerous. But how they've changed." . . . "Mrs. Richard Arlen (Joby Ralston) does her own ironing, sometimes, and wears a nifty suit with yellow shorts in which to do it." . . . "Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante—famous stage comic—threatens to make a big hit on the screen." . . . "Arline Judge is the member of this year's crop of Baby Stars who became engaged to Wesley Ruggles, well-known motion picture director." . . . "Roland Young and his wife are back in town, along with most of the other ex-vacationists." . . . . "Marlene Dietrich is very much upset about the mention of her name in connection with that of Von Sternberg and her feelings are so hurt that she might go back to Germany and never return."

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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page 91*]

and her real beeg moment is an important New York lawyer, and there'll be an altar and wedding cake before many months are past.

• • •

JIMMY STEWART, loose-haired young funny guy of MGM, is still vacillating furiously between Eleanor Powell and Virginia Bruce, with Virginia seeming to be taking top honors at the present. Jimmy's been taking Virginia out oftener than Eleanor. And, mentioning Eleanor, she had a lot of trouble recently strenuously denying the story of a certain Hollywood night-life gentleman who told the world he was really secretly married to Eleanor. Funny part of it is that Eleanor swears she's never even *met* the man!

• • •

MORE Twosomes—Lyle Talbot and Lucile Lund—June Lang and Vic Orsatti—Lona Andre and Ralph Malone—and Johnny Downs is all made up again with Eleanore Whitney, after having been all peeved up over her dates with Tom Brown. Johnny really shouldn't have worried, because Tom's big moment is Frances Mullen, daughter of a big Los Angeles clothing merchant.

• • •

BECAUSE Michael Curtiz, the director, expected her to be both a good scenarist and a good housekeeper, Bess Meredyth Curtiz has a divorce. She told the judge that Mike complained about her housekeeping. So the judge divorced her instead.

• • •

Binnie Barnes comes down to the airport to say hello to her husband—Samuel Joseph of London. Hubby was upset by Binnie's informal attire

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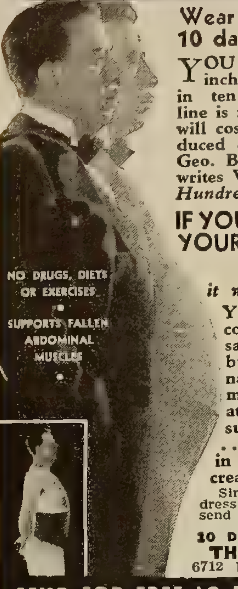
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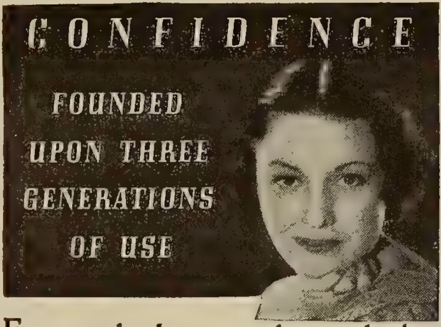

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Walter Huston Wont Live in Hollywood

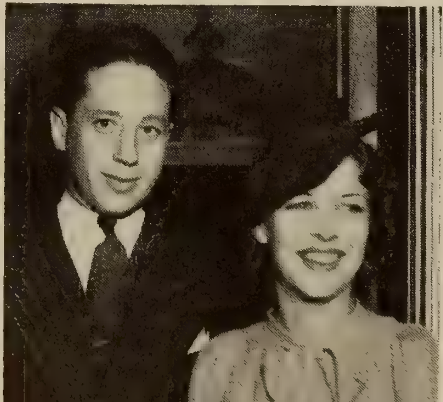
[*Continued from page* 81]

work. I wrote all of my own acts which may account for the fact that I still think the writer is the all-important fellow, in the movies as well as on the stage. After all, I wouldn't be doing *Dodsworth* now if Sinclair Lewis hadn't done him first.

"BUT the point in all this is to show you that I've always worked and worked hard and more for the joy of working than for financial reward. If I gave up hard work I'd feel like I was retiring. Hollywood would be retirement for me. *I shall never retire.* Costumes and grease-paint and footlights will create illusions for me long after the camera has foresworn me. The brevity of the Hollywood star's life is due to a fact I've mentioned before—he sells his face and his personality which fade with time. He doesn't often enough sell his ability which mellows with time. A few years and the fashions in faces change. The old personality becomes outmoded and is put up in the attic as hoop-skirts and ear-bobs and bustles and other 'period styles' are discarded. Because once a screen actor is through, my friend, he is *through*. . . .

"Once a screen star is through," smiled Mr. Huston, a little sadly, "you can't sell him for pumpkin seed. Which is another reason for my refusing to live in Hollywood—*I don't like attics.* And so, I shall remain on the stage. Now and again, if and when the part that is for me turns up I'll be glad to come to Hollywood and do it. But I refuse to live in Hollywood. I'll be in it now and then, never of it. . . ."

And after awhile Mr. Huston was called to the set again to rejoin Mrs. (Ruth Chatterton) Dodsworth. And I went away. And I thought how I would tell you that the man who gave you *Rhodes* and so many others is just about the nicest, kindliest, *realist* man I ever knew. I thought how I'd try to explain to you how in a "Who cares?" era he *really* cares about the thing he does and the way he does it. I thought I'd try to say, without being florid or sensational (two things he would detest) that we all have a choice of serving God and Mammon—and that Walter Huston makes his choice when he says *"I refuse to live in Hollywood."*



Ross Alexander and Anne Nagel are another Hollywood couple who just went off and said their "I do's"

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Motion Picture published monthly at Mount Morris, Ill., for Oct. 1, 1936.

State of Connecticut} ss.
County of Fairfield}

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. M. Cotton, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Motion Picture, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Larry Reid, New York City; Managing Editor, H. H. Beall, Hollywood, Calif.; Business Manager, W. M. Cotton, Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; C.-A. Publishing Co., New York City; Fawcett Publ., Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Frances Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Roger Fawcett, New York City; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; Gordon Fawcett, Hollywood, Calif.; R. K. Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Marion Fawcett Bagg, Tulsa, Okla.; Roscoe Fawcett Estate, Minneapolis, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is............(This information is required from daily publications only.)

W. M. COTTON, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1936.

HELEN M. LANO, Notary Public.
(Seal.) (My commission expires Feb. 1, 1941.)

Looking In On the Baxters

[*Continued from page* 69]

the heart of a man—we discovered a Tyrolean hat with a rakish feather, which he kindly donned for our admiration. They were going to a Bavarian party that night. Mrs. Baxter's costume hung in her rose-and-blue bedroom. Her husband, his arm lightly clasping her shoulders, surveyed it critically.

"It's a peasant costume. I thought you were going as a great lady."

"No one would recognize me," she protested. "I'll feel more at home this way. As a matter of fact, I was born to be a peasant's wife—preferably an *island* peasant's wife." She gazed up at him, innocent-eyed.

It worked like a charm. "Everybody loves an island," he started chanting. "An island spells peace and romance and content. Peace and romance and content," he repeated, as if struck by a new idea. Then the arm around his wife's shoulders tightened a little. "Why should I *buy* an island?" he chortled, jubilant. "I've *got* an island."

I'm Thankful for My Enemies—Joan Bennett

[*Continued from page* 78]

"And didn't the Enemy Joan," I queried, "have something to do with your going to Europe this last time?"

"She certainly did. I shouldn't have gone. But I had time off so I whipped up some trunks and left within two days! I wanted to see whether the *Queen Mary* was really the wave rider they said she was!"

Now you simply don't get reservations on the *Queen Mary* on a two day notice. So Joan got them. Moreover she took along a girl chum from New York. Joan wanted to get her away from a man she considered unworthy. Cupid's Chief Assistant, that's little Miss Bennett!

Not long ago she furnished an entire apartment for a young couple. The girl, a friend of long standing, had only a small salary and the man had no money—so it was Joan to the rescue. She's rescued many a friend—*but sometimes it's her Enemies who rescue Joan!*

"A person is apt to get too content if things go along very smoothly. It takes a jolt or two to rouse you! It puts you on your mettle. Right now I'm taking special exercises to overcome my round shoulders and I'm going to take tap dancing lessons from Bill Robinson and then study French and Italian . . . Oh, I wouldn't let them know it—*but I'm thankful for my Enemies!*"

Did you know that Ginger Rogers is keeping a photographic diary—her maid and secretary are armed with candid cameras given by Ginger with instructions to shoot at will! Thus far, maid and secretary have snapped enough candid shots—and what amazing ones, some of them!—of Ginger to fill sixteen picture albums. And it's costing Ginger about $1,000 a year for films, developing and so on.

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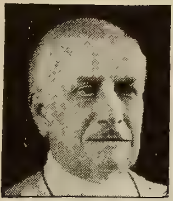

Yes—when you need a laxative DO AS DOCTORS DO. Dr. V. N. of Michigan states: "I have used and prescribed Pluto Water for 40 years." Dr. H. A. O. of Wisconsin writes: "I not only prescribe Pluto Water almost daily—but use it personally."

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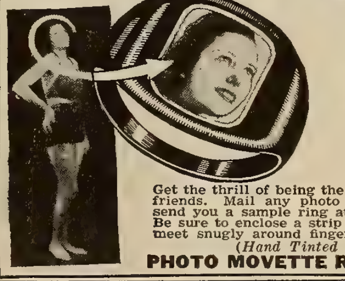

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 57]

Geraldine Robertson, the blondie in the center, is Queen of the Texas Centennial. Coming to Hollywood she stepped out of chaps into shorts and won a place in the chorus ensemble of Eleanor Powell's picture, *Born to Dance*. It's her screen debut

Like Playing "Postoffice"

GARBO—Laugh of the month: In the first kiss scene with Bob Taylor, Garbo was perched by his side on a love-seat. In the midst of the passionate kiss, the love-seat tipped, and Bob and Garbo sprawled on their you-knows, right there in front of the camera. Everybody waited for the lightning to strike. Instead, Garbo laughed like a schoolgirl, and went right back to her kissing.

Temple Tidings

IN Los Angeles' recent primary election, one voter wrote in the name of Shirley Temple, for a state Superior Judge-ship! Talking of Shirley, she put her own mother on the spot the other day. Mama Temple was in a radio studio, preparing to go before the "mike" to tell how she had raised Shirley. Shirley was there to watch. Just before Mama Temple began her broadcast, Shirley looked up at her with those innocent eyes, and asked:

"Mother, if you are good, may I applaud?"

"Certainly, dear," said Mrs. Temple. Then, without a change of expression, Shirley added:

"—and if you're bad, may I hiss?"

Just then, the light went on, and Mama never did get a chance to tell Shirley off!

What Price Swank?

NO swank for Grant Withers, who's been down in the low spots. When he dropped from stardom, he and his wife finally had to make out in a $50-a-month apartment. Now Lady Luck's smiling, and Grant is going up again. BUT—he and Mrs. Withers are still living in that same $50-a-month apartment.

Thrillski

HOLLYWOOD has found a new sports-thrill. It's called "ski-planing," and is a cross between ski-ing and aquaplaning. Francis X. Shields, of Goldwyn's studio, has started the fad, and Merle Oberon and others are following suit . . . The stunt is to put on a pair of skis, and then to hook on behind a fast speedboat with an 80-foot rope, and retain your stance while the boat hits 40 around the lake. When the producers get wise to the danger, there'll be a new production taboo for their stars during pictures—they'll be forbidden to ski-plane, as well as play polo and ride airplanes.

Garbonotes

GARBO Items of the Month—Hollywood tongues started buzzing, after the first shock of Irving Thalberg's death, over what his passing would mean to Garbo. Few knew it, but there was a line in Garbo's contract which states that she is to work "only when her pictures are supervised by Thalberg." And, incidentally, Thalberg was the only man on the MGM lot who called her Greta—to everybody else, directors, executives, even leading man, Bob Taylor, who makes passionate love to her, she's always "Miss Garbo."

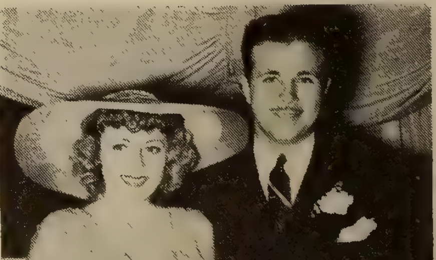
Coupled with the illness that kept her at home while production in *Camille* waited, the Thalberg death is taken by some insiders to mean that Garbo will finally make good her oft-repeated intent to quit pictures forever, retire in Sweden. Meantime, Garbo stories still amuse, interest, astound Hollywood. . . .

For instance, so strictly closed is the Garbo stage, that Jimmy Stewart, himself, couldn't crash the gate. He tried first as just himself. Then he disguised himself as a set carpenter but was discovered and shooed away. Then he mooched an extra's costume and told the gateman he was in the picture, but again, no go. Finally, he borrowed a waiter's outfit, bought a tray of food in the MGM cafe, and tried to rush the gate in that disguise. This time, the gateman dumped the tray of food to teach brash Jimmy a lesson. Jimmy gave up. Funny part of it is that Garbo's new rented home is right next door to Jimmy's house—but she's built a high fence and a canvas shield around her property, so he can't catch a glimpse of her!

Meantime, while Jimmy failed, a ten-year-old weekly magazine salesboy slipped unseen past the studio gates, past the guard at the Garbo stage door, too. He walked right up to Garbo's dressing-room and asked her if she didn't want to buy a magazine. Giggling, Garbo asked: "Don't you know who I am?" Ungiggling, the boy loconically replied: "Sure. You're Greta Garbo. But you can read, anyway, can't ya?" She bought a magazine.

One Man Band

GENE RAYMOND is no sitter-backer-on-his-laurels. Not satisfied with being a top favorite star, with winning the hand of Jeanette MacDonald, with writing a song that is used in his latest picture, Gene has just completed a full length operetta—music, lyrics and dialogue, complete. RKO is considering buying it—and don't be surprised if Gene plays the leading rôle. And wouldn't it be swell if they could borrow Jeanette from MGM to play his heroine?



Way up front in this issue, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell file their intention to wed—and here as bride and groom

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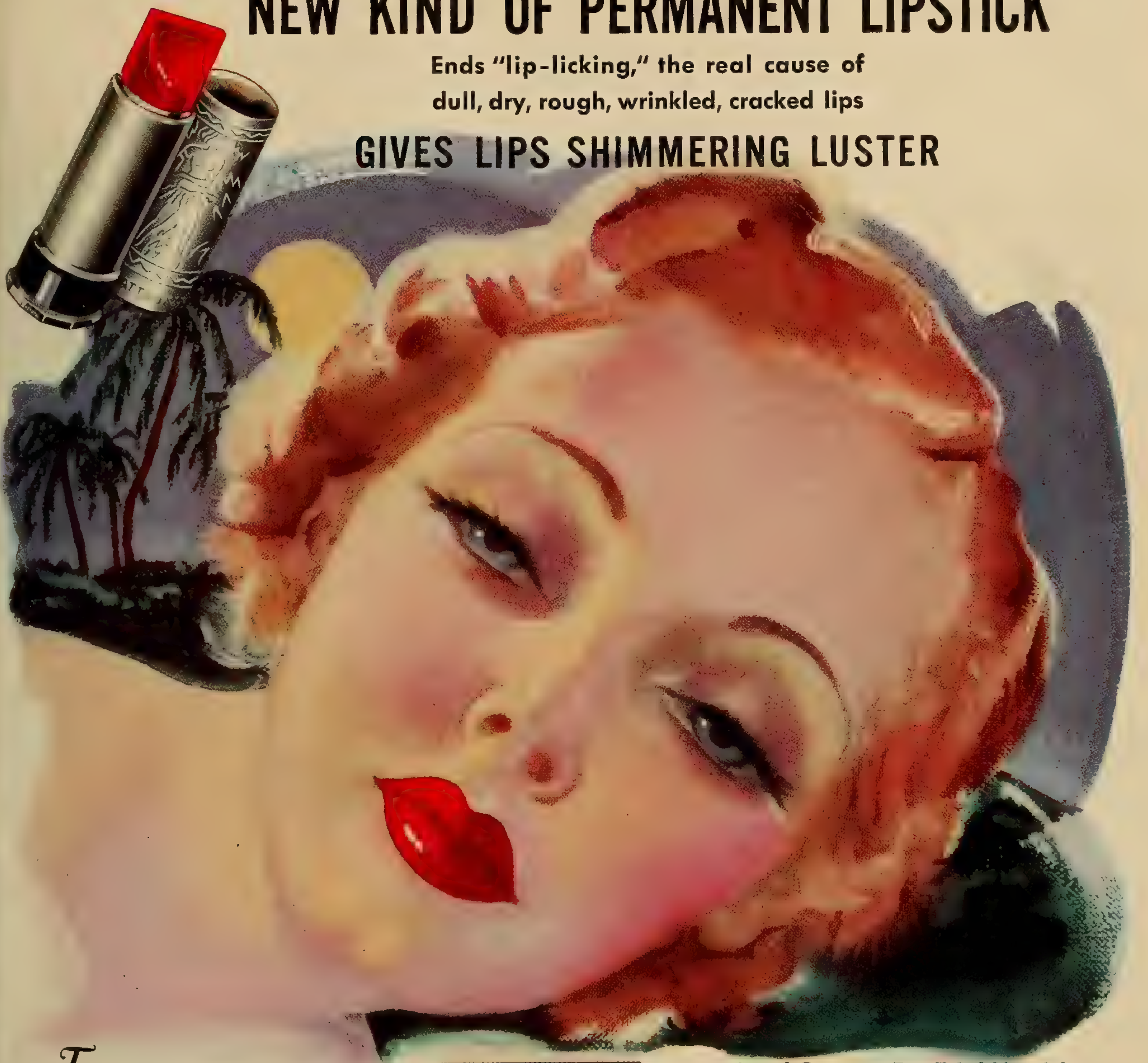
NEW KIND OF PERMANENT LIPSTICK

Ends "lip-licking," the real cause of dull, dry, rough, wrinkled, cracked lips

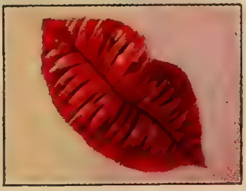
GIVES LIPS SHIMMERING LUSTER



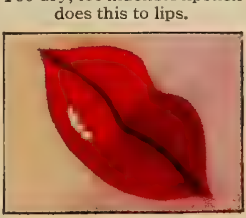
Too dry, too indelible lipstick causes many a lovely lady to unconsciously lick her lips . . . thus removing the natural oils from the skin as well as the protective oils from the lipstick. Dull, dry, rough, old-looking lips result.

The *New* TATTOO is a permanent lipstick . . . its transparent South Sea color stays on longer than necessary . . . but, the *New* TATTOO contains magical moistening and softening agents that instantly end all desire to lick the lips!

Consequently dryness, roughness and wrinkles quickly disappear, the lips become thrillingly soft and luscious. And instead of having the usual dry, dull, uninteresting look, lips appear temptingly moist, with shimmering luster that's exciting... *irresistible!*



Too dry, too indelible lipstick does this to lips.



The *New* TATTOO restores lips to this.

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The *New* TATTOO

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Anne Rockefeller

...and her famous "Little Dinners"

Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, of the distinguished New York family, enjoys entertaining in a casual, unpretentious way—intimate little dinners with a few friends who share her interest in the arts. Good conversation, unhurried pleasure... the menu itself kept very simple. Just soup and entrée... a pause for a Camel... followed by a green salad, dessert, and coffee... with Camels between courses and after to accent subtle flavors. "Smoking Camels," Miss Rockefeller says, "makes the choicest delicacy taste that much better. They help digestion, too, and bring a delightful sense of well-being, an at-peace-with-the-world mood. When entertaining, I always see to it personally, as a compliment to my guests, that there are plenty of Camels within their reach."

Sert Room, The Waldorf-Astoria, New York. "Whether I'm in the Sert Room of The Waldorf-Astoria—at home—or at the homes of my friends—I notice that Camels are the favorite."—*Anne C. Rockefeller*

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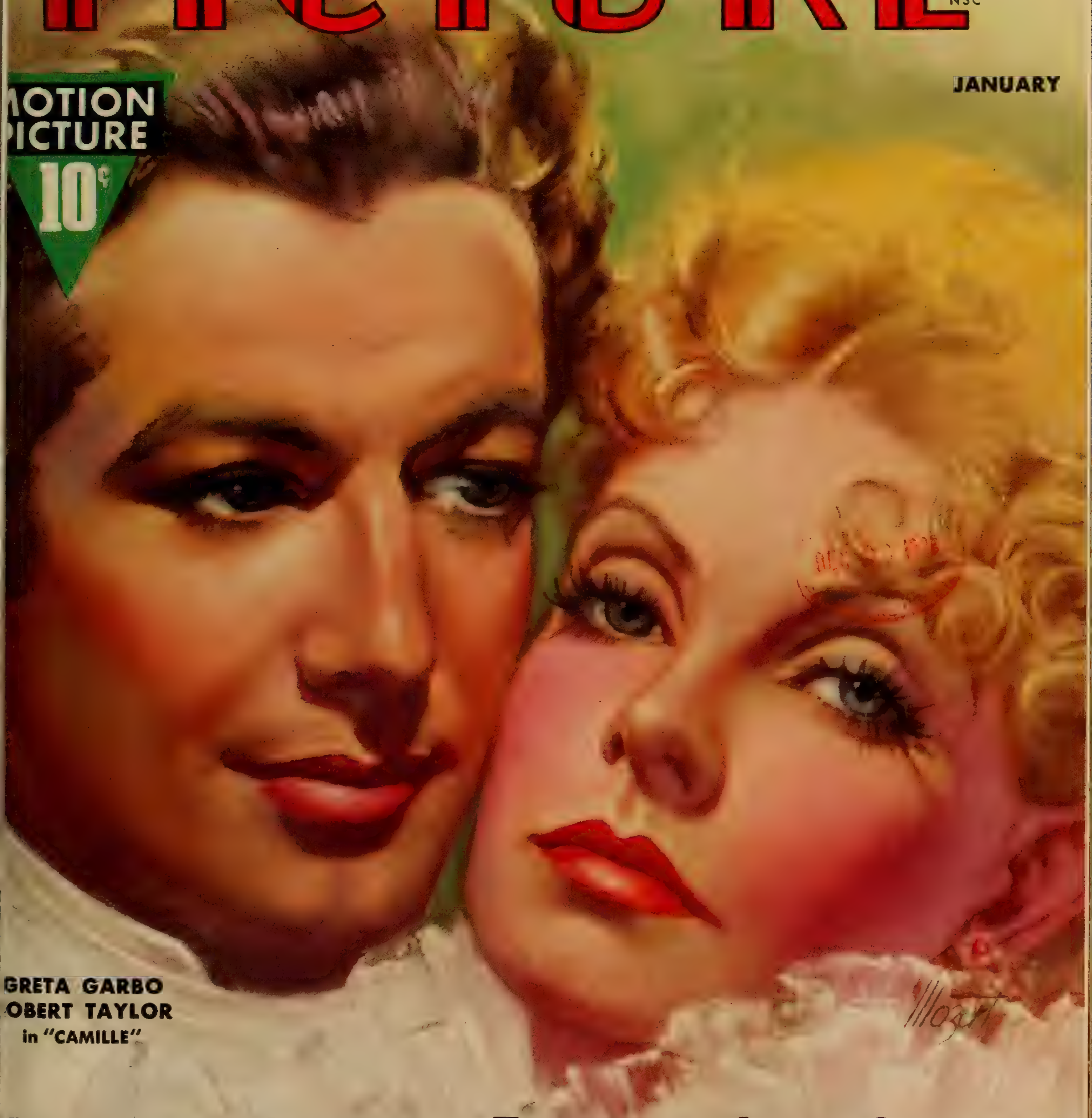

GRETA GARBO
OBERT TAYLOR
in "CAMILLE"

HAT JOAN CRAWFORD THINKS OF JOAN CRAWFORD

M NOT READY FOR MARRIAGE YET—ROBERT TAYLOR

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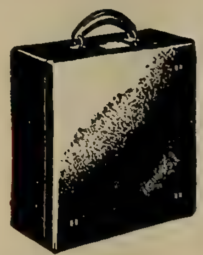

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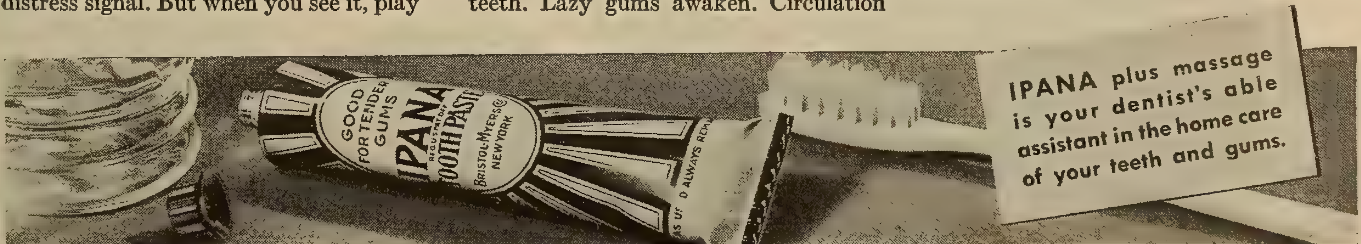
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W. H. FAWCETT
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LAURENCE REID
Editor

JANUARY, 1937
Volume LII, No. 6 Twenty-sixth Year

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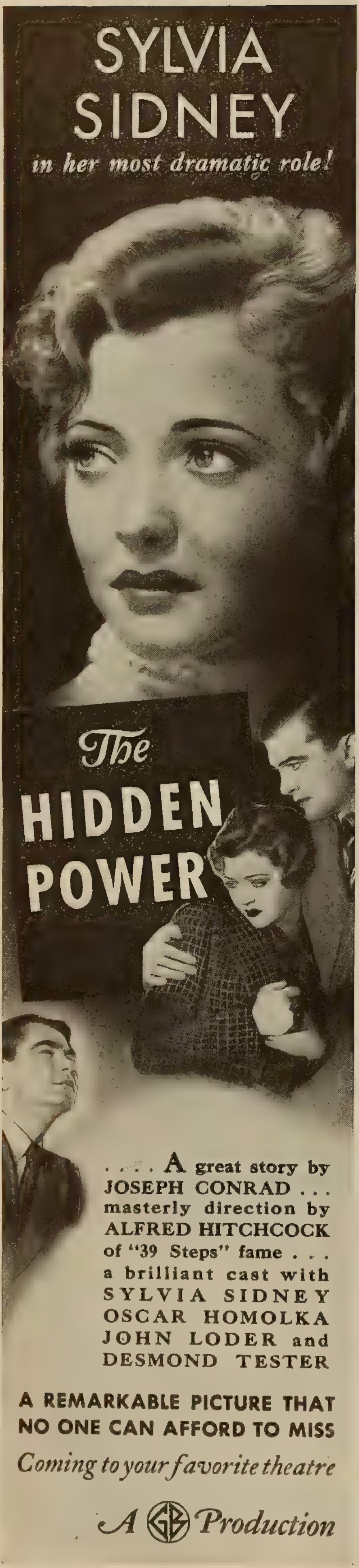
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who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. What was Jack Holt's first rôle on the screen?

A. It wasn't much of a rôle, so far as length goes. It was in 1913, and he was broke and hungry in a small town near San Francisco. He stood watching a picture company making an adventure story. When the hero refused to dive off a 30-foot cliff into the river on the back of a horse, Holt volunteered to do the stunt. Both the horse and Holt came through unscathed, and Holt thought it was fun to make money that way. The horse didn't. And so, of course, he didn't get anywhere.

Q. What has happened to Bessie Love?

A. She is married to William Hawks, has a little girl named Patricia, and is now in England.

Q. Is it very hard for a young man with electrical training to get a job as an electrician in Hollywood?

A. Just as difficult as anywhere else, even if you are expert at wire pulling! I wouldn't advise coming here if you have a job anywhere else.

Q. I have very long, naturally blonde hair. If I cut it off, could I sell it to a Hollywood studio?

A. Maybe you could. There are only about 10,000 European peasants raising hair right now for Hollywood wigs and whiskers. Naturally white hair brings about $25 an ounce; naturally blonde and red hair bring almost as much. Better write to the Westmores, famous wig makers on Sunset Boulevard, and ask them about it before you cut it.

Q. How many feet does a kiss run on the film?

A. Well, if it's an honest-to-goodness, boy-how-I-mean-it kiss, it runs about 85 feet. If it's just a peck . . . I-might-as-well-get-it-over-with kiss, it runs about five feet.

Jeanette MacDonald's lovely voice will soon be heard in *Maytime.* Ditto, Nelson Eddy's

Q. Will you give me the name of a reliable author's agent in Hollywood? And please tell me how much I should ask for my story?

A. So many people have asked me this, but I can't do it. There are literally hundreds of author's agents in Hollywood, most of them reliable. Space will not permit printing of the entire list and courtesy will not permit the recommendation of any one particular agent. You might write to the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce for the list, shut your eyes, and pick out any name at random. As to the selling price of your story . . . your agent will take care of that. Studios pay anywhere from $500 to $100,000 for a story, the latter figure only when the story and author are both way up in the limelight.

Q. Has Jeanette MacDonald the powerful voice she appears to have on the screen?

A. Miss MacDonald's lovely voice is really not so stentorian. She supplies the technique and the tone; the studio's sound engineers can build it up to any strength they wish.

Q. How many motion picture theatres are there in Hollywood?

A. Literally hundreds. That includes all the small neighborhood houses, though. There are about ten large theatres in Hollywood proper, the most elaborate being the Chinese.

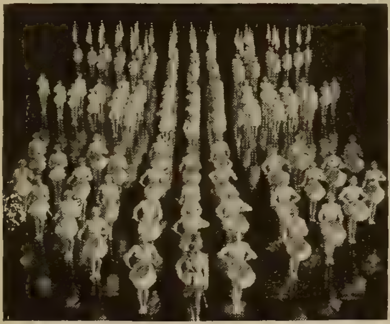
Q. Which is easiest to direct—a comedy or a drama?

A. A drama is much easier to direct, because no two people have the same sense of humor or comedy values, but most people have the same sympathetic feeling for a dramatic happening. Besides, comedy demands acutely clever timing. There's nothing duller than the dull thud of an over-played comedy scene.

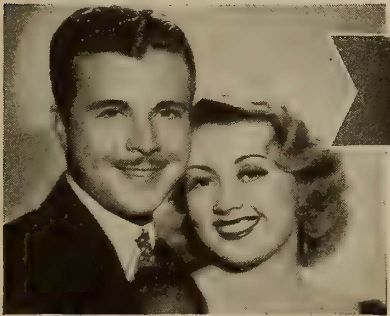
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Glenda coos the new Gold Digger's lullaby—"With Plenty of Money and You"— to those dashing heartbreakers and champion funmakers—Victor Moore and Osgood Perkins!

Take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood's fanciest steppers with the dazzling dance stuff that made you the overnight sensation of Broadway's hot spots!



Busby Berkeley achieves a new pinnacle in rhythm as he introduces his 170 newest beauty discoveries in that stunning dame and ditty number—"All's Fair in Love and War"



And "Speaking of the Weather", it's fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tunesmiths made to order for his lady love!

Come On, Everyone
THE PARTY'S ON AGAIN!

RING out the old... SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and maids and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies... packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL

in

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON ... A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarburg

Warner Bros.

The TALKIE TOWN *Tattler*

One by one Hollywood stars sail for Merrie England—to play in British pictures. The latest occupant of a deck-chair on a London-bound boat is Sally Eilers. When Londoners give her cheerios they'll see the girl whom the late Ziegfeld labeled "most beautiful"

[*Continued from page* 8]

films star. Now she's the wife of Col. Clarence Young, noted flyer, and she, too, is a mama. Up in San Francisco, where the Youngs live, the stork delivered a son to Lois.

—The Al Jolsons are planning another blessed-event-via-the-adoption-route. So delighted are Al and Wifie Ruby Keeler with their first adoptee, Al Junior, that they're plotting to visit Chicago's famous foundling home called The Cradle, again, and adopt another—a baby girl, this time. The Jolson's have had Al Junior ever since May, 1935, and are happier about him every minute.

—There are also rumors that Miriam Hopkins is going to adopt another Cradle foundling! She, too, has adopted one, you know.

—Other adoption talk revolves around the Pat O'Briens and the Fredric Marches. Both couples have been Cradle applicants. Mrs. Pat arrived in person at the Cradle to adopt a little boy to team up with the girl they adopted two years ago. And the Freddie Marches, who have already taken two Cradle babies, are readying for a third. All of which is pretty swell, isn't it?

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
It's handsome David Carlyle and pretty Toby Wing;
And that leaves a torch song for Tommy Brown to sing!

● ● ●

WISH Elissa Landi'd stop being evasive about Nino Martini. Certainly Hollywood wasn't seeing things when, culminating many night spot appearances with Nino, she finally appeared at the depot when he left for New York, and flung kisses after the train as it sped away. But when somebody asked her "are you two engaged," Elissa got peevish and retorted "No—and I don't care for *that* kind of publicity." H'm. Maybe the kisses were just an old Hollywood custom. . . .

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Betty Furness and Alan Lane—
She's simply driving the man insane . . !

Once in a while a candid camera catches up with Ginger Rogers. When it does it snaps her as a fiend for ice-cream sodas

NO doubt, Mr. Eddy—Nelson Eddy, the singer, you know—will be highly incensed about this item, but after all, Ol' Man Tattler has to report what's doing in the latest Hollywood twosomes. And the fact is plain that Mr. Eddy has been squiring a certain Mrs. Ann Franklin about to events by night and day. It always irks Mr. Eddy to have what he calls his private life discussed. So he won't discuss Mrs. Franklin. And that's that.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Alan Marshal and Delma Byron—
Honeymoon cottage they soon may be hirin'

Going right up the ladder, but pausing halfway to allow you a looksee is Anna Lee, the English beauty of G-B pictures

● ● ●

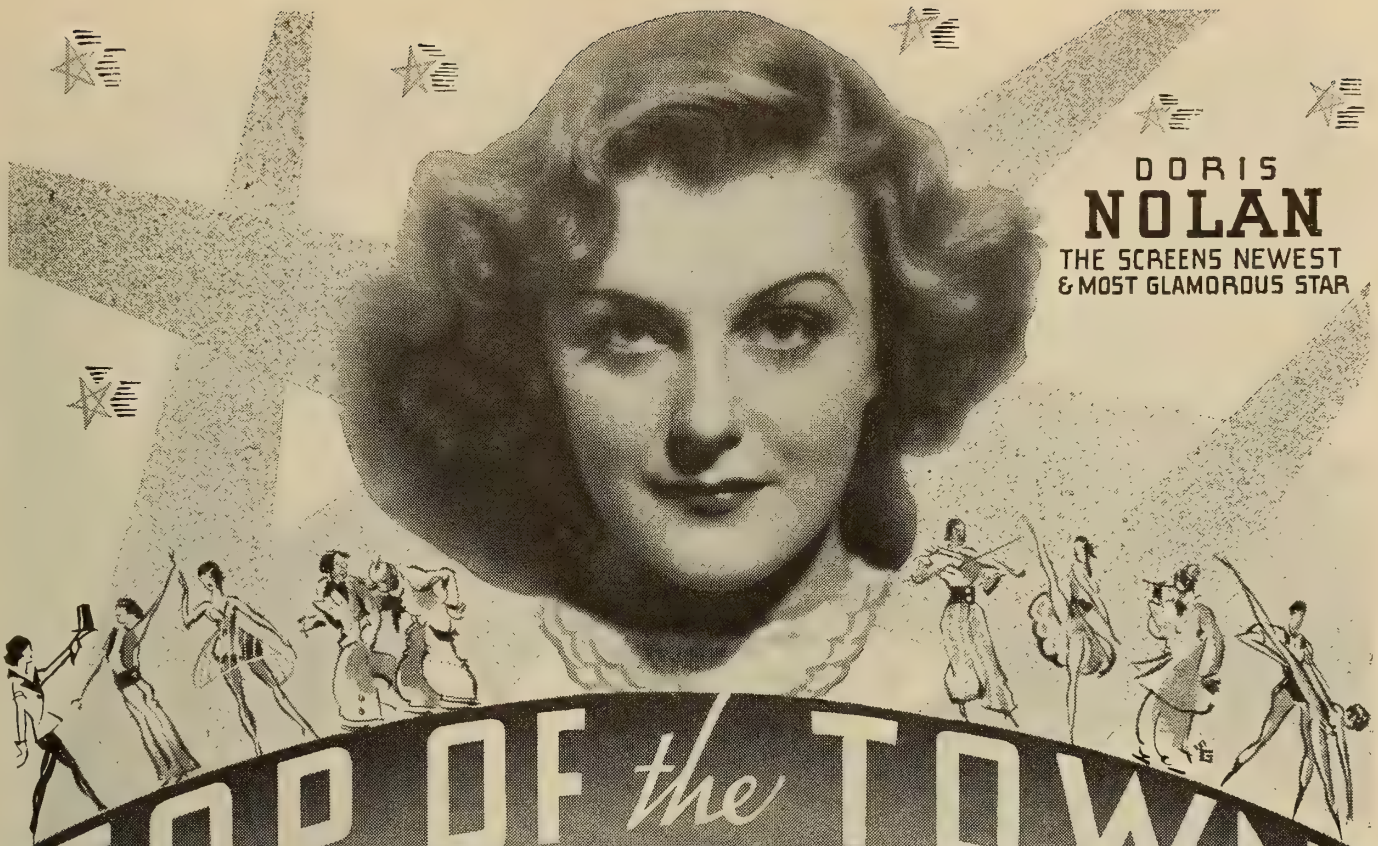
ONCE again, the hurdles seem to be down, and Georgie Raft and Virginia Pine seem to have a straightaway to the altar. Of course, it's looked that way before—but every time, up to now, financial settlement obstacles have interfered in the final divorce between George and Mrs. Raft. And through it all—through months of it, Virginia Pine has been waiting patiently.

Now, according to Raft, the details are all settled, and Mrs. Raft is Reno-bound. And by Christmas, George expects, Virginia will be Mrs. Raft.

● ● ●

VIRGINIA BRUCE or Martha Raye—
Which gets Cesar Romero today?
Martha Raye or Virginia Bruce—?
Don't try to keep track; what's the use?

[*Continued on page* 12]



DORIS
NOLAN
THE SCREENS NEWEST
& MOST GLAMOROUS STAR

TOP OF *the* TOWN

THE HIGHEST PEAK IN GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT

Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!
Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter!
Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

GIANT CAST OF 350!
LOOK WHO'S IN IT!

DORIS NOLAN
The new fan topic of the nation!

GEORGE MURPHY
Broadway's greatest dancing star!

HUGH HERBERT
GREGORY RATOFF
HENRY ARMETTA
Filmdom's top comics together for the first time in one picture!

GERTRUDE NIESEN
Radio's greatest songstress!

ELLA LOGAN
Internationally famous radio & night club star!

THE THREE SAILORS
They're nuts to everybody!

PEGGY RYAN
Eleanor Powell's protege and dancer supreme!

GERALD O. SMITH
Where fun is—there he is!

JACK SMART
Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

MISCHA AUER
Remember the gorilla man of "My Man Godfrey"?

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On"
"There Are No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where are you?"

SONGS AND LYRICS
By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the greatest song hit team in pictures!

STORY AND SCREENPLAY
By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson, Bob (Academy Prize Winner) Benchley and Brown Holmes!

DIRECTOR
Walter Lang who gave you "Love Before Breakfast!"

GOWNS AND SETS
By John Harkrider, illustrious Ziegfeld set and wardrobe creator!

DANCES
By Gene Snyder, famous director of the New York Music Hall Rockettes!

CHARLES R. ROGERS, *Executive Producer*
LOU BROCK, *Associate Producer*

THE *NEW* UNIVERSAL'S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page* 10]

DIXIE DUNBAR is keeping Hollywood guessing about who's head man in her love life—Assistant Director Bob Herndon, or Automobile Dealer Bill Davis of Beverly Hills. Davis phones her lengthily and often, and even gave her a sapphire ring—but Dixie insists "We're just friends." Meantime, those at 20th-Fox, who say they know, insist that Herndon is Dixie's real heart-throb, even to the handholding and eye-gazing stage. To it all, Dixie merely says: "I'm not going to marry for—well, six years yet!"

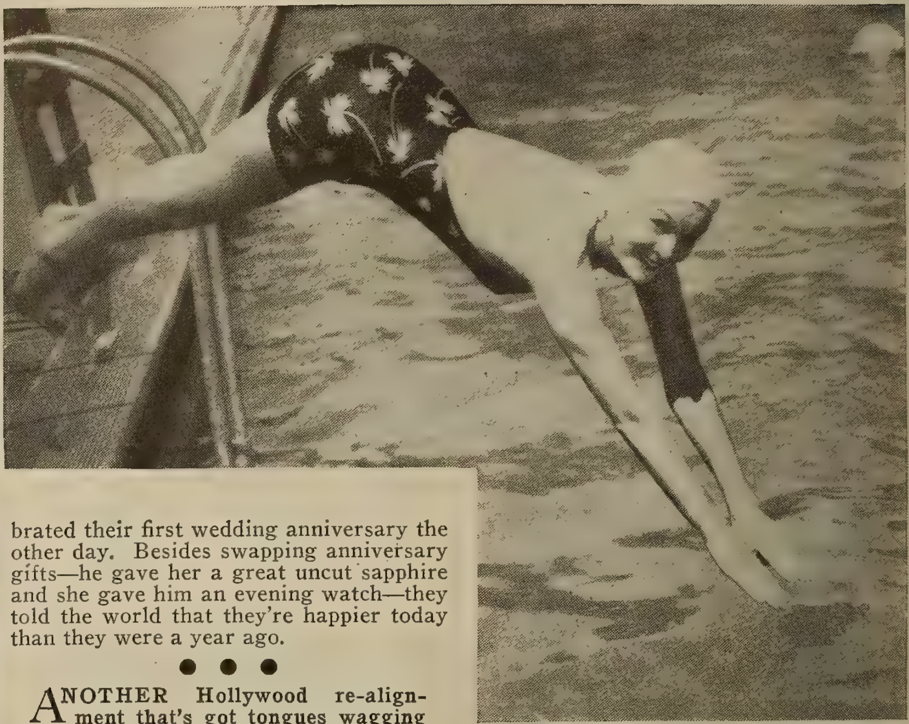
● ● ●

Just before Ann Sothern became the bride of Roger Pryor (they're now "personal appearing") she made *Smartest Girl in Town*

LISTEN, gals; you may as well give up all ideas about Bob Taylor. Of course, he's handsome and charming and all that—but you haven't a chance. Bob is completely out of circulation. Barbara Stanwyck has all options on him, and Ol' Man Tattler is betting that as soon as she gets her final decree from Frank Fay, Barbara will try another whirl at marriage—and this time she'll be Mrs. Arlington Brugh (which, you know, is Taylor's real name). Their love is one of Hollywood's prettiest—when they're out together, they're as coo-some as two freshmen in love. They give each other presents every week. And don't be surprised if you find them honeymooning in England by the first of the year!

● ● ●

NOTE to Those Who Said the Joan-Tone Marriage Couldn't Last:—Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone celebrated their first wedding anniversary the other day. Besides swapping anniversary gifts—he gave her a great uncut sapphire and she gave him an evening watch—they told the world that they're happier today than they were a year ago.

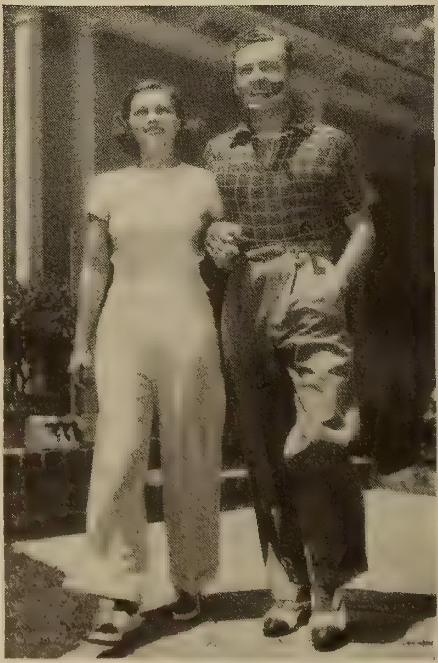


Like the man on the flying trapeze Maxine Jennings does a dive with the greatest of ease. She has medals for diving

● ● ●

ANOTHER Hollywood re-alignment that's got tongues wagging involves Katie Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Jimmy Stewart and Leland Hayward. It seems that Leland and Katie (once upon a time, it was even rumored they were married!) aren't quite as thick as they once were. And now Hayward has been seen out with Ginger Rogers. That sort of puts a new aspect on the Ginger Rogers-Jimmy Stewart picture, which looked like a Prelude to Matrimony, for a while.

However, a little bird whispers that Ginger isn't too anxious to step into double harness again, so soon after divorcing Lew Ayres. And as for Jimmy—well, if Ginger is Haywarding, there's always Eleanor Powell, isn't there?—or Virginia Bruce, if Cesar Romero isn't dating her . . .



With honeymooning over, Allan Jones and Irene Hervey settled down to housekeeping. It was one of those studio romances

● ● ●

SIMONE SIMON (See-moan See-moan),
Wherever you see her, she's never alone;
But she's very smart, this small Paris leddy—
Has plenty of fellows, but nary a steady!

● ● ●

THIS Lee Tracy lad, who's been seen out in circulation again lately, seems to be concentrating on Gals-Who've-Had-Husbands. . . . There are two he seems to be stepping out most frequently with. One is Marian Sayres. The other is Florence Lake.

Marian is the widow of Jimmy Murray, the one-time film favorite, who died in New York some time ago. Florence used to be—still *is*, for that matter!—the wife of Comedian Jack Goode, but they've legally separated and a divorce seems not impossible.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Little Miss Margo and Francis Lederer—
There's a romance that gets better and bederer . . . !

● ● ●

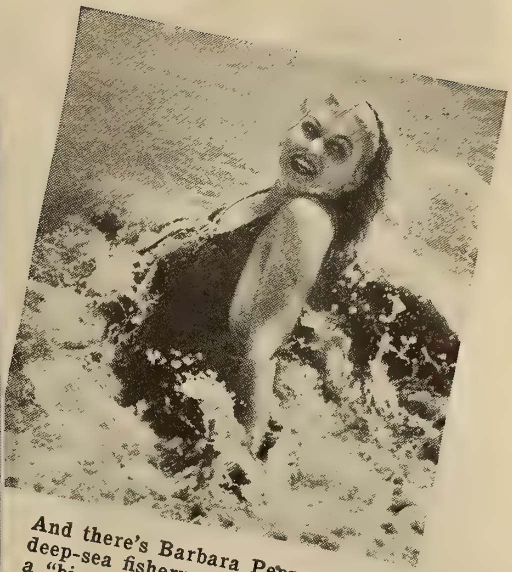
IMPATIENCE note:— listen! if Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers

[*Continued on page* 74]

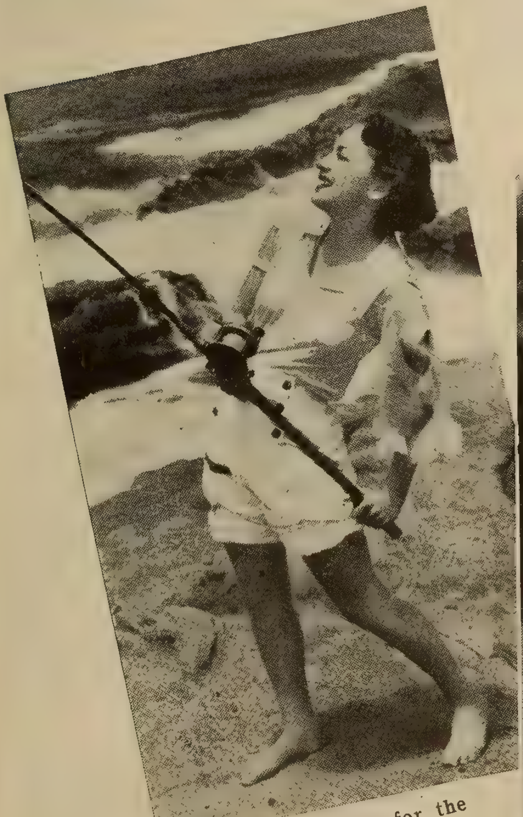
Each to Her Favorite Sport

Patricia Ellis turns in a wicked game of shuffle-board (it's her favorite pastime) when she goes down to Palm Springs

As for June Travis she likes to rig herself out in shorts to indulge in bowling. It develops good, strong mukkles



And there's Barbara Pepper who makes deep-sea fishermen believe they've spied a "big un"—a good catch in any ocean



It's deep-sea fishing for the likes of Olivia de Havilland—fair enough bait for any fish

And Paula Stone finds "wim and wigor" by playing "one old cat" with the boys and girls. She's an all 'round athlete

Arline Judge looks with favor on a fast game of tennis. Keeps her supple

HENRY FONDA'S UNIQUE Society Marriage

has been the subject of much gossip. Now you can learn the truth about the strange way in which the handsome actor wooed and won the famous beauty. *'Raye for Our Side,* is a sparkling and witty story about cavern-mouthed Martha Raye, whose popularity has taken the nation by storm. She's amazingly frank—and you'll love it! Read

JANUARY

SCREEN BOOK

Jean Arthur is being called *Blonde Dynamite*—and for very good reason! The story of her temperamental outbursts will astonish you. All Hollywood is buzzing with talk about them. Read January SCREEN BOOK and get in on the fun!

Adventure in an Insane Asylum is a hair-raising story of a famous blonde star's night of horror in a mad house. Don't miss it!

"Beauty Isn't Important," says Joan Crawford. She tells how loveliness and success may be attained by any girl. Her advice is inspiring!

The latest news, the choicest gossip and candid camera snaps fill the pages of January SCREEN BOOK.

AT ALL NEWS STANDS

10c

SCREEN BOOK

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

1		2	3	4				5	6	7		8
	▨	9			10		11				▨	
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17		18	▨	19		20			▨	21		
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	▨	52					53			54	▨	
55								56				

ACROSS

1. Mrs. Wesley Ruggles.
5. Radio star seen in THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937.
9. Short for Mr. Mundin.
11. NINE ——— A QUEEN.
12. Leo Carrillo's ancestors came from this country (abbr.).
14. Dolores Del ——— has feminine lead in ACCUSED.
15. Leila Hyams was born on this date in May.
16. Dutch (abbr.).
17. Wallace Beery portrays ——— HUTCH.
19. TWO IN A ———.
21. It provides light for outdoor scenes.
22. BEN DAVIS in MISSING GIRLS.
24. Freddie Bartholomew's dad in THE DEVIL IS A SISSY.
25. Toby's last name.
26. What we shed at sad films.
28. ——— ENEMY.
30. Initials of actor who lately wed Anne Nagel.
31. DON'T TURN ——— LOOSE.
32. Whose role was that of EDITH CORTRIGHT in DODSWORTH?
35. What patrons occupy in movie theatres.
38. Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney were paired in this film.
39. ——— HAT.
41. Rev. Dodd's first name.
43. Fluid used for stars' autographs.
44. M-G-M singing actor.
46. WOMEN ——— TROUBLE.
47. Initials of one who was DE LAWD in GREEN PASTURES.
48. ALESSANDRO in RAMONA.
49. Ronald Colman's birthplace (abbr.).
51. Initials of ex-wife of Cy Bartlett.
52. ——— COMES TROUBLE.
53. What Marion Talley and Michael Bartlett sing in FOLLOW YOUR HEARTS.
55. One of four stars seen in LIBELED LADY.
56. Leading man in CRAIG'S WIFE.

DOWN

1. Child actress.
2. David Holt (init.).
3. Kind of dialect provided by Herman Bing (abbr.).
4. STOKES in THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD.
5. It often plays in marching scenes.
6. One of Turpin's famous assets.
7. Initials of one recently cast as JULIET.
8. RAMONA in person.
10. ——— Karloff.
11. You'll see him in PIGSKIN PARADE.
13. Motion pictures are made from this.
16. He had lead in DON'T GET PERSONAL.
18. Mrs. Joel McCrea.
20. Mr. Apfel's initials.
21. Cedric Hardwicke's title.
23. Another name for Buster Crabbe.
25. ——— TRAP.
27. Leah's last name.
29. Very small, as THE DEVIL DOLL.
32. Star of THE GOOD EARTH.
33. Birthplace of Bob Burns (abbr.).
34. DOC in THE THREE GODFATHERS.
35. James Stewart and Wendy Barrie play opposite in this film.
36. Beverage popular with Gaumont-British stars.
37. DR. ANNA BURKHART in THE CRIME OF DR. FORBES.
38. THE ——— BABY.
40. SITTING ——— THE MOON.
42. First name of 34 Down.
44. He had lead in TOO TOUGH TO KILL.
45. ——— Pollard.
48. Month in which Marlene Dietrich was born (abbr.).
50. First name of one who portrayed BORDER PATROLMAN (abbr.).
52. Initials of the Italian comedian.
54. Tilly Losch (init.).

Solution to Last Month's

P	E	P	P	E	R		R	O	G	E	R	S
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T	O	M	▨	C	U	K	O	R	▨	C	O	P
S	O	▨	L	▨	M	I	X	▨	R	▨	S	S
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V	A	▨	D	▨	H	R	S	▨	S	▨	K	H
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FUTURE FAVORITES
ROSALIND KEITH

By Lee Blackstock

WHEN Rosalind Keith, brown eyed brunette, first came to Hollywood she was determined to become an actress . . . but she couldn't find anyone who shared her determination . . . then she learned that many producers and other studio executives went to see the local stage plays and often made "discoveries" there. . . . That settled the matter for the young lady soon landed a part in the Hollywood stage presentation of *Small Miracle* . . . and just as she hoped, she was "discovered" by a talent scout. . . . A test was arranged . . . her time was so crowded in her stage rôle, however, that she had to rush to the studio to be tested between a matinee and an evening performance. . . . It was all so hectic, she worried about her performance in the test, but her fears proved groundless when she was awarded a studio contract and given the feminine lead opposite George Raft in *The Glass Key*. . . . Then she won the leading feminine rôle in *Annapolis Farewell,* which resulted in greater fan following . . . and then she appeared in *It's A Great Life* and W. C. Fields' *Poppy*. . . . Then she was signed for the ingenue rôle in support of Melvyn Douglas and Irene Dunne in *Theodora Goes Wild* and so pleased were Columbia officials that they signed her to a long contract even before the picture was previewed . . . and now she's set to play the lead in a story of a temperamental opera star. . . . She was born on December 6 in Belleville, Ill., of French-Italian-German descent . . . she is the daughter of an insurance broker. . . . She spent her girlhood in St. Louis and began her acting career at the age of five in *The Little Princess*. . . . She continued playing parts all during her girlhood. . . And now for a few likes and dislikes. . . . Rosalind's favorite playwright is Eugene O'Neil . . . her preferred outdoor recreation is horseback riding, although she excels in tennis and golf. . . . She is an accomplished musician and plays the piano and sings . . .she enjoys cooking but is anti-spinach . . . she would like to travel in the Orient. . . . Scotties are her favorite dogs, and she owns one named "Nicki" . . . she speaks both French and German, and doesn't like to entertain. . . . She prefers tailored togs, but dislikes shopping . . . drives her own car and likes going places by airplane.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Joan Crawford, according to Rosa Ponselle, the operatic star, will be ready for grand opera after two more years of serious study?

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS
Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!

Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs
The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn separately
Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

If YOU Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . *it will cost you nothing!*

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the quick, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in 10 days, we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing . . . simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

YOU APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—the spots where surplus fat first settles.

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

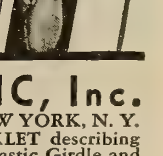
THE SAFE, QUICK METHOD

■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear next to the body.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Derr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don't you, too, test Perfolastic?

SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense . . . Mail the coupon NOW!



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ON THE CHARMING TABLE
OF
Gloria Stuart

PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE
HOLLYWOOD HOME
OF THE LOVELY STAR OF
20TH CENTURY FOX

On Hollywood's perfectly appointed tables, charming in every detail, this gorgeous Silverware gleams. And, here is exciting news! . . . With the Quantity Saving ($2.50 or more) a 26-Piece Set, including stainless-blade Hollow Handle Knives, and a smart tarnish-proof Chest, can be yours for only . . . $13.50

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ROGERS
MADE BY ONEIDA LTD.

EXTRA SILVER
FOR LONG LIFE
MEADOWBROOK
JANET
COLCHESTER

MEN behind the STARS

HAL MOHR

Cameraman of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

AMATEUR photographer to ace studio cameraman. That's the record of Hal Mohr, winner of the Academy award last year for his cinematography of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and foremost contender for the same honors again, for his work on *The Green Pastures.*

Hal started fooling around with cameras when a boy of fifteen. Out of old parts which he found in a junk heap, he manufactured his own movie camera—that worked! Then he snooped about his home town, San Francisco, snapping news events. He sold his reels to Sid Grauman's father, then running the Empress Theatre, who showed the films between stage shows.

"Amateurs, today, have just as much chance of making a place for themselves," Hal says. "I'm a firm believer in the theory that it's better to develop your talents constructively in your own home town than to rush to Hollywood, ambitious but inexperienced, and wonder why nobody gives you a chance!"

Proving his point by his own experience, Hal came to Hollywood thoroughly trained in motion picture camera work, and created a place for himself in the struggling young movie industry. He photographed and helped to produce some of the first five-reelers ever made. He filmed and directed such stars as Harold Lloyd, Bebe Daniels, Belle Bennett, Lois Wilson, Anna Q. Nillson, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and tells scores of fascinating stories about these great stars.

Recently his talents have come in handy for such gigantic pictures as *Captain Blood* and *Ladies in Love,* the latter boasting four feminine stars who must be pleased regarding lighting effects and camera angles. Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young and Simone Simon are the ladies who may be presumed to be fighting for Hal's attentions — professionally speaking.

In private life he is solely devoted to two charming young women. One is Evelyn Venable, whom he married shortly after they met on the set of *David Harum,* which he photographed and in which Evelyn appeared. Will Rogers was the star—and did much to further the budding romance. "One of our most treasured possessions is a picture of Will which he autographed to us with the inscription: 'From the Old Matchmaker, with best wishes,'" Hal relates.

Hal's other romance is Dolores Venable Mohr, his ten-months-old daughter, who is probably the most and best photographed infant in existence. Grinning, Hal admitted, "My weekends are always postman's holidays. I spend all my time 'shooting' the baby with new types of film and cameras."

HAL receives almost a thousand letters a month from amateurs who ask him how to find jobs in studios. This is his answer: "Experiment at home until you discover something new—then the studios will be seeking you." Other inquiries come from girls hoping for screen tests, who have read that Hal made the first tests of Garbo, Al Jolson, Leslie Howard, and others who have since reached fame in Hollywood.

"Few people realize the tremendous difference between photographic beauty and off-screen beauty," Hal says. "The very irregularity of feature which makes certain faces charming in real life may become a definite handicap in the camera's eye. And sometimes, on the other hand, screen beauties appear drab and plain in real life." Technicolor, Hal believes, will give many types of girls their first chance at Hollywood fame, since, for the first time, their own natural coloring will be as important as beauty of feature.

One thing about cameramen always astonishes newcomers to Hollywood. They seldom turn the cranks on their own cameras, but leave this to an assistant. What are their duties? Supervising make-up, wardrobes, set designs and furnishings for photographic value—directing the arrangement of lights and lighting effects—selecting angles from which each scene should be "shot" and creating, pictorially, the mood, action and sequence of the production.

A scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which won the Academy award for Hal Mohr. He's a contender again with *Green Pastures*

They say in Hollywood: "A star is just as good as her cameraman." And Hal Mohr is a favorite of the stars, as much for his tact and human warmth as for his professional genius.

FUTURE FAVORITES

JOAN PERRY

By Hal Whitehead

FOLLOWING in the footsteps of other photographer's models such as Jean Arthur and Norma Shearer, is Joan Perry . . . striking brownette under long term contract to Columbia Studios. She has been in Hollywood for a year, during which time she has played leading rôles in a dozen pictures with such leading men as Roger Pryor, Ralph Bellamy, Lew Ayres, Edward Arnold and William Gargan . . . all of whom believe she is destined to cinematic heights . . . for not only is she young and lovely, but she is endowed with talent and ambition. . . . Of French-English descent, Miss Perry was born in Pensacola, Florida, on July 7, a very scant twenty years ago. Her father is a railroad executive and she is a direct descendant of General Robert E. Lee. Her ancestors were among the first settlers in western Florida . . . First of her family to become a professional actress (Joan is one of four children) . . . she was educated in the schools of Pensacola . . . where her chief interest was dramatics with athletics, chiefly horseback riding, secondary . . . Her parents took it for granted that Joan, like all well-bred Southern girls, would marry and settle down with never a thought of a career . . . But Joan had ideas of her own; she wanted to become an actress and she knew that New York was the place to begin . . . so, after cajoling her parents into giving her permission, she went to New York and supported herself as a photographer's model while studying dramatics . . . she had not yet made her debut on Broadway, when Hollywood beckoned . . . Joan still hopes that someday she will realize her first ambition and appear on Broadway . . . Her favorite actresses are Garbo, Shearer and Hepburn . . . and she prefers the brands of comedy supplied by W. C. Fields and Roland Young . . . she likes to attend sports events, and admits that she is a very poor bridge player . . . she never worries about diet, but eats anything she likes whenever she is hungry . . . Her hobby is clothes designing . . . Joan likes working in pictures and takes her career very seriously . . . she is never late on the set and she always knows her lines . . . she is the cameraman's delight, for she photographs perfectly from every angle . . . She was chosen a Flashlighter's Starlet . . . You'll soon see Joan again as she is playing the title rôle in *Lady of New York* with Ralph Bellamy as her hero.

WHICH NUMBER WINS FOR YOU?
1
2
3
4
5
BEIGE
RACHEL
DARK BRUNETTE
NATURAL
BRUNETTE

Try Your Luck — and Be Lucky Ever After!

The Right Shade of Face Powder Will Add the Final Touch to Your Personality

By Lady Esther

All women and girls make *up*. But plenty of them need to be *made over!*

Yes, positively. They're hiding the loveliness Nature gave them and quenching the vital spark of personality with a drab, dull, *dead* shade of face powder.

What they need is a shade that flatters, that gives them the young, alive, *vivid* look that never fails to attract.

How sure are *you* that you're using the right shade of face powder? Even if you think you're satisfied — there may be another shade that would create a "you" no one has ever seen before!

You're An Individual, Not A Type!

Don't be old-fashioned and choose your shade by type or coloring. You aren't a type. You're yourself and nobody else. Choose your shade according to which is most *becoming* to you, before your own mirror. And the only way to do this intelligently is to try on all five Basic Shades, one after the other,

So new — so true is this new way of finding your true shade that I offer to prove every word at my expense. I will, therefore, send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays On For 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is — how evenly it goes on and how long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more without getting shiny.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-days' tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (29) FREE

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name__________

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(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

THE HITS TO WATCH FOR
FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

▼

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS
in REUNION

with the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog

▼

BARBARA STANWYCK and **JOEL McCREA**
in BANJO ON MY KNEE

with Helen Westley, Buddy Ebsen, Walter Brennan, Walter Catlett, Anthony Martin, Katherine De Mille. Directed by John Cromwell.

▼

WARNER BAXTER and **JUNE LANG**
in WHITE HUNTER

with Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

▼

CRACK UP

with PETER LORRE, BRIAN DONLEVY, Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Kay Linaker, J. Carroll Naish, Lester Matthews, Duncan Renaldo. Directed by Mal St. Clair.

▼

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE

with JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.

▼

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
in STOWAWAY

with **ROBERT YOUNG · ALICE FAYE**
Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Arthur Treacher, J. Edward Bromberg, Allan Lane, Astrid Allwyn.
Directed by William A. Seiter.

▼

ONE IN A MILLION

with SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU, JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON AMECHE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge, Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love.
Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow would like to sneak off for a real rest, but she is kept so busy making pictures that she has to pretend to find relaxation on the set. Hence the reason for the negligee—which she wears in *Libeled Lady*. The new opus also presents Bill Powell, Spencer Tracy and Myrna Loy

New Faces

We all agree there are some good and bad features in the New Deal but here is a New Deal that will win every vote. We're speaking of Universal's New Deal in New Faces—and no bad features. The three alluring ladies on this page are new to the screen but not to the public. Jean Rogers, the lovely lady above, is the well known beauty contest winner; and Gertrude Niesen, the siren at the top, is the famous radio singer. And last, but not least, we have Doris Nolan who won acclaim as the star in last year's Broadway hit, *The Night of January 16*

Familiar Faces

We who like our men strong, but tender, cling to our old favorites like the Englishmen to their traditions. Ronald Colman, at the top, our perennial favorite, has been awarded the most coveted rôle of the year, that of *Rhett Butler* in *Gone With the Wind.* Below Ronnie, John Boles, who never fails to charm the ladies with his good looks. And who could do better than Nelson Eddy, at the left, in *Maytime?*

What JOAN CRAWFORD *Thinks of* JOAN CRAWFORD

By Katherine Albert

Joan is very severe with herself as an actress in this frank confession

ONE of Hollywood's favorite topics at the moment is Joan Crawford, the actress.

It's a new sort of discussion. Oh, I don't mean talking about Joan is new to Hollywood. That vivid, vital, glamorous gal has been a favorite hub for the verbal wheel for lo, these many years. But always before, they discussed Joan and her fads, Joan and her friends, Joan and her social activities, Joan and her private life.

Joan was talked about as a personality, merely. Now—quite suddenly—it's Joan, the actress.

As a motion picture star she stands tops on the M-G-M lot. Joan has risen above the popular personality class and, with *Gorgeous Hussy,* proved herself a sure, smooth actress with fire and warmth and passion.

Hollywood thinks it happened suddenly. It didn't.

Three years ago Joan said to me, "I'm going to do my darndest to get away from modern pictures. I'm going to try to make myself worthy of real and vital rôles."

Later she confided this ambition to Franchot. And during the last year they have worked together to—as Joan said—"make her worthy."

While Hollywood was speculating and wondering about the outcome of the Joan-Franchot marriage—the principals were spending quiet, but ecstatic evenings together reading plays, planning a little theatre where they could produce beautiful and tender scenes, talking and arguing acting.

From Franchot Joan learned a great deal. They threshed out together the artistic ideal of the theatre.

When Joan made her first broadcast for the Lux Theatre of the Air, Franchot and I went with her to "dress" rehearsal. Coming back in the car Joan said, "All right, now tell me, darling."

And Franchot proceeded to tell her from his point of view when she rose to great heights, when she needed a little tightening of the reading of a line, certain places where she could get more from the line than she had.

In no ill-mannered way, they shut me out. This—the world of acting—was their private world. They were generous enough to let me listen, but between these two there flowed some deep understanding—the understanding of two people with one ideal—which could not (should not) include a third person.

A BEAUTIFUL picture is Joan sitting on the divan in the den of their home working on a hooked rug while Franchot, sprawled out in a comfortable chair, reads aloud. Sometimes she stops him, "Read that again." Again the world is shut out. Again they are the artists.

Joan is eager to go on the stage but she wants to know much more about stage technique before she does. They are both eager to take a few months leave and work together in some little Connecticut theatre—a theatre in which Joan will not be a movie star at all but an earnest young woman who wants to learn

Joan may have a higher opinion of her acting when she sees herself opposite Clark Gable in *Love on the Run*. . . . It marks the fifth time they have appeared together as co-stars

everything that can be learned about acting. They'll do it, too. Because those young people have felt the fire of beauty and ambition.

One day Joan and I were seated cozily in her upstairs sitting-room, our feet tucked up on soft chairs, the friendly smoke of cigarettes curling about our heads. I told her that Hollywood's favorite subject was speculation about Joan, the actress.

"And," I said, "since everybody is having his say about it why don't you do some talking. What—honestly—do you think of yourself? Can you look at your screen performances impersonally? I'd be fascinated to know how you feel when you see yourself moving and gesturing and talking."

She lit another cigarette. "I hate to see myself on the screen, because I'm always disappointed in myself," she said. "I mean that sincerely. I wish I could do everything over again, and when I watch a film in which I've played I sit there saying, 'You nitwit . . . are you crazy? Why didn't you do it right?'

"When I see myself cry or do a big emotional scene I'm so embarrassed that I turn my face away and say, 'Tell me when it's over.' The emotional scenes disappoint me most and the reason is, I guess, that I can't plan these scenes out in advance —crying three tears and then turning to the left and crying three more tears.

"When I cry before the camera I literally don't know what I do. Something inside me says, 'Don't give a *ham* performance. Don't overact.' Trying for restraint as I do, I still feel that I'm giving a great deal, for I cry real tears and feel real emotion.

"Then I see the result. And then I wish I could crawl away somewhere and die. Because it appears to me that I haven't given a thing—that no faintest spark of emotion has been picked up.

"Once I was sort of satisfied and that was the very last part in *Chained* where I said good-bye to Clark. I thought that was pretty good."

SHE leaned her head back and cupped her hands around her neck. "It's a funny thing, but when I'm bad on the screen—and I usually think I am—I talk to myself. 'Why, oh why did *you* do that?' I say.

"When I'm at all good, when some little something does get over, then I have no feeling that it's myself at all. I say, '*She* was pretty good right there. Yes, *she* should have done just that.' But I don't get much chance to speak of myself in the third person singular.

"I nearly died when I saw *I Live My Life*. During half the picture—it seemed to me—a lock of hair had fallen across my face. I sat in that projection room, miserable, and with my own hand I brushed back my hair a dozen times. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer. I yelled out to that girl up there, 'For heaven's sake! Push your hair back!' But that girl up there on the screen wouldn't do it. I hated her more intensely at that moment than ever before.

"And then I loathe watching myself walk. I think I'm so awkward. I look at Katharine Hepburn who seems to float across the screen, like a leaf being blown by the wind. It is so beautiful.

"And Garbo walking down steps is a real inspiration. She seems to fly like a bird. Seeing them thrills me. As for me—when I look at myself up there on the screen I seem to be galumphing all over the place. And I wonder why in the world I thought I could ever be an actress.

"Only a couple of times has that girl, Joan Crawford, done well. I like her in some parts of *Gorgeous Hussy*. I liked her in *Dancing Lady* in the scene where

[*Continued on page* 76]

CAGNEY (*Jimmy to you*) One Year Later

Look who's back—it's Jimmy Cagney! And now rarin' to go for the first time in a year!

By Carol Craig

MR. CAGNEY, they tell you, is a busy man. After all, he is about to start the first picture that he has made in a year. It would be difficult, they say, for Mr. Cagney to sandwich an interview into a crowded Thursday.

You have visions of Jimmy pugnaciously plunging into business papers and scripts, tied up in conferences with producers, directors, business managers. You aren't prepared for what you find. . . .

The pause-and-pound of swing music—the sharp clackity-clack of tap shoes in action? *That* is what greets you, as you approach the Cagney doorstep.

Nothing happens, the first time you push the button. Nor the second. Nor the tenth time. *You* can't hear any bell, above the music and the tapping—and apparently no one else can. You try pounding on the door. No use. You'll have to wait for a lull in the rhythmic rumpus.

Five minutes later, the bell and you make yourself heard. A young chap in glasses, presumably the Cagney secretary, opens the door. He asks you to take a white chair in a white-and-gray living room—which has a gabled ceiling at least twenty feet above the floor, a huge window almost as high, and, over the fireplace, a colorful painting (one-story high) of fishermen drawing boats onto a wind-swept beach. A spacious, light, airy room—which doesn't look particularly "lived in."

The piano and tapping feet resume, in some room beyond. Suddenly, they stop. The sliding door at the end of the living room opens—and in comes Cagney, in grey slacks, sweat shirt and need of a shave, with a disarming grin on his face.

"You might as well be in on this, too," he says. "And be more comfortable," he adds, indicating the white furniture.

He leads the way to a room that looks like the spot where most of the Cagney spare time must be spent. A long, low, brown room—beamed and pine-paneled, with heavy maple furniture, some of it upholstered in tan leather.

There is a used-looking fireplace; glassed-in shelves are crowded with books that look read; the diamond-paned windows are frosted; and all about the walls, and on the rafters, hang old revolvers, muskets, sabres. There is only one door, and that slides closed. Here is an oasis of quiet and privacy, man-style. Anything from a business conference to a poker session would be possible here.

Over against a side wall stands a small upright piano. At the keyboard sits the young chap in glasses. Jimmy says he's showing him how to play a buck-and-wing tune, after a lifetime of Brahms. Jimmy sits down beside him, plays a few chords in eccentric rhythm. It faintly surprises you, seeing those fighting fists spread forth on piano keys. He plays, tapping time with one foot (like "Fats" Waller)—Daddy of Swing—until the young chap says he has the idea.

Then Jimmy really goes to work. He steps over to a corner, where the rug has been tossed back; the pianist plucks the keyboard; and Jimmy's feet fly into action in a fast tap. After five minutes, he is winded. He flops down on the tan-leather divan, and grins.

"More fun than ten tennis games . . . twenty handball games . . . and it's twice as much exercise," he says, between breaths. "This is how I'm going to get in condition, and stay there . . . I used to be a hoofer, you know."

HE DENIES any intention of "hoofing" on the screen. "The competition's too tough. As far as I'm concerned, there's only one Astaire. . . . This is strictly for pleasure—to keep me from getting muscle-bound."

Off-screen, his voice is less staccato and lacks that crisp hardness. He grins too often to look pugnacious, even with a growth of beard. His hair doesn't live up to that "fighting Irishman" trademark, either; it's as brown as it is red.

He has a sense of humor, as any Gael *should* have—but, off the screen, it isn't flavored with exuberant cockiness; it's inclined to be easygoing. He carries no chip on his shoulder. He isn't starting an arsenal, collecting firearms. He's taking some battle tools out of circulation.

As for Cagney, the Fighter, he's a minor personality, compared to Cagney, the Actor. Remember the fellow?

You haven't seen him for months, it's true, simply because of Cagney, the Fighter. But you're about to have another chance. It was almost a year ago that he walked out of Warner Brothers' Studio, staging a one-man strike that dragged on for weeks and finally became a court battle. [*Continued on page 72*]

Beloved Enemies

Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne are the tragic lovers in *Beloved Enemy,* a picture of the Irish Revolution. Merle, an English Lady, falls in love with *Dennis Riordan* (Brian Aherne), a Sinn Feiner, believing him to be a poet—but, all is not fair in love and war. Having seen Brian Aherne as *Robert Browning* in *The Barretts* we know how convincing he can be as a lover and a poet. And Merle is really an English lady

Solving the MYSTERY *of* MARGO

Now, really, you do want to know one actress who's different, don't you? Then get acquainted here with Margo

By James Reid

Margo and Burgess Meredith enact their original stage rôles in the picture production of *Winterset*

MARGO is a mystery.

She is a lithe, young girl, a-thrill to life, with the haunting hopeful eyes of youth; yet she can also be a woman of passion, whose eyes have seen dreams die.

She has the serenity of a shadow and the vividness of a flame.

She is a dancing dryad, as gay as springtime; and she is a woman as moody as autumn, who walks a lonely road. "To me, she personifies the eternal feminine," says James Montgomery Flagg, the famous artist. "Her ageless face has a sweetness, a perfect calm, and also a quality of tragedy that is fascinating."

In *Lost Horizon,* she plays a woman who lives a miraculous illusion in an earthly paradise; in *Winterset,* she plays a young girl in a tenement, frightened by life, who finds strange courage in a strange love.

Two rôles as contrasting as moonlight and mist. You will not be able to forget her in either of them. You will want to know: "Who is this Margo? What is the explanation of her personality, her ability? What is her story?"

Her first answer is as provocative as it is sincere. Her sensitive, sad mouth parts in a warm smile; her brown eyes, amazingly large and devastatingly clear, sparkle as she says, "I am the luckiest girl in the world, I think."

This bears investigation! And let us begin at the beginning:

"Not one member of my family, before me, was ever on the stage. I cannot explain that. I think all of them should have been actors. My father was a surgeon in Mexico City—Dr. Amedio Bolado. A most modern man. In Latin countries, in those days, men seldom thought of taking their wives to the theatre. Wives were something to be left at home, along with dull care. But my father took my mother—every night. They were very much in love. The theatre was his form of relaxation, and my mother was crazy about it, too. Perhaps—" she smiles "—there was a bit of pre-natal influence in that."

After May 10, 1917, however, the theatres of Mexico City lost their two most constant customers. Dr. and Senora Bolado had a small daughter to keep them at home. The small daughter's name was Margarita.

"My father died when I was a year old, from overwork. He was only 28. When he died, he was head of the largest clinic in Mexico City, besides having a huge private practice. He tried to do too much. Sick people waited in long lines to see him, day after day after day, until at last he became sick, himself.

"He and my mother had dreamed of having a son, who would also become a doctor, follow in his footsteps. Now, my mother transferred that dream to me. *I* would become a doctor—study and work to fill the place of the son who had never been born.

"Everything she saw, everything she did, in Mexico [*Continued on page* 90]

ene and Jeanette have eyes only for each other. With eir engagement announced they'll be married soon

No Longer Hollywood's Most Eligible Bachelor

Gene Raymond will be leaving the ranks of Hollywood's eligible bachelors when he marries Jeanette MacDonald

By Cyril Vandour

OF THE three or four eligible bachelors in Hollywood, Gene Raymond was known as the most confirmed one. Being single was a passion with him. You saw him squiring party-trotting debs of the plutocratic West Adams-Pasadena-Santa Barbara set, dining and dancing with such potent film charmers as Janet Gaynor, Mary Brian in the palmy luxuriance of the Cocoanut Grove or amidst the glittering decor of the gay Trocadero, but he never seriously committed himself to any one of them. To interviewers he reiterated his determination to remain single as long as he has to toil in cinema factories for his bread and butter, and advanced sundry well-worded reasons why he would and must remain a bachelor—about the impossibility of combining marriage and career in Hollywood. Sometimes when he weakened he admitted that, of course, some day he would marry and settle down, but never, under any circumstances, would he marry an actress.

But that was before he met the luscious red-headed Jeanette MacDonald! They met accidentally, a year and a half ago. Both were invited to a party given in one of filmland's manorial estates, and it so happened that both arrived at the same time. Jeanette, who was going to the party alone, was just ringing the doorbell when Gene, who, too, was alone, came up and introduced himself, and they went in together. The hostess, and in fact everybody else, said, "How nice that you came together!" Gene and Jeanette politely beamed, although it was an accident pure and simple.

So many important things in life start as accidents, unexpectedly!

A few weeks later, again accidentally, they found themselves trying to crash a preview. Neither had tickets, and on important previews all tickets are reserved. They finally gained admission, and walked into the theatre together, in the full gaze of the hawk-eyed columnists, who, needless to say, had them "that way" the next morning.

[*Continued on page* 92]

I'm Not Ready for Marriage Yet —ROBERT TAYLOR

Bob says he's not even thinking of marriage— it can wait until he achieves a solid success

By Leon Surmelian

YOU can hardly pick up a newspaper or magazine nowadays without reading something about Bob Taylor, the screen's newest and biggest heart-throb. He is human enough to enjoy the attention showered upon him, but the national curiosity about the exact nature of his feelings toward Barbara Stanwyck and his ideas on love and romance and marriage and women is wearing him down!

His clear blue eyes looked troubled as we lunched together in the new M-G-M commissary. I hadn't seen him for a year. He looked more mature, rugged. His handsome features had more strength and character. But the strain of his fame as the current romantic rage of the Republic was obvious. He was tense. Well, it's no joke to be the No. 1 lover of the movies and play opposite Garbo. He had just come from the set of *Camille.*

"I realize that I have no right to enjoy the same privacy as I did two years ago," he said. "I understand that it's quite natural to be interested in the doings and ideas of screen personalities to a certain extent. But there is a limit to how much you can air yourself before the public. Why, I even don't talk to my mother about these things—whether it's just friendship or love between me and Barbara, whether I'm planning to marry shortly or won't marry until I'm at least 30 years old, what kind of girl I like, and so forth.

"To be perfectly frank, I'm not even thinking about marriage, and I don't know any more about it than you do. For the past several months I've been going with Barbara. She is a grand actress with a swell personality, and has a sense of humor that helps keep my feet on the ground. We share many interests in common. We enjoy dancing together, playing tennis. But I think too much fuss is being made over our friendship. I want to accomplish something really worthwhile as an actor. I've serious ambitions."

"Is there really a clause in your contract forbidding marriage?"

"There is no such clause. I'm free to marry any girl any time I want to."

"BOB," I came right straight to the point, "are you, or aren't you in love with Barbara Stanwyck?"

He gave me a "You too, Brutus?" look, and his extraordinarily mobile mouth twisted into a half-roguish smile of boyish distress. "What do you think?" he asked me.

"I don't know what to think," I said. As he would not commit himself to any statement on this question, we returned to the topic of marriage.

"I come from the Middle West, of conservative American stock, and have very old-fashioned ideas on marriage.

"When I marry, I'll marry for good—to settle down. Right now, I don't think I'm ready for it. I've got to give my wife much more than I can offer her now. Fame came to me overnight. In any other business it would have taken me from ten to fif-

"My career comes first, yet I may throw discretion aside, marry next week, for all I know"

Gold Digger
AND THEIR
1937 Tricks

teen years to get anywhere. I'm bewildered by all this interest in me, haven't had time to find out exactly what's happening. This is crazy business I'm in. You can't be perfectly normal and be a popular leading man at the same time. You may start normal, but gradually, before you realize it, you get screwy. But, motion picture actor though I am, I try to view things objectively. Today, as I see myself, I lack balance, stability—qualities a married man must have. True, I try to feel confident about my career at the present time, but I'd be a fool to feel confident about my future, too. Somebody might step into my shoes before I realize it.

"I'm not going to marry until I achieve a solid success. Right now, my career comes first, as it must in the life of every young man, because without the career there could be no marriage—at least, not what I understand by marriage. All this is perfectly true, and yet, such are human emotions, that I may throw all discretion to the winds and marry next week, for all I know. That's the beauty about youth, life! The thrill of the unpredictable, unexpected. However, I'm absolutely sincere when I tell you that right now marriage is the farthest thing from my mind."

IT WAS the same sensible, likeable Bob talking as when I first interviewed him, before he became a romantic legend. His complete lack of hurrah-for-me theatricalism and temperamental antics has endeared him [*Continued on page* 80]

I'm Not for Marri

–ROBERT T

Bob says he's not even think
it can wait until he achiev

By Leon Surm

s okay for a gentle-
–he's six-foot four

Ernest Cossart not only plays butlers, he has one of his own

YOU can hardly pick up a newspaper or magazine nowac
Bob Taylor, the screen's newest and biggest heart-throb
attention showered upon him, but the national curiosity
toward Barbara Stanwyck and his ideas on love and romance
down!

His clear blue eyes looked troubled as we lunched together i
seen him for a year. He looked more mature, rugged. His h
character. But the strain of his fame as the current romanti
was tense. Well, it's no joke to be the No. 1 lover of the m
just come from the set of *Camille*.

"I realize that I have no right to enjoy the same privacy
stand that it's quite natural to be interested in the doings a
here is a limit to how much you can air

een's Best n's *Gentlemen*

When it comes to buttling as *Jenkins* or *Jeeves*—"yessir, quite right, sir" —Eric Blore, Arthur Treacher and Ernest Cossart are jolly well perfect

By Katharine Hartley

GENTLEMEN'S gentlemen on the screen, but off the screen they are ruggedly riotous individualists, their souls belonging to no one. Arthur Veary Treacher, the tallest man on the screen, with a nose of which he speaks affectionately as "The British Durante," and down which he looks sourly, dourly, with the archness of a Hapsburg; the whimsical essay-and-pun mixture, Eric Blore, who knows how to look fierce on occasions, and how to make you feel even worse; and the patient, patronizing Ernest Cossart who knows all, sees all, and who, because of the wisdom of his years, ventures nothing. What a trio to be "in service." And what a trio to upset the order of the service world; the standard these three have set for buttling has cost more than one poor servant his job.

There is a very true story going around Hollywood these days which will show you what we mean. A certain famous lady star hired a butler. The employment agency said that he was all that a butler should be, and there were beautiful references to prove it. But milady was not any too pleased with him after his first day of buttling. She began to pick on him, gently, but so consistently and persistently that by the end of the week the poor butler was frantic.

"Please, can't you stand a little straighter . . . a little taller?"

"Remember to keep your eyes on the floor when you proffer a tray or a box of cigarettes to a guest."

"Haven't I told you . . . you are entirely too cordial when you answer the telephone!"

And so on and on. The poor fellow was in almost as much of a "state" as was the lady of the house. Finally he reached the demise of his patience. Bag and baggage in hand he stopped to say goodbye on the way out. "Madame, it's perfectly simple; I'm not the man you're looking for . . . the man you want is Arthur Treacher."

AS a matter of fact, no one tells that story with more satisfaction than Arthur Treacher tells it, on himself. Which would indicate, somewhat, that here is one actor who doesn't mind having been typed on the [*Continued on page* 78]

Gold Diggers
AND THEIR
1937 Tricks

Here is number five in the *Gold Diggers* series. These swelegant Warner musicals grow bigger and better every year and the 1937 edition has Victor Moore, America's most popular vice-president, in addition to Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Glenda Farrell and the bevies of beautiful girls

Patsy, who hangs her hat on the Hal Roach lot, is Hollywood's favorite comic

By
Gladys
Hall

'Tis the Likes of The KELLY You'll Be After Liking Now!

It's Patsy Kelly you'll be taking to your heart when you finish this story. You'll agree nothing's too good for the Kelly

SEZ I to Patsy, sez I, "Where did you live when you were a kid?"

Sez Patsy of the Tenth Avenue Kelly Clan in Brooklyn to me, "In a tenement, you know what they are . . ."

That's Patsy. Black Irish, she tells the white truth. About everything. About herself. She neither gilds the lily nor romances about the stark reality which was her childhood.

They were born, her ma and pa, in Ballinrobe, County Mayo, in Ireland. In the old country they had three daughters, the Kellys. Then they came to the New World, to Brooklyn. And there Patsy and her brother, Willie, were born. Patsy came into the world under the dining-room table. Shure, it was after cleaning day at the Kellys.

While Patsy was still an infant the Kellys moved to New York. To another tenement. This time it was a tenement, four flights up, on 51st Street between Third and Lexington.

Patsy's pa was foreman of a garage. He earned $37.50 a week. There was always almost enough to eat. They were always almost warm enough. There were usually five or six Kellys to be fed. One of the sisters lost her husband and came home to live. Another sister lost a job and came home to live. Things like that. When there weren't five or six Kellys about, "the whole townside lived with us," said Patsy. "They had the warm hearts, my pa and ma." She added, "pa seems to have been a member of the Irish Royal Constabulary in Ireland. I heard about it every day of my life, anyhow. Over here he was foreman of a garage. And easy-going, that was pa.

"Our tenement was situated between the Police Station and the Fire Department. One on one side of us, the other on the other side. Willie and I played handball with the boys. Every other day or so I got hit by a truck. One time it was a fire-truck, another time it was a taxi and so on. Once I fell out of a window and bear the scar to this day—look here, on my chin. Whenever ma couldn't find me she went to the police station and there I'd be, nippy, and peeking at her over the bandages that were covering me.

"I thought I was so happy, though. Looking back, I still think I was. There was always someone's old coat to be cut down for me. On Christmases we'd get a little runt of a tree somewhere and cut didoes. I had my own baseball team and my gang. Things were always happening. That's all a kid needs, things happening.

"I went to school at St. Patrick's Cathedral for awhile and then to public school and then to the Professional School for children. That cost the Kellys $11.00 a month. And the way my poor ma had to work and scrape the skin off her bones for that money was a shame. She did a bit of everything. She worked in laundries. She worked as a mid-wife for some doctor in the neighborhood. She always kept a pot of stew and a pot of black tea on the back of the stove.

[*Continued on page* 84]

HANK FONDA *Happy Ending*

Boy meets girl in England and, after whirlwind courtship, marries her

By Ida Zeitlin

WHEN Henry Fonda was asked to go to England for the lead in *Wings of the Morning,* he leaped at the chance. A first trip abroad—new sights, new sounds, new horizons—time for a glimpse of the continent, perhaps—all the romance implicit in the very word, Europe, for one who has read and who has imagination—

What he couldn't suspect was that Europe would bring him more intimate romance than that of tale and tradition—that an American girl would cross the sea and meet an American boy on the river Thames—

"Doing anything Sunday, Hank?" Bob Kane, the producer, asked him one day. "I'm getting up a party to go motor-launching on the Thames. It's for a friend of Sid Kent's. Got a cable, asking me to be nice to her."

So Fonda made one of the party and met Frances Brokaw. She saw a tall young man whose face seemed too grave for his youth till his eager smile lighted it to boyishness. He saw a slender young woman—"about this high," he says, hand at his shoulder—her blue eyes frank and friendly under fair hair, brushed back behind one ear and curling softly over the other. He had been told that she was a widow with a little daughter. She had been told that he was a movie actor. "And though I'm a movie fan," she confessed to him later, "your name didn't mean a thing to me."

They liked each other from the first, "though neither of us suddenly went boom," Fonda explained. Since Mrs. Brokaw was a movie fan, it was natural that she should be interested in visiting the studio where he worked. It wasn't within easy commuting distance of London, so Fonda and Harold Shuster, the director, had rented a little country house close by—one of those charming cottages, buried in flowers, that dot the English landscape. With the house, they acquired Lewis, an old army man. Fonda's eyes shone with reverence when he spoke of him. "He ran the place, cooked, and looked after our clothes. He was seventy-five, and I've never been more comfortable nor better fed."

He thoroughly enjoyed his seven weeks at the studio. For reasons of one sort and another, he was in high spirits. And though, in moments of repose, his deep blue eyes hold an unmistakeable shadow of sadness, he is anything but a sad young man. [*Continued on page* 86]

Henry went to England, heart-whole and fancy-free but became engaged to New York socialite, Frances Brokaw. A quick marriage followed on their return

Humphrey Bogart is going places since *The Petrified Forest*

MeetingUp with a New MENACING MAN

Humphrey Bogart is virile and volcanic, and as a screen menace has moviegoers interested

By Grace Mack

WHEN an actor steps into the movie spotlight as a gangster, a killer or a villain of darkest hue, it is customary for writers to assure the reading public that in real life he isn't like that at all; that *actually* he is as gentle as a lamb, loves little kiddies and wouldn't harm a flea. Personally, I've always wondered whether readers like to have their villains so completely whitewashed, whether they wouldn't prefer to keep on thinking that there is at least a dash of similarity between the actor and the character he portrays.

So, just for the sake of variety and because he would loathe it if I made him out to be a plaster saint, I am going to refrain from pinning a halo on Mr. Humphrey Bogart. And that's what he gets for telling me: "I don't give a damn what you write about me—go as far as you like—only DON'T label it *The Loves of Humphrey Bogart* or *Humphrey Bogart's Dream Girl.* If you do, I'll put ground glass in your soup the next time we have lunch together."

Though he was well known on the stage, the rank and file of movie fans had never heard of Humphrey Bogart until he stalked into that little sun-baked restaurant in *The Petrified Forest.* In looks and manner he so closely resembled the man who had for months been front-paged as Public Enemy Number One, and so realistic was his performance, that among audiences everywhere you could hear the whispered comment, "He looks just like Dillinger."

Now, as a matter of fact, Bogart doesn't look anything at all like Dillinger. (It was all done with whiskers—which he grew himself.) And of course I am not going to tell you that he is as cold and ruthless as the character he portrayed in *The Petrified Forest.* But I AM going to say that in real life he has that same vital, dynamic something which made his portrayal of the killer in that picture one of last year's outstanding performances.

There is nothing zephyr-like about him. He is as explosive as a firecracker. To quote one of his friends: "You never have a discussion with Humphrey. It's always an argument."

He is direct in manner and speech and hates any form of pretense. He says what he thinks and believes. The things he says do not always come under the heading of what Hollywood calls "diplomacy." Humphrey contends that Hollywood diplomacy is on the side of log-rolling and back-slapping.

SHORTLY after he signed his picture contract he was forced into a spot where he had to make a choice between doing the politic thing and the thing which he, personally, believed was right. Characteristically, he chose the latter—even though he was well aware that it might put him in disfavor with the powers that be.

"But I couldn't have lived with myself if I had done otherwise," he explains. And means it.

He is a staunch defender of the underdog and is easily stirred by any form of social injustice. Recently he was a guest at a smart dinner during the course of which a certain celebrated case that has taken up considerable space in newspapers and magazines came up for discussion. For a time Humphrey managed to sit quietly through a lot of high-sounding phrases that were hollow with their own emptiness, spoken by people who, like the lilies of the field, had never either toiled or spinned for their daily bread. Suddenly he could stand it no longer and bringing his palms down on the table with an emphatic gesture he spoke his mind with no mincing of words—and then walked out on the party!

[*Continued on page* 88]

Here Comes the Bride

Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow have an enduring love. And so were married

Maureen and John never lost faith that their love would triumph. But it took three long years of waiting

By Sonia Lee

THE church is illuminated with candles. Down the aisle sweeps the bride—in traditional satin and lace—to make her consecrated vows! "I, Maureen, do take thee, John . . ."

It is the end of three years' waiting for Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow, the writer-director. Three years of hope and patience—testimonial to a love too great to compromise with principle.

Theirs has been a romance which in turn has awed Hollywood by its steadfastness and inspired skeptical speculation on its climax.

From the beginning I have known the complete story of this remarkable devotion. In theme it is simple. They loved each other—and were willing to wait for marriage until all barriers were removed.

But few have known or realized the grandeur of this attachment—the alternating light and darkness which was part of the very pattern of life for these two during many long months. Nor how they tailored their philosophies, to make the waiting bearable.

They met as long ago as 1930—three months after Maureen's arrival from Ireland—an unknown youngster catapulted before the cameras in Tenor John McCormack's initial screen appearance.

This girl had a vivid and arresting beauty—something akin to a wild-rose freshness. Shy she was, and forlorn and homesick—more appealing than any girl John Farrow had ever met. He sensed in her a quality of strength—of dignity, of integrity, as genuine as it was rare! Maureen, too, quickly responded to this considerate man. He opened new vistas of thought for her. Suddenly the days became achingly beautiful; her happiness had a touch of the unreal, of the fantastic—as if it could not last.

And then something happened! John Farrow went to England and France for two whole

[*Continued on page* 82]

Maureen cuts a cute figure in her new picture, *Tarzan Escapes*

WINTER

Jane Wyatt Reveals What Stars Wear at Movieland's Popular Snow Resorts . . .

1

4

2

3

SPORTS

6

7

For winter sports Jane Wyatt blazes the fashion trail (1) in a red, white and blue ski outfit comprising Navy gabardine trousers, with other trimmings in red and white. (2) Jane wears grey ski knickers and matching jacket piped in black. Trimmings are white. (3) Jane rides for a fall in a lightweight waterproof white ski suit. Knitted cap has three colors with scarf to match. (4) For uphill work Jane affects a navy gabardine jacket and trousers. Note knitted cap. (5) For deep snow she wears Kelly green trousers and a Safari brown Alaska sealskin jacket. (6) Tucked inside Jane's trousers is an all-in-one beige parka of waterproof canvas covering a red woolen shirt. (7) Jane wears grey ski knickers with a wine red Salzburg sweater. (8) Jane refuels before taking off in grey flannel trousers tucked into white knitted stockings protected by ski garters. A grey waterproof canvas parka covers a flannel shirt

Photos by A. L. Schafer
Hirsch-Weis White Stag Ski Togs
Accessories—courtesy of Van Degrift, Los Angeles

8

Marguerite Churchill, left, with a blessed event over, comes back lovelier than ever in *Legion of Terror*. And Grant Rice's daughter, Florence, gives blonde loveliness to *The Longest Night*

The well put together gal with those shapely shafts (below) is pretty Mary Gwymme who steps out in *Born to Dance*

In *Maid of Salem* Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray show that early American love (1692) is just the same as modern tender clinch

The TALK *of*

"THE Queen is dead! Long live the Queen . . .!"

Janet Gaynor, whose rule at the old Fox lot was absolute, is gone—gone to Selznick International. And new ruler of the new 20th Century-Fox lot is Simone Simon (pronounced See-moan see-moan!), naughty-eyed li'l French gal.

A touch of bitterness marked the departure of Janet from the studio where she queened so long. It came with a press release from Fox, announcing that "because of an exhibitor survey of her box-office value, she would no longer be solo-starred by 20th-Fox." It irked Janet; so she signed a contract with Selznick and moved, at last, out of the sumptuous bungalow that had been her studio home at Fox. But she moved into as elaborate a royal suite at her new studio—she moved into the bungalow built for Marlene Dietrich there; a three-room suite as glamorous as any star could ask.

Meanwhile, at Fox, Janet's old bungalow is vacant—but they're wondering if it'll be turned over to the new studio darling, Simone.

For Selznick's, Janet will star in *A Star is Born*—cinderellastory of a waif who rises to cinema fame. It's something like Janet's own life story.

Meanwhile, at Fox, they're readying to shoot a remake of the famous old Janet Gaynor-Charlie Farrell film, *Seventh Heaven*. This time, Simone Simon and Tyrone Power, Jr., will take the rôles . . .

"Sic transit etc. . . ."

Hollywood

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in that dear old Hollywood

An English judge called Bette Davis "naughty" when she wanted to make extra money in English films. Bette says: "A sock in the teeth"

Let such nifty numbers as these girls of *Born to Dance* go "off to Buffalo" on our warships—and we'd have universal peace

Calling All Eggs

BILL FIELDS is beginning to gather his eggs—his scattered nest-eggs—to put 'em all in one basket. . . .

It's an item that goes back to Fields' vodevil days. When he first began to get pretty good pay. Having had a poor childhood, Bill decided he'd always put away part of each week's pay. Touring in vaudeville, it turned out that Bill would go to a bank in each town he played, and put part of his pay in a savings account there. As the years passed, he accumulated much—and also many bankbooks. Today, they part-fill a suitcase. He says he has accounts in 800 banks! Now, being "set" for good in Hollywood, he is gathering all the little deposits from here and there and consolidating them in one account in movieland.

When You Call Me That, Smile!

THEY gagged Fred MacMurray! Because he had to grow his hair long for a rôle, he didn't have it cut for nine weeks. He looked like an airedale. Finally, Benny Baker, comicker, actually took out a dog license for Fred—and presented it to him!

"But when you call me what goes with it—*smile!*" warned Fred.

Soloing Minnie The Moocher

GRACE MOORE is getting sick of stories about her temperament—when, she insists, she really hasn't any! Latest tale revolved about a radiocast, on which Grace was to sing, and on which was also scheduled an appearance by Walt Disney, Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. At the eleventh hour, Grace's part in the program was called off. Gossips had it that Grace wouldn't appear on the same program with Disney's pals. The truth was that the combined program was too long—and rather than cut either, the sponsors made two programs of 'em, each separate. And to make it stick, Grace'll sing *Minnie the Moocher* in her newest film. *That* ought to convince the tongue-waggers that she's not too high-hat for Mickey—or Minnie, either . . . !

Adolphe's Equator

LOOKS like hospital woes are finally over for Adolphe Menjou and wifie Verree Teasdale. Before their recent trip, they established a record of some kind for injuries and illnesses. But since they've

Ruth Chatterton has not seen *Dodsworth* yet. Better look it over, Ruth, you give a grand performance come back after six weeks abroad, Menjou looked so healthy that all his pals now call him "Fatty!" And Verree's new health matches his! Only tough thing about it, complains 'Dolph, is that he's had to buy a whole new wardrobe to fit his increased avoirdupois—and a Menjou wardrobe costs something!

Parcel Post?

FREDRIC MARCH got fan-mail from 20,000 admirers in his home town—Racine, Wisconsin. It all arrived at once at Freddie's home—in one piece! Howcum?—well, it was in the form of a huge postcard, a half-inch thick, four feet wide and eight feet long. To carry it through the mails, there were 864 one-cent stamps on it.

Pon My Word, It's True

LILY PONS is one actress who knows what she's going to amount to in five years. A lot of the others don't. But Lily has it all plotted out. During the five years, she's going to work to the limit in movies, opera, concert. And then, she's going to retire forever from public life on the farm she has already bought for the purpose in New England. And she'll stop being Lily Pons and be Mrs. Andre Kostelanetz. Andre is her orchestra leader and musical advisor, but he's not her husband yet, even though he does commute by air between New York and Hollywood to see Lily regularly, and yet keep his eastern concert dates!

Lily—tiny as all get-out, and not strong—has a special Hollywood regimen to keep in trim. She absolutely says NO to all parties during production. Every night she goes home from the studio, has a massage, dinner in bed, an hour of script study and then lights out! "Others may be able to stay up late and work—but not Lee-leeee," she explains.

Ay Tank, Etc., Etc.

MORE and more it becomes almost certain that after *Camille*, Garbo will retire from the screen, forever. Her recent illness in Sweden delayed her return to America and M-G-M. Hollywood confidently believes that when the last take on *Camille* has gone through the cameras, Garbo will pack up once again for Sweden—and will forevermore shake the dust of Hollywood, but not its gold dust, from her. She is rich. Despite income taxes and the inevitable expenses of movie stardom, Garbo has been notably frugal. She has salted down a fortune. With a part of it, she has purchased a secluded estate not far from her Stockholm. On the balance, she can live a life of luxurious ease—and privacy—for the rest of her days. But, Garbo may fool us; she's done it before.

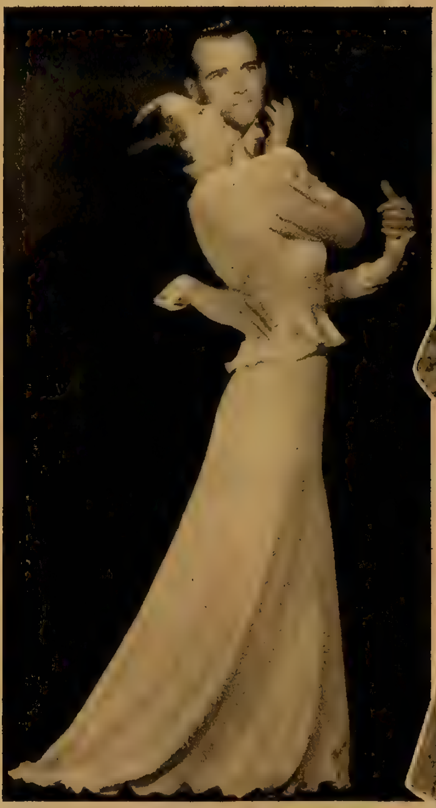
Hot Pants Department

THEY'RE grown-up kids, these stars. Nothing so delights them as to play a practical joke on another one. But the wise ones don't get caught. That's why Gary Cooper has Douglas Fairbanks' goat. Doug spent the whole afternoon at one of Connie Bennett's recent tennis parties, trying to catch Gary not looking, so he could play his famous Fairbanks Hot-Seat joke on Gary. The gag is to have the victim seated in one of those canvas bottom director's chairs. Then you light a match and hold it under the canvas until the heat penetrates to an awkward spot. The joy comes in the victim's sudden leap for heaven, clutching frantically at his you-know-where. But Gary kept an eagle eye on Doug—and hasn't been hot-pantsed yet.

Ballyhooey

REMEMBER when Merle Oberon first flashed across the ken of you movie fans?—remember all the ballyhoo about her being a mixture of Asian and Caucasian blood?—and remember the slant-eyed make-up and the publicity about the "gold powder" she used to make up her Oriental type? And then, finally, it came out that she was just a simple English girl after all, and she took down her hair and went completely natural. Well, now it seems the process is going to be reversed. After finishing *Beloved*

Ann Sheridan gave up the "We Won't Wed Club" to marry. She plays opposite Pat O'Brien in *The Making of O'Malley*



What many consider America's finest dance team is Veloz and Yolanda, who début in *Champagne Waltz*, starring Gladys Swarthout

Music gone mad is in store for you in the Marx Brothers' picture, *A Day at the Races*. Harpo stringing himself on harp

—*Acme*

A plane-load of Gold Diggers of 1937—who hail from all over the USA—is about to take off on a "look-me-over" tour of 40 cities

Frieda Inescourt has been wooed away from the Broadway stage—to try her talent in Hollywood. She has plenty of *that* emotion

A few pages ahead Jane Wyatt models winter sports styles. Here a frock when grandma had her fling

girl who likes to lead the jungle life—kind-f-Tarzan-and-mate style, is Dorothy Lamour. ook out, Dot, tiger cubs like human hamburger

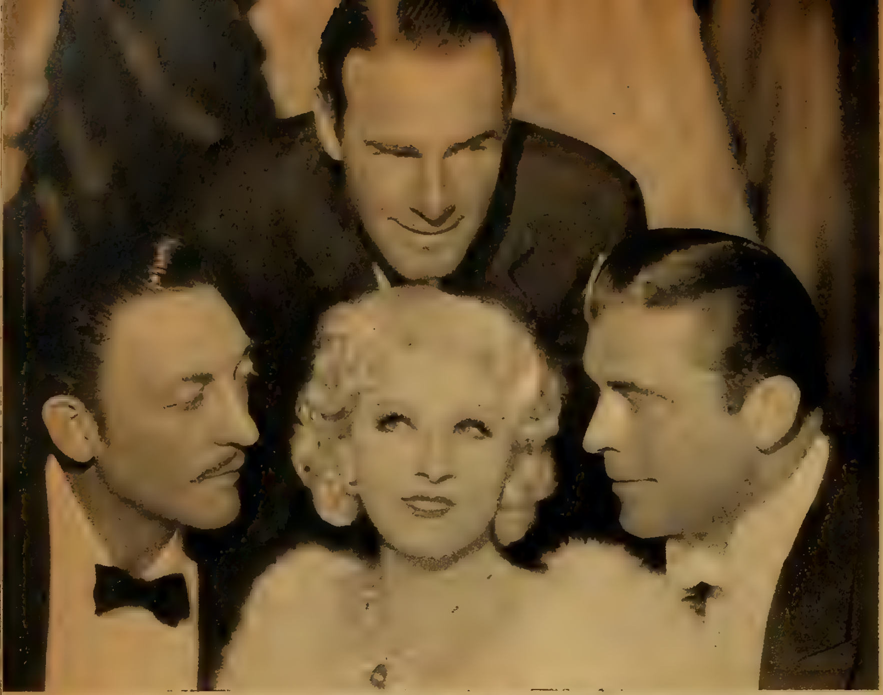
***Enemy* and her London picture for Korda, she's due to "go native" again for Samuel Goldwyn, in *Hurricane*. She'll play the rôle of a South Seas honey—and probably go back to the exotic make-up and the ditto ballyhoo. Ho, ho, hum-m-m-m-m-mmm!**

Star Starring It

CARY GRANT isn't satisfied with just *being* a star—he's got to study stars, too. So he's bought a high-powered telescope, and books on astronomy, and has rigged up a private observatory. Another Hollywood astronomy enthusiast is Lew Ayres.

Chatterton Checks It

DO YOU know that Ruth Chatterton has never yet seen herself in *Dodsworth*, wherein she and Mary Astor share acting honors with Walter Huston? Some gossips whisper that Ruth is a bit peeved at all the publicity Mary got before, during and after making of *Dodsworth* and that's the reason she won't look at it. Ruth says it isn't true. "I just hate [*Continued on page* 66]



Out Where THE WEST Begins

Out where men are men and a woman is The West, it has become a habit for the men to do a little cutting in where Mae is concerned. You all know she likes 'em tall, dark 'n' handsome. So here are Lyle Talbot in soup and fish, Randy Scott in store clothes and Warren William in a tuxedo cutting in for favors in Mae's new film, *Go West, Young Man.* Yep, the football huddle was started by Mae

"Me? Put On the Dog? Let's Skip It!" —GLADYS GEORGE

Gladys isn't the type to put on a Star Act. And that's why Hollywood likes her

By Dan Camp

WHEN you start to write a story about Gladys George, you're up against a tough problem. It isn't that there's nothing much to write about (as is the grief with so many movie players!), but that she's so amazingly cram-full of what we writers call "good copy" that I don't know where to begin . . .

I could, I suppose, tell you the amazing story of her life. But, since she's suddenly gone crashing into movie stardom, hundreds of newspapers and publications have been printing that, so you've probably read all about it.

So I rather imagine what you'd like to know now is the naturally, inevitable moviegoers' question: "What's she like? What sort of gal is this Gladys George?"

And that's what I'm going to try to tell you in this story. And I can't do better than lead off with one of her own remarks—a remark so typically gladysgeorgian that, I think, it condenses into one sentence a swell picture of a swell gal—

It happened after *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie* knocked the critics and the filmgoers for a row of new superlatives. In that picture, Gladys George —up to then just a vague name in the minds of movie fans—suddenly and startlingly achieved prime stardom. Naturally, the publicity hue and cry was on in full blast. And to Gladys, there came a Paramount publicity crew.

"Miss George," they told her, "we want to make a set of home portraits of you—we want to bring a cameraman and lights and director to your house and take pictures of you in your own home. When can we do it?"

"Let's," replied Gladys, "skip it."

"Skip it? Why? We always take home portraits of stars."

"Maybe," explained Gladys; "but you see, my home isn't exactly what you'd imagine a big star would live in. I just live in a little cottage on a side street down here in the flat part of Hollywood."

That flabbergasted the press agent. He came back: "BUT —Miss George, you're a big star now. You're a Big Movie Star! Aren't you going to put on the dog?"

Gladys George laughed out loud.

"Put on the dog? Me!!!? Say, dear (she calls everybody dear), *there are too many old-timers in this town who knew me when!"*

—and that, movie fans, is Gladys George and the way she feels about it.

HERE'S no head-in-the-clouds, broad-a-ing, ritzy-snooty dame gone grand over a big movie success. No, sir! Here's a gal who's fought her way in the theatrical game ever since she was three years old—fought through thick and thin, through poverty and adversity and tough luck, until an age when most gals give up and take the leavin's. (She's beyond 30, by a bit, and doesn't mind admitting it.)

But now she finds herself a *Cinderella* heroine—a *Cinderella*, and at *her* age! But nix on the castle—that's her motto. And as a result, in the space of the making of that one picture *Valiant*, etc. . . . , she's won her way by sheer "regularness" into the hearts of Hollywood. At Paramount, they're [*Continued on page 70*]

They're Hollywood's *Newest Sensation!*

The whole town's talking about Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power, Jr. They've both got what it takes

By Virginia T. Lane

"WHO," asked Clark Gable, *"are they?"*

Carole Lombard glanced quickly across the intervening tables. "Why that's Sonja Henie, the girl who cuts the fanciest figures on ice in the world! Don't you remember the exhibition she gave in Los Angeles a few months ago? And the man is Tyrone Power, Jr."

"Tyrone Power, Jr. eh? Gosh," said Gable, "if he's anywhere near as good an actor as his dad was . . . !"

That was at the Trocadero, one recent Saturday night.

At the late tennis matches Frank Borzage, the director who picks 'em so they stay picked, spotted the two. "An interesting pair over there."

"They should be!" a friend informed him. "They say the girl is getting $120,000 for her first picture out at Twentieth Century-Fox. And the chap with her, young Power, has just been given the lead in *Lloyd's of London.*"

Sonja and Tyrone—the whole town's talking about them! Soon the whole country will be. Because they've got what it takes—Sonja with her lively brown eyes and gold-spun hair and feet that perform minor miracles on skates; Tyrone with a powerful heritage of the theatre and the kind of good looks that has every Hollywood starlet on edge. But so far he has eyes only for the vivacious, will-o'-the-wisp little Henie. Engaged? They're not telling. It seems to be more a case of a couple of newcomers in a strange land finding their way together.

They met in front of the studio commissary. The publicity department wanted a "still" of them together. "Are you coming Friday night?" said Sonja. That was the night of her big exhibition.

Said Tyrone, (thinking fast because he hadn't planned to go until that minute) "I've had a terrific time getting tickets but I'll be there!"

And he was. And *that's* the way it started.

FORTUNATE that so many of the world's crossroads lead to Hollywood these days—or they'd never have met. *He* was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A. *She* was born in Oslo, Norway during an April blizzard. "Why don't you call her 'Sonja'," suggested an artist friend of the family's. "It will look well in lights!" He should be classed among the Major Prophets, that artist. At fourteen her name *was* in lights. She was the world's figure skating champion. A title she has retained every year since.

That may sound simple. Actually it's one of the most difficult and dangerous feats in the world.

Sonja performs miracles on skates

Tyrone inherited his father's talent. He appears in *Lloyd's of London* soon

Sonja Henie of Oslo, Norway, is the world's figure skating champion. Her name was in lights when she was fourteen years old. Now her name goes up in lights as a film star

Tyrone cuts capers on roller skates

Champions may be born and bred (her father used to be fastest skater in Europe and held the world's bicycle championship of 100 kilometers for three years)—but they also take a lot of "making." Back of Sonja's title were years of practice and falls and bruises and heartache coupled with the swift delight of finally conquering ice. Of doing "toe twirls" and daring spins that made a million people gasp. Sonja is the only person who ever successfully translated the beautiful Dying Swan dance into a dance on skates. You don't learn to do that in a week or even a year. She began her training at three . . . In a ballet school . . .

THE Christmas that Sonja was seven she received her first pair of skates. That was the time that old man Santa Claus started something. She went directly out to the Municipal Stadium, put on the skates, and promptly sat down so hard she broke a baby tooth. Family tradition has it that Sonja ate Christmas dinner off the softest pillow in the house!

But when the next Yuletide had rolled around she had already won honors at the Oslo Skating Club. Not for speed. *For dancing on skates.* "It's twice as exciting that way," she explained simply. The following year Sonja and her skates went to the Olympic games in Switzerland. Merely for the experience. After watching them, she—already Norway's champion—decided to "train seriously." She spent seven hours a day on the ice. In between times, with a tutor, she mastered five languages and found time to perfect her tennis stroke to the point where she won second place in the Norwegian tennis matches. Which gives you some idea of Sonja . . . Five feet two of vitality. A viking in miniature. And with all the warmth and sparkle that an Irish grandmother, who had been the belle of Belfast, could hand down.

In 1928 Sonja captured her first Olympic championship. After that she traveled around Europe giving exhibitions . . . being met by mayors with tall hats and the keys to the cities . . . Ex-Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Germany gave her his diamond stick-pin crowned with the Hohenzollern crest. King Haakon VII of Norway still sends her a telegram or cable before every performance. And they used to say that sport-loving girls lacked glamour . . .!

It was when she was eighteen (in 1931) that Sonja went to London and studied the ballet under the famous Russian, Madame Karsavina. And then caused a terrific sensation by doing the exquisite Swan dance on skates . . . Her performance drew a command show before King George and Queen Mary—and it is said the present King became really interested in ice-skating that same evening.

EIGHT years of silver cups and medals and honors (she'd skated away with the '32 and '36 Olympic prizes)—and Sonja decided to turn professional. She opened at Madison Square Garden in New York—before twenty thousand spectators and to the tune of $45,000. That occurred last March. Before the week was up four major studios were bidding for her services. You've heard that expression before but this was *real* bidding. Twentieth Century-Fox won out . . . for the rumored sum of $120,000 . . .

[*Continued on page* 100]

SHIRLEY TEMPLE Has Grown Up —AND HOW!

The killjoys have said that Shirley would grow up spoiled, but don't you believe them. The little girl has changed; movie-making is work to her now, but she knows what she's doing every minute. Her basic sweetness and charm will always remain with her because she'll never grow up too much!

By Harry Lang

WHAT a whale of a crossing-up Shirley Temple has handed the Dire-Foreboders . . . ! You know the crowd I mean—that sour-pussed brigade of kill-joys, who used to watch Shirley's templings on the screen a year or two ago, admit that she was good, but always added: "But just wait till she grows up!" Then they'd smirk knowingly, as though to add "—and see what a nasty, spoiled, impossible little brat she'll turn out to be . . !"

And then, there was that "child-expert" who told me, a week or so after I'd seen Shirley Temple pass an intelligence test with an Intelligence Quotient of 155—more than half over normal!—that "super-children like that too often grow beyond themselves and become troublesome problem-children in a few years." That was a couple of years ago, too.

It got so that I began to feel sorry for Shirley. Ever since the first day I met her, and she put her little hand in mine, looked at me with those trusting and wondering eyes, and said "H'lo," I've been completely and utterly her subject. But mixed with my admiration came a fear that Shirley would, possibly, grow up in a year or two to become just the sort of offensive, insufferable brat so many child geniuses turn out to be.

I dreaded the day when I'd have to sit down and write a story entitled: "Shirley Temple Has Grown Up."

Well, that day has come. It's today. And this is the story—the story about how Shirley Temple Has Grown Up. And How. I'm going to tell you how Shirley has changed from the naive, sometimes-bewildered, always adorable little tot of two and three years ago. How naivetè has given way to a measure of sophistication. How movie-making has ceased being just a play-game to her and become her work.

BUT I'm not sorry about having to write this story, now. After you've read it, after you've heard the little stories I'm going to tell you here, after you've seen from the inside (as I have) how Shirley has grown up, you'll understand why I don't mind writing it at all. It's simply because although Shirley's ways have changed, Shirley, miraculously, hasn't! That basic charm and sweetness that is so individually hers has never left her—and I doubt that it ever will, no matter how many years pass, and no matter how sophisticated she ever becomes. And if that sounds like raving, let it stand. I'm a hard-boiled old newspaperman, and I've seen enough of Hollywood's insides to be as cynical as anybody—but I'm still raving about Shirley Temple, and I don't care who knows it . . . !

SO LET'S tell stories—Let me begin with Shirley's latest gag. And if you don't think she's become sophisticated enough to know the uses of irony, then get this:

It was one of those super-hot days that hits Hollywood so often in late Fall. The mercury had bounced 'way over the 95-degree mark in the big stage where they were shooting *Stowaway.* Everybody was hot, tired, peevish. Shirley, too. Shirley's been around studios enough to see how big-shot stars sometimes put on the Temperament Act when they don't want to work.

So, all of a sudden, Shirley came swishing up to Director Bill Seiter. When I say swishing, I mean *swishing!* Her little whaddayucallit was waggling to and fro as she walked with a determination that would have been the envy of Connie Bennett at her connie-est. She planted herself before Seiter and scowled at him. Then, with a drawl and a hmph-to-you manner, she said in her best bennett style:

"Ahem, Mr. Seiter—I reahhlly don't see why *I* should be ahsked to work in such hot weather. . . !"

Seiter's head snapped back. It was as though a rabbit had kicked a hunting dog in the puss. But he recovered quickly, decided to play the game out with the suddenly-temperamental Shirley. (Or would you call it Temple-ament?)

"Why, er - - I thought, Miss Temple, that everything was going along all right," he said, apologetically, humoring her. "What is the matter—just what is it that's troubling you?"

Shirley drew herself up haughtily. "Well," she condescended, "you know—*I have my moods!!!*"

It was all Bill could do, not to just plain bust out laughin'—but somehow, he kept a straight face. "Guess we'll have to work out some way so we can get along better, Miss Temple," he suggested. Then Shirley couldn't stand it any more. The grand manner vanished, the shadow of connie passed from the scene, and the substance of Shirley returned. It was Shirley who "busted out laffin."

"Guess we get along pretty well, don't we, Mr. Seiter?" she asked. And the crisis was passed, and they finished the day strong.

But behind the laugh in that tale is the truth that acting is now Shirley's job, not her play, as it used to be. She is old enough to recognize it for what it is. But if anything, it makes her work more sincere—for Shirley still loves it, work *or* play!

The same holds true of making stills—those offstage publicity pictures you see of Shirley, often with big-shot visitors to the set.

IN HER "kid" days—let's call 'em that to distinguish her previous behavior from today's—all visitors were alike to Shirley: their names, professions, status in world affairs meant nothing to her. If they had whiskers, she'd call 'em Santa Claus; but otherwise, she didn't differentiate much. They were, for the most part, just a nuisance to her, because they interrupted her playing with dolls or coloring pictures or whatever she was doing between takes, when they came to meet her. In those days, she'd shake hands, say hello dutifully, and then go back to her play.

But today, it's different. She shows a keener interest in each new visitor. She wants to know who he is and why, and what he does, and what makes him go. She's met enough "big" people, too, by now to be able to talk a bit with each of them. And no longer does she show an impatience to hurry back to her play. Instead, when it comes time to be photographed with the visiting celebrity, Shirley shows her professional sophistication. It's Shirley, herself, who most frequently does the posing—with a sense of publicity values that's uncanny.

It all reflects a keener, sharper appreciation on Shirley's part of the intricacies and the infinite ramifications of the business of being a movie star—not just a baby, playing at it, you see. She's learned other little professional duties, too—

Like the time they were trying to get her to do a certain rhythm in a dance with Buddy Ebsen. Jack Donohue found difficulty in getting her to understand what he wanted. Jack finally asked Bill Robinson, the famous Negro dancer who's one of Shirley's friends in the movie-making business, if he could help out.

"Sure, sure," said Bill; "just ask her to do her truckin' step down there. That'll do it. Here, I'll suggest it to her myself. . . . "

Bill went to Shirley. "Look, Shirley," he said, "why don't you just do your truckin' there?"

Shirley looked at him round-eyed. "Why, Bill," she protested, "*you* taught me that step—I wouldn't want to give it away to Jack Donohue. That wouldn't be fair!"

Shirley's next picture is *Stowaway*, but meanwhile she plays Santa and stows away Christmas gifts for friends

BUT let's get away from the movie actress, and watch the offstage Shirley for a while. It's in her off-the-set life, away from the studio, away from the camera and the lights, that the real Shirley, as she grows up, is beginning to become more clever, more amusing, more amazing than ever. There's the story of her pie-factory, for instance. . . .

Yes, I said "Pie Factory."

It all began while they were building the big new house in Santa Monica canyon, for Shirley and her family. Naturally, during progress of construction, Mrs. Temple would now and then take Shirley to see how the new house was getting along. Shirley took a keen interest in it.

One day, while Shirley was there, one of those tourist "rubberneck autos" full of sightseers came along on the "See Movieland" tours that's a part of Hollywood life. The barker was rattling off his spiel—"and here's Shirley Temple's new house, in process of construction." Just then, he spied Shirley, sitting at the big sandpile. "And there's Shirley herself!!" he jubilated, as the big bus stopped and tourists began piling out to surround Shirley.

Unabashed, Shirley went on making sand-pies. One tourist offered her a dime for one, as a souvenir. Shirley made the sale. That started it. From then on, Shirley made and sold innumerable little sand and mudpies to visiting tourists, who gave her anywhere from a dime to a half-dollar apiece for them!

And believe it or not, Shirley's net profits, in actual cash, from the pie-sales amounted to $11.20. She put it all in her little savings bank. But did Shirley stop there? No, sir . . !! Shirley's growing up and smart. It gave Shirley an idea. "I want to start a pie factory," she announced. She went into huddles with the craftsmen at the studio, and they've built her a portable pie-wagon on wheels, with a counter to sell pies over. But where to get the pies?—that was a question. Shirley went into another huddle; this time with Nick, the famous head of the 20th Century-Fox studio cafe. She explained her problem. Nick, one of the greatest pals Shirley's got, swung into action—and the other day, he appeared with 20 miniature pies for Shirley's pie-wagon (she insists on calling it her pie factory, not wagon!).

Proudly, Shirley opened shop on the set where she's making her current film. The cast and crew bought her pies like hot-cakes. She soon sold out. Net profits—$1.40. She added that to the $11.20 in her bank. Total profits to date from Shirley's pie-sales—$12.60. She and Nick are now laying plans whereby Nick will bake her stock of pies for her regularly, as long as she wants to run her pie wagon—er, beg pardon, Shirley; I mean her "pie factory."

BUT is Shirley stopping there? No, not even there! Just yesterday, she confided in "Doc" Bishop, her pet press-agent on the lot, that she is seriously thinking of going into the candy business, too. "I think," she told Doc, "that I'll open a candy factory, as well as a pie factory."

"But how," asked Doc, "will you find time, Shirley, to run a candy factory and make pictures, too?"

"Oh," said the amazing Shirley; "I probably won't tend to the candy selling personally. I'll just have a candy shop with my name on it in every town of any size in the whole United States!"

That settled Doc. As a matter of fact, Shirley manages to settle Doc every once in a while. [*Continued on page 96*]

Anita Louise likes to wear flowers in her hair. Her hair is kept beautiful with a serrated bristled brush

Beautiful Blonde...

By DENISE CAINE

FOR some reason (probably that recent over-dose of platinum hair), the phrase, "a beautiful blonde," has lost much of its real meaning. . . . It has come to be used in a cheaply funny sense (Query: "What will you have, Bill?" Answer: "Oh, I'll take a beautiful blonde!"), and I think something should be done about this desecration. . . .

I might add that I know what *can* be done about it. . . . We should have more and more of Anita Louise, the Warner Brothers star, whose fair beauty has all the best and none of the worst aspects of this color-type. . . .

Probably the thing that makes you forget your name as you look at Anita, is the *genuine* quality of her fairness. . . She's the kind of blonde you used to meet in your fairy tale books. . . . She looks *harmonized*—her skin, hair, eyes—even her delightful personality—co-operating toward producing a blonde to end all blondes.

There's nothing breakable about her, in spite of her delicacy of coloring, and yet she's not too, too vivid. . . . That's the trouble with most blondes, you know. They either look like Dresden China or swing to the other extreme and look like billboards. The trick is to wear *cool* colors, but not pastels, thinks Anita. . . . The day I had lunch with her, she was wearing a black wool princess dress, a large off-the-face hat of turquoise blue velvet, matching blue velvet gloves and a couple of silver foxes. . . . I saw her a few days later wearing a rich emerald green velvet afternoon frock with a deep collar of cream lace; and the effect, in both instances, was to accent, but not to flaunt her blonde beauty. . . .

Sitting across the table from her, at luncheon, I peered impolitely at her face in an effort to find her make-up. . . . Lipstick, yes—but face powder? Cheek rouge? Mascara? Eye Shadow? Where *were* they? To end the suspense, I had to ask her if she used these make-up essentials, and she giggled delightedly and replied, "Then you *can't* tell I've got them on!"

By her own confession, she was wearing, at the moment, a very, very light dusting of powder (so impalpable that she never bothers much about skin-matching shades), a non-indelible, moist cheek rouge, black mascara (on her upper lashes only) and blue-gray shadow on her lids. . . . And *I*, who thought myself a Master Make-up Detector, had to bow to a real artist!

ANITA uses reputable but not expensive cosmetics. (They're right on the shelves of your own corner drug store, and *not* made especially for her!), and she practices three rules of flawless make-up: (1) applying a tiny bit at a time, adding more if necessary; (2) taking her time, and really enjoying the task, instead of rushing through it clumsily; (3) using a clearly-lighted make-up mirror to prevent unevenness of application as well as over-lavishness. . . . In applying mascara she doesn't *load* the brush with it, nor does she fail to go over her handiwork with a clean brush to remove excess bits of mascara and separate the lashes. She gets that natural effect with shadow by extending it upward only about a quarter of an inch from the roots of her upper lashes. No wizardry about that, is there?

Soap and water, cold cream and a skin tonic guard her fine-textured skin. When she's travelling, she relies a lot on the skin tonic, because she can't be sure that the water in new places will agree with her skin, having had one or two unpleasant experiences with too-alkaline water. Anita's exquisitely modeled throatline, that causes double-chin victims to writhe with envy, is due, mainly, of course, to youth. But my prediction is that Anita will have it when [*Continued on page* 95]

BEAUTY ADVICE

Your beauty problems may seem most puzzling to you, but quite simple to MISS CAINE, *our beauty expert. Why don't you write to her today? You may ask her for advice on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. This service is free, of course. All that is necessary is a stamped, self-addressed envelope for* MISS CAINE'S *personal reply to your letter. Simply write to* DENISE CAINE, MOTION PICTURE, *1501 Broadway, New York City.*

FRONTIER LOVERS

Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper are a frontier love team in C. B. De Mille's epic production, *The Plainsman.* And both play real figures in the empire building of the West—Gary as the prince of pistoleers, Wild Bill Hickok, and Jean as Calamity Jane, a whip-crackin', straight-shootin' gal who tamed ornery hombres

PICTURE

THE CHARGE OF THE THE LIGHT BRIGADE

—AAAA—

Galloping horses, charging wildly through cannon fire, tripped by expert riders, horses and riders rolling over and over, provide one of the most spectacular scenes ever caught by a camera. This scene, a spine-chiller, can be seen in Tennyson's immortal poem, which has been fictionized and brought to the screen possessing nerve-tingling thrills, superb acting, beautiful photography, splendid direction and music that will pull at your heartstrings. Errol Flynn, leader of the valiant six hundred men and horses, is cast as the brigade's major in Queen Victoria's army in India. He contributes a flawless performance that should send his popularity ballot to the top of the scale. Olivia de Havilland is charming in her romantic rôle of a girl who is engaged to Flynn and falls in love with his younger brother, Patric Knowles. Honorable mention goes to the excellent supporting cast which includes David Niven, Henry Stephenson, Donald Crisp, Spring Byington, Nigel Bruce and C. Henry Gordon. One of the truly great pictures and a sure-fire hit. Don't miss it! —*Warner Bros.*

COME AND GET IT

—AAAA—

A classical drama which unfolds with an amazing sequence of gigantic lumber operations and ends with a powerful dramatic scene that is the most touching moment in the story. After presenting astonishing scenes, revealing the ruthless timber-grabbing tactics which "de-forested" the midwest at the turn of the century, the story drifts into a romantic sequence which presents Edward Arnold in love with Frances Farmer, a dance-hall girl. He gives her up to marry his rich employer's daughter as a means of becoming Wisconsin's richest citizen. Thirty years of remorse tempers his greedy nature and eventually he meets the daughter of his first love, also played by Frances Farmer. This situation builds up to a sensational climax. Arnold surpasses any of his previous performances and Walter Brennan, as his faithful friend, handles his rôle with remarkable ability. Most outstanding is the work of Frances Farmer, who gives her dual rôle a punch that is amazing for such a demure young lady. There is a theme song that you'll be humming for many a long day.—*United Artists.*

A WOMAN REBELS

—AAA½—

Magnificent settings and costumes of the Victorian era furnish the background for this human interest story which proves to be Katharine Hepburn's greatest production since *Little Women.* As the motherless children of a tyrannical judge (Donald Crisp), Katharine and her sister, Elizabeth Allan, are dominated and ruled by his hand. Elizabeth cringes under her father's sternness but Katharine is a born rebel and dares to think for herself. Elizabeth finds her ideal in David Manners, a young naval officer, whom she marries. Katharine, torn between a desire to be independent and a yearning for love and tenderness, hesitates between Herbert Marshall, a sincere young diplomat, and Van Heflin, a dashing youth, to whom she surrendered during a tryst in the garden. From this point on, Katharine's performance becomes one of the most dramatic and beautiful she has done to date. Her determination for freedom and her fight for justice of the world toward unmarried mothers leads her into complicated situations which she handles intelligently and unsurpassably. Herbert Marshall merits equal honors, while honorable mention goes to Lucille Watson for her character portrayal. Doris Dudley, as Katharine's daughter, does good work, as does the rest of the cast.—*RKO-Radio.*

CARD INDEX OF

PARADE

LIBELED LADY

—AAA½—

Laughs galore may be anticipated when you plan to see this excellent picture with Myrna Loy, as the "libeled lady," and Jean Harlow, as the irate bride, whose groom (Spencer Tracy), managing editor of a big newspaper, has kept her waiting at the church while he wrestles with a $5,000,000 libel suit. Spencer knows she can't be bought rich girl who brought the suit. Myrna is the very off and therefore prevails upon William Powell, debonair wanderer, who inevitably falls in love with America's richest young ladies, to try to compromise Myrna in such a manner that she will have to stop the suit. Jean is in one of her rough and tumble rôles which she handles in the usual Harlow style. Bill Powell is equally good in his "suave" rôle, sharing honors with Miss Loy. Spencer Tracy surpasses his past magnificent performances, rapidly reaching the top of the list of male stars. In fact, he stole practically every scene in which he appeared. Walter Connolly also grabs a few honors for himself.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THREE MEN ON A HORSE

—AAA½—

The great stage success has been brought to the silver sheet, directed by Mervyn LeRoy, who has given it a screen version which is just about the last word in comedy. Centered about racetrack gambling, it has snappy dialogue and utterly absurd comedy situations that prove to be side-splitting. Frank McHugh, as *Oiwin,* is a gift card writer whose secret hobbies are poetry and picking winning horses. He takes cast honors in his rôle, which fits him perfectly, especially when his tearful bride faces him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers. *Oiwin* became an "also ran." Sam Levine and Teddy Hart are right on McHugh's heels when the honors are handed out, for their rôles as the unlucky gamblers. Joan Blondell is a riot in her portrayal of the dumb chorus girl sweetheart of Teddy Hart and does exceptional work, particularly in her dance routine which she stages in McHugh's bedroom. Whether or not you like horses or horse-racing, gambling or comedy, this is one you don't want to miss! It's the riot comedy of the season.—*Warner Bros.*

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

—AAA—

An elaborate musical production with Bing Crosby, accompanied by Edith Fellows, singing his way along, never hurting anybody and pleasing many. The story. written around the theme song, makes it possible to incorporate five possible hit songs in addition to the title song, which is sung by Crosby to Miss Fellows during a hail-storm. Crosby imagines that the hailstones are pennies from heaven and that some of them must fall, like troubles, into everybody's life. It's a whimsical yarn that seems ideally suited to Crosby's talents. A light dramatic counterpart is played by Madge Evans, in the rôle of a county health officer, who continually trails the couple, fearful that the ne'er-do-well troubadour is incapable of caring for his little companion. Excellent support is contributed by Donald Meek, John Gallaudet, Tom Dugan, Charles Wilson, Harry Tyler, William Stack and Tom Ricketts. All in all, it's grand entertainment ahead of you, especially if you're a Bing Crosby fan.—*Columbia.*

THE LATEST MOVIES

PICTURE

LADIES IN LOVE

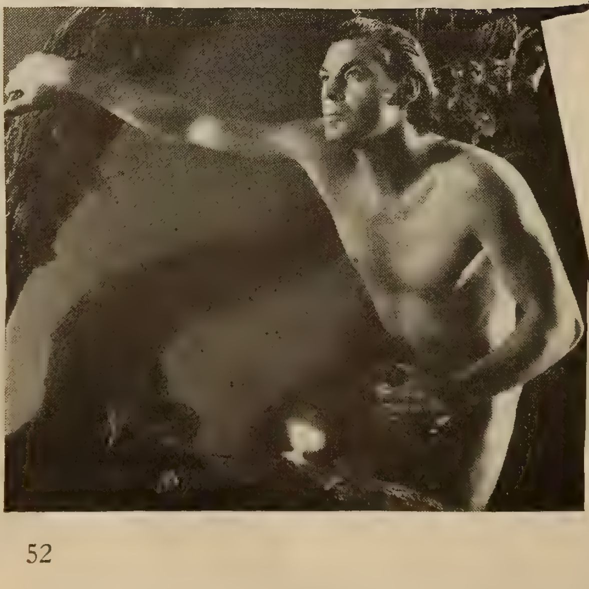
—AAA—

A novel idea with three stories in one, this picture proves to be an interesting and very continental adaptation from a European play, combining an all-star cast which includes Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett, and that little French sensation, Simone Simon. The story is centered about the dreams and aspirations of three girls who share an apartment in glamorous Budapest. One wants a home and children, another a wealthy husband, and the third, independence and her own business. Miss Gaynor gets her wish by becoming the fiancee of Don Ameche, a young doctor, only after an amusing situation with Alan Mowbray, a great stage magician, who believes himself irresistible. Miss Young loses a love bout with Tyrone Power, Jr., a handsome count who weds royalty, and Miss Bennett, playing with Paul Lukas for fun, falls in love too late, losing him to Simone Simon. The girls play their rôles sympathetically, with understanding and authority. Direction by E. H. Griffith is superb and Hal Mohr's photography is very colorful. A fine show that is exceptionally appealing to feminine audiences.—*20th Century-Fox.*

WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE

—AAA—

Written by a condemned convict, awaiting execution, this story depicts crooked politics, inhuman prison conditions and the extreme horrors and suspense endured by those in "condemned row." It suggests that crime itself, rather than capital punishment, should be abolished. Touches of comedy here and there, contributed by Paul Hurst, playing the extraordinary characterization of a "tough guy" who is really human at heart, deserves applause for keeping the picture from becoming too morbid. John Beal is cast as the young man convicted on circumstantial evidence of murder and robbery. Ann Dvorak, as his sweetheart and staunch defender, is superb in her rôle. Preston Foster scores in his portrayal of the detective who sets about righting the wrong he did Beal in assisting his prosecution. It is one of the most powerful and convincing dissertations ever hurled at unscrupulous district attorneys and politicians who are overly ambitious for the governorship and give no thought to the question of guilt or innocence.—*RKO-Radio.*



TARZAN ESCAPES

—AAA—

Tarzan is back again, although he escapes, in one of the best of the Tarzan productions to date. Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan repeat their former rôles. *Tarzan* and his companion go through numerous harrowing experiences, to the point when Maureen's relatives, Benita Hume and William Henry, arrive from London and attempt to break up the happy home of the *Tarzans,* to take her back to civilization as she has inherited a fortune. John Buckler, in the rôle of a synthetic Frank Buck, traps *Tarzan* and upsets the entire jungle. The natives double-cross him and *Tarzan* escapes, to bring the usual elephant herd in to dispel the villains and make possible the thrilling climax rescue. Maureen's relatives recognize the beauty of this lovely jungle home and leave *Tarzan* and his bride to live happily. The photography and direction are extraordinary, with top-notch honors going to Herbert Mundin and Cheetah, the chimpanzee, for their comedy. It's light entertainment that the entire family will enjoy and remember.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

CARD INDEX OF

PARADE

PIGSKIN PARADE

—AAA—

A satire poking fun at college football and all the fetishes connected with it, this comedy is about the funniest film of the year, without a serious moment in any part of it. A small Texas college is invited to play Yale at New Haven, and, surprisingly, hands the amazed sons of old Eli a terrific walloping, only through the maneuverings of their dumb coach, Jack Haley, who hits upon the idea of having his team, amateurs at football, but champions at basketball, make some special basketball passes, in order to win the big game. Football is by no means the only thing. With ample opportunity for such funsters as Patsy Kelly as the wisecracking wife of Haley, and Stuart Erwin to do slick tricks with the pigskin during a raging blizzard in the Yale Bowl, there's no telling what will happen next. Arline Judge is charming and comical in her pursuit of Johnny Owens, and plenty of chance is given the Yacht Club Boys to sing and clown through four sparkling numbers which they wrote themselves, and which alone are worth the price of admission. Dixie Dunbar deserves credit for her special dance numbers.—Don't miss it if you want a good laugh. —*20th Century-Fox.*

WEDDING PRESENT

—AAA—

When Cary Grant's girl friend, Joan Bennett, decides to marry Conrad Nagel, a prim, sedate writer of successful mental hygiene books, Cary sends her a wedding present in the form of fire engines, police cars, hearses, in fact anything that rings and screams, and, best of all, drives up himself in an ambulance, to kidnap the bride. Joan and Cary, two star reporters, were in love until Cary became city editor and, wise to all the work-evading dodges, started cracking the whip, which prompted her to announce her engagement to Conrad. It's a gay, giddy comedy played to the hilt for its laughs, and Miss Bennett and Grant romp through farcical and satirical episodes with gusto. Nagel handles his more reserved—and practically only straight-rôle in the picture very well. Gene Lockhart plays a visiting archduke for what it is worth. George Bancroft, as the frantic city editor who was canned, and William Demarest, as a satirized ace racketeer, are excellent in their rôles. Direction and photography are commendable. The picture, as a whole, is a swell contribution to entertainment.—*Paramount.*

THE MAN I MARRY

—AA½—

Introducing Doris Nolan, a New York stage star, who shows indication of becoming an important screen personality, this story concerns a girl (Doris) who ran away from her own wedding, and a writing man (Michael Whalen), who would rather be in jail than in love. One is looking for a story for a play, the other is looking for someone to produce his story. All that happens is pretty much in the nature of a battle royal of romance and humor. While practically all the action is centered about this couple, the natural comedy content also brings Skeets Gallagher and Cliff Edwards into the picture in characteristic parts. The supporting cast includes another newcomer, Gerald Oliver Smith, noted on the stage for his interpretations of silly Englishman characters, also Marjorie Gateson, Nigel Bruce, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Chic Sale, Rollo Lloyd, Peggy Shannon and Richard Carle, all of whom contribute able support. The action takes place in New York and rural Connecticut. The idea is original and the dialogue and situations are laugh-provoking.—*Universal.*

THE LATEST MOVIES

Taking Everything in Stride

Some man, this Errol Flynn. He's still bearing down and getting ahead while the getting's good

By Mary Decker

OUT at Warner Brothers studio there's a strapping big hunk of man in an actor called Flynn. Errol Flynn. Sometimes I have a hunch Warners secretly wish there wasn't any such a thing as an actor called Flynn.

Not, mind you, that he isn't their own particular candidate for the screen sensation of 1937. Or not that he isn't some pumpkins of a hazel-eyed honey. Nothing like that. But he has a way with him, picked up, no doubt, from some South Sea octopus, that's confusing as all get out.

It isn't anything Mr. Flynn comes right out and says or does, mind you. But in the restlessness of his motions, his indifference to rules and regulations, a far away something in his eye, his calmness of manner. There goes forth the vivid impression that far, far rather would he be swapping arrows with head-hunters in Borneo than making movies in Hollywood. And might, day after tomorrow, be headed for that very thing. Papua, here he comes.

Just the very thought of losing this white hope of the year, naturally distresses executives right and left. But no sooner do they place their hoary heads upon inlaid desks for the sole purpose of wishing themselves dead, than Mr. Flynn somehow, in some manner, manages at that very moment, to emerge with an enormous sum for one of his original stories, or jobs for his friends, or a seven year hide-bound contract or all three.

They've got so out there at the studio that although they still suffer audibly at the thought of his going, they grieve with their eyes wide open. They're afraid to close 'em. Mr. Flynn might make off with the stoogio. For well they know that in his past, the rascal has made off with even more comical things than movie studios.

Irish by birth, adventurer by instinct, actor by accident, Mr. Flynn promises to be a problem child while recovering from his accident. If he ever does, which, I doubt.

He's completely indifferent to Hollywood's demands. He has to be coaxed from his dressing-room for interviews. He'll arrive in the dining-room five minutes before he's due back on the set, grab at the first plate of baked hash with poached egg that happens to be passing by, and he's gone. Leaving behind him a few begrudging remarks to the effect that everything is too well organized in Hollywood (that will be news to the bankers), too hurried, too rushed (greetings to the Tarzan group now on their second year of shooting) and that here one's mind works more and more slowly. If at all, we might have added.

"GOD made man, but man made Hollywood. There's no time for reflection," he claims. "No time for a man to get acquainted with his soul."

So he goes out and builds a house atop a Hollywood hill where there's even less time for soul reflection than on the level. What with the climbing up and down and all.

No, he doesn't add up but he's marvelous.

"He doesn't give a damn for Hollywood, for acting, or any of the silly claptrap that belongs to it," his friends say. "He's just as liable to fold up his tent like an all-fired Arab and silently steal away. With or without Damita."

So, just to confound that cozy little statement and make everything dandy for his friends, he writes an original story, *The White Rajah,* for himself, carefully poses for pictures of himself as the *Rajah* in hotsy-totsy costumes, with the knee business in full action, way off to one side with muscles showing and things, just to be sure he clinches the rôle himself and sells it for a tidy sum.

"Oh well, heck," is the comeback, "he was just displaying pride in his own product. He really doesn't care about movies."

Then along comes Mr. Flynn to make *The Green Light.* Carefully he scans the scenario, spots the places he doesn't like and carefully rewrites the darn thing to bring out more advantageously the Errol part of Flynn. Which isn't exactly displaying even second rate indifference. Or is it? Or could it be just something *I* et, maybe?

No, I'm sure Mr. Flynn realizes he has found himself a nice cozy berth, lined with the feathers of the goose that laid the golden egg and he's here to play post-office as long as the next one.

TWO things set him apart and lend weight to the ever-present rumor that he's New Guinea bound. One is he's been out there in the far stretches of the world and he's made the amazing discovery that there's more to it than just Hollywood. Much more. It has given him an enviable outlook on life, work, people. He isn't troubled about the little trifling things that, daily, stir up major headaches in Hollywood. It's not indifference. It's an understanding of himself and his relations to the world. The gossip, the flutter-budgeting, the conniving of Hollywood all leave him a trifle bored. And coldish.

"Too damn much fuss over nothing," is his apt, and we think, charming way of putting it. And because he fails to twitter along with Hollywood, but stands off on the sidelines calmly surveying the melee, he's voted unhappy, restless, yearning to be gone.

He's casual about everything. But not disinterested. And that's the difference between Flynn and Hollywood. He's keen on acting, keener on writing and even keenest on tennis. But he's calm about it.

Another discordant difference lies in the fact that Flynn is far, far from the conventional actor. He has none of the mannerisms, ideas, ideals, aims, thoughts and (goodie, goodie) looks of the average actor.

He's an accident to the acting profession, pure and simple (well, simple anyhow) and Hollywood resents it. Maybe with justice for all I know. His breed belongs to other things than acting. To other climes and other claims. They have no place, race or creed. They roam the world and the seven seas. On oxcarts over the China plains, in Singapore dives, Australian bays, jungle huts, one glimpses his romantic roving adventurous kind. The Rover boys in the pithy helmets with no laws to keep. No rules, no regulations but their own. Unreliable perhaps, shunning man-made responsibilities, but taking life, raw or well done, in huge man-sized doses.

Such a one is Flynn. And what has he done but set himself down in the midst of a perfect hive of do's and don'ts, must and mustn'ts and he can't and he won't adjust himself.

UNFORTUNATELY for him, but fortunate for the lucky few, he makes few close friends. And those not for what they are, stand for or what they can do for him. Probably his closest friend is a young author whom Flynn annexed, fought for, even stood in danger of losing his precious scenario over, until he won

[*Continued on page* 101]

Errol Flynn's marriage to Lily Damita has caused more speculation in Hollywood social circles than any five marriages of any other star. For the town never expected the marriage to take. Above, the happy couple. Left, Errol and Anita Louise in *The Green Light*

Bonnie Belle Ballantine of Chicago is one of the two runners-up this month. She is 22 years old, weighs 110 pounds, is 5 feet 4 inches tall

Madelyn Jones, above, of Salley, S.C., is the winner this month of $50, and the screen test. She's 19 years old, weighs 92 pounds, has light auburn hair, blue eyes

Gladys Semidey is the other runner-up and hails from little old New York. She is 16 years old, weighs 103 pounds, is 5 feet 3 inches tall

Your *Last Chance* to Enter the Search for Talent Contest!

It's still time to enter the contest—which closes December 31st, 1936

By E. J. Smithson

THIS month's $50.00 cash award and a screen test goes to Madelyn Jones of Salley, South Carolina.

If you haven't entered this contest, do so NOW. You may be next month's lucky girl. We could go around repeating our "I told you so's" about entering this Search for Talent contest and we could point with pride to pretty Madelyn Jones from 'way down South who listened to our urgent pleas to send in her photograph and so became this month's first prize winner—but we won't. All we want to say is this—this is your last chance to receive the monthly $50.00 cash prize and a screen test and a chance, when the final selection is made, to sign a bona fide film contract with Walter Wanger Productions. Your chance is just as good as the next girl's and with little or no expense.

Just send in your photograph and with it an entry blank published in this issue of MOTION PICTURE magazine along with a card container or facsimile of Hold Bob bob-pins. Hold Bob bob-pins as you know, are manufactured by The Hump Hairpin Manufacturing Company, the sponsor of this nation-wide Search for Talent contest. Hold Bob bob-pins are on sale everywhere. Your favorite store carries them and will be glad to give you additional details concerning this contest.

Now back to the winners. Runners-up this month are Bonnie Belle Ballantine, 7000 South Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., and Gladys Semidey, 601 W. 136th St., New York City. Their names are now entered as possible winners of the grand prize—the coveted movie contract.

The screen test winners to date are as follows:

Miss Evelyn Gresham, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Miss Betty Middleton, Brooklyn, New York.
Miss Gerda Egloff, Dallas, Texas.
Miss Jeane Megerle, Fort Thomas, Ky.
Miss Madelyn Jones, Salley, S. C.

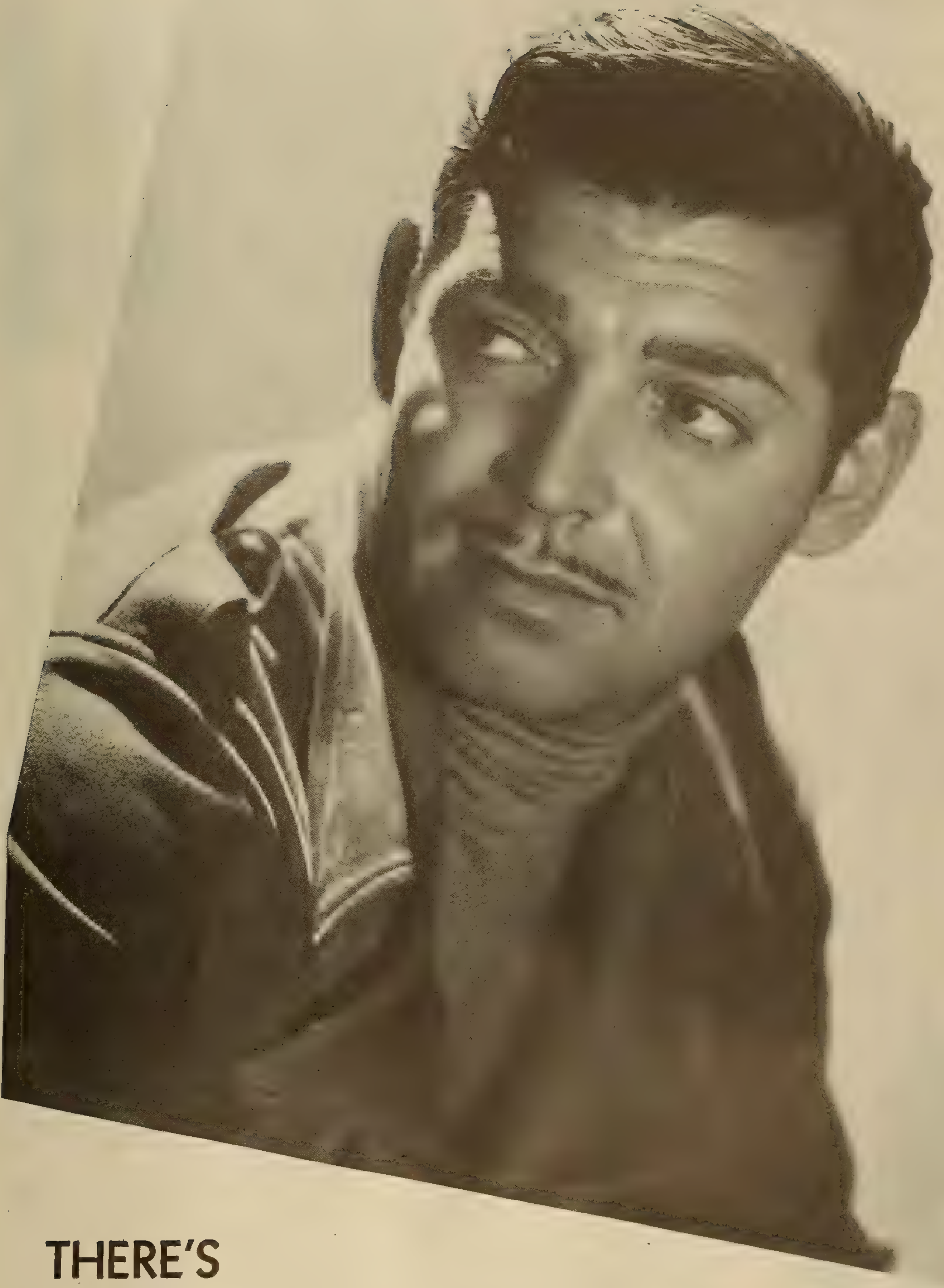
The runners-up to date are as follows:

Miss Jean Fadden, Cleveland, Ohio.
Miss Jane Carson, South Bend, Ind.
Miss Betty Bickel, St. Louis, Mo.
Miss Margaret Dolph, Aurora, Ill.
Miss Noel Adrien, New York City, N. Y.
Miss Ethel Hare, Wichita, Kansas.
Miss Elissa Mojica, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Carol Williams, Hollywood, Calif.
Miss Dorothy Watt, Jonestown, Miss.
Miss Gladys Semidey, 601 W. 136th St., New York City, N. Y.
Miss Bonnie Belle Ballantine, 7000 South Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

NOW, the most important question is—will MOTION PICTURE magazine and The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. have the pleasure of seeing your name added to this winners' list? We repeat—this is your last chance.

Wrap up your photograph NOW, fill out the entry blank, attach the Hold Bob bob-pins card (or facsimile) and mail to this address: Search for Talent, 1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

That's all there is to it! As simple as your A B C's! And to think it may win you a movie contract with Walter Wanger Productions at United Artists! To think that in a few months, if you're lucky, you [*Continued on page* 105]



THERE'S ALWAYS *Gable*

There may be a few newcomers who have hopped into the Hollywood picture—and who are scaling the heights in popular appeal, but when it comes to the steady, reliable favorites, there's the one and only Clark Gable—whose star continues to shine with ever-increasing lustre. You'll be seeing Clark soon in *Love On The Run,* in which he co-stars with Joan Crawford for the fifth time

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN'S Christmas Dinner!

Maureen O'Sullivan's menu and recipes will make your Yuletide feast supreme.

By Dorothy Dwan

MENU

*

Oysters on the Half Shell
Horseradish Sauce

Celery Consomme

Terrapin on Toast

Roast Milk Fed Turkey
Mashed Potato Mounds Glazed Apples
Frozen Cranberry Punch
Burgundy Wine

Molded Grapefruit Salad
Salted Crackers

Frozen Fruit Souffle
Champagne

Candied Fruits Bon Bons Salted Nuts
Coffee

Maureen is radiant over her table which is an appropriate setting for her holiday menu. She's always been an artist with a chafing dish

No wonder Maureen has planned such a tempting Christmas menu, this is her first Christmas as Mrs. Johnny Farrow

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN is stealing Santa Claus' glory! She is giving you the complete menu and her own recipes for your Christmas dinner—the perfect climax for the most joyous day of the year!

Over all the land, turkeys are being ordered and puddings prepared, while fruit cakes grow mellow in their tins. Our every thought is directed toward the ultimate Christmas celebration—the holiday feast for our loved ones to enjoy—so what could be more welcome than Maureen's suggestions?

Many film stars, rushing home from nerve-racking days at the studio, worried over the next day's dialogue and the many annoyances that come with fame, lose the all-important spirit that culminates in a jocund Yuletide. It is such a simple matter to compile a list of people and presents while putting on the day's make-up and instruct the chauffeur or maid to make the necessary purchases.

They feel it's the cook's duty to order a bird and cranberries for sauce, and as the best of cooks need a little personal interest shown to spur them on—this important meal is often just that—turkey and cranberry sauce!

This deplorable state does not apply to Maureen. Always enthusiastic about the holidays, she thrives on the excitement in the air, and this year her zeal is boundless—for there's a man to please! Only a short time ago headlines announced the marriage of Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow so this Christmas promises to be the acme of merriment.

THERE'S always many a talk between the star and her cook during December, with eager suggestions coming from both sides. When the grocery list is finally completed, Maureen phones her favorite butcher and grocer and gives the order personally. In her most honeyed tones, she convinces them that they are entirely responsible for the O'Sullivan Christmas being all that it should be.

Priceless diplomacy?—A glance at the turkey and trimmings delivered and one wonders what is left for the customers!

Maureen felt that you may not wish quite as an elaborate a menu as she will serve, so she purposely made up a dinner from which a course or two can be deleted, and yet your feast will still be memorable.

The actress gave me the recipes she believes to be the most unusual. Totally ignorant of the fact that while many of us lead anything but the crowded, active life that is hers, we haven't the energy or interest to seek the culinary secrets that she has found time to gather, Maureen said, "Of course *everyone* knows a good recipe for turkey and dressing."

Change the menu to suit your purse and needs, but be sure and include these three outstanding dishes. After your Christmas dinner group has praised your ingenuity to the skies, they will be doubly envious when it is learned that the delectable recipes came straight from Maureen O'Sullivan's kitchen. She bears out the old adage —*Irish girls are good cooks.*

[*Continued on page* 94]

TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

Zazu Pitts looks on while James Melton makes love to lovely Patricia Ellis in *Sing Me A Love Song*

The Big Broadcast of 1937—AAA½—Your chance to not only hear, but see, Burns and Allen, Jack Benny, Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Shirley Ross, Ray Milland, Frank Forest, Benny Fields, Eleanore Whitney, Virginia Weidler, Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra, Benny Goodman and his orchestra, and many other favorites. Could you ask for more?—*Paramount.*

Sing Me a Love Song—AAA—James Melton's voice, plus the comedy interludes featuring Hugh Herbert and Walter Catlett, aided by Zazu Pitts and Allen Jenkins, and romance supplied by Patricia Ellis, give this picture good entertainment value.—*Warner Bros.*

Luckiest Girl in the World—AAA—Sparkling comedy, bubbling with good humor, makes this picture grand entertainment. Jane Wyatt and Louis Hayward have the leads.—*Universal.*

The White Hunter—AAA—A powerful drama with the jungles of Africa as its background. Warner Baxter and June Lang are starred.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Daniel Boone—AAA—The historical background of America's harsh, exciting frontier days, and George O'Brien's outstanding performance, make this one sure-fire exciting melodrama.—*RKO-Radio.*

The Making of O'Malley—AA½—A combination of drama, romance and comedy. Pat O'Brien, supported by Sybil Jason, heads the cast as a hard-boiled cop who lived by the rule book and not the head or heart.—*Warner Bros.*

Along Came Love—AA½—Sparkling and nonsensical, with brilliant individual performances, this story is about a department store basement clerk (Irene Hervey) who, dreaming of a prince, finds her idol personified by Charles Starrett, a medical student.—*Paramount.*

Kelly the Second—AA½—Patsy Kelly is cast as the trainer of an ex-truck driver (Guinn Williams) who turns prize-fighter. Charley Chase is the manager and Pert Kelton the feather-brained girl friend of gangster Edward Brophy.—*M-G-M.*

Wild Brian Kent—AA½—The story of a man's regeneration, based on one of Harold Bell Wright's most widely read novels. Ralph Bellamy and Mae Clarke head the cast.—*20th Century-Fox.*

IT'S A TREAT

Are you one of the many persons who have found out how much your enjoyment of a movie is enhanced if you have read the fiction story from which the movie was made?

If you are not one of those persons, you owe yourself a treat. Ask your newsdealer for ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES magazine. This magazine publishes the exclusive fiction story of coming movie hits.

In the big issue now on sale you will thrill to the fiction stories of *Camille*, with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor; *Maid of Salem*, with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray; *You Only Live Once*, with Henry Fonda, Sylvia Sidney; *White Hunter*, with Warner Baxter and June Lang. Ten big movie fiction stories in all, each story illustrated profusely with scenes from the coming picture.

ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES is only ten cents at all newsstands. Get your copy today and discover how much it adds to your enjoyment of a movie to read the fiction story before seeing the picture.

The Man Who Lived Again—AA½—A thrilling melodrama about a doctor-scientist (Boris Karloff) who invented apparatus whereby the personality of one living creature could be transferred to another individual.—*Gaumont-British.*

The Longest Night—AA½—An unusual mystery drama with all action taking place in a metropolitan department store, where trusted employees have been in league with crooks looting the store.—*M-G-M.*

The Girl on the Front Page—AA½—Swell entertainment with Gloria Stuart in the rôle of a girl who inherits a newspaper and Edmund Lowe as the hard-boiled, cynical managing editor.—*Universal.*

Fugitive in the Sky—AA½—The gangster rampant in a transcontinental airliner supplies the excitement for this convincingly and lightly handled story. Jean Muir and Warren Hull head the cast.—*Warner Bros.*

Smartest Girl in Town—AA½—Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond are together again, in a flip, fast comedy that depicts the story of a commercial model trying to be hard-boiled and snag a millionaire into marriage.—*RKO-Radio.*

The President's Mystery—AA—Henry Wilcoxon has the leading rôle in this picture centered around the government's attempt to help the working man with bank loans. Others are Betty Furness, Sidney Blackmer and Evelyn Brent.—*Republic.*

Easy to Take—AA—John Howard is unexpectedly made trustee of an enormous fund which carries the provision that he must become the guardian of a spoiled little boy. Then the fun begins.—*Paramount.*

General Spanky—AA—Great entertainment for the kids, this one has Our Gang, with Spanky McFarland taking the honors. Phillips Holmes and Rosina Lawrence supply the romance.—*Roach-M-G-M.*

Legion of Terror—AA—A take-off on the activities of the Hooded Legion, counterpart of the Black Legion which, for a time, held Michigan in its grip.—*Columbia.*

Wanted: Jane Turner—AA—The operation of the Post Office Department to prevent the illegal use of the mails and the apprehension of criminals, is the background for this comedy-drama. Lee Tracy and Gloria Stuart head the cast.—*RKO-Radio.*

Polo Joe—AA—A merry, amusing picture about a fellow (Joe E. Brown) who, more afraid of horses than anything else in the world, gets mixed up with a swanky polo playing set.—*Warner Bros.*

Empty Saddles—AA—With Buck Jones and Louise Brooks, this western yarn has plenty of suspense, numerous spooky situations and a good love theme. There are lively musical interludes.—*Universal.*

A hilarious scene from *The Big Broadcast,* Paramount's picture starring your radio favorites

Comin' Round the Mountain—AA—A whirlwind western, this story gives Gene Autry a wealth of opportunity to flash his riding, vocal and acting skill.—*Republic.*

Rose Bowl—AA—Intercollegiate football, minor college life and young love are the chief ingredients of this picture with Tom Brown, Eleanore Whitney and Larry Crabbe.—*Paramount.*

Alibi for Murder—AA—Dealing with murder, intrigue, mystery and danger, this one is made both well and frankly. William Gargan and Marguerite Churchill head the cast.—*Columbia.*

Cavalcade of the West—AA—Hoot Gibson in a thrilling story of the initial ride of the pony express.—*Grand National.*

Racing Lady—AA—A departure from the usual race track story, this picture has Ann Dvorak as a successful trainer, who finds it much easier to understand and handle horses than men.—*RKO-Radio.*

Hopalong Cassidy Returns—AA—The best of the Hopalong Cassidy series, this picture represents a completely satisfactory hour of all-family entertainment. Bill Boyd Stars.—*Paramount.*

Love Letters of a Star—AA—Introducing new young talent, all of whom develop exceptional promise, this picture proves to be a good murder mystery which unfolds smoothly and never steps off the beaten track.—*Universal.*

North of Nome—AA—Adventure story with Jack Holt as an Alaskan seal poacher and Evelyn Venable as the heroine. Dorothy Appleby, as the comedienne, is the instigator of numerous laughs.—*Columbia.*

Without Orders—AA—Robert Armstrong and Sally Eilers are teamed in this picture dramatizing the responsibility of commercial airline operators and pilots for the safety of their patrons.—*RKO-Radio.*

Don't Miss

the following big pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine:—*Dodsworth,* a superlative production based on Sinclair Lewis' best-seller, with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor. . . . *Ramona,* romantic-drama, magnificently done in gorgeous Technicolor, starring Loretta Young and Don Ameche. . . . *Dimples,* starring the ever-charming little Shirley Temple, who captures the hearts of young and old. . . . *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie,* one of the outstanding pictures of the year and a triumph for Gladys George in her screen debut. . . . *The Devil Is a Sissy,* a comedy-drama and psychological study of child mind, with Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney. . . . *Craig's Wife,* a dramatic character study with Rosalind Russell as an exasperating wife, and John Boles as her husband. . . . *In His Steps,* an emotional drama of young love, that proves to be great entertainment with Eric Linden and Cecelia Parker. . . . *The Magnificent Brute,* a masculine and robust picture with Victor McLaglen. . . . *Adventure in Manhattan,* romance and comedy in an original style with Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur. . . . And don't forget *The Gay Desperado,* with Nino Martini's golden voice. . . . If you haven't seen them you're missing some great entertainment.

Prize Letters

HOW READERS RATE THEM!

A TRIBUTE TO IRVING THALBERG

$15 Prize Letter

THE DEATH of Irving Thalberg must be viewed with great sorrow to all those connected with the motion picture industry. The loss of his great ability to the industry cannot be estimated, for he has made screen history. More than because of his ability, however, I regret his passing because of the very evident happiness and success of his personal life. The marriage of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg has always been idealized in my mind. They were two people fine enough and with character enough to stand at the very top of their respective careers and yet maintain a wholesome, happy married life, unmarred by cheapness or scandal.

Irving Thalberg

The gods gave Irving Thalberg many things—genius, wealth, fame and a wife whose combination of charm and intelligence cannot, I believe, be surpassed. It is a great pity that they were taken from him so soon.—Miss Grace Baehr, Hotel Astoria, Astoria, Oregon.

THE ROAD TO GLORY FOR AMERICANS

$10 Prize Letter

HOLLYWOOD has ground out for us innumerable war stories; some of them vivid, entertaining, inspiring, fertile with the sweep of conquest; others full of frank propaganda, theatrical horrors, umbrageous melodrama. All attempted to reveal to us just what modern warfare, with its laboratory-conceived hellishness, can actually consist of. But, it has remained for *The Road to Glory* to intrinsically teach how firmly the United States must adhere to her policy of strict neutrality in the case of A New Conflict.

The Road to Glory pleads with us to look beyond the scintillating parade of marching soldiers to the script of real warfare as it will be enacted on bloody fields, directed by horrible mercilessness of scientific flesh-and-blood-destroying inventions, managed by the munitions manufacturers, and paid for with dollars coined to the dirge of women's tears.

Every sound-thinking American should make it his business to view *The Road to Glory* at least once!—Maurice Jacobs, 937 No. 42 St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED: BETTER TITLES

$5 Prize Letter

TELL ME . . . why, oh why do they stick such gosh-awful names as *The Gorgeous Hussy* to such a splendid picture. It was a picture the entire family would have enjoyed, and yet, I sneaked off alone. I knew the cast was tops but the name suggested something of a risque nature and I didn't take my young daughter and son to see it. I am not a prude and I enjoy a clever, spicy show but I came very near missing that perfectly grand picture. I know several who are lamenting the fact that they missed it, just because the title suggested something ultra sophisticated. Same way with Grace Moore's *One Night of Love*. I shall never forget that show. Miss Moore was magnificent. And yet, the title was very misleading. Yours for better titles.—Mrs. Lucy Dale, Iowa Park, Texas.

Grace Moore

AN ORCHID TO UNIVERSAL

$1 Prize Letter

I'VE JUST seen *My Man Godfrey*. Here's to those two matchless screen stars, Carole Lombard and William Powell. It hardly seems possible that human beings can emerge on the screen so completely daffy, determinedly frivolous and vastly amusing and yet seem not to be acting at all, but sincerely serious. The entire cast, including fluttery Alice Brady, befuddled Eugene Pallette, cynical Gail Patrick, mournful Mischa Auer, rapier-edged Jean Dixon, and those two humorous nit-wits, Morris Ryskind and Eric Hatch, make *My Man Godfrey* a comedy of real merit in all departments—a comedy emphatically of the better sort.

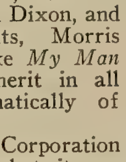
Carole Lombard

If New Universal Pictures Corporation is handing us a sample of what it can do, by all means let us have more UNIVERSAL PICTURES.—Mrs. M. K. Tanner, 415 Kenton St., Louisville, Ky.

GIVE ROCHELLE A BREAK

$1 Prize Letter

WHY does such a beautiful and talented young actress as Rochelle Hudson have to play secondary parts and be the background of so many pictures? She has been a stooge for many stars, such as Will Rogers, Irvin S. Cobb, W. C. Fields and even Shirley Temple. When she came into the movies Hollywood said: "Watch that Hudson girl, she is going places." They said the same thing two years ago and they're still saying the same thing today. Why, oh why, don't they give her a break and give her a part she can sink her teeth into! The only half-way decent rôle she ever had was in *The Country Beyond*. I know that if they would give her a good rôle she would prove herself worthy of stardom. Here's hoping she gets a break.—Anna Rule, 1050 N. 19 St., Allentown, Pa.



Rochelle Hudson

VOTE FOR OLD-FASHIONED LOVE

$1 Prize Letter

MOTION PICTURE studios evidently pat themselves on the back and applaud their cleverness at "cooking up" a romance between two stars to be cast in a picture in the near future. It was a clever trick when first tried and probably served its purpose as far as arousing interest in the picture was concerned but has been overdone to such a degree that it is beginning to injure, rather than aid, the stars' popularity. The public hates to be made a fool of and this constant publicizing of a romance to lure them to the theatre is "getting in their hair." If the studios do want to be wise, they will tone down a bit on this and give us instead a real honest to goodness, old-fashioned love affair.—Lillian Houtwed, 88 Warren St., New York, N. Y.

HAVE THE RICH PLAY POOR

$1 Prize Letter

THE AVERAGE person who views the countless pictures of wonderful homes, magnificent clothing and all the "rich trappings" of the rich shown, really has no conception of what he is seeing. That is, his capacity for digesting all this splendor is nil. Why not reverse the order of things usual and picture the unusual. Show where the rich—if they have to be that way, they always seem to be—want to live like the "common herd" and experience their sensations.

You would be surprised how many "common" people there are who attend the movies. By common, I mean we who work hard to get the daily bread and butter. What say? Will you give us a picture where we can sit back and relax and not feel as if the runs in our hose are showing and that we have wandered into a millionaire's establishment?—Mrs. J. B. Jack, 1033 Morgantown Ave., Fairmont, W. Va.

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Revolutionary Lovers

It isn't that Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster are so revolutionary in their love technique. You can see they make love as has been made through the centuries. Their being together here is inspired by the Irish Revolution—in which they play the central rôles of that dramatic film, *The Plough and the Stars*

YOUR QUESTIONS

Here are the Answers

ASK THE CINEMA SAGE

Brian Donlevy is one of Ireland's favorite sons and he's grown to be a favorite among our fans as well

Brian Donlevy—Enjoyed 12 successful years on the Broadway stage before going to Hollywood. He was born in Portadown, Armagh County, Ireland, on February 9th, brought to America when 10 months old, and educated at St. John's Military School in Wisconsin and U. S. Naval Academy. He is nearly 6 feet, weighs 190 pounds, has chestnut brown hair and grey-green eyes. His favorite sports are tennis, handball, squash, badminton, polo, golf and ping-pong. (L. B., Mt. Vernon, Indiana.)

Patricia Ellis—Her addres is Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. (F. J., Fort Totten, N. Y.)

Cary Grant—Was born in Bristol, England, on January 18th. His real name is Archibald Leach. Is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 172 pounds, has black wavy hair and dark brown eyes. His hobbies are music and electrical research. (S. C., Cleveland, Ohio.)

Irene Rich—Is broadcasting over the NBC network, and spends most of her time in New York. She was married at the age of 17, divorced at 19 and married Charles Henry Rich, a young army officer, at 20. Her third husband was David Blankenhorn, investment broker, whom she divorced in 1931. She has two daughters, Frances, who is now about 26, and Jane. Her maiden name was Luther. (F. S., El Paso, Texas.)

Grace Bradley—Was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on September 21st, about 23 years ago. She is 5 feet 2 inches, weighs 108 pounds, has red hair and hazel eyes. (A. G., Elizabeth, N. J.)

Melvyn Douglas—Was born Melvyn E. Hesselberg in Macon, Ga., on April 5, 1901. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 182 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes, and is married to Helen Gahagan, an actress. You can write to him at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. (B. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.)

Ginger Rogers—Lives in Hollywood. Her address is Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. (M. T.)

The Crime Series—Write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif., for the information you wish. (M. M., Bismarck, N. D.)

Robert Taylor—Is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. His real name is Spangler Arlington Brugh but his birthday is a secret. You can reach him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. (F. K., A. P., Chicago, Ill., P. R., Duluth, Minn.)

Dick Powell—He has made about 25 pictures since he went to Hollywood in 1932. He was born on Nov. 14, 1904, is 6 feet and weighs 172 pounds. His name is Richard Ewing Powell. Music is his pet hobby. Send twenty-five cents for photograph. His address is Warner Bros. Studios. (G. L. W., Johnstown, Pa.)

Kenneth Howell—Plays the rôle of the eldest brother in the Jones Family films for 20th Century-Fox, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. He was born in Los Angeles nineteen years ago. Is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has blonde hair and dark blue eyes. (J. M., Pueblo, Colo.)

George O'Brien—Is considered one of the best all round athletes in the country. He was born in San Francisco on April 19, 1900. Is six feet, one-half inch tall, weighs 190 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. (A Western Fan.)

Buck Jones—Is an actor, aviator, polo player and mechanic. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 178 pounds, has dark blue eyes and brown hair. Was born in Vincennes, Indiana, on December 12th. His first name is Charles. (Western Fan.)

Herbert Marshall—Is married to Edna Best, English actress. They have no children. He was born in England on May 23, 1890, weighs 165 pounds, is 6 feet tall and has brown eyes and hair. (R. T., Waukegan, Ill.)

Baby Jane—Was born in Hollywood on June 24, 1931. Her real name is Juanita Quigley. She got her first chance to be a real little actress before her third birthday. (J. A. L., Pawtucket, R. I.)

Maurice Chevalier—He is in France where he has just completed his latest picture, *The Beloved Vagabond,* not yet released. (Ginger, St. Louis, Mo.)

Jimmy Butler—He was born on February 20, 1923, in Akron, Ohio. He spends his free time riding a burro in the hills north of Pasadena, swims expertly and is quite a mechanic, having built his own canvas boat, big enough for two, which he paddles and sails in Long Beach harbor. He hates getting dressed up but loves to have his picture taken. His pets are two dogs and a big western pony. (T. N. T., Pawtucket, R. I.)

Carol Ann Beery—She is the six year old, china-blue eyed adopted daughter of Wallace Beery. She was the orphaned child of Mrs. Beery's aunt. Her screen debut was with her father in *China Seas.* (R. S., Brighton, Mass.)

Dickie Walters—Who was born on March 31, 1932, in Los Angeles, has a pal in Jimmy Durante. He likes to play with Jimmy's nose. He calls Lee Tracy "Daddy," and his own father, "Mr. Walters." He made his screen debut in *Carnival*, the Columbia picture with Lee Tracy and Sally Eilers, and while at work behaves like a veteran trooper. (R. F., Butte, Montana.)

Sally Martin—Is of French-Russian descent. She was born April 19, 1931, in Chicago to Mr. and Mrs. Soloman Matisse. Her mother was a drama instructor at the Moscow Art Theatre and her father the operator of a beauty salon. Sally has brown hair, large brown eyes and weighs 40 pounds. She is adept at impersonations and is possessed of great dramatic sense. (P. S., Phoenix, Ariz.)

Jimmy Ellison—Was born in Valier, Montana. He is 25 years old, 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds, has brown hair, blue eyes, and is not married. When Harry Sherman, who is producing the Mulford westerns, sought a new personality to provide romance and action along with Bill Boyd, the logical person was Jimmy, with his string of polo ponies and stage experience. His next picture is *The Plainsman* for Paramount. (B. J. D., Oakland, Calif.)

● If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

On the SETS with the STARS

THRILLS *not* in the script were the share of Freddie Bartholomew, Lionel Barrymore and Spencer Tracy, during shooting of sequences for *Captains Courageous,* aboard an old two-masted fishing schooner off the northwestern coast. The thrills came when the ship's mate and the ship's cook got into a battle, which ended up in a knife-affray that ranged from galley to the top rigging of the boat, and ended with the cook in hospital and the mate in jail. Incidentally, MGM's technicians have solved the problem of cinematography aboard a pitching ship. You know how shipboard scenes have looked heretofore—the ship apparently stable while the ocean pitched madly? Well, MGM's camera has been swung in a pendulum-like gadget from a yardarm on the ship, so while the ship swings under it, the camera remains stationary—and on the screen, you'll get a new, realistic effect. They also rigged up a lens-wiper, like an auto windshield wiper, to keep the camera shooting through dashing spray. Darned clever, these movicians!

AND out at 20th Century-Fox, they had to turn inventive to save $24,000 worth of costumes, in *One In a Million.* In the picture, skating champ Sonja Henie leads a chorus of 60 skating girls who wear costumes of net, chiffon, ostrich feathers and sequins. Because of the real ice-rink built on the set, the air was so damp that the costumes would have virtually disintegrated in a few days—so they had to install a hastily devised air-dryer on the stage to keep the moisture down, save the costumes which cost $400 each. It took four days, incidentally, to freeze the 4-inch-thick ice on the surface of the artificial lake. Sonja Henie gets a kick out of Director Sid Lanfield telling her *how* to skate; she's a world-champ at it. Lanfield doesn't skate at all!

PRODUCTION laugh-of-the-month belongs to the Roach-MGM *Mister Cinderella* outfit, including Betty (crazy-hat) Furness, Arthur Treacher, Jack Haley, *et al.* They had to rent a millionaire's mansion for certain sequences. But the millionaire's representatives had heard about these here now movie comedies. They wouldn't rent use of the mansion until the company agreed, in writing, that no custard pies would be thrown!

IF you think making a football movie would be fun for the gang of college footballers they usually hire for such films, consider the boys in Paramount's *Rose Bowl.* They had to play 24 days straight of football sequences, in mud and a machine-made driving rainstorm. The 20 Southern California football stars lost from ten to 15 pounds each during the 24 days!

MAHOMET had to go to the mountain, but Sam Goldwyn went him one better. He needed, for *Come and Get It* a big private estate. They rented use of one—and found that it couldn't be used after all because the 350 extras, the huge technical crew, cameras, etc., plus Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer *et al,* overcrowded it. So what?—so Goldwyn had the entire estate, including a 1905 mansion, a stretch of rolling lawn and all the shrubbery, etc., reproduced on a sound stage at the studio! It took three weeks to build the set.

It's love on a boat deck for Bill Powell and Myrna Loy in that *Libeled Lady*

OVER at Columbia, they got a kick out of what Grace Moore has to do in *Interlude.* You remember, it was at Columbia that Grace got peevish because she had to be shot singing while milking a cow—or anyway, that's the way the gossip had it. Well, Grace is back. And in *Interlude* she breaks completely down and sings a low-down version of *Minnie the Moocher!* And to make it hot, Grace got herself coached by no less low-down a low-downer than the man who coaches torchsingers, Bee Palmer and Ethel Merman.

SAM GOLDWYN'S Merle Oberon was confined to her dressing room by a pig! It was on *Beloved Enemy,* which is the new title of *Love Under Fire.* On location for an Irish farm scene, the company brought a 400-pound hog in for atmosphere. But the hog went temperamental. He decided he'd show these movie actresses, including Merle, what temperament *really* was! So he broke loose, smashed a $4,000 movie camera, knocked props, spectators, electrical equipment and everything else haywire, and then headed straight for Merle's dressing-room. In the nick of time, ranchers with lariats halted the beast. But Merle wouldn't come out of her dressing-room until the pig had been removed from the scene. And that's why the Irish farm scene will be porkless when you see it.

BETTY FURNESS' hats aren't the only ones that set Hollywood a-dither. Jean Harlow's hat did the same thing during shooting of MGM's *Libeled Lady.* It was a black straw hat with a huge wide brim. They had to rearrange the entire set before they could shoot the scene so the hat didn't hide Harlow's face!

EVERY once in a while, a picture gets a reputation as a "jinx production." Paramount's *Hideaway* is one. First, laryngitis hit Martha Raye. Then ptomaine laid Elizabeth Russell low. In rapid succession, two photographers went on the sick list. But the payoff came to Betty Hall, stand-in for Shirley Ross in the film. She tried to elope during shooting of the film; in an auto with fiance Bob McGowan, she started for Las Vegas. BUT the auto broke down—and they had to be towed back to Los Angeles, where Betty said she'd wait until the picture's end before risking the jinx again!

HERE'S what comes of taking your movie work too seriously: George Bancroft, for the Schulberg-Paramount film *Wedding Present* with Cary Grant and Joan Bennett, had to play a scene wherein he was stricken with laryngitis. So he croaked and whispered in his best fashion—but when he tried to talk naturally at the end of the day's takes, he couldn't! His throat had actually gone bad—and he had to take several days to recover his voice.

THINGS went very wrong during shooting of MGM's horseshoe-throwing short entitled *Dexterity.* Vyrl Jackson, national champ at the sport, was making a shot showing him knocking a paper bag off his wife's head with a pitched horseshoe. But the horseshoe hit Mrs. Jackson's head instead of the bag. She was kayoed, clean. And was Vyrl's face red?

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN at Columbia proves Bing Crosby is a business man. Instead of doing the picture on a straight salary, Bing fixed it so that he put some of his own money into the production, and agreed to take his pay in percentage instead of flat sum. Now the picture's such a smash hit that Bing's making much more than his top salary would have totalled.

Mervyn LeRoy signed Fernand Gravet, the famous French star, to star in *The King and the Chorus Girl*, LeRoy's first picture under his own banner

ENTER THIS $500 TRADEMARK CONTEST NOW!

Here's your chance to be a winner and pick up some easy Holiday money!

By John Sutter

ARE you going to be one of the lucky winners in our $500 Trademark Contest? An *original* IDEA and a three-cent stamp are the only requirements to become an entrant in this contest and be in the race for some extra Christmas money. The idea must, of course, be symbolical of a Mervyn LeRoy Production. Simple, isn't it? So, set your brains to working, you readers of MOTION PICTURE, and jot down on paper your ideas, as many as you like.

Mervyn LeRoy, one of the outstanding directors in the film industry and internationally known for his directorial talents, soon will be producing pictures under his own banner. His productions will be released through Warner Brothers. At present his chief concern is a trademark that will be significant of the pictures he plans to produce.

In explaining what he is looking for, Mr. LeRoy says:

"I am desirous of, and hope to obtain through this contest, a trademark that is entirely original and different from those now in use. It must be impressive and distinctive. My plan is to produce only class pictures with mass appeal and therefore I suggest that participants in the Trademark Contest keep this in mind. The suggestions need not be arty and the contestants need not submit a sketch, although it would be welcome. What I want is originality and effectiveness. THE IDEA IS THE IMPORTANT THING TO REMEMBER!

If you can judge from past achievements—Mervyn LeRoy is credited with *Oil for the Lamps of China, Tugboat Annie, Gold Diggers of 1933, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Little Ceasar, Five Star Final* and *Anthony Adverse,* all of which have been listed with the important pictures of the past few seasons—and he has only recently finished directing that great stage success, *Three Men on a Horse,* to be released as one of Warner Brothers big pictures of the years.

Mr. LeRoy's first picture under the Mervyn LeRoy Productions trademark will be *The King and the Chorus Girl* (formerly under the title *The Grand Passion*) by Norman Krasna and Zeppo Marx. This picture, produced on a scale so lavish and extravagant that it will indeed warm the heart of any king, will introduce to American audiences Fernand Gravet, the famous French screen star.

GRAVET, who is the richest motion picture star in the world, stands five feet eight inches, is about thirty years of age, has black hair and grey eyes. He was recently signed to a long-term contract by Mr. LeRoy, who is confident that Gravet will become a sensational success in this country.

The King and the Chorus Girl was purchased by LeRoy at a great cost and no expense will be spared in an effort to make this picture the outstanding film achievement in both production and entertainment in many years. Joan Blondell is the feminine lead and Edward Everett Horton will be cast in a major rôle—that of the King's uncle. [*Continued on page* 79]

READ RULES CAREFULLY

1. The contest closes December 20th, 1936. All entries must be in the mail not later than December 20th, 1936.
2. Any reader is entitled to enter except employees and relatives of employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Motion Picture Publications, Inc., or A Mervyn LeRoy Production.
3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of the trademark. You can outline your idea in words.
4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated entries.
5. Judges will be Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, Director of Advertising and Publicity for Warner Bros., and Edward Selzer, Publicity Director for Warner Bros.
6. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned.
8. Prize winners agree to sign over all right and title to winning designs, and to accept the prize money as full compensation for the same.
9. Send in your entries to Contest Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

SWARTHOUT SINGS IN FIVE LANGUAGES

In seeing—and hearing *Champagne Waltz* you'll help celebrate Paramount's Silver Jubilee production. And Gladys Swarthout will record her songs in five languages, English, French, German, Italian and Spanish—for the foreign versions. Some linguistic feat, that, and a feather in Gladys' hat. Good news—Fred MacMurray plays opposite her

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 41]

One-two-three-four-five-six-seven, step. And it's an "off to Buffalo" or some other dance routine for the gals comprising the chorus of *Hats Off,* Grand National's first words-and-music film. Hollywood has hundreds of dancing gals, and they're seldom idle

to go and see myself and be disappointed," she says. "I know I'll feel I could have done so much more with the character."

Old Shoes

ELEANOR POWELL'S fan mail includes about 200 letters a week—asking for her old dancing slippers!

Why Frisco Calls Luise

FOR a long time, the Hollywood scandal-mongers have been avidly speculating on what (or *who?*) was the reason for mysterious week-end trips Luise Rainer has been taking from Hollywood to San Francisco. They began to fancy and whisper all sorts of sensational rumors. But Luise knocked them for a row of rimless loops when she revealed the real reason: she has a brother there. His name is Hans. And he's studying medicine in one of San Francisco's noted medical schools. He won't let Luise help him, despite her star salary, and insists on paying his own way through school, by working. But he does like to have Luise visit him every now and then (as who would not?).

Young Old-Timer

VIRGINIA BRUCE doesn't know whether or not to spank Susan Ann, her daughter. She doesn't know whether Susan was being sweet or malicious—You see, Virginia had a birthday, the other day. And Susan picked out a birthday cake as a surprise. But when it came to ordering candles, Susan became too enthusiastic or something—and when the birthday cake was delivered to Mama Virginia, there were *fifty candles on it!*

But Two Remembered

TALKING of Virginia and Susan Ann, it reminds me that only the other day—long after the shock and the publicity and the excitement of the passing of Susan's dad, John Gilbert, the ashes of the one-time Great Lover of the screen were finally buried.

It was a very quiet ceremony. Only one man—a close friend of Gilbert's, and the executor of his estate,—was present when the urn bearing the actor's ashes was buried beneath a lone whispering pine in a cemetery twenty miles from Hollywood. In a few weeks, a simple bronze tablet will mark the spot—and on it will be only a facsimile of John Gilbert's autograph.

Clicking With A Hobby

REGINALD DENNY, once among the top romanticists of the screen, is now more famous as an airplane designer than as an actor. Several years ago, he started building model planes as an amusement. Later he branched out and began to build them for friends. Then he went a step further, and began building them commercially—powered with tiny gasoline motors.

And now, a European nation has commissioned Denny (who was one of Britain's war aces) to build a "torpedo plane"—a tiny airplane with a motor, built to carry a ten-pound load of TNT, to fly 150 miles under wireless control, and drop its death-burden wherever desired. But, said Denny, "if I am successful in devising such a weapon—this country will get first crack at it!"

Wearing Of The Breen

AFTER all, "Borsuk" is hardly a stage name. So that's why young Master Robert Borsuk went into California Superior Court the other day and legally changed his name to Bobby Breen, as which you've known him and his tear-jerking silver voice for quite a while already. Bobby's father, mother, brother and sister all legally adopted the name of Breen, too, at the same time. Legal reason: "it's easier to pronounce and better adapted to professional use."

Mixing Bette With Bennett

NOT the least of Bette Davis' various troubles in England is her former jinx—her resemblance to Constance Bennett. In the early days of her career, that resemblance hampered her in Hollywood, but by now, Hollywood knows Connie from Bette and vice versa. But in England, they're not so filmwise, it seems. For Bette, after purchasing hundreds of dollars worth of clothes and other articles, waited in vain for the bills to be sent her. Finally she decided the British shopkeepers must have just given her the articles in return for the honor of being visited by the great star.

And then she discovered that all the bowing and scraping that had been hers in the stores were for Connie Bennett. The salespeople had mistaken her for Connie. And the bills for Bette's purchases had gone to Connie, too. Was Bette mortified!

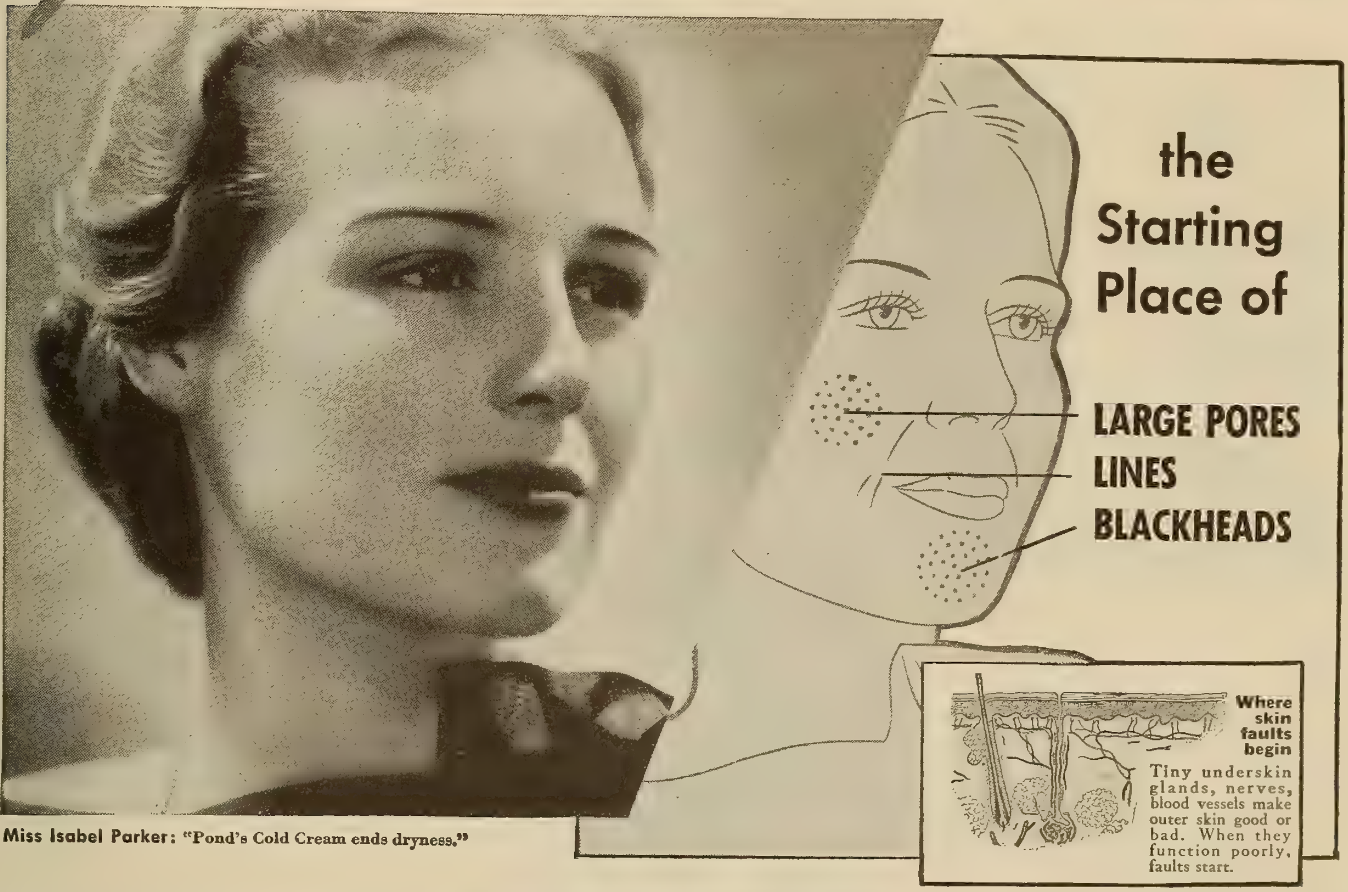
Catching Up with Carole

CAROLE LOMBARD, high prankster of Hollywood, was on the other end of the gagging when she had

[*Continued on page* 68]

Virginia Grey shone so well as one of the Glorified in *The Great Ziegfeld* that she was given a rôle in *Old Hutch*

Get at that Faulty Under Skin


the Starting Place of
LARGE PORES
LINES
BLACKHEADS
Where skin faults begin
Tiny underskin glands, nerves, blood vessels make outer skin good or bad. When they function poorly, faults start.

Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."

And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .

HORRID skin faults are usually *underskin* faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—***briskly.*** Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 6-CA, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City_______________ State__________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 66]

Alternating the standing-sitting posture with eyes ahead, arms outstretched, is Karen Morley. The exercise keeps her trim

a birthday party, recently. Instead of elaborate gifts, all her pals got together and sent her the most amazing things ! ! ! Honest, I can't tell some of them. But I can tell you what Clark Gable sent—a huge package, elaborately packed and wrapped. Carole, aflutter, unwrapped and untied and untied and unwrapped Clark's gift. It dwindled and dwindled. And finally she found a ten-cent store popgun! But Clark made up for it. Later, he sent her his real birthday gift—a jewelled bracelet, and a cocker spaniel.

To Catch an Early Bird

TIP to Hollywood visitors:—if you want to get a real informal glimpse of your favorite he-star, then haunt those open-all-night sandwich stands in the center of town, in the hours around dawn. You'll find that they're patronized for a hasty breakfast by the film colony's golf-bugs—including Fred MacMurray, Ralph Bellamy, Warren William, Pat O'Brien, Dick Arlen and many others.

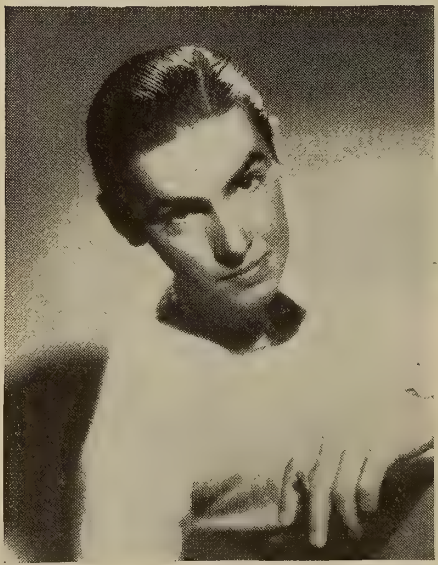
Big Heartbeat Notes

OUR month's report wouldn't be complete at all without recording some of the trials and tribulations of America's No. 1 Heartbeat, Robert Taylor. It's no wonder that now and then, he looks with longing on the days when he was just a college boy trying to get along . . .

For, such things as this happen to him: He went to a football game, and injudiciously sat on the players' bench. One of the loudspeaker announcers told the crowded stands that he was there. The resultant rush was so big, led by fluttering co-eds, that Bob only managed to escape by leaping aboard a fire-engine in the stadium and being driven to refuge. That happened in San Francisco. But even in his hotel there, he didn't escape . . . despite that he gave orders against phone calls "except from friends," his phone rang constantly. Fans are ingenious—and the San Francisco phone girls aren't as fan-wise as they are in Hollywood. They fell for old gags like "I'm from his home town," and "I know him as Arlington Brugh, so you see I'm really his old pal who knows his right name," and so on.

Mae Looks Ahead

MAE WEST is nothing if not foresighted. You can take that from the make-up man on her latest picture. When she distributed presents to the crew, as is her custom, she gave the make-up man a tiny diamond ring—for the baby that's due to come to his house several months from now!



England's contribution to fancy skating champions is Jack Dunn who, like Sonja Henie, has turned to movies for a career

Ho Hum Department

THIS-and-That about your favorites . . . Fred MacMurray and new wifie are having lots of fun supervising the building of their cozy 18-room honeymoon home near Gary Cooper's hideaway in Brentwood . . . Jimmy Stewart, who lives right next door to Greta Garbo but can't see her because of the high fence she has built between their houses, got even with her; he hid behind a signboard opposite her house for three hours to pop a candid camera snapshot of her! . . . Bill Powell may be the 1937 sophisticate on the screen, but offstage he's so old-fashioned that he uses an old-fashioned soap mug and straight razor when he shaves . . . RKO has decided to rebuild-up Anne Shirley as a grown-up instead of adolescent —so they changed the name of her latest picture from *Daddy and I* to *Make Way for a Lady!* . . . Lyle Talbot is so fed up with the knock-knock game that when anybody says "Knock! Knock!" to him, Lyle kills it by replying "Come In" instead of "Who's There?" . . . Gail Patrick is a scrapbook fiend—she keeps two sets, one with favorable reviews and the other with pannings . . . Fred Astaire's stand-in isn't satisfied with just standinning, so he also carries a hot-dog-and-soda-pop stand on the set with him and peddles refreshments to the cast and crew while not standing-in. . . . Gene Raymond's nuttiest fan letter came the other day, enclosing a check for $5,000, except that there was no name of a bank and no signature . . . and he had to pay postage due on it, too! . . . Gertrude Niesen, Universal's new charmer, has just had her so-called "perfect back" insured for $50,000 against disfigurement . . . —and heaven help the clown who slaps her back when she's sunburned!

Voice Good, Weather Sticky

NELSON EDDY has the quaintest ideas . . . ! His latest, as retailed by MGM: "When the carburetor of your car works perfectly ?!$*% it's the best weather for singing, Nelson Eddy declared." The idea seems to be that the car hums best on those moist, sticky days when the air is full of humidity—and those are the days, he adds, on which he finds his voice is in best form. "I suppose," he adds, "it's because the moisture gives the air a soft quality, like soft water." Okay I'll go see Nelson's films on rainy days, hereafter.

Irene Dunne decks herself out in plumes and feathers for *Theodora Goes Wild* to play a sophisticated sexational novelist

JUST A FUNNY OLD SONG EVERYBODY KNOWS

"WE sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham," so go the words of an old song known on every college campus.

Old grads sing it at their class reunions.

The young people sing it when they gather around the piano at home on their college vacations.

And mother, listening, puts her book aside and joins in the chorus.

"How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon. Just a funny old school song everybody knows.

But to silver haired mothers who have run life's gauntlet, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is much more than just a funny song.

Lydia E. Pinkham was a real woman

The song is a parody. But Lydia E. Pinkham was a very real person. In fact hers is one of the best known names in the history of American women.

She began her work in the light of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding vat an iron kettle on a New England kitchen stove.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science.

And now her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.

Not a Patent Medicine

You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

On the contrary it is a standard proprietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

**functional disorders*

We who carry on the work of Lydia Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

More than a Million Letters of Grateful Testimony

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been advertised these many years. But no advertisement we have ever printed could compare with the word-of-mouth advertising from one grateful woman to another.

In our files are more than one million letters from women in every walk of life—letters on scented notepaper or on torn wrapping paper—letters from women who have known pain and have written to us without solicitation to tell us how helpful Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to them.

If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give it a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others.

We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"Me? Put on the Dog? Let's Skip It!"—Gladys George

[*Continued from page* 43]

crazy about her. I don't mean just the executives, rejoiced over what she's doing for the bankroll with her performance in *Valiant*. I mean the grips, the extras, the electricians, the gang on the set. They're the down-to-earthers who can tell "real folks" when they see 'em—and who can, just as unerringly, smell out the poseurs and the phonies. They've taken Gladys George to their hearts. She's passed their test—and it's Hollywood's real test.

AND now, let me tell you some stories and some facts about Gladys, that you won't be reading in the welter of life-stories that are cramming the other publications . . .

Let me tell you, for one amazing thing, that she's still paying off, in installments, the price of success—to a San Francisco stagehand! She may be a Big New Star in movies—but she's on one of those small-pay contracts, you see.

The San Francisco stagehand's name is Clarence Kiernan. She met him when she played the old Alcazar theatre there, in stock. She was broke. (She usually is. "I spend it as fast as I get it," she laughs.) She'd been playing in Honolulu, and when she stepped off the boat in San Francisco, she had seven dollars in her purse. She hunted up Kiernan and two packing-cases in the wings at the Alcazar. They sat on the packing-cases and talked.

"New York," said Kiernan, "is the place for you."

"Sure," she agreed, "but on what?—Seven bucks?"

"I'll lend you the fare—and plenty besides to get you started," he said. And he did. The total Kiernan advanced to Gladys George was about $800.

Gladys has been paying it back since she began clicking. But she still owes him several hundred. She's still paying. And, contrary to the old adage that "debts make enemies," Gladys George today hails Clarence Kiernan as one of the little set of people she thanks every day for whatever success has finally come to her.

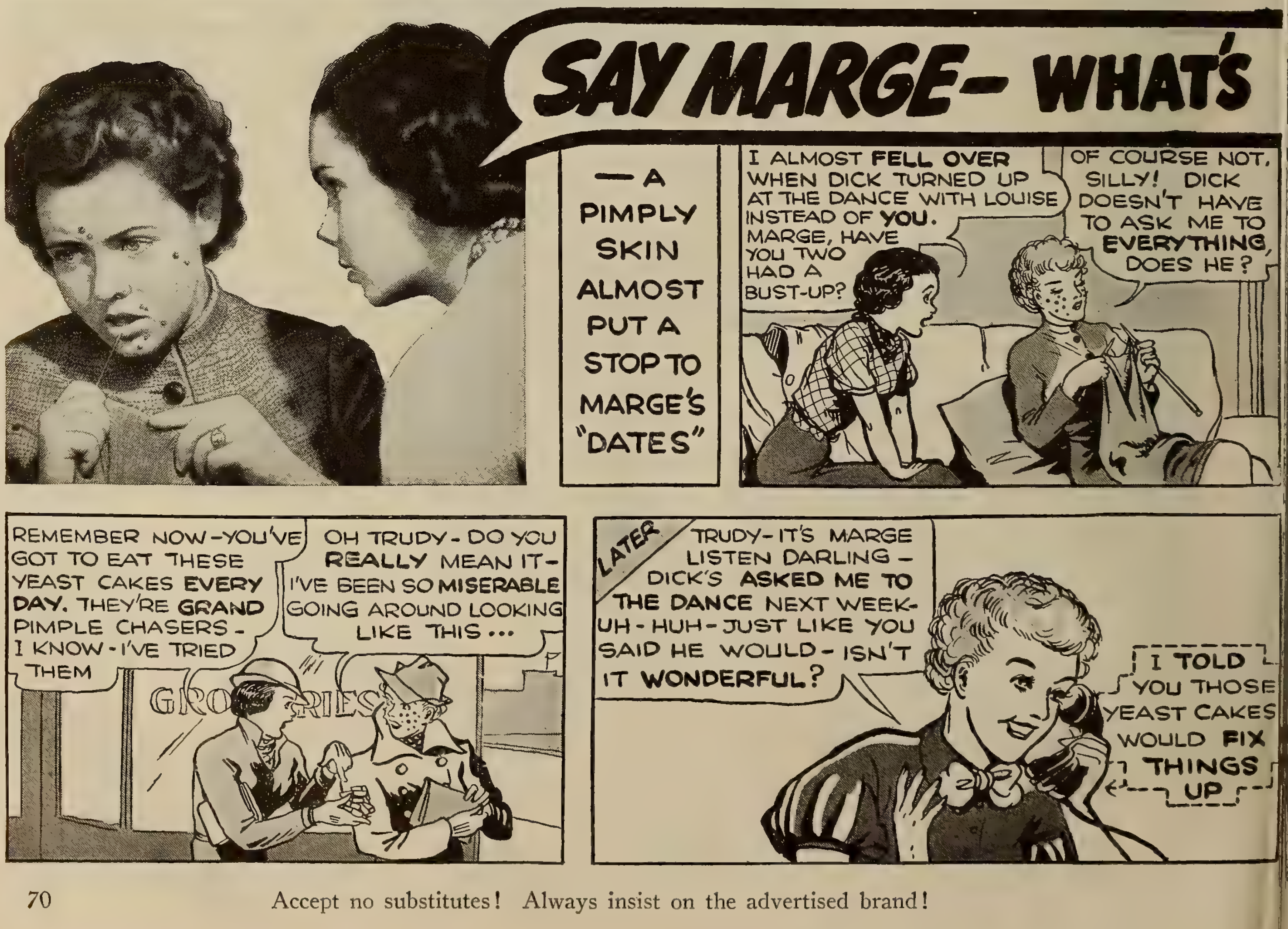
Gladys, as a Hollywood figure, is a puzzle to Hollywood. That's because Hollywood is a puzzle to Gladys. You can trace that to two causes: First, her childhood was such that she never had any friends, never learned the little tricks of being a social, good mixer. Second—she's not Hollywood-wise. Her career has been on the stage—and the roadshow stage, at that.

Now, suddenly, she finds herself in a new environment. The strange, peculiar environment that is solely Hollywood's, duplicated nowhere else in the world. She feels, as yet, out of place. She doesn't know how to talk Hollywood's language. She's learning that she often talks too much and too frankly. She's learning that in Hollywood, you can't always say what you think.

"AT A party the other day," she said, "I sounded off about a couple of people at the studio. Next day, they told me about it and wanted to know howcum. I'm learning to keep my mouth shut."

She sensed, too, an antagonism here in Hollywood. It's wearing away now, she feels. But it used to get her goat to see visitors come on the *Valiant* set and eye her. She felt, she says, like a freak on exhibition. She sensed that here she was, a newcomer from the stage, coming into Hollywood, to the resentment of the established movie people. "Maybe I was wrong, but that's what I felt," she insists. There was the sequence where she was made up to look oldish, haggard. (Despite the fact that she's out of her 20's, Gladys George has one of those perennially-youthful faces that keeps her looking young.) Anyway, it was on that day that a certain other star visited the *Valiant* set. What she said to Gladys hurt Gladys deeply that day. She said, after looking over Gladys in the oldish make-up: "My! They certainly did fine work on you to make you look so young on the stage in Broadway, didn't they?"

Gladys shrugged it off, and trouped on. Her whole making of *Valiant* was as fine an example of trouping as Hollywood has ever seen. She was on probation, and knew it. Throughout the picture, no one ever came to her and told her how she was doing. Except, now and then, a lowly grip, or an electrician. He'd sneak up to her, as she sat lonely and worried on the sidelines between takes, and pat her on the back and murmur:



SAY MARGE— WHAT'S
— A PIMPLY SKIN ALMOST PUT A STOP TO MARGE'S "DATES"
I ALMOST FELL OVER WHEN DICK TURNED UP AT THE DANCE WITH LOUISE INSTEAD OF YOU. MARGE, HAVE YOU TWO HAD A BUST-UP?
OF COURSE NOT, SILLY! DICK DOESN'T HAVE TO ASK ME TO EVERYTHING, DOES HE?
REMEMBER NOW—YOU'VE GOT TO EAT THESE YEAST CAKES EVERY DAY. THEY'RE GRAND PIMPLE CHASERS—I KNOW—I'VE TRIED THEM
OH TRUDY—DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT—I'VE BEEN SO MISERABLE GOING AROUND LOOKING LIKE THIS ...
GROCERIES
LATER
TRUDY—IT'S MARGE LISTEN DARLING—DICK'S ASKED ME TO THE DANCE NEXT WEEK—UH-HUH—JUST LIKE YOU SAID HE WOULD—ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?
I TOLD YOU THOSE YEAST CAKES WOULD FIX THINGS UP

"Okay, sis. You're doing swell."

But never did Director Wes Ruggles pat her on the back—verbally or otherwise. That's not Ruggles' style. Nor did the other players. To top it off, *Valiant* was shot on a schedule that kept Gladys working at top speed, long hours daily, without rest. It was an ordeal of nerves, of body, of endurance.

I did hear a remark or two about how magnificently she was standing up under the strain, during the making of the picture. "She's an old trouper," they said; "she can take it."

But not until the last day of the production did they learn what was going on inside the "old trouper who could take it." On the last day, after the last shot, her husband, Leonard Penn, called for her at the studio to drive her home. She walked to the car, sat down. And there and then, she collapsed—she went into hysterics. The dam had burst. Everything she was holding back came out, and she had to be kept in bed for three days.

It was then that they began telling her she'd done grand work. But even then, she wouldn't believe it. Even on the night of the preview, she didn't believe it . . . She went to the preview, yes. She heard the audience cheer and applaud. She heard all around her the whispers that she was crashing sensational stardom in this picture. Yet, when the last reel wound toward its end, she plucked at her husband's sleeve, and headed for a side door. I know a couple of people who saw her pull the sneak getaway, while the others in the picture congregated in the brilliant lobby to take the plaudits of the throng, a la Hollywood. Those who saw Gladys escape tell me that tears were rolling down her cheeks as she fled.

Since then, I've learned that the next morning, she didn't dare read the papers for the reviews. She couldn't. She asked her husband to read them. He did—and as reviewer after reviewer echoed her praise, Gladys George wept again. And they say she's just a hard-boiled old trouper, eh . . .?

TODAY, she's making a personal appearance tour. That's a great laugh to her. Because her recent stage success was *Personal Appearance*—the high comedy which kids the life out of a movie star's personal appearance tour, with all the ballyhoo and press agentry that surrounds such a trip. And now Gladys herself is doing exactly that!

When she comes back, she'll find Hollywood clamoring for her. She's under contract to MGM—they've had her contract for years, but did nothing with her until Ruggles borrowed her for *Valiant*. Now MGM is making huge plans to star her. Paramount is patting itself on the back because Paramount has an option on two more loan-outs from MGM for her.

The Hollywoodlands echo with loud cries of praise and cheer for Gladys George, the gal they didn't even want to look at a few months ago. Gladys George is headed for major stardom and all its rewards; that's certain. But to her: "—I'm only on the first rung of the ladder," she says. "This is only the beginning!"

In the midst of all the hullabaloo, she isn't forgetting her old friends. In three decades of stage touring, playing in medicine shows, one-night stands and bigger shows, all over this country, Gladys George met and befriended—and was befriended by—a horde of old-time actors. Today, most of that horde are in Hollywood, many of them living hand-to-mouth on the crumbs they can get by extra work, now and then.

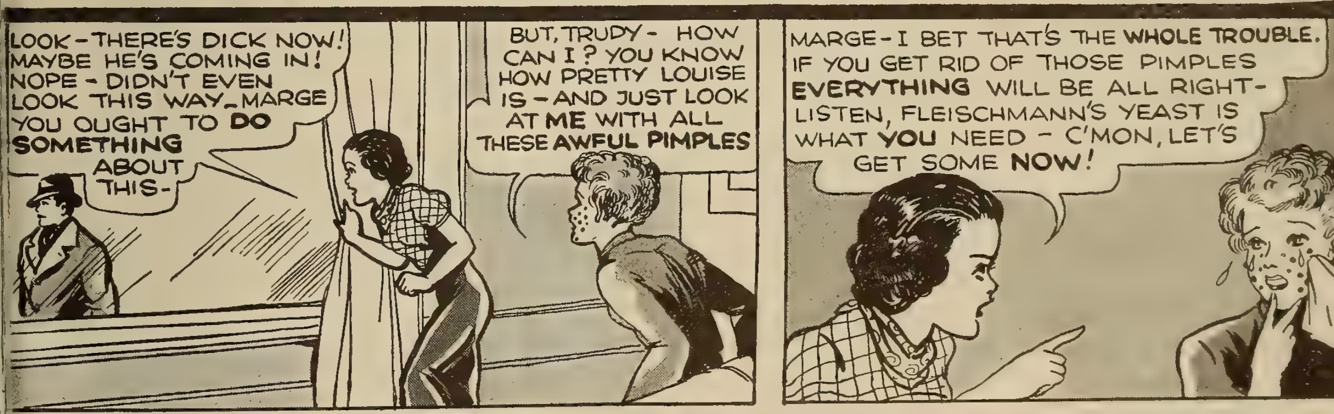
Now that Gladys George has clicked, they're after her. Scores of them write her, phone her, accost her, asking help. There's one of them whom she's set up in business twice already. He failed each time, and he's at her again to set him up again. Gladys, like every other trouper who's gone through the mill, is as open-hearted and open-handed as one could be. But her income can't stand the drain. Believe it or not, at present, her contract is bringing her about *one-tenth* the salary paid to other cinema stars! Of course, that's likely to be changed—Hollywood has learned to split its profits with underpaid stars who suddenly hit the public fancy. Gladys George will, in all probability, soon be getting her deserved cut on her sudden popularity. But in the meantime, her biggest distress is what to do for the old-time friends who now, in their hour of need, turn to her in her hour of success.

OFF the stage, off the set, Gladys George is a down-to-earth gal. She hasn't had time, even if she had the inclination, to learn to put on the Star Act. She talks in down-to-earth language, and sometimes her forthrightness astounds people she meets for the first time. Their reaction, in turn, astounds Gladys. She may not have learned the Star Act during her career, but she has learned to battle for herself, to fend for herself. She can give better than she takes. If necessary, she has a tongue that can crack like a whip. But she doesn't use it until she's goaded far.

I rather venture to predict that Gladys George will be as big a sensation as was Mae West when Mae came flashing into the Hollywood scene. Gladys has everything that Mae has—including the vocabulary and the vigor. And beyond that, Gladys

[*Continued on page* 104]

HAPPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY


LOOK - THERE'S DICK NOW! MAYBE HE'S COMING IN! NOPE - DIDN'T EVEN LOOK THIS WAY_MARGE YOU OUGHT TO **DO SOMETHING** ABOUT THIS-
BUT, TRUDY - HOW CAN I ? YOU KNOW HOW PRETTY LOUISE IS - AND JUST LOOK AT **ME** WITH ALL THESE **AWFUL PIMPLES**
MARGE - I BET THAT'S THE **WHOLE TROUBLE**. IF YOU GET RID OF THOSE PIMPLES **EVERYTHING** WILL BE ALL RIGHT - LISTEN, FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT **YOU** NEED - C'MON, LET'S GET SOME **NOW**!

GOSH MARGE - YOU SURE DO **LOOK PRETTY** - SAY, HOW ABOUT MAKING A DATE RIGHT NOW FOR THE MOVIES TOMORROW?
I'D **ADORE** TO, DICK

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP **YOUR** BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES

PIMPLES often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. And then—pimples vanish!

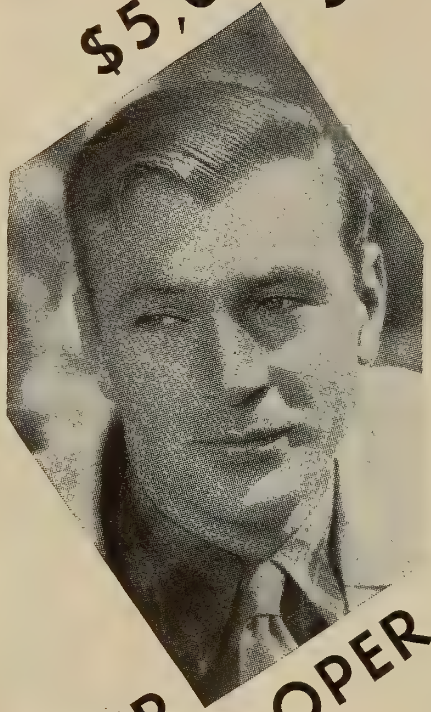
Eat 3 cakes *daily*—one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear again. Start today!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

THE $5,000,000 SUIT



OVER GARY COOPER

The stage is all set for the greatest legal battle in the history of movie making! And all over a Montana cowboy who rose from a twenty-five to a five million dollar box office threat.

What Love Has Done to Dick Powell and Joan Blondell

With Dan Cupid as director, love promises to give Joan and Dick, Hollywood's famous newly-weds, a new lease on life and a new reason for greater screen successes. Read about it in the

January
MOVIE CLASSIC
ON SALE
AT ALL
NEWS
STANDS
10¢

Cagney (Jimmy to you) One Year Later

[*Continued from page 24*]

Jimmy felt that he was appearing in too many pictures for the good of his career; Warners felt otherwise. Jimmy also contended that he was appearing in more pictures than his contract specified; Warners answered that he had been paid handsomely for every picture that he had made.

The court decreed that the contract was abrogated, and that henceforth Jimmy was his own boss, free to consider offers from other studios. And the sequel of that decision was ironic. Other studios were Cagney-minded, but bashful about making offers.

It might be unwise, to cultivate a star who had battled with his studio; it might give other stars ideas. And, besides, Warners had filed an appeal from the court's decision. If another studio put Jimmy under contract, and then Warners won the appeal, where would that leave the other studio? Holding the bag?

AFTER a few weeks of optimistic—and futile—waiting, Jimmy went East last spring, expecting to sit on his hands until the higher court got around to considering the case. Then the unexpected happened. A new producing company, Grand National, was formed in Hollywood. It was unhampered by the tabus and timidities of the older companies. It made Jimmy a big offer.

And here he is, back on the movie scene, tap-dancing himself "into condition"—for a picture called *Great Guy*.

Cagney, the Fighter, by taking him away from the cameras for almost a year, cost Cagney, the Actor, a quarter of a million dollars in lost salary. Would *you* be willing to pay that price for sticking to your guns? Jimmy did it, and came up smiling.

But he doesn't intend to let anyone make anything of that, if he can help it. He won't talk about it. From the beginning of the battle right up to the present, he has dodged interviews on the subject. It is a private matter between a studio and himself, something to be decided in a legal setting. Talking about it in the public prints won't settle it.

That's his attitude, and he's sticking to that, too.

. . . And what did he do with the freedom that he won at so high a price?

"I RELAXED. Traveling is strenuous; so are night-clubs, and parties. I didn't stay in New York even long enough to see the plays. I ducked out into the country . . . and ended up by buying a New England farm."

Is the picture of Cagney as a country gentleman something new for you?

"I've had a place in the Orange Mountains of New Jersey ten years, fifteen years. It used to be a Hermit's Retreat—until the state put some hard-surfaced roads through. Then there were four thousand cars passing the house every Sunday. . . . I had to find a new place.

"It was just accident, my finding this one. I have a friend back in New York named Ed McNamara—who was in *Strictly Dishonorable*, and made theatrical history, playing a cop as a cop would play him. He introduced me to Denys Wortman, the cartoonist, and we became friends. Wortman has a farm on Martha's Vineyard, the island off the coast of Rhode Island, and invited us up one week-end.

"And did I go for that place! It was off the beaten path; it was quiet, picturesque, with a salty tang in the air; and it didn't have even Sunday traffic. I looked around for vacant houses, found this old farm, and bought it. . . . That's where you'll find me, between pictures and—after pictures."

The house is a hundred years old, rambling, filled to the eaves with antiques—and its windows look out upon the sea. For James Cagney, who can still remember what Yorkville and the tenements were like, it sounds like Journey's End.

YOU ask him about those rumors that he turned writer during his holiday—that he is partly responsible for the script of *Great Guy*.

"They aren't true. . . . I've had a couple of ideas for scenarios, and I've put 'em down on paper. But they haven't gone any farther than that. Maybe they have possibilities; I don't know. But I wasn't going to ask Grand National to gamble with *my* ideas. . . . I first saw the script of *Great Guy* two years ago, and I thought then that it would make a good picture. It was about the fourth story that Grand National showed me—and I didn't have to look any farther. . . .

"The only thing I don't like about it is the title. It makes the character sound like something you'd like to hit over the head with a battleship. . . . He's cocky, but he's not that bad; he minds his own business, even if he won't let anybody step on him. He's a worker in the Bureau of Weights and Measures—which doesn't sound romantic—but he's tangled up in plenty of excitement."

Mae Clarke plays opposite him—Mae Clarke, into whose face he pushed the grapefruit in *Public Enemy*. That started a man-strikes-woman cycle.

"We found ourselves together again in *Lady-Killer*. This time, I was supposed to slap her. There wasn't any novelty in that kind of scene, or any fun. I walked up to Mae and said, 'You don't like the idea of that slap, do you?' You know Mae; she said, 'Go ahead—I can take it.' I asked her if she thought she could stand it if I dragged her out by the hair of her head. She was game.

"So when the scene came, I yanked her by the hair, across a room, to the door. She screamed bloody murder, but she was helping me every inch of the way—giving a push every time her heels hit the floor. . . . When it was over, we looked over at the director, and he was hanging over the side of his chair, limp. We'd forgotten to warn him."

He has high praise for Mae Clarke. "As an actress, she has everything that it takes, except the breaks." And when you speak of actors to Cagney, up comes the name of Astaire.

"Now, there's genius for you—real genius. . . . I'll never forget seeing him in *The Gay Divorcee*. I was making a fight picture at the time. I came home as limp as a rag, sank into a corner of the divan, and fell asleep sitting up." (He gives an illustration of how he must have looked—and certainly felt.) "But I snapped out of it about eight o'clock, dragged to my feet, and went off to see Astaire dance.

"The next night, I came home without

[*Continued on page* 98]

Mlle. Chic's
HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

**Hollywood,
Year's-End . . . .**

Dear:

HERE I am, trying to write you a letter about filmland style and fashion tips—and I discover I'm all tangled up in hair. I mean, my own hair is going *grey* from trying to figure out what Ginger and Joan and Jean and the rest of the gals are going to do with *theirs!* Because, you know, as the stars' hair goes, so goes the nation . . . ! Ginger Rogers has me all tangled! You know, she browned her famous red hair for a dramatic rôle she was going to play. But then they called the picture off and now Ginger is up in the air. She doesn't know whether to stay brownette or go back to red for her next Fred Astaire number.

MEANWHILE, Jean Harlow is upsetting everything again. She is plotting to go back to platinum!!! It seems so many of her fans have written protests about her brown locks that she's going to revert! On the other hand, Lucille Ball strode into the studio and trouble at the same time—because she hadn't told 'em she was going brownette, and when they saw she had, they didn't like it. So they ordered her back home and to stay there until she was blonde again! However, I *can* tell you this definitely—the blonde-to-brown trend is still *on*—at any rate, the ex-blondes now have three new members—Betty Grable, Wynne Gibson and Peggy Shannon, who've all darkened for winter. But Joan Crawford, who recently said she *might* go full blonde, has solved the question temporarily with a wig—a *jet black* wig, which she wears when she goes shopping, to avoid being recognized and mobbed.

MEANWHILE, no matter what the hair color, the gals are still wearing wild and weird and awesome hats to top off the tresses! One of the weirdest ones was worn by Lois Long, who dazed a party with a close-fitting black hat, topped by a *life-sized rooster,* sporting a brilliant red comb! At the same party, Arline Judge wore a turban with a question-mark feather. But Betty Furness, who started all this crazy hat business in Hollywood, is sort of bored with being imitated so much and has changed her gag. Now she is going in for trick things on her dresses—the latest one I saw her in, was a sport dress with buttons down the front—numbered from one to seven!

THIS "best-dressed woman" battle still rages in movietown. Latest to win the title was Marlene Dietrich, and it was bestowed upon her by Irene Castle, the dancer, who said she considered Marlene the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. But if you want to laugh, I'll give you a peek into a letter from a gal friend in London who saw Marlene at the theatre with Doug Fairbanks, Junior. La Dietrich was wearing a Chinese coat and a *feather tiara!* If Marlene deserves her title, then blue, green, gray and gold are going to be *the* colors this season, because that is what she is ordering in Paris.

FEATHERS are going to be "good" this year anyway. Frances Langford was wearing a feather cape at the Grove the other night. It was fashioned of tiny, turquoise blue ostrich plumes and she carried a bag to match.

I'VE seen two of the movie stars do some of their own wrapping and draping and come out with an original idea. Virginia Bruce takes a large scarf, twists and wraps and folds it—and when she is finished, has a new blouse to wear under her dress suit. Joan Crawford does the same thing to a double silver-fox stole she has. She fastens it with one head on her right shoulder; the rest of the fur across her back, around her left arm and finally around her hand to make a muff. Another fashion hit for Joan is the hair-do she appeared at the premier of *Romeo and Juliet* with. While all the other movieland gals wore *Juliet-hair do's,* Joan appeared with a loose, little-girl hair arrangement, topped by a bright red hair bow! Simone Simon has gone for the little-girl type of arrangement, also. She arranges her hair in a smooth, simple fashion about her face and pins a small bow at the nape of her neck.

THERE are more gadgets in the accessory line this month than I can keep up with. And as

[*Continued on page 87*]

CHARMING

Miss Ernestine Lollie—with her latest Permanent Wave by Bernord az Guro, New York City.

"I found my *whole appearance* improved after using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," *says Miss Ernestine Lollie of Vineland, N. J.*

WINNER of MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH CONTEST for DECEMBER, lovely Miss Lollie admitted many of her friends commend her attractive appearance. "They all admire my golden hair," says Miss Lollie. Blonde or Brunette, you too can gain added popularity. Glorious, sparkling hair will bring you, as it did Miss Lollie, the admiring compliments of your friends.

BLONDES—If your hair is dull, faded or streaked, rinse with Marchand's to bring back bright, sunny lustre of natural blonde hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash keeps your hair always the popular golden shade.

BRUNETTES—You will delight in a lovelier appearance once you rinse sparkling highlights into your hair with Marchand's. Or if you prefer, using Marchand's full strength you can completely lighten your hair to a golden blonde shade.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES—Worried over unsightly hair on arms—and legs? Women everywhere now use Marchand's to make "superfluous" hair *unnoticeable.* Invisible through even sheerest stockings!

Start to benefit from this effective home beauty treatment today. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore. Use it on your hair—your arms and legs—tonight, at home.

Would You, Too, Like to Visit New York—FREE

Full details of Marchand's Blonde-Of-The-Month Contest in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or mail coupon below.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name...

Address...

City.............................. State.............................. M. G. 137

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 12]

You've been hearing and reading plenty about Claudette Colbert's new parking place which has been under construction for many months. Here is the finished job, complete with landscaping—even to stone steps and hedge—with Claudette a part of the scenery

are going to get married, I wish they'd hurry and do it and get it over with ! ! ! ! !

So there!

● ● ●

MARRIAGE Record of the Month:—in Wales, Elizabeth Jenns, British film actress who's headed for American films, married Harry Crocker, Los Angeles newspaper executive.

—Bryon M. Stephens, brother and business manager to Barbara Stanwyck, eloped to Arizona with Caryl Lincoln, one-time Wampas Baby Star.

—Smiley Burnette, Republic Studios' leading man, is honeymooning with newspaper columnist Dallas MacDonnell, who will give him favorable write-ups from now on, I'll bet!

—Hal Rosson, cameraman and one of Jean Harlow's former husbands, is married again. This time to Mrs. Yvonne Crellin, Beverly Hills society favorite.

—Maxine Jennings, red-haired charmer of the screen, drove to Las Vegas the other day with Rudolph Ising, who draws animated cartoons, and when she came back, she was Mrs. Ising. They had ising on their wedding cake.

—And Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor are still blissfully honeymooning after that midnight marriage of theirs. Or did you know? Or care?

● ● ●

SOME of you may imagine that wise-cracking Arline Judge and Director Wesley Ruggles came to the end of their marriage with a shoulder-shrug and a hi-ho attitude. You can change your mind about it, though. Maybe Arline is going out places, and maybe she is putting on the smileful act—but all the same, the breakup of her romance has hit her plenty. It all came out during the shooting of *Valiant is the Word for Carrie* at Paramount. Arline had to do a crying scene. She did it well but when the time came to stop crying, Arline couldn't. You know, don't you, that the director on *Valiant* was Wesley Ruggles . . . ?

● ● ●

"COPPERING" his wife's separate-maintenance suit, funnyman Stan Laurel followed up her action by himself filing suit for divorce the other day. Mrs. L. wants $1,235 monthly maintenance from him.

● ● ●

IT'S a long time since Miriam Hopkins divorced screenwriter Austin Parker. Yet—when Miriam got back to Hollywood from London, it was Austin who was at the airport to meet her. And they've been lunching and dining together plenty, since. There's a romance that not even divorce killed . . . !

● ● ●

AND here's one that not even appendix-removal killed—the honeymoon of Anne Nagel and Ross Alexander. When wifie had to go to the hospital for an appendectomy, not long after their wedding, Hubby Ross hired the room next to hers, and lived at the hospital throughout the time she had to stay there!

● ● ●

YOU can add to that fast-growing list of Hollywood "adopters" the names of Adolphe Menjou, and of Allan Jones. The Menjous, following the lead of many other screen stars, have adopted a baby boy from an Illinois orphanage. They're both far, far more thrilled than you'd believe such a pair of veteran sophisticates ever could be!

Allan Jones has moved to adopt legally the 6-year-old daughter of Irene Hervey. Allan and Irene were married not long ago—but even at that, to be little Gail Irene's legal father, Allan has to go through adoption proceedings.

● ● ●

SUE CAROL (remember she was one of the screen's top stars not long ago?) has joined Cupid's ranks. She's going to marry again—this time it'll be William Wilson, screen writer. Carol used to be the wife of Nick Stuart—they were both stars in those days.

● ● ●

CUPID-CABLES from Europe:—Ivan Lebedeff arriving for the long-planned visit to Wera Engels, and don't be surprised if they marry—Marlene Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks Junior giving the Londoners plenty to talk about with their constant twosoming there.

[*Continued on page* 106]

AMERI
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ERICAN AIRLINES

Olivia de Havilland flew to New York to take in the shows, the shops, and have a looksee at the election celebration

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

MOST ultra-400-ish parties in Hollywood are, usually, those Connie Bennett gives at her big home in the ritzy Holmby Hills suburb. It's Connie who gathers the visiting celebrities. Her recent dinner was exemplary—guests included the immensely wealthy Maharajah of Indore and his Maharanee; the Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitneys; Douglas Fairbanks and Lady Sylvia, and these creme-names of movieland—Merle Oberon and David Niven, Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, and other big shots. Connie's sister, Joan, and hubby Gene Markey were there, too. But even Connie doesn't snub her profession at her society parties. *Piece de resistance* of the evening's entertainment was the screening in Connie's private movie theatre of *Dodsworth*, plus a Mickey Mouse and a March of Time reel.

CONTRAST Connie's party with the Hollywood Younger Gang's idea of a swell time, as offered by Hostess Glenda Farrell. She gave a party for a gang of the younger players. There were no maharajahs, butlers and seven-course dinners. But there were huge stacks of hamburger sandwiches (with onions), plus plenty of beer and soda pop. A good time was had by all, including Fred Keating, Sally Martin, Jerry Hopper, Harry Anderson. Glenda's new croquet court was the reason for the shindig.

AIRPLANE parties are still popular in movieland. Latest sky-party was a flight in a giant plane by a group including Cesar Romero, Judith Barrett, Lynn Gilbert, Wendy Barrie, Jean Rogers, Phyllis Dobson, Jack Dunn, Henry Hunter and others. They flew to Palm Springs for tennis, swimming and a week end.

IT DOESN'T take much excuse for a Hollywoodian to throw a party. I just mentioned that Glenda Farrell's new croquet court was the cause for one. Here are others: When Chic Sale cast aside wigs and beards and appeared straight for the first time in his film career, a gang of his friends threw a seidel party for him to celebrate. It was a stag party, and we won't tell everything that happened.

A NEW cook was Myrna Loy's reason for her recent dinner party. She's Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., now, and it was at her new honeymoon home that a party gathered to try out the new cook's wares. Loretta Young and Eddie Sutherland (rumor says they'll marry) were the honor guests—and Eddie tried to put Myrna's new cook under long-term contract before the evening was over. Entertainment of the evening was a musicale from among the thousands of phonograph records that form Myrna's musical library.

ALICE BRADY'S party-reason was a redecorated home. The Brady menage has just been refinished in Alice's favorite blue, plus ivory and gold and an occasional red. Alice herself wore a brilliant red gown. Decoration note that amused Alice's guests was the absence of rugs. "I love dogs," Alice explained. Guests included the Warren Williamses, the Bert Lytells, Anita Louise, Pat O'Brien and the Mrs., Isabel Jewell and fiance Owen Crump, Martha Sleeper and Hardie Albright, and countless others. The guests had to take turns at the entertainment —it was a grand "amateur professional show."

NOT only grownups have their Hollywood parties, though. "Spanky" MacFarland had his eighth birthday—with a party at the Venice amusement pier attended by all the film kiddies who could come. Latest reports were that eighteen bellyaches followed the party, at which vast quantities of popcorn, cake, candy and soda pop vanished, between roller-coaster and merry-go-round rides.

MOST unexpected party event of the month was what happened to Tyrone Power's party for ice-skating champ Sonja Henie. Young Tyrone had a platform constructed, as a sort of makeshift stage, for the party entertainment. Sonja, Dixie Dunbar, Bob Herndon and others did their impromptu acts from the stage—and then Tom Brown stepped on and went into a tap-dance which he's been practising to thrill Sonja with. BUT—crash went the flimsy platform, and Tom and his tap-dance landed in a mess of lumber. He walked out of it, though—as they say in aviation when a flyer is unhurt in a crash. But hereafter, Tyrone Power's guests are going to do their entertaining from solid ground, they say.

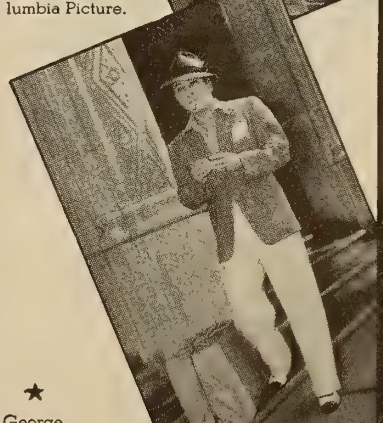
CHESTER MORRIS is one of those Hollywood hosts who likes to cook. So when he threw a party the other night, he donned chef's cap and aprons, and officiated at a barbecue pit —and dished out swell steaks to guests Jimmy Cagney and wife, the Robert Youngs, Jean Arthur and husband, and others. Thus strengthened, the guests withstood the second event on

[*Continued on page 85*]

★ Fred MacMurray, co-starred with Claudette Colbert in "Maid of Salem," Paramount Picture.

★ Pat O'Brien, Warner Bros. star, appearing in "San Quentin."

★ Ralph Bellamy, appearing in "Lady of New York," a Columbia Picture.



★ George Raft, currently appearing in "Yours for the Asking."

A NEW TRAVEL PICTURE

Starring

★ FRED MACMURRAY
★ PAT O'BRIEN
★ RALPH BELLAMY
★ GEORGE RAFT

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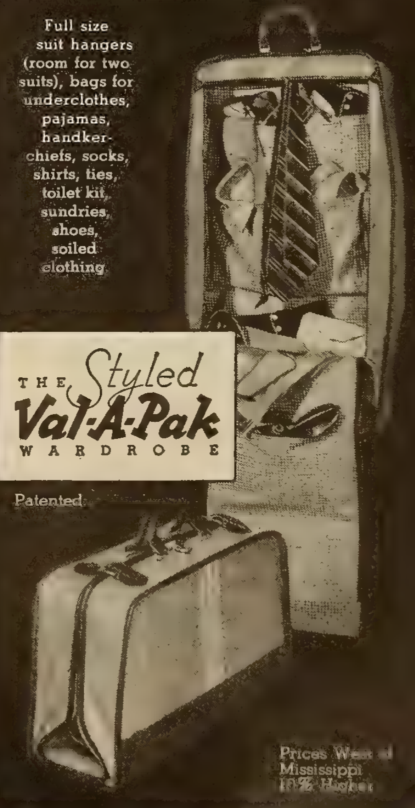

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What Joan Crawford Thinks of Joan Crawford

[*Continued from page 23*]

Clark Gable, as the stage director, at last breaks down and admits her to his office. And I liked her in the gymnasium scene. For once, I thought she got a nice, light comedy mood. I even laughed at her a couple of times in those scenes."

SHE was going strong and I didn't want to interrupt but she paused and I prompted, "You have some favorite pictures, haven't you? Your own?"

"My favorite—let's see—*Hussy, Possessed, Letty Lynton, Dancing Lady* and *Chained.*

"The ones I particularly didn't like were *No More Ladies, Forsaking All Others, I Live My Life* and *Today We Live.*

"It was too bad about *Today We Live.* That started out to be grand. It had a swell idea behind it. But we went wrong. The whole picture missed. And I missed worst of all.

"In *No More Ladies* there were some perfectly beautiful sets. But my collars were so big you couldn't see them. I had the biggest things around my neck and I had to hold myself in my chair to keep from rushing up to that screen and jerking those collars off that girl. And it's so awful in pictures because when it's done, it's done and—except for a few re-takes—there's no changing, no going back.

"KNOWING all these things about myself, realizing how disappointed I always am, I am utterly miserable the day before a preview. I never eat a bite of dinner before I go. It's bad enough to watch myself in the projection room with just a few people, but it's a thousand times worse seeing it for the first time with an audience and wondering if they think I'm as bad as I know I am.

"When I get terribly embarrassed over myself I watch the other actors in the scene. I'd much rather do that, but I keep thinking, 'No, you've *got* to watch yourself. How else can you improve?'

"The night after the preview I never sleep. I keep going over and over the various scenes—scenes which seemed so good, so *right* when I was doing them and which seem so bad, so wrong, when I see them.

"I used to look at the daily 'rushes,' but I don't do that any more. Then I'm upset constantly, whereas if I wait and take it all in a bunch I get through it better.

"And every time when I experience this terrific disappointment in my work and then go over everything I've done wrong in my mind I think, 'Now I know better. That will never happen again.'

"Then I start the new picture. We come to an emotional scene. I completely forget everything I've said I wouldn't do. I forget everything except that scene.

"Yet there isn't any going back for me. I loved *Possessed.* I thoroughly enjoyed making it. And even when I saw it I thought Joan Crawford wasn't so bad. Still there were scenes I wanted to do over again.

"Then a year after *Possessed* was released we made a version for England, one with a different ending. It gave me the strangest feeling to go back to it. I could not re-capture the mood I had when it was first made. It was difficult even to dress my hair as it had been. All the spirit was gone—so many things had happened during that year. So it's no good going back."

SHE stopped for a moment and screwed her face into a frown that made her look just about five years old. "You do what you just have to do," she said, thinking it out carefully, "and when you see the result you take it and that's that. You've done the best you can at the moment.

"I know that if ever I forgot my screen self long enough to become interested in the film, to be intrigued by the working out of the plot, then I would be giving a good performance. But I forget story and everything and just shout out, 'Oh, why did you do it that way!'

"But I guess the day when I can look at a picture in which I've played with real interest and in a purely detached way—I guess that day is just never going to come.

"Honestly, that's what I think of Joan Crawford, the actress. I swear I've been honest. Sometimes, for rare moments, she comes through okay. But I'm not being modest—you know how I loathe false modesty—when I tell you that most of the time I think she's dreadful.

"Maybe *Parnell*—maybe that will be the one that is right from start to finish . . . Maybe.

"But I'm still trying. Some day—if I live long enough—I'm going to be a good actress."

AND that—honestly—is what Joan Crawford thinks of herself. That is Joan Crawford's side of the Hollywood discussion.

She went on to talk about other things—the house, the dogs, Franchot—but I didn't listen.

I kept thinking, "Golly—look at her. She's tops as a movie star. There are hundreds of thousands of people in the world who think she is perfect. And yet she wants to be better—yet she is never satisfied with herself."

For just being a movie star doesn't completely satisfy Joan Crawford. She and Franchot have a secret and a dream. And one day you're going to see those two—Joan, the eager novice, Franchot, the splendid actor who knows that each new rôle is a new problem—those two on a little stage with rickety footlights and not too good sets working like dogs to learn what there is to learn about the theatre.

And I hope when that time comes that the theatre won't be crowded and running over with adoring fans who want to see Joan Crawford, the movie star. Instead I hope she'll be playing before a critical audience who will judge her purely by what she has to give as an actress.

I think Joan deserves that break. I think any girl with her ambition and her honesty shouldn't stop at mere movie stardom. And mark my words—she won't.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Ginger Rogers wears out between 10 and 20 pairs of dancing shoes a picture—and finds the first 100 hours of practising dance routines the hardest?

DID YOU KNOW THAT Nelson Eddy will soon be coming your way, having completed plans to make a four-months concert tour in 40 cities?

HOLLYWOOD Home Hints

Gail Patrick thinks the old way is the best way to make ice cream and instructs her maid, Mattie, how to use the freezer

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AND while we are on the subject of "home improvements," here is a tip on that perplexing problem of furniture coverings . . . Haven't we all a piece of furniture—a chair or davenport—that will be greatly improved by a new cover? Why not then, find out what the Sure-Fit Products company can do for you along these lines . . . their patented Sta-Fast feature will insure you against their coming off or rumpling up . . . They have a wide selection of colors to chose from, as well as being low in cost!

IT seems as though this whole feature will be used up on home furnishing ideas . . . at least it would be if we told you *all* about the uses of Armstrong's self-polishing wax called Linogloss . . . Even the job of waxing is made effortless . . . and it's a worry saver, too . . . Only the slightest daily care will keep your floors in top shape after a good coat of the wax . . . A great preservative for your linoleum floors is Linogloss!

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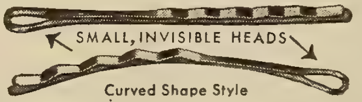

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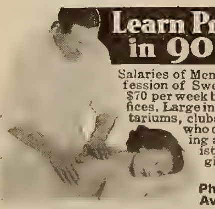

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The Screen's Best Gentlemen's Gentlemen

[*Continued from page* 30]

screen—even as a butler. And which indication is the truth. In spite of the fact that for many years on the stage he was the very smooth hero of many a tempestuous triangle, making marvelous love to marvelously lovely leading ladies.

The fact that most screen actresses are no bigger than a minute was what did him in, as far as films are concerned. His six-feet-four-and-one-half stacked up alongside the average petite always reminded directors of David and Goliath. Then, too, there was that other little matter of the overhead boom which swings the microphone to and fro! Arthur, or Pip, as he is known to his intimates, collided with that his first day on a motion picture set, and from then on he was relegated to buttling.

It happened as he relates it, thusly: "It was a small part in *Hollywood Party,* at M-G-M. But a gentleman's part. In full evening regalia I was to escort a young lady down a long flight of steps, and since we had dialogue as we moved, the microphone was to follow above us. Well, when the microphone was so placed to pick up the young lady's words, it hung somewhere about the center of my nose. The director didn't think that would add much to the picture, and I didn't either, since I was constantly running into it, and, as a matter of fact, I wore bruises for three days afterward. But then, when the microphone was swung far enough above me, the little girl at my side would have needed a megaphone to make herself heard. Result, I was fired.

"But they called me up several days later, and offered me another part in the same picture. That of a butler. My height wouldn't interfere there . . . I wouldn't have to play cozy scenes with any ladies. Too tall for a gentleman, but just right for a gentleman's gentleman! I had work for 28 days."

That, in itself, is symbolic. For the romantic part to which he was first assigned he might have had one day's work, twenty-five dollars' pay. As a butler he worked nearly a month in the same picture. There is an old saying in the theatre, "No butler part was ever a bad part." And so it is on the screen. Butlers have a way of soft-shoeing in and out throughout the entire story.

BUT still it was because *Pip* hated the idea of playing that first butler part that he is today the screen's butler, par excellence; it was because of that early resentment that he has just completed a starring rôle as that famous butler of butlers, P. G. Wodehouse's renowned character, *Jeeves,* in the Twentieth Century-Fox picture, *Thank You, Jeeves.* "From Boredom to Stardom" should be the title of this success story.

His friends warned him about that first butler rôle; explained to him the danger of being typed. So, as he says elegantly, "With all I'd heard, I intoned my lines with depression in my soul and boredom pouring out of me." It was what did the trick. He was immediately successful. The same director, Chuck Reisner, hired him to buttle for him in his next few pictures. Arthur Veary Treacher continued to be depressed and bored. In one picture he tried to shake off his boredom, and, at least, to *try* to play the part properly. Reisner wouldn't stand for it. "What's the matter, Pip? Have you lost your grip? I *used* to think you were an actor." Treacher went back to being bored and has been that way ever since.

There is nothing ho-hummish about him, however, off the screen. He even loses the adenoid-y sound in person. He paces the floor restlessly when enclosed in a small room. He talks enthusiastically, rapidly, and humorously. Particularly on the subjects of gardening, animals, and raising money for down-and-out actors. His eyes flash, his smile jumps at you vivaciously, he nervously jiggles coins in his pocket. *Very* unbutlerly! A man of action in person—of reaction on the screen.

Still, his personal reaction to his reactioning on the screen is one of the most revealing things about him. Arthur Treacher is one of the few actors in Hollywood who preserves and scrapbooks *only* his bad notices, his belittling reviews. And he has, what he thinks, is quite a prize collection. One underscored line which has proved most inspiring is, "The cast was all the way from competent to Arthur Treacher who was terrible." Another, published in a newspaper of his native London: "The English burlesque so dearly beloved by Hollywood producers is played more asininely than usual by Arthur Treacher."

Pip says he first began to cherish such reminders years ago when he was traveling from London to Brighton by train, and when a couple in the opposite seat asked him to stand up. "Yes, we thought it was you. We saw you in an act at the London Palladium last night, and we didn't care for you at all." Pip admits, "Because they were frank enough to tell me what they thought, I revised my act, and improved it, I'm sure. If you can't take the bad, you don't deserve the good."

And not only does this elongated Englishman get good reviews, and plenty of them, but he also gets some of the most heart-throbby fan mail that has ever wended its way toward Hollywood. His women fans all want to know why he doesn't play romantic rôles like Clark Gable and Robert Taylor—they're sure he'd be just as good. Many of them want to marry him—his butler rôles possibly indicate that he'd be so nice to have around a house. Quite a few ask for his autographed picture, and then shyly add, "And would you send me your chest expansion, too?" Incidently, and opportunely, he is a bachelor.

NOT so Mr. Eric Blore who never could withstand the ladies, and who succumbed quite completely a number of years ago to the charms of the celebrated beauty and actress, Clara Mackin, now Mrs. Eric Blore. He is also a papa; the younger Blore now being nine years old. It's strange. Treacher and Blore, both Englishmen, have both found fame on the American screen in at-your-service rôles, but they are distinct counterparts. Treacher, dead-panned, sour-pussed, monosyllabled; Blore, a facial contortionist, dealing muchly in long-rolling words. Blore, the whimsical sort of gent, who writes verses for children. Treacher, the fastidious exacting fellow who would probably snort at the sight of a child who needed a nose-blow! Then Blore likes picnics when there's plenty of beer packed away with the pickles, while Treacher probably couldn't be induced to sit near an anthill for even a magnum of

[*Continued on page* 99]

Enter This $500 Trademark Contest Now!

[*Continued from page* 64]

Following *The King and the Chorus Girl,* Mr. LeRoy plans to produce *Sons of the Gods,* and in preparation for the coming year, he has also purchased another surefire, hit story, *The Great Crooner,* written by that famous novelist, Clarence Buddington Kelland.

DON'T wait! Begin now to get your trademark ideas down on paper. Send in more than one if you wish. The more ideas you have the better your chances are for the grand prize. Submit them all. The winner of the entries submitted to MOTION PICTURE will receive a $50 cash prize and a chance at the $250 grand prize.

This same offer appears in Fawcett's affiliated film magazines—HOLLYWOOD, SCREEN BOOK, MOVIE CLASSIC and SCREEN PLAY. The winner of the entries submitted to any of these magazines receives $50 and an opportunity to win the $250 grand prize.

Just remember that your idea must be distinctly different from any other trademark.

When the Lion roars at you from the silver sheet you always think of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Paramount's mountains, peering through the clouds, are symbolic of the studio's name. The sparking radio tower is always thought of in conjunction with R-K-O Studios. 20th Century Skyscrapers are significant of the 20th Century-Fox Studios, and Columbia's Statue of Liberty—the gem of the ocean.

Get the idea? Mervyn LeRoy wants a trademark that denotes high quality. One that will long be remembered, easily pictured, one that is an emblem of class productions.

So here's your chance. Let yourself go—the prizes are worth racking your brain for. The contest closes December 20th, so don't put it off until tomorrow. Do it now—and mail your entries before the deadline. Here's hoping you win a prize. It's up to you!

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SCREEN PLAY

I'm Not Ready for Marriage Yet—Robert Taylor

[*Continued from page* 29]

to many a crabbed fan mag mugg like myself. Oh, we pester him with ticklish questions all right, but we like and respect him for the kind of clean, upstanding chap he is, and are pulling for him like a brigade of press agents.

Really, it's beyond me how this 25-year old lad from the Nebraska hinterlands, only recently out of college, manages not to succumb to the constant barrage of drooling verbiage to which he has been subjected these past several months. Any young fellow with half of the adulation and the coin he has been getting has a perfect right not to talk even to himself. Bob's fan mail tops that of any other player in Hollywood by a big margin. He has been averaging over *eight thousand* letters a week! This is cold statistics. The Culver City post-office has just added another man to its hard-pressed staff to handle the bales of mash notes, addressed to Bob, that keep rolling in from everywhere.

He has turned in some fine rôles since his memorable performance in *The Magnificent Obsession,* but he is well aware of the danger of too many pictures in rapid succession. As he says, "in this business the quicker you rise, the harder you fall. And it takes time and preparation to do justice to a new part. But no matter how well you play, people will get tired of you if they see you too often."

Bob is quite a psychologist. He had intentions of becoming a professional psychiatrist when he attended Pomona College, an institution noted for its high scholastic and other standards and frequently referred to as the Oxford of the West. That is one reason why he can view himself so objectively, and hasn't lost his head in the bizarre whirligig of movietown.

HERE is his answer to the question of what changes, if any, Hollywood has brought about in him during the past year, when he rose from a promising young player to the rulership of the romantic roost.

"I can't honestly say that I feel any different. Of course, when I first came to the studio as a contract player I was terribly excited. These great buildings had an air of colossal power about them, and a magic and mystery, too. It quickened my pulse. Cops stood at the gates. In the front office, quiet-voiced, but very efficient-looking young men handled a battery of telephones. I knew nobody, and was pathetically eager to be noticed, liked. Now, I feel quite at home, I know that I'm an integral part of this gigantic organization, of some value to my employers. That's a grand feeling.

"I'm still finding my way around and have a lot to learn yet. Perhaps I'm not as hyper-sensitive as I was a year or so ago, when I was very easily hurt. The other day, as I walked into a drugstore, a guy came up, got hold of my chin, twisted my head around, and snarled, 'Where have I seen you before? Oh, you are Bob Taylor, eh?' A year ago a thing like that would have gotten me into a scrap. But now, I take it as a part of the burden of Hollywood fame." He smiled. "I may not be so easily hurt myself, but I'm just as sensitive about other people's feelings as I ever was, and too often, for fear of giving offense, I avoid people instead of trying to make them like me. Some mistake this for conceit, snobbishness.

"I guess I still have an inferiority complex. You can't get along in Hollywood without *that.*" Another smile. "And I'm just as impulsive, restless, and moody as I ever was. Doing and saying a lot of things on the spur of the moment, with no thought of the consequences—always doing something, going somewhere, incapable of keeping still a moment—one minute high up in the clouds, the next minute clear down to the bottom." After a moment's meditation, earnestly: "I want to be a real actor—that's my job for the next few years. As man and artist I have certain imaginative ideals about myself. I have not been able to live up to them as yet, and that's the main reason why I'm so moody. Otherwise, I've nothing to be sad about except my father's death before I began to click on the screen. I was born under a lucky star, for an actor. I have never gone hungry or pounded the pavements in search of a job. I have no battle-scars to speak of.

"I DON'T think I'm a better actor today than I was two or three years ago, and heaven knows, I was bad then. I played *Armand Duval* in a student production of *Camille* in the Little Theatre at Padua Hills, which, incidentally, brought me my first fan mail, the thrill of which I'll never forget. I doubt if I could do a better job if I were to return to Padua Hills in the same rôle. Sure, I know a good deal about the technique of motion picture acting of which I had no idea before, but that doesn't mean I'm a better actor. Today, I'm playing *Armand Duval* opposite Greta Garbo, under a famous director, with the finest sets, wardrobe, and other paraphernalia money can buy, and I bet I'll still be lousy." He winked. I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, what can you do with a screen lover like that? He is too, too modest.

His closest friends seem to be Don Milo and Redmond Doms. The first was his room-mate and stand-in, now doing small bits and trying to get somewhere in Hollywood, where fortune plays strange tricks. The second is his present stand-in. Bob is also very close with Cesar Romero, Cuba's gift to the lovely peaches of Beverly Hills and one of our favorite men-about-town in filmland.

His plans for the future? "No definite plans. I'll be working in pictures as long as they let me. I hope to save enough money to get a boat, and raise horses on a ranch. I'd like to visit New York twice a year, and take a trip to Europe."

By now he had finished his fruit salad, and ordered ice-cream and coffee. He goes for light lunches when working. He wore his panchromatic make-up, which covered the healthy robust color of his cheeks. His wavy brown hair was combed straight back, in the manner of fashionable French youths during the roistering days of Dumas, who penned *The Lady of the Camellias,* better known in English as *Camille,* when a dusky fop of twenty-five. It is the story of a consumptive Parisian courtesan of great elegance and fundamental goodness of heart, with whom a dapper provincial youth of noble impulses falls in love. This dramatic tear-jerker has been highly palatable fare to generations of theatregoers. Both Garbo and Bob ought to score heavily in this picture, the production of which was in the sensitive hands of Irving Thalberg until his untimely death.

BOB has joined the "Know-Nothing" party of the silent Swede. He won't speak about her. His keen eyes take on a bovine expression when you question him about Garbo.

As we got up, he strolled over to a table nearby, where Allan Jones was lunching with a few friends. They shook hands, talked like pals, with Bob's hand resting over Allan's shoulder. As you know, Mrs. Allan Jones, known also as Irene Hervey, was Bob's best girl before this fast-rising singer from the Pennsylvania coal mines met her. It's no rebound romance, but an ideal match, and your reporter was happy to see that no ill-feeling exists between the two men.

As Bob returned to his dressing-room, I drove out to his mother's house, a beautiful two-story building on a quiet, tree-lined street, lovely in the autumnal bronze of Beverly Hills. Bob's mother, Mrs. Ruth Brugh, was out shopping, but the three other members of his household, Ida, an elderly maid, Virginia, a cute, blue-eyed secretary with perpetually blushing cheeks who handles his fan mail, and Louise, her assistant, were busy with their tasks. Bob has known Virginia for a number of years, and she lives with his mother.

In a sunny room on the second floor, hemmed in by stacks of mail, Virginia and Louise were pounding away on their noiseless machines. I wish I had the space to give you some quotes from the interesting notes people in all walks of life, from Kamchatka to Cape Horn, write him. Naturally, most of his fan mail comes from admiring femmes, but men write to him, too, a few of them waxing sarcastic. Virginia showed me a letter from a lawyer which dripped venom. Who said women alone are catty? Needless to say, it would be impossible for Bob to read even one-fifth of his fan mail. Virginia shows him only those letters that deserve a personal answer from him, taking care of the rest as best she can. She sends out hundreds of photographs every day, answers questions of all sorts. It's a staggering job.

The best streamlined figure in *Born to Dance* is Myra Bratton, Montgomery, Ala.

BOB lives alone, with a servant, Joe, and an Irish setter, in a one-story cream-colored building a few blocks away. It's just a nice, comfortable home for a movie bachelor, and there is nothing manorial or extra-ordinary about it. His mother lives in much the better house. Near the fireplace in the living-room there is a rack loaded with books and magazines—*The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, by T. E. Lawrence, he of the Arabian fame; *Old Jules*, a story of pioneer days in Nebraska; *Education Before Verdun;* a collection of Thomas Mann's short stories. As you see, Bob reads solid stuff. There is a kitchen, but Joe tells me it's never used, as Bob always eats out. In the patio Barbara and Bob like to play ping-pong. Two cars in the garage. I didn't see his famous yellow racer. Gymnastic apparatus in a playroom, also a picture of Bob on horse-back, in a cowboy outfit. Joe shows me an endless array of suits, overcoats and shirts in sundry closets. Two beds in the guest-room. His own bedroom is very small, with heavy brown curtains, an oak bed, with a monogrammed brown bedspread, and a large, handsome photograph on the dresser—you guessed it right.

Such, my friends, is Bob Taylor today. Currently the romantic rage of the nation, he climbs the ladder of cinematic success and fame, his spreading wings untouched by the tempests of life. The strain of his unprecedented popularity is terrific, but he is made of such healthy stuff that he will pull through, and reach greater heights.

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Here Comes the Bride

[*Continued from page* 35]

years. He wrote letters, of course. But Maureen did not reply. They had said that all was past at parting. What use was there in keeping memory alive? But in 1932 he returned. And a little while later they both knew that theirs was not a love for a day. Nor an attraction which absence, or the years, or other companionships, could lessen.

Maureen had tried to find new interests in these two years. Her engagement to the town's most eligible bachelors was rumored time and again.

"It's always been John, hasn't it?" I once said to her.

She did not reply directly. But there was such a look of desolation in her eyes that no answer was necessary.

Gaiety in these long months never really touched her. She had a forced cheerfulness which casual observers accepted as happiness—happiness with her new contract, with her new status as an important younger actress, with the abundant adulation and attention now hers.

AND then John came back, and all was well with the world again. Soon she was wearing an opulent square-cut diamond to announce her engagement state. In a little while, they thought then, they would marry.

There would be a short delay, they knew, until the matter of a religious complication was cleared up. John's previous marriage had been outside the church, and it was necessary to have it formally dissolved by Rome before they could make their marital promises. They did not then foresee the long dragging months—the involved routine of such action.

A year ago Maureen rather pathetically said to me—"The world is in such chaos—wars and famines and revolutions. I guess the dignitaries have their hands full with too many real things to even think of us."

But not once did this girl and this man consider breaking religious ties, taking impulsive action as their hearts clamored.

"My plan of living," Maureen explained again a few days after her marriage, "is

Tacking up Christmas wreaths on the old front door is a Hollywood custom that is practised by all the stars (you, too). The star decorating her door in the Yuletide spirit is Rosalind Russell. Her next step is to sit down and write Santa a letter to do things right. I wouldn't have ever felt I was married if we didn't have the blessings of our Church. To me marriage is a sanctified relationship, something holy.

"Frequently we felt as if the waiting would never come to an end. As if that permission from the Church would never come. We loved each other—but much *too importantly* to sacrifice our principles!"

THE new Maureen is a placid Maureen—a Maureen with a new softness, a new peace in her face. Her cobalt-blue eyes are clear and tender as she looks at the broad gold wedding band on her finger.

"I wanted a gold ring. Somehow," and she speaks slowly, as if finding difficulty in formulating an emotion into words—"It stands for solidity, for permanence, for the reality of marriage. John wears one to match it."

Both John and Maureen have given many months of their lives as hostage to their love. But during that time they've learned much which will pay its dividends in happiness.

"In a way," declares Maureen, "it's a very good thing to have waited so long. We appreciate more perfectly than we probably would have otherwise, *the fact and the status* of marriage. What it gives us—what it *can* give us. *What it can mean!*

"We both know that two people, together, make something vital. It is no longer I, Maureen O'Sullivan; nor he, John Farrow. Not two individuals functioning separately, but trying to achieve an entity, a blending, one thing!

"Not that I don't believe in personal independence. But independence means an integrity of mind—and *soul*, if you will. Not merely a state of contrariness or manufactured disagreements about surface, incidental things for the sake of proving that marriage hasn't changed your personality.

"As a matter of fact, marriage *should* change a person. It should soften, and make you more tolerant, more understanding, give you broader vision than you've ever had before.

"AFTER a fashion, our long engagement began these changes in both John and myself. We've learned to be honest with each other. We've made adjustments and concessions. We've assimilated each other's likes and dislikes; we have no hidden phases of character from each other.

"Marriage is give and take. It's a fifty-fifty relationship. Other brides have said it. To me that means active assumption of responsibility.

"For example, I realize that to a certain extent it handicaps a man to be married. When he is single he has certain social contacts, a certain freedom which contributes to his professional progress. He can go and come as he pleases, without thought of a wife sitting in a corner waiting until he's through discussing a suddenly engrossing and fascinating subject.

"Insofar as possible I am going to try to duplicate the situations in which John would find himself if he were still a bachelor. I plan to entertain; to contribute in every way to his success and his well-being. That's my responsibility as a wife."

(It reminded me that last summer Maureen spent long hours in the Los Angeles Public Library doing research for a book on the Orient John was writing.)

"I am not nearly as interested in my own career," she continues, "as I am in marriage. There is no question of sacrifice, one for the other. If it came to a choice, I would choose marriage without hesitation. Being Mrs. John Farrow is far more important to me than being Maureen O'Sullivan, the actress.

"When my friends told me that the moment I said 'I do' I would be a different person, I laughed at them. I couldn't see why. But now, even in these few days, I do. For the first time in my life I'm really at peace. I've found an anchorage.

"For the last six years I've been living for myself. Nothing concerned me as much as the next rôle I was to play; as the possible effect of it on my status as an actress. I was completely selfish. Now I know there are other things than success in a career for a woman."

MAUREEN'S plans today center around domesticity, around motherhood, around wifehood. She is no whit concerned with her future on the screen. Secretly she hopes no picture will be assigned her until after her return from Ireland. Parental blessings on the marriage came via transatlantic phone, but Maureen is eager for them first-hand.

The Farrows' plans for the future are many. A house. And children.

"We want to build a house in the Spring." Maureen says, "a large house—big enough for children.

"For I want children, as many as will come along. My two best friends have youngsters—and somehow I've always felt left out of their intimate circle.

"Having a home, a husband, children—that to me is ultimate happiness.

"I am so serene now, so satisfied with marketing and housekeeping, with hearing the cook ask 'And what shall we have for dinner, Mrs. Farrow?' that I am quite sure I shall get fat with contentment. And I probably won't care!"

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'Tis the Likes of the Kelly You'll Be After Liking Now!

[*Continued from page* 32]

She scrubbed and washed and mended like a good one. She kept us decent. She was a good all 'round girl, my mother. Nothing fazed her. I'm like her in that respect, I guess. She always had a high spirit in her and a song on her mouth. Like all mothers, I guess, she bore whatever shame and sorrow she felt in her bosom and didn't give it out to us or anyone else.

"We were crazy for the movies in those days, too. Fans, all of the Kellys. We liked Pearl White in *The Perils of Pauline.* There was a girl for my money, I thought. We liked Tom Mix, too, and Norma Talmadge and all of them. Ma, God rest her soul, was crazy for Mary Pickford. She'd go any distance and without her dinner to see Mary. 'A little lady, Miss Pickford,' she'd always say.

"WHEN I was ten she sent me to Jack Blue's dancing-school to keep me off the streets afternoons. I was being run over by too many trucks. I had to walk it twice a day. Nickels were scarce in the Kelly family. Trolleys were luxuries not for the likes of us. Later on, when I'd saved some money, I got a second-hand bike and that was easy. I'd been there only a short time when I began to teach. Tap and things. I got $20.00 a week for working thirteen hours a day. I'd land there after school in the afternoons and work through until two or three every morning. Not for Kelly I thought, after a time, Kelly's got to win the Irish Sweepstakes or something.

"Well, about that time, then, Willie got a chance to go into an act with Frank Fay at the Palace Theatre. They asked me to come over and teach Willie a routine. I was black scairt. I didn't want to go. Willie fair beat me and 'drug' me over to the Palace. I taught him a routine. Then Fay came down to watch us. When we were done he said to me, Fay did, 'Will you open with us?' The pay-off was that poor Willie was let out and I got the job. Willie didn't care. He said it was a sissy business anyway. He'd rather drive a truck as became a Kelly. He did. He's never set foot on a stage again. He's working at the Waldorf now, in New York. He wrote me when Robert Taylor was in New York and stayed at the Waldorf. He'd never seen the likes of it, wrote Willie, the way the women went on and all.

"Well, then, I opened with Fay at the Palace. You know what the Palace meant in those days. It was the tops. I started from the top, you might say, and worked down! Night we opened all the Kellys came over. They had front row seats. Nothing too good for the Kellys. Ma was proud as Punch but you didn't catch her saying so. She wasn't one for saying much. Her attitude was that there was nothing to be surprised about, I was where I ought to be.

"I got $45.00 a week then. We had turkey twice a week and I rigged ma all up. We made up, then, for all the made-over clothes and the runty Christmas trees and things. Funny thing about ma, but even after I began to make decent money she would never live in an elevator apartment. She didn't like the contraptions, she said. A body could fall down those cruel elevator shafts easier than not. She kept on living in tenements. Better tenements, more rooms, one or two flights up instead of the four that had torn our innards out every time we wanted a drink of water. But tenements to the day she died, God rest her.

"Pa is still living in New York. He's got his own apartment and his cronies. He's seventy-four years young and I mean young. Spry as a leprechaun.

"Well, I worked for Fay for about three years. After a bit he let out a young chap who was in the act with us, doing a lot of talking, and told me I'd have to do the talking *and* my dance routines. That stopped the Kelly. I'd never spoken a word in public in my life. First night I was numb. I got off my lines and then found that I couldn't move my legs. Couldn't tap a tap. But you know Fay. He just cracked right out with the truth. Told the Palace audience that I was a newcomer to the gift of speech and it had me stopped. I got off that stage at the double-quick. Only time in my life I'd ever been floored. After that I was all right. I owe Fay a lot. He started me all right. He's got the smartest brain in show business. He can get up anywhere, any time, and talk about this bottle of ketchup on the table and make you like it. Smart guy, Fay. After three years he fired me.

"THEN came the biography kind of thing. You know 'Miss Kelly then appeared with Will Rogers in *Three Cheers* (that was the show in which Will pinch hit for his pal, Fred Stone, you know, when Fred had his crack-up in the plane) and then Miss Kelly wowed them in Earl Carroll's *Vanities* and next Miss Kelly appeared in the *Sketch Book* and the *Wonder Bar* and so on to glory.' I never worked for Texas Guinan. It's been said that I did but it's just that people used to see me hanging around there a lot, I guess, with Ruby Keeler. Ruby and I took our dancing lessons together, you see, when we were kids.

"After awhile my agent told me that a movie scout had seen me in a revue and that I was going to Hollywood. That sounded all right to me. I'd heard of the place. Well, I got out to Hollywood. I landed right here on the Hal Roach lot where I've been under contract ever since. That was four years ago. I've been loaned out to other studios, of course, but this is where I hang my hat.

"I started to go to work on my first two-reel comedy with Thelma Todd. First day I was supposed to walk down the aisle of a theatre and fall flat on my back. When the director gave me my orders I said 'Who falls on whose back?' The director told me 'Your back.' 'Not my back,' I said, 'not mine, Mister Director. I never fell in my life except accidentally. You've got me mixed up with Toto, the clown,' I told him.

"I tried it for a few days and thought it was the silliest fool business in the world. I had to get up about five in the morning and get a lantern to light my way to the studio. I'd get there and there'd be no audience, no applause. It was like talking to myself. Someone was always hollering 'Quiet!' or 'Hush!' My voice was too loud or not loud enough. You had to knock yourself out with a powder-puff in this business. Make-up every minute. I was always hanging out of a window or off

[*Continued on page* 103]

Hollywood's Trick Parties

[*Continued from page 75*]

the Chester Morris program for the night—a screening of his old starring film *Alibi*, one of the first talkies. The contrast between it and modern talkies was a wow.

NEWEST party gag in Hollywood—and you can start it in your own town, too—is the Round Robin Ping Pong party. The idea is this—there is one ping pong table, one ball, one pair of racquets, any number of guests. One pair start the game. While the ball is in mid-air, the racquet is passed to the next person in line—and the game has to be kept going that way. The player who fumbles a racquet, lets the game die, forfeits something or other. Hollywood "Round Robin Ping Pong" enthusiasts include Ken Howell, Evalyn Knapp, Earl Blackwell, and many of the younger set.

WEDDING party of the month was the one Joan Bennett gave for her dear friend, Ann Sothern, just before Ann became Mrs. Roger Pryor. The party was at Joan's house, and was a ladies-only affair. Those who were there to honor the bride-to-be included Sally Blane, Mrs. Clark Gable, Jean Arthur, June Clayworth, Inez Courtney. Joan's house was decorated in all-white blossoms. Orange blossoms in mounds, with white satin streamers decorated the long buffet table. Wedding gifts came by the score—the Joan gift being a bridal nightie trimmed in white satin and lace, and a bed jacket to match.

NO HOLLYWOOD monthly party-resume is complete without recording the trickiest invitation gag of the month. This time, honors go to Director Alfred Santell, who sent out regular studio call-sheets when he gave a party for the cast and crew of *Winterset*. The call-sheets ordered recipients to report at 8 p.m. on the party date at the "location" which was a Sunset Boulevard cafe. Instructions: "Be ready to wine and dine."

VICTOR McLAGLEN may be British as a dropped aitch—but he went South Seas with a Hawaiian party the other day! He hired Kila, noted Hawaiian chef, who prepared a 200 pound pig, wrapped in palm and banana leaves, and baked in a pit of red-hot stones, along with vegetable trimmings. It was Victor's birthday party for Director John Ford, and it was held on Catalina Island, to lend the proper setting.

ONE Hollywood party was so stellar that it was heard 'way off in South America. It was a radio party at Gloria Swanson's home, arranged by a South American press association and hooked up with direct wire to South American broadcasting stations. Among those who attended and microphoned their stuff besides Gloria were Jane Withers, Boris Karloff, Frank Morgan, Herbert Marshall, Tom Brown, Olivia de Havilland, Cary Grant, Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel.

Twenty-Five Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Sarah Bernhardt

"IT WAS good news that recently came from Paris—Sarah Bernhardt has at last consented to appear in motion pictures." . . . "Warren J. Kerrigan and Pauline Bush are the American's leading man and woman." . . . "Mabel Normand has left the Vitagraph and some one who looks like her is with the Biograph." . . . "Mary Pickford and Owen Moore are with the Majestic." . . . "Advice to producers—Be careful in editing your films. One immoral play may bring down the restrictions of the law upon innocent parties." . . . "Alice Joyce was a professional model before gracing the silver sheet." . . . "John Halliday has played a variety of rôles. He thoroughly enjoys his work and, unlike many of the players, does not dislike rehearsals." . . . "Francis X. Bushman and Dorothy Phillips have the leading rôles in *Her Dad, the Constable.*" . . . "Kathlyn Williams plays *Henriette* in the Selig *The Two Orphans.*" . . . "The use of motion pictures in teaching medicine, surgery, and various other arts, sciences and trades, is getting very common." . . . "Maurice Costello plays the rôle of *Sydney Carton* in *The Tale of Two Cities.*" . . . "Ralph Ince portraying *Lincoln* at the Vitagraph studios." . . . "Marion Leonard may be seen in the leading rôle in *The Price of Vanity.*" . . . "From $20 to $40 is the average price paid for scenarios."

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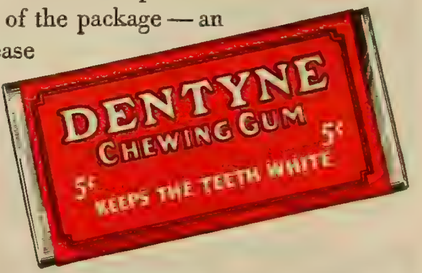

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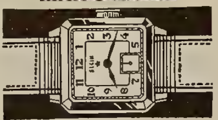

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Hank Fonda Happy Ending

[*Continued from page 33*]

"SO far as I could see, the chief difference between picture-making here and in England is that they do more clowning here on the set. I waited for someone to pull a good old Hollywood gag, but nobody did. And I missed it. I like to have fun."

One day they were shooting a gipsy outdoor scene—caravan on the grass—members of the band lying and strolling about. Fonda was dismissed at three. There was nothing for him to do down there in the country, so he found himself some busy work. With the wardrobe and make-up men, he disappeared into his dressing-room. Presently there emerged a swarthy, tough-looking customer in gipsy garb. Cotton had been stuffed into his nose to distend it, and under his lower lip to make it stick out. On his cheeks grew a three-day stubble, and a dark felt hat was pulled low over his eyes.

He strolled out on the set and threw himself down on the grass. They were setting up. Shuster was talking to Annabella, the French star who played the feminine lead. No one paid any attention to Fonda, taking it for granted that he was one of the gipsy extras. When they were ready to shoot, he was told to walk in the background with the other extras.

He walked through three or four shots. It was the extras who started the trouble. They weren't going to let this fellow get away with murder. "Why should he get a guinea the same as we do," they complained to the assistant, "When he didn't come to work till four?"

"Didn't you come to work till four?" the assistant asked him.

The tramp mumbled something into his lower lip, glaring so balefully meantime at his questioner that the latter backed away. "The man's mad," he muttered. People began eyeing the maniac uneasily and moving away to respectful distances.

By this time one of Fonda's fellow-conspirators had put the cameraman wise, and he decided to help the good work along. "We'll have to do that shot over," he told the director. "The fellow in the black hat spoiled it."

Shuster, distraught by the undercurrent of excitement, yelled to the troublemaker; "Come here!" Fonda shuffled up and looked his housemate in the eye. "Get the hell off this set!" thundered Shuster.

Whereupon Fonda, struggling against his mirth, saw the light dawn on Shuster. But Shuster, too, had by now caught the spirit of the game.

"Get the production manager!" he shouted. "This fellow's a lunatic." Annabella shrieked and sought refuge behind the caravan. Fonda produced his best sneer and dropped down on the grass. The others stood around in groups, whispering excitedly. The production manager appeared. Keeping ten paces away from Fonda, he began to parley. Fonda growled unintelligibly. The cameraman came up, turned his brave back on Fonda, tossed him a mean-looking bowie knife and stepped aside just in time to let the production manager catch sight of the knife slipping stealthily up the gipsy's sleeve. He fled and returned with a policeman, who eyed the gibbering lunatic, decided he was too big for one bobby to tackle and summoned two aides. At a distance of thirty feet they went into whispered conclave.

"BY this time," Fonda says, "I was getting a little nervous, not having counted on fighting the constabulary single-handed. So I got up as nonchalantly as I could and started walking slowly toward the edge of the set, keeping my sinister eye on the enemy. Nobody budged. Then I dashed round the cyclorama and pulled the oldest movie stunt in the world—hid behind a door, while the pack rushed past me in hot pursuit, for all the world like an old Charlie Chaplin comedy."

"He's on the *Rembrandt* set," someone yelled. Work on the *Rembrandt* set was halted for an hour while they hunted for the mad gipsy. June Knight locked herself in her dressing-room. Jimmy Durante posted a guard at his door. Meantime Fonda had returned to his grassy couch, where Shuster found him and pressed a green slip into his hand. Then he went in search of the production manager. "He's got his chit," he announced, "and refuses to leave till he gets his guinea."

Now this chit is a sacred slip, redeemable at the treasurer's office for cash. Without it, no penny is forthcoming. The production manager had to sell his soul and finally threaten the cashier with the mad gipsy himself, before the guinea was finally forked out. He approached Fonda with the shining coin on his palm, as one might approach a tiger with a saucer of milk. Fonda glowered, grabbed at the coin and prowled off, rumbling in his throat.

Half an hour later, cleansed and in his right mind, he headed for the projection room to see the rushes. By now the secret was out. He met Laughton, who shook him fervently by the hand. He met Jimmy Durante, who collapsed into moans of hysteria. The production manager alone had been kept in blissful ignorance of the truth. "Hi, Fonda!" he greeted the actor. "You don't know what you've missed," and poured into his sympathetic ear the astounding tale of the mad gipsy, while the others choked down their emotions as best they could.

REFRESHED by this incident, Fonda finished his part in the picture. Promptly on release, he flew to Germany to join the girl he had met on the Thames and the friend who was traveling with her. They drove to Munich and Budapest and Paris—and in Paris, Henry Fonda and Frances Brokaw—who hadn't "gone boom" but *had* discovered that they loved each other—announced their engagement.

They sailed for America together. She told him about her daughter—another Frances, though they called her Panny or Panquita. He told her about his sisters' children. One had two little girls about Panny's age—four and six. The other had an adorable baby. He often flew from Hollywood to Omaha for week-ends, "just to see the kids."

The date of their marriage would depend on the picture he was scheduled to do for Wanger with Sylvia Sidney. *You Only Live Once*. A wire from Wanger awaited Fonda in New York. "You have two weeks before we start."

"So," he said, "we decided to get married right away, and come out together to find a house."

The day after their arrival Panny and her grandmother came down from Maine.

"Do you know who this is, Panny?"

[*Continued on page 89*]

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!

Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips

[*Continued from page 73*]

usual, when you speak of gadgets and style tricks, you speak of Betty Furness. She must stay awake nights thinking up new stunts. Her latest is a date-book belt. The buckle of her sport belt encloses a tiny date-book; a bright-colored pencil, slipped thro' two loops, holds the book in place and is ready to whiz out at the slightest hint of a date. Would any man be able to get away from that? A scarf pin in the shape of a large key is another of Betty's ideas. The key is jade and gold and she has a smaller one on a matching bracelet

SPEAKING of bracelets, you should see the one Jeanette MacDonald showed me—a gift from Gene Raymond. It is a new variation of the old charm bracelet. On each golden charm is engraved a bar from one of Jeanette's song hits. The chain of the bracelet is made in the shape of small musical notes linked together. Garbo goes in for trick jewelry, too! In *Camille* she wears a cameo ring, necklace and earrings, all cut in the shape of a camellia and set in filigree gold—it's really quite lovely.

YOU'VE seen the lapel-watches that were worn with sport clothes all summer? Well, Frances Langford has elaborated on the idea and has a watch-compact. In the lapel of her tailored suit is a tiny, buttonhole watch, from which a leather strap goes to her breast pocket. And on the other end of the strap is a pocket-compact! Clever I'd say. After all—someone will always tell you what time it is—but you've got to take care of your own shiny nose!

IF YOU want to give your grandmother's buttonhook a workout, get some boots like Jean Harlow's. She wears low leather boots that completely cover her instep and fasten with buttons! Jean has had several pairs made in colors to match her various ensembles. Eleanor Powell told me that in spite of the "go-feminine" trend you hear so much about, she is sticking to slacks for those undressed-up occasions. Not only that, but when I saw her she had just ordered *fifteen* pairs, ranging in color from pastels to black.

AND before I close this rambling letter, let me tell you what I think is just down-right sweet. Maureen O'Sullivan (Mrs. Johnny Farrow) has had a cluster of orange blossoms from her bridal bouquet waxed and preserved so that she can wear it indefinitely in the lapel of her tailored suit. It's an old Irish custom, she says. Maybe she'll turn it into a new Hollywood custom. . . .

See you next month!—Mlle. Chic.

Fifteen Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Zazu Pitts

"ZAZU PITTS finds life just one motion picture after another these days." . . . "Fond fans, your handkerchiefs! Ralph Graves, of *Dream Street*, arrived on Hollywood Boulevard a married man. On his way thither from New York he fell by the wayside in St. Paul and married Marjorie Seaman, a young stock company actress." . . . "We are pleased to hear that the title of Cecil B. DeMille's next production is *Saturday Night* because now we can rest assured that he will give us more excellent bathroom scenes." . . . "Now that the leading women have all bobbed their hair, who can they get to play the title rôle in the coming production of *Lady Godiva?*" . . . "Mabel Normand recently succumbed to the inducements of Mack Sennett. She signed a contract which will keep her on the Sennett lot for some time to come." . . . "After completing a twin-baby comedy, *A Pair of Sexes*, Vera Steadman, Christie comedy belle, became the mother of twins." . . . "We are pleased to announce that there have been more marriages than divorces this month in Hollywood, hence the race may yet be saved from suicide." . . . "So accustomed are Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky to the ways of Universal thrillers that they married as if providing a fadeout 'punch' to a picture." . . . "Roy Moulton doesn't believe in signs any more. He saw one in the window of a fish store recently that read: 'If it swims—we sell it.' He went in, but found they didn't have any bathing beauties in stock." . . . "Rex Ingram says that Alice Terry has a wonderful sense of humor, and a woman with a sense of humor is a blessing. Their coming marriage has been announced." . . .

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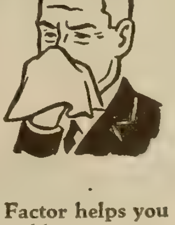

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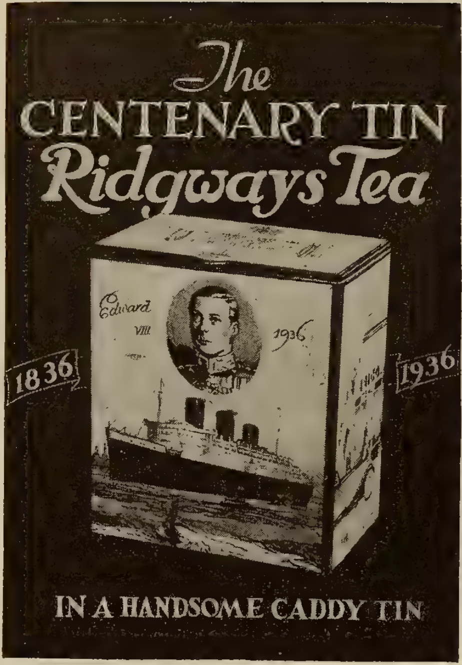

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Meeting Up with a New Menacing Man

[*Continued from page* 34]

In telling me about this, he said: "Of course I cooled off as soon as I was outside and I realized that I had given an exhibition of bad manners. I was sorry for that. Still, I had meant every word I said—so I could scarcely go back and apologize."

AND that gives you a very good idea of the sort of person Humphrey Bogart really is. It strikes him as most peculiar that people should want to know about him.

When he was appearing in the Broadway version of *The Petrified Forest* he was forced to wear whiskers as a permanent adornment.

"I didn't realize how tough I really looked," he says, "until one night as I was coming out of a delicatessen I noticed a chap trying to flirt with my wife who was sitting in the car. Just for fun I decided to see whether my disguise was any good. I edged up on the chap and gave him the eye and if ever I've seen anybody scared, he was. He began to stammer an apology and assure me that it was all a mistake, that he thought the lady in the car was someone he knew. 'Some day you'll make one mistake too many,' I told him. When I got into the car and drove away he probably figured that he had had a very narrow escape."

Humphrey was born and grew up in New York City. His father was a surgeon and his mother an artist. He was sent to Andover to finish his schooling but his association with that academy terminated very abruptly. The reason: The headmaster caught Humphrey and some other students in the act of ducking a junior professor in the lake. I suspect that the ducking ceremony was Humphrey's idea.

When the war came along he joined the navy. "Not because I had any glorified idea of making the world safe for democracy," he assured me, "but because I craved adventure."

"BUT it didn't take me long to discover that I wasn't cut out for a routine job," he says. "Punching a time clock just naturally seemed to rub me the wrong way and I hated the idea of spending eight hours a day, six days a week, looking at the same set of figures and the same four walls."

Geographically, Wall Street isn't very far from Broadway and that was Humphrey's next step. He had grown up with Alice Brady and her brother and through them had become interested in the theatre. Their father, William A. Brady, gave him a job backstage.

The job was that of assistant stage-manager for a show in which Helen Menken was the star. The show opened in Philadelphia and there was the usual opening night confusion about getting the scenery in place and the props assembled. Between the first and second acts there was something like an hour's wait. The star became very temperamental and demanded that somebody DO SOMETHING. Finally, to hush her up, Humphrey "gave her a slap on the fanny" (I'm quoting him) pushed her into her dressing-room and locked the door.

"Now you stay there and keep your mouth shut till I call you," he told her emphatically.

Such behavior on the part of an assistant stage-manager naturally made Miss Menken very indignant. But apparently it also aroused her interest for some time later she married him.

The marriage did not last and the reason is obvious. They were too much alike. It was like trying to synchronize two volcanoes.

"Our quarrels usually started over the most inconsequential things," says Humphrey, "such as whether she should feed the dog caviar when people were starving. I contended that the dog should eat hamburger—and like it. She held out for caviar. And what started out to be just a little difference of opinion would suddenly become a battle royal which ended with one or the other walking out in a fine rage."

AFTER a year of domestic drama Humphrey and Helen decided to call it quits. Meantime, he had "evoluted" from an assistant stage-manager into an actor. He appeared in several Broadway successes but did not attract particular attention until he went into a play called *Nerves.*

"It was the first time the critics had given me any praise," says Humphrey with characteristic honesty, "and it gave me a very bad case of swelled head. Playing opposite me was a very attractive girl by the name of Mary Phillips. In one scene while I was delivering a very dramatic speech she was supposed to walk away from me and say nothing. One night I noticed that she was putting a lot of *that* into her walk—so much so that the audience focused their attention on her instead of me. After the show I bawled her out plenty for stealing my scene. 'You can't do that,' I told her. 'That's my scene.' There was an amused twinkle in her eyes as she looked up at me. 'Suppose you try to stop me,' she challenged. Well, I didn't try to stop her because while I was talking to her I suddenly became aware that here was a girl with whom I could very easily fall in love."

Not only could—but did. And their marriage has stuck.

"Mary is a mixture of New England and Irish," says Humphrey, "and she furnishes just the sort of a balance wheel I need. Marrying her is probably the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me."

Mary, by the way, appeared on Broadway last season with Dick Barthelmess in *The Postman Always Rings Twice.* She is now under contract to M.G.M. and you'll be seeing her on the screen soon.

THE future of any movie star is an uncertain quantity. It would require a major prophet to tell what Humphrey Bogart may be doing a year or two from now. But my guess is that if Warner Brothers don't soften him up too much you will see him stepping right up with the Number One favorites. This deduction is not the result of any high-powered crystal-gazing. It is based upon the case histories of such box-office magnets as Clark Gable, Edward G. Robinson and Jimmy Cagney, all of whom made their first movie hits in rôles that suggested menace.

Bogart appeals to men because he gives the impression of vitality, virility. He appeals to women because they, instinctively, sense that certain volcanic quality which he radiates. Volcanic men, naturally, suggest danger—but the intriguing sort of danger with which the female of the species has ever enjoyed flirting.

So keep your eye on Humphrey Bogart. Something tells me he's headed for the top.

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!

Hank Fonda Happy Ending

[*Continued from page* 86]

asked her mother, showing her a photograph.

"Yes—that's Henry Fonda."

"Well, he's going to be your new daddy."

"Oh, I know all about that, mummy," her daughter assured her comfortably.

When Fonda called next day, they were introduced. Panny was tucked into a large chair with her uncle, who was reading to her. She rose and curtsied politely and said, how do you do. There was a moment's grave scrutiny of this tall Henry Fonda. Then she took the book from her uncle, who had risen too, and handed it to the visitor. Without a word, he settled himself in the chair. Without a word, she snuggled down beside him. The world was turning smoothly. This was her new daddy, and he was reading her a fairy-tale.

It was a small wedding at Christ Church—only the family and a few intimate friends. Josh Logan, a comrade of Fonda's summer stock days, was best man. His sisters came from Omaha to share in his happiness. They have shared sufficient sorrow in recent years, when their parents died within a brief time of each other.

THEY all flew west together, the Fondas stopping over at Omaha "to see the kids."

Jimmy Stewart met their plane at Burbank, and escorted them to the house he had been sharing with Fonda and two other friends. They had vacated it for the bride and groom, till the bride and groom should find a house of their own.

It didn't take them long, because they knew pretty much what they wanted.

"We didn't want to be smack in between two other houses," said Fonda, "but we didn't want an estate either. Some trees and some privacy and a pool and a tennis court and three bedrooms and a nursery.

"We were in for something of a shock when we started out, because of the terrific rentals they ask. I just wouldn't listen. If you can pay that much, you ought to build. I'd never been used to paying high rents, and even this house I took with Jimmy and the others seemed a lot at the time—only sharing it brought it down to something reasonable. Maybe that spoiled me. I've never lived what's known as the Hollywood Life in capital letters, and I don't propose to start now. There's no reason why you shouldn't live just as normal a family life here as in Omaha or anywhere else."

If that's being spoiled, Hollywood could use more of it. These two young people seem to share, among other things, a fund of common sense. Mrs. Fonda is neither impressed nor alarmed by the prospect of Hollywood nor the problems of being a movie actor's wife. Asked by the studio whether she would give interviews, she replied: "Henry knows more about it than I do. He must decide. If he says I ought to, I will. If not, I won't."

On the highlands of that section called the Riviera they finally found a house they liked, within their financial bracket. Tennis courts and pool are being built. A huge sun-porch is being converted into a nursery which will overlook the sea and contain, among other things, a chair large enough to hold a man and a little girl and book of fairy-tales.

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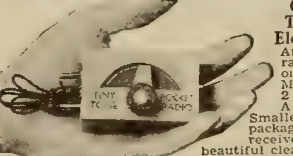

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Solving the Mystery of Margo

[*Continued from page* 26]

City reminded her of her young husband, his tragic death. She decided to go to Spain. I still was very young—not yet five. Because I can remember being taken to my first play, in Spain, when I was five. We lived very close to a theatre. Nearly every day, we went.

"I was fascinated by this magic world—by the actresses, who seemed to me the best, kindest, most beautiful people in the world. I'll never forget my shock, the first time I went backstage. I remember the setting so well—a garden outside a Sevillian house. 'I want to go there,' I said. My disillusion, when I saw that the house was only something painted on canvas, was very comic and very pitiful. The glamor went out of the theatre for a little while. Life backstage was different from the ideal I had pictured, but—even then—I absolutely knew that this was the kind of life *I* wanted."

HOWEVER, if she had been less fortunate in her home-life—*quien sabe?*

"My grandmother sensed potentialities in me. Very early, she encouraged them. When I was at the age to have fairy-tales read to me, she was reading me Shakespeare (in Spanish) and Cervantes. . . . One time I saw *Romeo and Juliet,* and I imitated the performances I had seen, saying some of the lines as I had heard them. My grandmother put her two hands on my shoulders and said, 'Don't talk this way, Margarita. Talk as *real* people would talk, if they said these things. *Make* them real people.' I never forgot that.

"About the same time, I started dancing. It was something spontaneous in me, something that responded to the music on our phonograph. I didn't know what jazz was. I was dancing to arias from operas, lullabies of Brahms. I didn't know it was supposed to be cultured music; to me, it was just something beautiful that I loved. . . .

"Then my mother, grandmother, aunt and cousin and I came to New York to live. When I was about eight, we moved to California, because of my grandmother's health. In New York, I had taken dancing lessons; in Los Angeles, I continued them. They were my main interest in life. I hated school. I would make a pretense of studying—and practice dance steps under my desk.

"When I was ten, my mother had to go back to Mexico City to look after property there. And she did a very unselfish thing. She left me here. She felt that there would be far more chance here for me than in Mexico—no matter what I wanted to become. 'I want to become a dancer,' I told her. I hadn't a single doubt that I *would* be a dancer.

"She said, 'Margarita, you will not understand now what I say. I don't want to be responsible for your going on the stage. Hundreds of men and women dedicate their lives to the theatre—and how many of them have beautiful lives? It is work, work, work. I want you to stay here and study. You can try dancing. But I will not help you any more with that.' "

SENORA BOLADO had lost the old dream of Margarita's perpetuating the family name in medicine. But she did not *forbid* a stage career. That was important. That, too, was lucky.

"Mother was away until I opened in *Winterset* in New York last Fall. Nine years we were separated, though we wrote all during that time. Finally, she wrote, 'I was wrong. I stayed here to see if I could make something safe for you—and you have made something safe for yourself.'

"I consider myself one of the luckiest girls in the world—getting paid for work I love, like this." Her eyes shine with the wonder of it.

"To help pay for dancing lessons—we had little money then—I got my first stage job when I was eleven. In the old Mexico Theatre on Main Street in Los Angeles. It was dirty, dingy and reeked with 'atmosphere,' to call it by a polite name. I danced solos, played little parts in repertory. Sometimes I was a maid, sometimes an old lady, sometimes a little bent old man. All in pantomime.

"I had no acting ambitions then. I thought actresses had to be beautiful. And I loved dancing. That was what I wanted to do.

"One thing I would never do, though, was toe-dancing. I had studied ballet with Fokine and Adolph Bolm, but even for them I would never go on my toes. That seemed to me stiff, artificial. I felt that the movements of dancers should be as beautiful, as graceful and as *natural* as the movements of animals."

To understand Margo, you have to understand this.

"I think that a human being who doesn't dance is missing a tremendous experience, a release from fetters. Think of what dancing can give you for everything else! To be a dancer, you have to appreciate everything in the world—trees bending in the wind, flowers stretching toward the sunlight, all Nature; music, painting, sculpture, poetry. To be a dancer, you make your body accustomed to do as you direct it. . . . I have never felt awkward before a camera, a director never had to tell me how to move."

She was lucky in becoming a dancer *first.*

"MY AUNT Carmen, who is very beautiful, also danced in the Mexico Theatre. An agent saw her and engaged her for the Santa Barbara Fiesta. She asked, 'Why don't you take the little girl, too?' . . . The little girl (who was almost as tall then as now) was awfully thin, he said. . . . 'Did you see her dance?' . . . No, he had seen her as the old man in the pantomime. . . . 'Well, you come back to see her dance.'

"He did, liked me, and offered me a fortune—ten dollars a day—to dance at the Fiesta. I was just twelve years old.

"I was to appear at the cafe El Paseo, coming down a winding stairway to a sweet-scented patio, with only the stars overhead. My first night, Will Rogers and Mary Pickford, among others, were there. I stood at the top of the steps, trembling, waiting for my cue. I started down the stairway. Suddenly, I forgot the audience. The atmosphere was so perfect, with the wonderful sky, and the castanets playing, I forgot everything but dancing. . . .

"When I finished, there was terrific applause. I was conscious, yet unconscious, of how I had danced. I bowed and bowed. I danced that number four times before they would let me go. I also did a serious dance, a comedy dance (that was encored five times) and a rhumba. The applause seemed like a fantastic dream. So did a critic's praise in a newspaper, and his comment that I looked like Lillian Gish. She was one of my idols."

She decided that, as a dancer, she needed a simpler name than "Margarita Bolado." She did not want an exotic name. She called herself "Margot," with the "t" silent. But too many people did not leave the "t" silent, so she dropped it to simplify matters still further. "And would you believe it," she says with a laugh, "—some people call me 'Marjo'!"

After the Fiesta, she did several things in theatres, then danced in two hotels in San Francisco. "Xavier Cugat was playing at one of them—Xavier who had been married for three years to my aunt Carmen. When I urged him to get me an engagement at the hotel with his band, he would do nothing. He said I must get it myself or not at all. I hated him for that then. Now I am grateful. He made me work for my luck.

"I really had done almost everything that could be done on the Coast in a dancing way—except in the movies, and the movies didn't seem to discover me. I was afraid I wasn't progressing. I needed to study, to learn more. For that I needed more money. I wanted to accept an offer to dance at Agua Caliente.

"My grandmother thought Agua Caliente was a den of vice; she would not hear of my going. For six months I made promises to appear, and for six months she would make me take back my promises, always at the last moment. It's a wonder I ever got there. But, as it turned out, it was lucky Grandmother delayed my appearance.

"I FINALLY convinced her that the place where I would dance was a beautiful hotel resort, where entertainers not only were not asked to sit at tables with patrons; they were forbidden to do so. But if I had danced there eight months before, as I had wanted to, I would not have had my chance to go to New York. The man who gave me that chance would not have been there.

"I told my grandmother, 'Everything you do for me is good luck.' . . .

"One morning I was practising, when there was a knock on the door. In walked a man with a cutaway coat, waxed mustache and French accent. 'You are greater than La Argentina,' he told me, without introducing himself. 'Why don't they tie such people up?' I thought to myself. I laughed at him. 'All right,' he said, 'you will dance at the opening of the Starlight Roof of the new Waldorf-Astoria in New York.' He left his card, which said his name was 'René Black.'

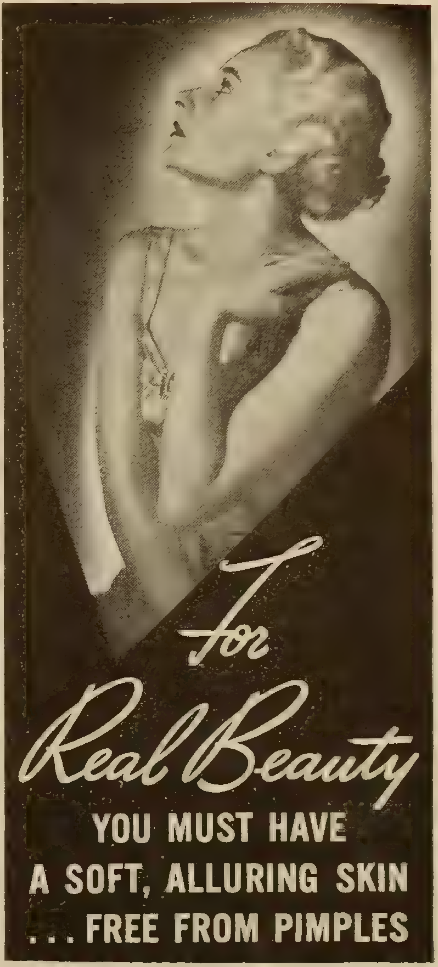
"I was in hysterics when he left. I wrote Xavier Cugat about it. He wrote back, 'Don't get up any hopes.' I didn't need to live on hopes. I had a job waiting for me at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles. And I was about to take it when I received a telephone call from New York.

"'This is René Black. I want to know your terms for an engagement at the Starlight Roof.' It was true! I asked for transportation, a suite at the hotel, and $100 a week. I thought those were pretty fabulous terms. . . . Xavier Cugat, some say, got me that job. Do you want to hear an amusing story? When I reached New York and discovered that no orchestra had yet been hired, I said, 'Why don't you listen to Cugat's orchestra?' And Cugat got the job!

"GEORGE RAFT needed a partner for a personal appearance at the Paramount Theatre in New York; I became the

[*Continued on page* 103]

Take a good long look at this young fellow, girls—you're going to see a lot of him in no time at all. His name is Fernand Gravet of France, and he has been brought over by Warners to lend Gallic charm to their American pictures. And girls—*he's awfully rich*



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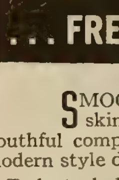

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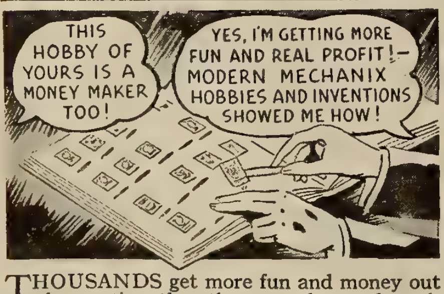
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No Longer Hollywood's Most Eligible Bachelor

[*Continued from page 27*]

As Gene read the outpourings and subtle innuendoes of the typewriter brigade concerning his feelings toward Jeanette, he developed a profound respect for the noble mission, the honor and integrity of the press. One day he telephoned to Jeanette and told her, "You know, we can't make liars out of these newspapermen. How about having dinner with me tonight?" "I'd love to," Jeanette replied, "but let's have the dinner at my house, with my mother." Gene readily agreed, and that was how they had their first date.

Weeks of gay camaraderie followed that first date, and the news sleuths had a busy time reporting their more-and-more frequent appearances together. Here, there and everywhere—Jeanette and Gene, chatting, dancing and laughing. The answer? That they were in love—was obvious to their intimates long before they themselves realized it.

They like to surprise each other with gifts and play lovers' pranks. On his recent birthday when Gene woke up in the morning, he heard Jeanette singing *Happy Birthday To You!* She had a recording of this song made, and his younger brother, Robert, had smuggled it into Gene's bedroom. On April Fool's Day he called for her at her house, but the butler said Miss MacDonald was out to meet him at his house. "That's strange," Gene thought. She had never done that before.

He went in and called up his mother to find out if Jeanette had arrived. She had not. Jeanette, meanwhile, climbed into the rear of his black phaeton. He decided he might just as well go home and wait for her. As he was driving away, he saw in the rear view mirror something moving in the back seat of his car. Well, Hollywood is full of night prowlers and bandits, so he turned around and was going to let him have one, when Jeanette popped up and said in a weak, frightened voice, "April fool! April fool!" He spent the next week thinking what might have happened if he had really socked her.

BOTH Gene and Jeanette are mum on the subject of their romance. You can't blame them for wanting to guard it from the dangers of publicity, and besides, "they love indeed, who quake to say they love." And so, when we met Gene the other day on the set of *The Smartest Girl In Town* at RKO-Radio, we talked of everything under the sun except his romance. That was a sacred ground on which we took care not to tread. We even talked of love and marriage in Hollywood, but not of *his* love and forthcoming wedding. However, you have the authentic lowdown on the Gene Raymond-Jeanette MacDonald affair in this story. There are some sources of information a reporter is honor-bound not to reveal.

Gene lay in bed, groaning, his face gory with blood. Butler Eric Blore dragged in a justice of the peace, and Ann Sothern exclaimed hysterically, "Oh, Dick! We're to be married!" Gene pretended to be the wealthy Richard Stuyvesant Smith who had just attempted a fake suicide in order to win the hand of a pretty photographer's model, played by Ann. She sat on the bed, trying to comfort him. After repeated interruptions by the comic butler the J.P. finally managed to bark: "Do you Richard Stuyvesant Smith take this woman as your lawfully wedded wife to live together in the state of matrimony? Will you love, honor and keep her as a faithful man?"

And Gene groaned, "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

After he was thus cinematically married to Miss Sothern, he jumped out of his bed, fully dressed in a brown suit, wiped the ketchup off his face, and after a vigorous handshake, which is characteristic of him, led us to his dressing-room. We wanted to know his plans for the immediate future.

"I finish this picture tomorrow," he said, "and start a new one with Lily Pons the next day. I think my next assignment after that will be *The Man Who Found Himself.* That should take me up to around January. After that, I don't know . . ." His voice faltered. Well, we'll complete the information. According to present plans, Gene and Jeanette will marry when they have completed the ranch home they are planning to build. Both have old-fashioned ideas on weddings, and won't fly off to Yuma for the marriage ceremony. It will be a real church wedding, observing all the fine traditions of holy matrimony.

"One can never tell what one will do two or three years hence," he went on. "Of course, I know what I am eventually headed for, barring unforeseen circumstances. I am looking forward to directing more than acting. From directing I hope to go to the producing end of the business. I believe that eventually the legitimate theatre and the movies will join hands. When that happy day comes, I should like to direct and produce plays first on the stage, and then on the screen. That would be my ideal occupation."

GENE, as you know, went on the stage at the tender age of five, and was a veteran actor at 22, before Paramount signed him to a contract and brought him out to Hollywood to spill his masculine charms across the screen. Even though he was a blond, there was a certain compelling virility about him and he had the trained body of an athlete, radiating cleanliness and physical well-being.

In New York he had made his first big hit on the stage as the juvenile lead in *The Potters.* He was subsequently starred in *Young Sinners* which ran for two years in New York and on the road, packing the theatres with dreamy-eyed girls and fluttery society dames who thought he was too, too thrilling for words. He has been through the rigors of the stage, and his loyalty to the ideals and traditions of the theatre is one of his attractive qualities.

His favorite screen rôle to this day, he told us, remains the one he played in *Zoo in Budapest,* which had a lot of film acrobatics a la Douglas Fairbanks in it. He has a yen for swashbuckling costume rôles, and the grand adventure yarns of Dumas, Sabatini and Joseph Conrad constitute his favorite reading matter. "Eventually I hope to regulate my life in such a manner that three months out of every year I'll do nothing but read. I haven't had much time for reading anything but scripts since I came to Hollywood."

Incidentally, in Gene's speech you'll find the customary thunder-words of Hollywood's picturesque idiom lacking. He can express himself cogently in cultivated English.

We remarked on the change his four or five years in Hollywood have wrought in him.

"Yes, I've changed," he admitted. "We learn as we go along. Hollywood has taught me broad-mindedness and tolerance, an appreciation of the other person's point of view. I'm not as opinionated as I used to be. My principles are the same, but I believe I'm a man of wider sympathies and more understanding than I was a few years ago. Hollywood brings about some amazing changes in all of us. You have no doubt noticed how not only the personalities, but even the physical appearance of many actresses change out here—change for the better. The same is true in the case of men, although perhaps to a lesser degree. I'm not the same person I was four or five years ago. I feel I've improved. Now and then I run my pictures to see my faults and note my progress, if any. Well, I find a definite progress from picture to picture. It would be very sad if I didn't.

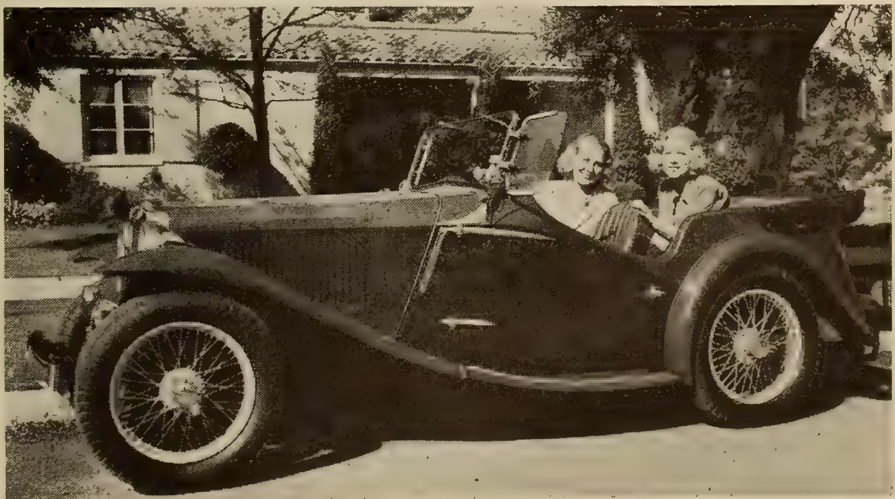
"MY ideas on marriage have undergone some changes, too." He smiled. "I don't think the divorce rate in Hollywood is greater than in social circles. You hear more about Hollywood divorces because motion picture people are more in the public eye than those in so-called society. Hollywood is reputed to have a very casual attitude toward marriage. But I have heard society girls say on the eve of their marriage, 'Well, if it doesn't turn out successfully, I'll get a divorce.' Too much emphasis has been laid on the general belief that Hollywood marriages don't last. Take Joseph Santley, my director in this picture. He and his wife used to be a popular team in musical comedies, and they have been married 26 years. There are producers and directors on the lot who have been married 10, 15 or more years. The James Gleasons have just celebrated their 31st anniversary. And there are others such as the Fredric Marchs, the Walter Hustons, the Walter Connollys, the Frank Chapmans (Gladys Swarthout). A vocation in which both the wife and the husband participate should develop a sense of loyalty and mutual appreciation in them. There are many difficulties peculiar only to the theatrical profession. Only an artist can really understand the heartaches and problems of another artist.

"Take the matter of fatigue, the vital importance of rest. The ceaseless activity and intense emotional strain of Hollywood life makes great demands on one's health and nervous system. There is bound to be trouble if the wife has nothing to do but play, while the husband works all the time."

Gene Raymond is an intensely serious young man with the make-up of an idealist. He is a unique blend of boyish vigor and enthusiasm and a mature, conservative wisdom. As you meet him, you feel that here is a definite, individual personality, that this tow-headed youth with the firm jaw is a chap of Spartan firmness and reserve, and not a slick matinee idol with a copyrighted smile. He is famous for his courage to say "no" in a town of too many yes-men.

WHEN he first drove out to Hollywood and reported for work at the Paramount Studios the executives of that plant wanted him to dye his hair a darker color, to conform more to the picture of the ideal male cherished by romantic womanhood, but Gene wanted to be taken by the fans just exactly as he really was and not fly to cinematic heights under false colors. And so, he said to his employers the first of his notorious "Noes," showing thereby the rebel blood of his Huguenot forebears. Nobody can accuse him of space-grabbing gags. He would have none of the melodramatic extravaganzas of Hollywood's press agentry. Enterprising praise-agents wanted to write his life story, highly colored for fan consumption, making him the hero of a hundred adventures in the four corners of the world, but he refused to play ball with them and turned down their bright ideas with emphatic "Noes!"

Gene may not be popular with everybody in Hollwood, and his close friends in the movie colony are few, but he commands universal respect. In Jeanette MacDonald, this level-headed idealist and erstwhile lone wolf has found his ideal girl, the girl he never hoped to meet. They have much in common, share mutual interests and an identical outlook on life. He is as interested in music as one who might have made it his life work. He is a talented composer, sings well, in a natural, appealing voice. Though his musical compositions have favored the crooner type of melody, he shares Jeanette's enthusiasm for classical music, and the two were faithful attendants of the Hollywood Bowl concerts during the season. Among their mutual interests is horseback-riding. Gene is one of the most skilled riding and jumping equestrians in filmdom, and Jeanette is a graceful, finished horsewoman of the side-saddle school—a most difficult accomplishment. But greater than all, perhaps, is their mutual devotion to the simple, the real things of life. Laughter, contentment, friendship, honesty, an unselfish conscientious appreciation and respect for each other. Let us wish them long life and happiness together.



Those small snappy English cars which dart in and out of heavy London traffic have become the rage with Americans, especially those who live in proximity to the boulevards of Hollywood. Hazel Forbes brought one back—and gives Glenda Farrell a ride

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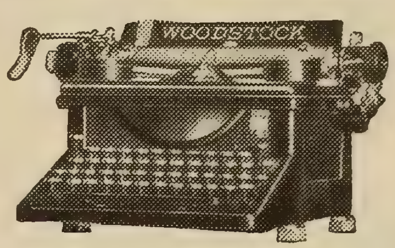

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Maureen O'Sullivan's Christmas Dinner

[*Continued from page* 58]

CELERY CONSOMME

Turkey neck
Turkey wing tips
Turkey giblets
2 large stalks celery
2 lbs. veal from neck
Salt and pepper to taste
Butter
Parsley chopped very fine

Cook veal and turkey trimmings together until meat is almost tender, then add celery and cook until celery is soft and meat falls off bone. Drain through a sieve and then through a cloth to get a clear liquid. Season to taste and add butter. Serve piping hot, topped with tiny bit of parsley.

Of course we couldn't have a Christmas dinner without cranberries, and you will love Maureen's Cranberry Punch which is served with the meat course.

FROZEN CRANBERRY PUNCH

2 cups cooked cranberries
2 tbls. lemon juice
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
Little sugar
4 eggs
4 tbls. additional sugar

Sweeten cranberries slightly while cooking and when done, run through sieve. Add beaten egg yolks to sieved cranberries. Add sufficient sugar to sweeten but keep mixture tart. Add lemon juice and rind. Beat egg whites until stiff, adding additional sugar and fold lightly into mixture. Pour into freezing trays and freeze quickly. Turn temperature dial and hold until serving time.

MOLDED GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

1 can grapefruit
1 pint boiled salad dressing
1 cup whipped cream
Sugar and salt to taste
3 tbls. plain gelatin

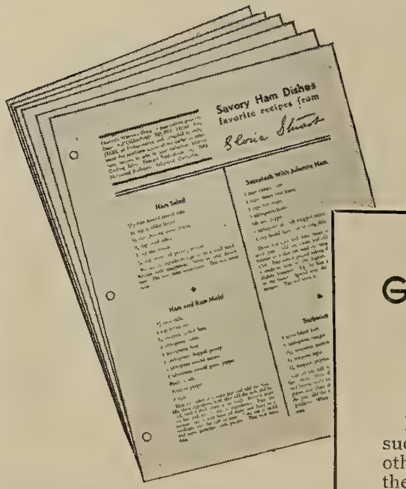
Make good, tasty boiled dressing, using a plentiful amount of dry mustard. Add gelatin when removing from range and also add grapefruit juice and seasonings at this time. Set mixture in refrigerator to become slightly firm. Fold in stiffly whipped cream, grapefruit, and cooked dressing. Pour mixture into mold that has been dampened. Set away to become firm. This salad may be frozen if desired. The secret of it is the cooked dressing used. No dressing is served with it unless desired.

If you haven't an especially good boiled dressing, Maureen suggested you use the following.

COOKED DRESSING

2 eggs slightly beaten
2 level tsp. dry mustard
½ cup sugar
Salt to taste
White pepper to taste
2 tbls. flour
3 tbls. butter
⅞ cup vinegar (cider)

Combine dry ingredients and add small amount of vinegar and beat mixture until smooth. Add rest of vinegar and slightly beaten eggs. Cook in top of double boiler until thick.



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Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, Motion Picture Cooking Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. ENCLOSE 15c IN STAMPS OR COINS!

Beautiful Blonde . . .

[*Continued from page* 48]

she's 40, because she purposely holds her head high and her shoulders straight, and massages her throat nightly with a gentle, upward motion. . . . Her mother told her, long ago, that the throatline is an advance press agent of a woman's age. . . . And this beautiful blonde has never forgotten.

Anita claims that brushing is largely responsible for the sheen and softness of her thick, naturally blonde hair.

"I love to brush my hair—not just because it improves its health and looks—but because it *feels* so good!" Anita said. "Five minutes of brushing with a good brush is like a tonic. . . . Makes my scalp tingle pleasantly and sort of picks me up when I'm tired. . . . And besides, I have a hair brushing trick that is absolutely necessary when you have blonde hair—"

"What is it?" I asked.

"Well, I place a piece of clean, thin silk over the bristles and brush my hair in layers—to remove dirt," Anita explained. "Blonde hair, you know, begins to look grimy twenty-four hours after it's shampooed; and while I shampoo my hair every four days when I'm not working, I still have to resort to this little 'dry cleaning' trick between regular shampoos!"

When she's working, her hair is shampooed every other day, and as a result, she has to take precautions to keep it from becoming dried out. The brushing helps, and in addition, she uses a mild liquid shampoo; and immediately after the final rinse, applies a fine, penetrating hair oil. Rubs it in the palms of her hands, then smooths them over her hair.

"And I use it often during the day, to keep the studio lights from drying my hair, too," Anita added. "I have quite a time protecting my hair from the famous California sun during the summer, but I've worked out a system of wearing little skull caps—more or less like Juliet caps—when I'm outdoors. They prevent the sun from bleaching and streaking my hair on top."

"What about the ends?" I suggested.

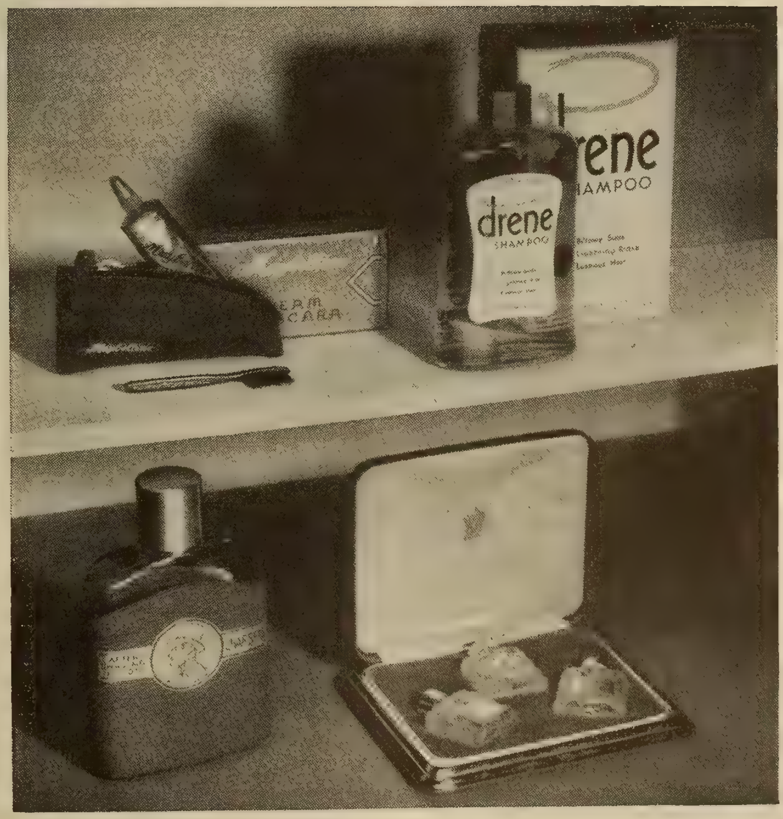
"Oh, I don't bother much about them," Anita replied. "My hair grows so fast that I have them cut off twice a month. . . . I have to have it thinned out a lot, too, in layers. Otherwise it would be a burden!"

ANITA wears her hair parted in the center practically all the time, because her hairline is so nice and her face so perfectly modelled. A side part, she says, seems to disturb the balance of her features—which is exactly what a *center* part does for those of us with irregular features!

"I've been trying something new with my hair lately," Anita offered, as enthusiastic as women always are when discussing a new hair-do. "I'm curling the ends *under*, in a sort of page-boy fashion. The effect is almost the same from the front, but it's a bit different from the back."

The picture of Anita with the cellophane rose in her hair shows this curled-under effect, in modified form. Like it? Remembering this photo, I asked Anita if she liked to wear flowers in her hair for eve-

[*Continued on page* 97]



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Shirley Temple Has Grown Up—and How!

[*Continued from page 47*]

There was another time—the time Doc asked her if she doesn't like her new teacher better than the one she used to have. (Shirley's former teacher, Lillian Barkley, left the studio to go into business for herself; now Frances Klant teaches Shirley her three hours' schooling each day.)

The first time Doc asked that, Shirley just looked at him and didn't answer. But a press agent keeps at his subject. Doc tried again. "Shirley," he asked, "do you like Miss Klant better than you liked Miss Barkley?"

Shirley looked at him again. This time, she answered. "Mister Bishop," she said, severely, "I think that's a *very personal question!"*

Doc gulped; tried to alibi himself. "Er—I was just trying to help you, Shirley," he stammered; "I—"

"I don't think you were trying to help me at all," she cut in. "You were just being curious, weren't you?"

And that settled Doc *that* time. He still doesn't know whether Shirley likes Miss Klant better than Miss Barkley, or not.

YOU can see by now that Shirley has her moods, as she herself told Director Seiter that day. And she knows her own mind, and her own dislikes. . . .

There's a certain newspaperman she doesn't like. But that's reciprocal; the newsman doesn't like Shirley, either. She knows it. Yet occasionally he visits the Temple set, in search of news. The other day, Shirley saw him enter the stage where she was working. Shirley turned to her mother:

"Mother," she said; "there's that man again! Don't talk to him."

Mrs. Temple remonstrated. "He's all right, Shirley," she said; "we'll be polite to him."

Instead, Shirley turned away. "Come on," she called to her teacher. "Come on," she called to Andy, the girl who is her dresser on the set. Flanked by Miss Klant and Andy, Shirley then retired into her own dressing-room and locked the door behind her!

It came time for a take—Shirley had to come out and act. An assistant director knocked at her dressing room door, and explained. Dutifully, Shirley came out and did her work. When it was done, she returned to her dressing-room, and as she locked the door again, she told the assistant director: "Let me know when that man is gone." And she stayed inside until he *was* gone.

AT HOME, Shirley's growing up shows itself in a greater interest—a more appreciative interest than a baby's—in her own room, and her own possessions. She has a collection of some 600 tiny miniature models of various things—boats, carriages, tiny animals, all sorts of things. She cares for these herself, dusting them every morning herself, after she's gotten up at 6:45 a.m., and dressed herself. I remember not long ago, Mrs. Temple telling me that the only time she let Shirley dress herself was when they didn't have to be in the studio on time. But Shirley's grown up, now—she dresses herself, entirely.

She has the radio in her room turned on while she does it. Every morning, she listens to one of those radio optimists, called the Happy Morning Philosopher.

"Mother," she told her mother the other morning, "I'm going to give that man a letter of recommendation!"

"What do you mean?" mother asked.

"Well, he makes me happy and I guess he makes everybody happy."

"But what sort of letter of recommendation are you going to give him?"

"Why, I'm going to write to him and recommend him because I like him!"

At home, she still has her pet rabbits—the pet rabbits that became famous when Shirley first became famous herself, because she always took visitors, no matter who, out to see her bunnies. There's been rumors that Shirley, growing up, is losing interest in her bunnies, because now she's got another pet—a pony named "Spunky." But when I wrote this cabal about the bunnies in a story and Mrs. Temple saw it, she vigorously scratched out the calumny and wrote in: *"Her bunnies do interest her*—VERY MUCH!"

And so I stand corrected. I'm advised that Shirley has never ceased loving her bunnies, and won't let anyone lay an inimical hand on them. That's why, when she returned to the studio from her recent vacation trip, there were about forty rabbits in the Shirley Temple rabbit hutch that adjoins her dressing-room bungalow. Now Shirley has finally consented to allow a few of them to be given away—but only on condition that the recipients agree *never to eat the rabbits!*

But the rabbits do have to share Shirley's heart with the pony. Now, every Sunday, she goes riding—just like the grown-up stars. She rides Spunky, while her dad accompanies her, horseback. After their canter on the bridle path, they finish up with a plunge in the swimming pool.

IN HER utter poise, her ability to handle sudden situations, Shirley shows a grown-up self-assuredness. On that recent trip, the Temple party stopped in Seattle. To their hotel room came a message that the Governor of Washington would like to meet Shirley—he was waiting for her downstairs in the Red Room.

Shirley went down—and stepped into the Red Room expecting to find just the governor. Instead, she found herself before 1,500 delegates to a big convention. They made her an honorary member, gave her a badge. And then asked her, suddenly and unpreparedly, if she wouldn't make a speech.

Many an adult would have collapsed. Shirley just stepped up, made a little bow, gave her famous smile, and spoke: "Thank you very much for this honor. I'm very happy to be here. And thank you too for the little gold button." And then, with all the aplomb and dignity and surety of a veteran trouper, she made a perfect exit—while the 1500 cheered!

Let's go back again to the set—to illustrate another phase of how she's growing up. In the old days, her between-takes play used to be with her picture books and her dolls. Today, she works out anagrams, puzzles, cross-words, games with mental hazards. She's the "monopoly" champ of the set—and that's a game that requires grown-up headwork! Her clowning, too, is growing up. When she plays a joke on a fellow worker today, it has a grown-up, sophisticated tang to it. Let me cite you a definite contrast—

A year ago, Arthur Treacher was in a cast with her. They played by the hour.

But their play consisted of the two of them making funny faces before a big mirror, to see who could make the funniest. It was definitely a baby game.

Today, Treacher is in Shirley's cast again. This time, she played this gag on him: in a between-takes wait, Treacher fell asleep on a couch. Shirley discovered him there. She tiptoed to photographer Anthony Ugrin and beckoned him. She pointed at the recumbent, snoring Treacher. "Snap a picture of him," she urged. Ugrin did—and the next day, he gave Shirley the funny snapshot of the sleeping Treacher. All the time, Treacher was unaware of it.

Then Shirley, with the whole company watching, suddenly presented the astonished Treacher with the picture. "Please, Mr. Treacher, won't you autograph your picture for me?" she begged.

It took Treacher by surprise. It was a carole-lombardish trick if ever there was one. Treacher knew the gag was on him and he was licked. He scrawled his signature and fled, with the guffaws of the crew ringing in his ears. Shirley's laugh, too.

"See," she said to Ugrin afterward; "wasn't that better than pouring a glass of ice water down his neck while he slept, like *you* told me to?"

OH, I could tell you stories by the dozen about Shirley and how she's growing up. But there have to be other stories in this book, so let's snap back to some of the little-girl things that still keep Shirley out of the adult class . . .

She's still losing her baby teeth! She loses one a picture—and they still have to use a false shell for her when they shoot smiling close-ups of her. And then, the other day, this happened—

They were all ready to shoot a take. But no Shirley could be found. They hunted high and low. They called. Finally, they found her—'way off in a corner of the stage, where a mother cat had her kittens in a box the crew had provided for her. The kittens were about three weeks old, and fluffy with that silky, soft fur that kittens have. Well, there was Shirley. She had her shoes and her stockings off, and she was running her little feet across the soft silky fur, letting it tickle her baby toes. She'd forgotten all about being a movie star, and growing up, and was completely engrossed in the baby delights of feeling the soft kittens with her toes . . .

I rather guess Shirley'll *never* grow up *too much—!*

Beautiful Blonde

[*Continued from page* 95]

ning and she said:

"Sometimes. . . . When my evening dress is a very simple one, I think fresh flowers are nice; but not otherwise. . . . As a matter of fact, I've insulted *more* beaus by refusing to wear the flowers they sent!

"But," she added, "I've got them pretty well trained, now, to ask me before they buy!"

Those weren't wigs Anita wore in *Anthony Adverse,* you'll be surprised to hear. They dressed her own hair in the period styles, and only added a few extra curls, to get that luxuriant effect. I wondered if the curls and the hoop skirts and other impedimenta didn't annoy and hamper her, but Anita says no, she *likes* movies where she can wear costumes. . . .

But enough of this beautiful blonde. . . . It's easy to see that I think she's scrumptious, isn't it? I only hope you'll profit by some of her ideas on beauty care.

IF YOU'RE looking for a sturdy hairbrush, with which to practice Anita's good habits, don't overlook Pro-phy-lac-tic's Stranzit Brush. It has all the virtues a brush should have—strong but flexible bristles from Siberian boars, a comfortably curved handle and a solid back that withstands repeated sterilizing. Too, it has serrated, wave-like bristles that pick up the hair in strands, a most effective method. Stranzit "Patrician" costs only $3.50.

The theme song of today seems to be, "Is is true what they say about Drene?" The performance of this excellent shampoo has made a name for it, and no wonder! If you are a blonde, and have to shampoo your hair every four days, you'll find it a most convenient and quick cleanser. *One* lathering is sufficient, *one* rinse—and with cool water, at that! Drene comes in three sizes, the largest priced at $1. The middle size is shown in the group photograph.

There's news from Duart, the permanent wave magnates. . . . They have a new machineless waver which makes the business of getting a permanent, less irksome than getting a finger wave! The heaters are transferred to your hair at their maximum heat, and while they're cooling off, the miracle of putting a nice, snappy curl in your straight locks takes place. The Duart solution, a factor that makes or breaks a permanent wave, now has Vitamin D in it, to further the health and lustre of your hair.

On the upper shelf in the toiletries still life, rests a tube of the new Maybelline Cream Mascara, a home-wrecking influence if there ever was one. . . . If you're out to get your man or somebody else's, rely on Maybelline. Seriously, it gives your lashes the kind of appeal women have dreamed of ever since Cleopatra dabbled around with kohl; and it's easily applied, without water, lasting and tear-proof. The snug, waterproof zipper case, with brush, makes it really portable. Fifty cents is the price.

No, *you* wouldn't like that leather-covered flask in the lower lefthand corner—but your beau would! It's Charbert's After Shaving Lotion, packaged to appeal to strong males, silent or otherwise, and scented with "Of Thee I Sing," a clean, fresh odor. It costs $1.25 a bottle; and if you're feeling especially generous, you can get a second flask of Charbert's eau de cologne in the same odor. An ideal Christmas gift for a man.

Very un-masculine, indeed, are those perfumes in the leather jewel case—all three by Parfumerie de Raymond. One is Mimzy, a ravishing floral bouquet, another Gardenia and the third, Pinx, a spicy carnation fragrance. The Russian Red leather case, lined with satin and velvet, will make a nice crypt for your jewels, after you've used the perfume, and, in the meantime, it keeps the crystal flacons from being broken. Three dollars for this Christmas gift inspiration, which is on sale at drug and department stores.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Garbo has had a 12-foot canvas wall put around her tennis court, and that she'll take a two months yacht cruise after completing *Camille* before she starts work on *Beloved* with Charles Boyer opposite?

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"Steady, Stooge, don't you move!" That's the command that Freddie Bartholomew gives to his dog, Stooge, a Cairn terrier—and the dog is not the kind of little feller to be stubborn. Both Freddie and Stooge will be seen shortly in *Captains Courageous*

Cagney (Jimmy to you) One Year Later

[*Continued from page 72*]

a bit of starch left in me, sank down in that same corner, fell asleep sitting up. But again, I roused myself, went off to see Astaire dance. . . . The third night, I was sitting there, as dead as a wooden Indian, when in came a couple of friends and woke me up. We got to talking. I said, 'Have you seen *The Gay Divorcee?*' They hadn't. I told them about some of the things Astaire did in it. They said, 'What are you doing tonight? Let's go to see it.' So—!—for the third night in succession, I went to see Astaire dance. I think I must have liked the picture. . . .

"I sent Astaire a wire the first night. I raved in it. And do you know what he wondered—before we came to know each other? He wondered if I was kidding him! . . . You can't beat modesty like that."

THE conversation twists and turns, stopping for a moment at the name of a man he met last night, and liked. "He's an honest man. He says what he thinks. It's got him in trouble many times."

You don't say this to Cagney, but you think it: Men unconsciously like other men who have some of their own characteristics.

Jimmy doesn't think that a year away from the cameras has damaged his career.

"That's a fallacious notion—that you have to stay before the public constantly, or go into oblivion. Look at Chaplin and Lloyd and Colman and Garbo—and others—who make only one, or maybe two, pictures a year. They take the time to make those pictures good. And year after year, they stay right up at the top."

How many pictures is he going to make a year? "The number isn't definitely set. It depends on the stories we find. But no more than three a year."

He has a hunch that we're living in a new age and don't know it.

"There's a new form of criticism in the land. The adolescents are expressing their opinions, on everything from movies to sociology. They're making their voices heard—and Hollywood is going to hear those voices . . .

"Have you ever heard them 'count out' a picture? They give a picture a chance; they wait long enough to decide whether or not it's a stinkeroo. And if it is, the cry goes out: 'Count it out.' From one part of the theatre comes a 'one'; from another part, 'two'; from another, 'three'; and so on up to 'ten.' Then they start all over again. They keep it up, drowning out all dialogue, until the management stops the picture and yanks it. The management can't stop the counting—not when it's coming from every part of the theatre . . .

"That used to be a college-town game. Now it's something wide-spread and serious—the long-suffering public has found a voice. They boo poor pictures, cheer good ones. They aren't taking them just as they come."

And that form of criticism is all right with Cagney. If his pictures don't deliver entertainment—well, they *ought* to be counted out.

From where you sit, that looks like a healthy attitude for a top-flight actor, re-embarking on a screen career. And it's typical of Jimmy Cagney—both the Fighter and the Actor.

The Screen's Best Gentlemen's Gentlemen

[*Continued from page 78*]

champagne. There, in the two halves of a nutshell you have the sum total of their difference.

For thirty years Eric Blore has been an actor, and it wasn't until he came to this country to play the butler rôle in the stage production of *The Gay Divorcee* that he ever even as much as held a coat for another man. But the fact that he has been doing little else ever since doesn't perturb him any more than it does Treacher. He was the only son of a very learned professor who read Greek and Latin like we read the funny papers, and it is perhaps this heritage which enables Eric to use odd words so aptly. His discourse on crumpets and scones in the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers version of *The Gay Divorcee* set a new high for talking butlers. And that little discourse, it must be known, was mostly his own, ripped from his own pen, as 'twere. Again, more recently, in *Piccadilly Jim.* It was delivered to Cora Witherspoon, and it was: "That, my dear lady, leaves me in a state of indifference bordering on the super-natural." It takes some comics a full two minutes to lead up to, and clinch, a laugh. Mr. Blore puts the laugh in the bag in one fell word-swoop.

HE WAS trained to be a lawyer and would have been a persuasive one, I'm sure, except for the beckoning finger the theatre held out to him. Like most English actors he served his apprenticeship touring Australia and the provinces. Then came the war and four years at the front—and there for the first time he came face to face with a butler, or at least the army's parallel, a batman. This batman had once been butler to the Duke of Tech; he now served Eric Blore. His name was Fleming. He was a very amusing little cockney fellow, and when the Armistice was signed, Eric wrote a sketch about him, called it *The Admirable Fleming,* (a take-off on the Barrie play, *The Admirable Crichton,* which was the great hit of the time) sold it to a London producer, and lived off its royalties for three years. He never dreamed that years later he would be warming a very nice little nest egg, playing butler parts himself. True, he has played other parts on the screen, notably the inebriated statesman in *The Good Fairy,* and the manufacturer in *Diamond Jim,* but wing collars and bow ties have endeared him most to the public.

In his early theatre days in London he was know as one of the most prolific songwriters in England. Some of the titles of his songs reveal his delightful whimsy: *The Peacock Polka, Yo-San, Alice-Up-To-Date, Come Along Kate, I Love You Frantic'ly,* and *Santa Claus.* A poem he wrote for his son, and which is to be published shortly in a book of Blore verse is called *The Terrible Scroggins.* Incidentally, as a father, the inimitable Eric says he makes a good uncle.

Bob Burns has invented a gag to rib these two, Treacher and Blore. Whenever he meets Eric he says, "Oh, yes, I remember you . . . you used to work under the name of Arthur Treacher, didn't you?" And to Arthur he says, "Oh, yes, you're Eric Blore, aren't you?" Both men take it good-naturedly; there is no foolish rivalry between them . . . so perhaps they realize, as we do, that there's a top butler spot for each of them.

NEWEST of the successful screen butlers is also-English Ernest Cossart. And *still* as unlike the other two as patches on an urchin's pants. Mr. Cossart has only been in Hollywood a year, but he has made ten pictures in that time, and he has *yes-sirred* through six of them. He made his big hit as the butler in *Accent On Youth,* the part which he played originally on the stage. The story of his arrival in Hollywood was prophetic. Paramount had wired him to leave the play, which was still running in New York on a Saturday night, fly to Hollywood, and be ready to start work on Monday morning. He was only allowed thirty pounds of luggage on the plane. He had to bring his butler's suit. The suit and shoes and a few accessories weighed nearly that, so Mr. Cossart arranged to have his own clothes sent later by train. He arrived in Hollywood, and found that the picture was nowhere near ready to begin. Mr. Cossart spent a whole week in Hollywood with only a butler's suit to grace the closet of his apartment at the elegant Chateau Elysee.

Mr. Cossart is very dignified in person, just as he is in celluloid. He never says anything without thoughtfully turning it over in his mind. He is a charming host, a serious conversationalist, and international politics is his favorite topic, his most vital interest.

One of the most amusing things about him is his man-servant-and-chauffeur Cecil. Cecil is cockney, but occasionally mixes a little southern drawl in with his h's, and the conglomeration is comical, to say the least. Cecil is also a Shakespeare enthusiast, and quite a boy on classics. There is always a volume of *King Lear* or *The Tempest* tucked away in the front seat of the car, from which Cecil quotes incessantly.

On the set he is always speaking his mind, always coaching his master from the sidelines. After a scene he will say: "Pardon me, Mr. Cossart, but did you mean to smile when you spoke that line?"

"Yes, I did," answers Ernest.

"Well, then," says Cecil with a "humph!" in his tone, "I thought you might like to know that you frowned!"

Mr. Cossart sometimes wonders if he shouldn't have Cecil's job, and Cecil have his. It's a little confusing sometimes!

WE ALMOST forgot to mention, (not an editorial "we", but a butler "we"—the association is catching) Mr. Treacher has a butler, too. And he also has trouble with his, almost as much as Mr. Cossart. But his difficulty lies in the fact that his butler is a Filipino and understands no English. Picture then, the elegant butler of the screen going around the house using sign language on his own. "My dear good fellah, look here now, I want a fire. Will you please make a fire. You know like this." Mr. Treacher gets on his knees, criss-crosses some imaginary sticks of wood, lights an invisible match, holds his hands out to a cold blaze, in fact to a blazeless cold. The Filipino shakes his head . . . he doesn't understand. Mr. Treacher does it all over again. And ends up always by finally lighting the fire himself. The perfect butler, even at home!

As for Mr. Blore . . . well, he leads a really very ideal life . . . happy, peaceful, trouble-less. The answer? There is no butler on his pay roll!

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They're Hollywood's Newest Sensation!

[*Continued from page* 45]

And so Sonja Henie came to Hollywood. She was little and cute and scared when I saw her that first day on the set of her first picture, *One in a Million.* She had never spoken a line before, never acted. Jean Hersholt, who plays the part of her father, came over to me. "They had to have retakes for some of us old-timers this morning," he chuckled, "but not for that Sonja! She has the makings of a good trouper . . . "

"But she's never had any experience," I protested, "and they're making a star of her!"

"Some people," he said quietly, "have it here," touching his heart. "They are born with it. Sonja is one of them."

That was the most beautiful tribute to a newcomer I've ever heard . . .

A LITTLE while later a young man walked on the stage in the garb of another century. A very handsome young man. Under his arm he carried, of all things! a pair of roller skates. "Here," he told Sonja, "You cut figures around me on ice but I'll race you on *these!* Around six o'clock, say," and Tyrone Power, Jr. made her a low bow and went back to his own set. To thread his way carefully through a mob of shouting underwriters, barristers and business men in the great Exchange Hall scene in *Lloyd's of London.*

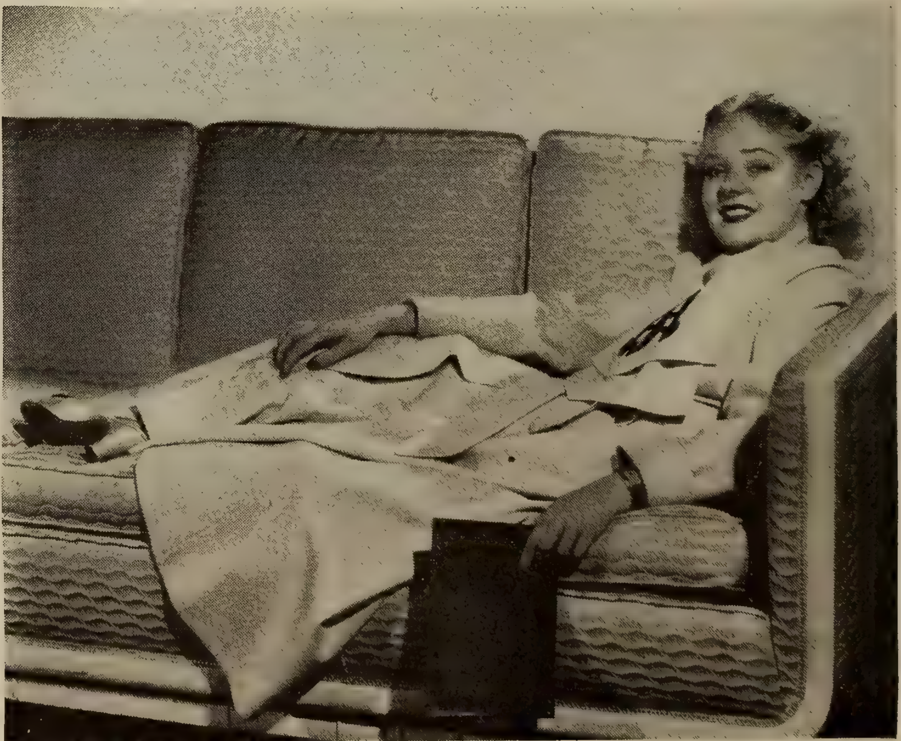
The story of how he came to be there, the central figure in a million dollar production, is as dramatic as Sonja's . . .

He refused point blank to go to college. "The thing I've wanted to do most is go on the stage. I'll get much further along that line by being in father's stock company than by having Greek spouted at me for four years," he informed his mother. Patia Power had the theatre as deeply inbred in her as her husband, Tyrone, had. It didn't take much argument to get her consent. The boy left Cincinnati to join the Shakespearean repertoire company which the elder Power headed—and to carry spears. He felt he had reached the apex of his career when they finally gave him two lines in *Hamlet* to say. "M'Lord, the King and Queen and all are coming down . . ." It was something to get his initial experience with such a group—Helen Menken, Fritz Leiber and his own distinguished father.

But it doesn't mean much on the stage to be the son of a famous man. It's one profession where you stand or fall alone. As young Tyrone discovered. His father had been called to Hollywood to do the sound screen version of *Miracle Man.* The boy accompanied him. They had been here about three weeks when the tragedy happened. Tyrone was reading in their suite at the Athletic Club when the studio telephoned. His father had been stricken on the set . . . was dying . .

THERE followed many a bleak, empty day for the boy. Days, too, when he didn't know where his next meal was coming from. He had turned over all the money his father had left to his mother and younger sister. He had moved from the luxurious quarters at the Club to a two-by-four room over a small garage. There was apparently, no work in Hollywood. Not even for Tyrone Power's son.

Up in Santa Barbara it was little better. He eked out an existence with a stock company there for a year and a half until he could gather sufficient money to get to Chicago. Once there he worked at the World's Fair for two months—showing how movies are made! Then came a chance at understudying in Margaret Anglin's production, *Fresh Fields.* At a part in *Romance* with Leonovitch. Broadway seemed just around the corner . . .



Alice Faye is up and doing again after a siege of flu which laid her low for a couple of weeks. And while she takes it easy between scenes of *Stowaway,* the new Shirley Temple picture, she affects a new pale blue broadcloth housecoat. The latest mode

He took the bus to New York. And everything possible happened to that bus. Blow-outs, skids, engine trouble—and the fat man next to him wanted to sell him life insurance!

Tyrone arrived in the completely strange (to him) city of Manhattan around midnight with a two days' growth of beard on his face and Great Hopes. As the weeks became months the Hopes faded. Fortunately, Michael Strange and her husband, old friends of his family, had offered him a room in their apartment. Tyrone was in the anomalous position of being known to every important producer on Broadway on the strength of his name—and yet of not being able to get a job. The only thing offered him was a bit in radio skits. And it was while he was working in them that he met the lovely Loretta Long. For months their names were linked . . . But you can't take a girl out on Empty Air and Promises of a job. At that, he thought, he might be able to wrangle a couple of tickets to Katherine Cornell's play, *Flowers of the Forest.* Certainly he'd been in to see her office manager, Stanley Gilkey, often enough. As he entered the door Gilkey caught him by the arm. "So you're here at last! I left a message at your house this morning but you hadn't shown up so I was just going to call someone else . . ."

ALMOST, Tyrone had missed the biggest opportunity of his life. If he'd been three or four minutes later . . . As it was he became an understudy in the Cornell company. She gave him a contract to play in *St. Joan* . . . and then in her equally famous *Romeo and Juliet* . . . Movie scouts naturally saw him. His manager arranged for him to have a screen test . . . And producer Darryl Zanuck saw the test . . . And *that's* the way it happened . . .

He arrived in Hollywood by transcontinental 'plane and they catapulted him into the movies the same day. First he played with Simone Simon in *Girls' Dormitory* and then opposite Loretta Young in *Ladies In Love.* Now he has been handed a starring rôle . . . Things happen fast in Hollywood.

Today Tyrone lives in a small house with his mother and drives a blue roadster with chromium wheels and a radio he built himself. It doesn't work very well and little Sonja Henie teases the life out of him about it . . . But that's all right . . . Because it's Sonja . . . And wait 'till he gets her on roller skates!

Taking Everything in Stride

[*Continued from page* 55]

him a writing berth at the studio. On each picture he usually finds one or two men with whom he is particularly chummy. He is not exactly indifferent to the others, but aloof and, I may say, at times even standoffish. Sitting off in some corner of the set by himself or pacing quietly up and down, nervously pulling at one finger.

His marriage to Lily Damita has caused more speculation in Hollywood social circles than any five marriages of any other star. The peppery French Lily and the stubborn Irish Flynn are a combination Hollywood expects daily to explode before their very eyes. The whole thing is so bewilderingly full of pros and cons one never knows whether the object floating over the Flynn household is a flat-iron or a dove of peace. Or both.

On the piano rests a framed picture of Errol torn completely through the center. "It's a picture of me I don't like," Flynn explains, "so I tore it up and threw it in the fireplace. Lily rescued it and put it back."

The picture, to date, has made six complete return trips from piano to fireplace. But still it stands on the piano. One up for Damita, it seems.

Those who visit the household report a new and calmer Lily. Lily, it seems, doesn't like games so while Errol plays she meekly and quietly sits at his elbow and watches, a little lamb in full bloom. Lily doesn't care for rare roast beef. And yet the beef bleeds profusely on the Flynn table because Errol likes it faintly raw.

Women are attracted to the man Flynn because he has the happy faculty of appealing both to the maternal and the romantic in women. His little boy stubbornness, refusing to obey rules and regulations and not giving a good goshdarn, his reckless prowling in far corners of the world, all appeal to the maternal in women. His physique, his six-feet-one of perfect manhood, slim hips, wide shoulders, his vim, his vitality (strangely subdued off screen) his boyishness, appeal to the romantic in women everywhere. Zulu women are no exception, one hears.

He smiles rarely. About the only time he grins is when listening to a pip of a story. He knows a few honeys himself. He has a devastating way of remembering to do little things for women that plays havoc right and left. "It's cooler in this room," he'll say, "I'm bringing your scarf." Or "wouldn't you be more comfortable near the fire? Let me stir up a bit of heat for us." And he does. Dear me, how he does!

It's the unsaid, the untold in the adventure tales he tells that grips and holds and leaves the listener, especially women, gasping at the hidden innuendos, the hidden, concealed bits, that intrigue the fancy and stir the pulses.

SOME man, this Flynn. He's wise enough, shrewd enough and business man enough to know he's completely the swashbuckling type on the screen.

With uniforms and swashbuckling paraphernalia to conceal his lack of artistic technique. Fast action, flashing swords, and fetching costumes concealed admirably his lack of technique, they claim, in *Captain Blood.* Also in *The Charge of the Light Brigade.* But now he's learned the tricks of the trade and will play a straight rôle in *The Green Light.*

In his face is all the strength and all the weakness of his race. A rare sort of face to find in Hollywood. Or to find anywhere for that matter.

He drives a car at a terrific rate of speed. But skilfully. He's not the type to hold down one job and yowl to do other things. Flynn does 'em all. Keen on writing, he's already turned out his screen play, his book *Beam's End,* sold to a national magazine, and he's off on another story. He's conceded to be the best tennis player in town. "That Flynn bears down with everything he's got in everything he does" someone said of him. Which may account for his success as an actor, an author, a sportsman, an adventurer.

He bears down.

His is, indeed, a masculine way of ex-

[*Continued on page* 102]

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Taking Everything in Stride

[*Continued from page* 101]

pressing pity. His Schnauser decided one day to battle a Great Dane and as a result came limping home to his beloved master, his belly torn and bleeding.

Flynn fastened him with a reproachful eye. "All right, roll over," he said, "going out looking for trouble and you got it, eh? Well, that's your tough luck." He brought out the needle and sewed up the long rent in the dog's hide. It never whimpered, but licked at the hand that thrust the needle in the wound.

"Now," said Flynn, giving the dog a manly cuff on the nose, "maybe you'll have sense enough not to go fooling around a Great Dane in the future." Pride, pity, love mingled in his eyes and his voice even as he lightly struck. For a long moment the dog looked at him and caught it all. Satisfied, it crept off.

THANKS of any kind leave him flustered, embarrassed, speechless. A friend tells of being summoned to the Flynn house one day on some pretext or other. Going out to his car he saw a tiny Scottie sitting politely in the front seat.

"Don't, for I can't bear it, but don't tell me you've got another dog," the friend said to Flynn knowing the actor's household at that moment to be polluted with dogs. "Well," said Flynn, hesitating, looking foolish, embarrassed, "I—that is—I think you've got a new dog yourself, old man," and with that he fled to the house.

Flynn's way of presenting a gift. Or one of his ways. In fact, there's a certain director out at Warners who won't know from whence came a certain beautiful watch on his recent birthday until he reads this.

The rest of the cast were presenting their gifts right and left while off in his corner, as usual, sat the quiet Mr. Flynn. Saying nothing, giving nothing. Going to his dressing room at lunch time, the director came back all excited. Someone had left a beautiful watch on his desk with no name.

A friend, knowing Flynn had ordered the watch, opened his lips to say something and if he did he received from Mr. Flynn's right foot, a kick that left him silent but gasping. No telling secrets around Errol.

"Oh well, some darned fool left it anyway," was the director's comment to Flynn who, merely grinned that impish Irish grin and walked off.

The one thing that flares that hot quick temper of his into action, is to be kidded about his tea drinking. It's as natural to Flynn as an American and his chewing-gum. And even a hint that Mr. Flynn and his four-o'clock tea are a comical combination, let's loose a sulk that's terrific.

HE'S gone a long, long way from the lonely, discouraged young adventurer who hit Hollywood just a short year ago and had no place to go. And no one to go with.

Finally a cameraman took pity on the stray young Irishman and toted him off to the midget auto races and up to his house for dinner. He used to wander in and out of the publicity offices talking to the boys. And eat with the gang in the main dining-room of the studio. He doesn't do any of those things any more.

He made two brief appearances in films before his big hit. One in *The Case of the Curious Bride* where for ten whole seconds he wrestled (I know, it nearly killed me, too) with Margaret Lindsey. A brief shot of the rear of Mr. Flynn was all that appeared in *Don't Bet on Blondes.* Then he persuaded Warners to let him be *Captain Blood* and with its success the story of Errol Flynn in Hollywood changed.

He's merely playing the things now that he's done and been in real life. Merely giving an imitation of the real thing.

High up on Lookout Mountain you can glimpse him any morning now, raking and landscaping his garden. Spending every extra dollar for trees to grow about the house he is building. A replica of his father's home in Ireland. He has even sent for his pals in adventure from the far corners of the earth. They, too, are on their way to Hollywood. He's signed a new seven year contract and built himself a dandy four-dollar-and-fifty-cent waterfall on his own land. He searched and hunted about for a second-hand pump and found one for fifty cents. The pipe cost three dollars and fifty cents. It's a magnificent waterfall and his own.

When the wilds of Borneo call again he'll answer it with (even the crocodiles should weep at this) a movie camera strapped to his back. To take location shots for *The White Rajah.*

Yes, old Hollywood's got him. He's an actor now. Out to get all he can get while the getting's good.

Ten Years Ago in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Mary Brian

"MARY BRIAN staggered back to Hollywood after several months in New York, talking like an amnesia victim. Mary has been away from the old home town so long she has forgotten where she lives." . . . "The screen is crowded with Americans trying to act like Englishmen, but Reginald Denny is the only Englishman we know of who tries to act like an American and gets away with it." . . . "Fay Wray, another unknown, destined for fame." . . . "Marion Davies is the girl of whom they used to say 'Pretty—but dumb.' Now she's Hollywood's favorite daughter." . . . "It was during the filming of *Flesh and the Devil* that the love affair between Greta Garbo and John Gilbert had its birth." . . . "Dolores Costello's popularity increases in spite of poor pictures." . . . "Evidently Constance Talmadge didn't find society especially worth her while. For her divorce from Captain Mackintosh will put an end to the social prestige she enjoyed on her last trip." . . . "Alice Terry says that Tony Moreno is forceful and masterful in a love scene. He takes possession of a woman and you couldn't resist him. Is that being a cave-man?" . . . "Then there's Gloria Swanson—little did she think when she was a Mack Sennett bathing girl that she would marry the handsome Marquis de la Coudray." . . . "Mal St. Clair's next picture for Famous Players will be *The Cross-Eyed Captain.* Ben Turpin is not in the cast." . . . "Some degrees of deformity are impossible, even to Lon Chaney. He evidently couldn't perform all the feats required of him as *Alonzo the Armless,* so another story has been selected for his next picture." . . . "Vilma Banky is to be made a present of a statue of the late Valentino in his last rôle, *The Son of the Sheik.* It was Miss Banky who played with Rudy in this picture." . . . "The Pickford-Fairbanks studios look natural again. Home from their European wanderings, Mary and Doug are busy daily at the studios and everybody's happy." . . . "Clara Bow's next starring picture is to be another Elinor Glyn story entitled, *Red Head.*" . . . "Jack Dempsey is like a hen who has hatched a duckling with Estelle Taylor—always amazed at the miracle of her beauty and talent."

Solving the Mystery of Margo

[*Continued from page* 91]

partner. Jimmy Savo, then making a picture for Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, saw the act and told me, 'You should be in pictures.' I told him I was not good-looking enough; movie actresses should be beautiful, like Vilma Banky and Mary Astor. But his agent was also my agent. He persuaded me to go down to see Hecht and MacArthur. They made a test of me—and an actress of me in *Crime Without Passion.*

"I had done a test at Paramount some time before. They looked it up, after *Crime Without Passion,* and signed me for *Rhumba* with George Raft and Carole Lombard. Then I did *Robin Hood of El Dorado* with Warner Baxter at M-G-M. Then came another lucky chance—an offer of a stage part, my first stage part, opposite Burgess Meredith in Maxwell Anderson's play, *Winterset.*

"I was practically the only woman in the cast. I could not help but attract attention—particularly when the play was a hit and won the Pulitzer Prize. But I shall tell you a secret. Never once, in all that New York run, did I get inside that character, *Miriamne.*

"Then, three weeks before the play closed, I came down with pneumonia. The doctor told me I would never be able to open with the company in Boston. But I lay very still, convalesced very fast, and fooled him. All the time I had been sick, I had not studied, had not practised my lines. But I had thought about that character. And for the first time I saw her as she should be. Burgess noticed the change at the first performance in Boston. He asked me, 'What have you been doing, Margo? You ARE *Miriamne* now.'

"In Chicago, James Hilton, the author of *Lost Horizon,* saw *Winterset.* He said he would like to meet me, and he and his wife came backstage. He told me that I fitted the character of a girl in Columbia's screen story of his novel. He told me about the character, and I was hopelessly excited. I never expected to play it.

"Independently, Frank Capra—the director of the picture—thought of me for the rôle. Hilton did not mention me to Capra. I was doubly lucky to be asked to come our for the picture. . . . Then I was offered the rôle of *Miriamne* in RKO-Radio's version of *Winterset.*"

Now, she has a contract with RKO-Radio, calling for two pictures a year, with time out for appearances on the Broadway stage.

There are well-founded rumors that when, and if, Fred Astaire does any screen dancing with anyone but Ginger Rogers, Margo will be the girl. There are other well-founded rumors that the studio is working on a script of W. H. Hudson's *Green Mansions,* with the idea of starring Margo as *Rima* . . . *Rima,* who (she says) "has a dancer's soul" . . . *Rima,* the ethereal and passionate; *Rima,* the mysterious.

'Tis the Likes of the Kelly You'll Be After Liking Now!

[*Continued from page* 84]

the edge of a cliff or from the side of a car going ninety miles an hour. Or I was being knocked on the bean with a pot or a pan. First day I was yelling 'Say, where's those doubles I've heard about?' I was told that I was doing pretty good, me asking for a double first day. After a few days of it I packed my duds and took a train back East . . .

"And right here," said Patsy, and her bright eyes lost their mockery, her mobile mouth straightened, her rich voice deepened, "right here is where we come to Thelma. Thelma is kind of sacred to me. I miss her so much. Most of all, I owe her so much. She's the reason I stayed here. She's the reason I'm here now . . ."

(Later, the young woman in charge of the magazine publicity, and very close to Patsy, told me that this is the first time Patsy has been able to speak of Thelma since Thelma's tragic death. "I shuddered," the young woman said, "when you told me that Patsy had talked to you about Thelma. I was afraid you were going to tell me that Patsy had broken down and wouldn't be able to work this afternoon. I'm glad she has broken the ice at last, though. It is good for her.")

"I GOT on the train to go back East," Patsy was saying, "I was just plain beating it. Thelma got on that train at Pasadena and took me off of it. She'd driven clear to Pasadena just so she could board that train and yank me off it. She gave me one good talking to. She told me what a swell lot the Hal Roach lot was. She told me to stick it for the six months of my option or contract or whatever and at the end of six months to go back East. 'You'll come back,' she said. How right she was!

"She drove me back to Hollywood again, bag and baggage. She offered to help me and she did help me. She told me what was right and what was wrong and why. She helped me with my make-up. She did more than that for me, too. When I landed in Hollywood I was in debt up to my eyebrows. I practically owed the world. I'd get paid and then I'd have to pay it all out again. There seemed to be no end to it. I considered going into bankruptcy. Thelma talked me out of that. She told me how bad it would be for my credit, how it would be a stigma or some big word like that. She got together with Ralph Farnum, my agent . . . he's since passed away, too, God rest him . . . and together they took over my tangled affairs. They handled everything for me, just doled me out enough for eats and smokes. At the end of six months every bill I owed in the world was paid, I had money in the bank and I was the happiest girl in the world.

"She was a smart girl, Thelma. She had a fine brain inside that beautiful head of hers. She was clever in every way. She was so full of life, had such a sense of humor as even the Kellys never boasted. It was an accident, I'd like to hope, that took

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her away since she had to go, God rest her soul. That she never did herself any intentional harm I'll swear. Her mother, she often told me, had had so many shocks. The father died suddenly. There was one other child, a brother, and he died as the result of an accident. Suddenly. Thelma often told me that she'd do anything to protect her mother from any further shocks.

"I owe Thelma everything, that's all. She's the reason why I'm here today and doing all right. Playing, now, in feature-length comedies, graduated from the old two-reelers. It's like I told you, nothing's too good for the Kellys. Just finished *Kelly The Second* awhile ago and the reviewers were kind to it and to me. Working now, teamed with Lyda Roberti, who is swell, in *Nobody's Baby*. How do I know, I might have been climbing those tenement stairs again if it hadn't been for Thelma, falling out of windows, being run over by trucks and not getting paid for it . . ."

Of *Noboay's Baby* they tell a laughie. Seems that The Kelly (as she calls herself) is tripping the light fantastic in this film, dancing for the first time on the screen. For two straight days she did a dance routine until the Kelly feet were blisters. Quoth The Kelly: "This number would be tough for Fred Astaire—and *he's* good, too!"

PATSY lives, now, in a low white house in Beverly Hills. With her lives her friend, Wilma Cox, who was on the stage with her in New York. Wilma works occasionally in pictures on the Hal Roach lot. She has done quite a few small parts in the Charley Chase comedies. With them, also, is May Whitehead, who was Thelma Todd's colored maid. She is Patsy's maid now. And there is something right about that.

Patsy's house is all done, inside, in blue and white. Because blue and white are Wilma's favorite colors, not Patsy's. (It is well known in Hollywood that it's better not to tell Patsy you admire anything of hers, hat or coat or house or lot, because if you do you're more likely than not to find the favored article on your front doorstep.) Patsy has a radio in every room of her house. She has made her large patio into a game room. There, besides the radio, are games of all kinds, a bar.

She doesn't care particularly for clothes, The Kelly. Says she is not the silver-fox type, nor yet the sable. All right for Harlow, not for The Kelly. She would rather walk the plank than go to a beauty parlor. She doesn't go. She wears slacks and tailored suits, washes her face and hands and let's it go at that. The odd part of this being that Patsy is really a darned attractive-looking girl. She could "sable" it with the best of them if she were minded that way. Thick dark hair, warm rich olive skin and fine eyes and brows and a sensitive mouth and hands. She's in process now of losing some weight. "The Harlow diet," she told me, "I'm going Hollywood. It's got me at last. Why am I dieting? Well, I've only gained twenty-five pounds, that's all.

"Nope, I never do any stepping out. I haven't had a romance since I left New York. When I get serious about a man he always retires. From his job, you know. I won't get married for five years anyway. I'm having too much fun as I am. I don't go out to night-clubs and things because I don't like them and when night comes I'm too tired, anyhow. I still have to fall out of windows and get hit over the head with pots and pans and kicked by he-goats and things. Come evening and I'm plumb knocked out by the powder-puff.

"MY 'ideal men,' if my public would care to know, are Ted Healy and Big Boy Williams. The Jack Dempsey type, roughly speaking. Take Ted Healy, he's always trying to please. He's always good for a laugh a minute. I like people that hand me a laugh. Often Wilma and I have a few folks in for the evening, not picture people very often. I say to them 'Do imitations or something.' I spend my life tying myself into knots so that other people will be tied into knots—now I'd like someone to hand me a few laughs.

"I like my life. I'm happy. I'm not the clown with the breaking heart, not me. I took a good look at myself in the mirror years ago. I know that the glamour girl stuff is not for me. It's nice to get your man once in awhile, of course. But if someone should give me my choice of being a comic and staying on the screen or becoming a glamour girl and leaving the screen I'd stick to the comic, you bet.

"I'm just a mug," Patsy is wont to declare. Hollywood doesn't agree.

"Nothing's too good for the Kellys," Patsy is wont to laugh. "Nothing's too good for The Kelly," is Hollywood's answer to that.

"Me? Put on the Dog? Let's Skip It!"

—Gladys George

[*Continued from page* 71]

has a warm, soft humanness that seems so difficult to tap in the Mae West formula. Gladys can cry and does, when her emotions take hold. But I've never seen Mae West crying, and I've never heard of her crying, either. That's one big difference between the two. Another is—

Unlike Mae, Gladys has no mystery about her private life, if you must know about that phase of her being. (Incidentally, the unprivacy of one's private life in Hollywood still astounds Gladys; they ask her the darnedest questions!) Gladys is married—Leonard Penn is her third husband. She's tried twice before, but she found the wrong man each time, she confesses . . .

The first man she married was Ben Erway, leading man in a stock company she played in. It was the first time she was ever in love, she says. It didn't last. The second husband was Edward H. Fowler. She met him while playing on the road. He was a manufacturer. She turned down his first proposal. Six weeks later, she slipped and broke her nose. During her recovery, she thought it over, and accepted Fowler. That one, too, lasted only a few months.

Leonard Penn was her leading man in her subsequent stage appearances. Once again, she fell in love. Once again, she accepted a proposal. This time, she knows, it has "taken." They've just celebrated their first anniversary. "I suppose a woman at my age," she smiles, "isn't supposed to fall head over heels in love, any more . . ."

She pauses. Then she adds: "But I am."

There's Gladys George for you!

Your Last Chance to Enter the Search for Talent Contest!

[*Continued from page* 56]

may be living the luxurious life of a movie star, attending their parties, seeing your name in brilliant lights above a thousand theatre marquees! DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE. IT'S ONE IN A LIFETIME!

Here's a thumbnail of each of the winners this month:

Miss Madelyn Jones, the winner of the $50.00 cash prize and the screen test, is 19 years old, weighs 92 lbs., has light auburn hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. She states that she does tap dancing, has a medium pitched voice, has appeared in amateur dramatics, plays the piano and writes poetry. She has studied under Ned Wayburn in New York and says she has won a beauty contest.

Miss Bonnie Belle Ballantine, runner-up this month, is 22 years ald, weighs 110 lbs., is 5 ft. 4 inches tall, has blond hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. She is a commercial photographer's model and has studied voice for 8 years. She has taken part in both high school and college dramatics. At Northwestern University she took the leading rôles in several musical comedies. She has had a program on station WIND, Gary, Ind.

Miss Gladys Semidey is 16 years old, weighs 103 lbs. and is 5 ft. 3 inches tall. She has brown hair and eyes and her complexion is creamy. Gladys is a high-school student and states that she does ballroom and tap types of dancing. She has appeared in amateur dramatics and claims to have taken first prize in rhumba and second prize in tango contests in Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Another fact before we give you the rules governing this Search for Talent contest:

You may send in as many photographs of yourself as you wish, but don't fail to enter this month because the Search for Talent ends December 31st, 1936.

Don't pass up this opportunity!

Now for the rules. Read them carefully. Then get busy!

RULES

1. **Any woman 16 years or over who is a resident of the United States may enter the "Search for Talent." Girls from the ages of 16 to 18 years must have the consent of guardian. It is not necessary to purchase any article to enter.**
2. **The "Search for Talent" opened May 1, 1936, and closes at midnight, December 31, 1936, unless extended by announcement in MOTION PICTURE and SCREEN PLAY Magazines. This program will consist of eight monthly contests.**
3. **Each photograph must be attached to an official entry blank or facsimile.**
4. **Each month three persons will be selected and their photographs will be published in MOTION PICTURE and SCREEN PLAY Magazines. At least one of these girls will be selected by the judges to receive a free screen test at some convenient place and time to be selected by the judges, plus $50.00 in cash. This screen test will be submitted to the officials of the Walter Wanger Productions at the United Artists Studios. If this screen test is acceptable, this person will be brought to Hollywood immediately for motion picture work in a Walter Wanger production.**
5. **At the conclusion of the entire program, we guarantee at least one of the winners of the monthly contests will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for motion picture work in a Walter Wanger production.**
6. **Entries for each monthly contest will close at midnight of the last day of the month. Entries received post-marked after that date will be put into the following month's competition.**
7. **Entrant may submit as many photographs in each monthly contest as desired and may enter as many monthly contests as they wish but each photograph must be accompanied by an official entry blank or facsimile.**
8. **Photographs cannot be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.**
9. **Judges of these contests will be executives of the Walter Wanger Productions at the United Artists Studios. The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., and MOTION PICTURE and SCREEN PLAY Magazines. Their decisions will be final.**
10. **Contestants agree to abide by the decisions of the judges and any entrant must by her signature to an entry blank agree to permit the publication of her photograph in connection with advertising and publicity concerned with the "Search for Talent." Contestants must agree to give Walter Wanger Production first option on motion picture services and if an offer from any other studio is made after a contestant is selected, contestant must give Walter Wanger Productions an option on services for the same amount as offered.**
11. **Employees of Walter Wanger Productions, United Artists Studios, The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., Motion Picture Publications and Fawcett Publications and their families are not eligible to compete in these contests.**

ENTRY BLANK

Search for Talent, sponsored by MOTION PICTURE, Hold Bob bob-pins, and Walter Wanger Productions.

Win a motion picture contract! Attach your photo, fill out this entry blank, and send together with a Hold Bob bob-pin card (or copy) to

Search for Talent Headquarters,
1918 Prairie Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Name ______________________

Street ______________________

City and State ______________________

Height ______________________

Weight ______________________

Age ______________________

Training or talents ______________________

IMPORTANT! This entry blank MUST be accompanied by a Hold Bob bob-pin card (or facsimile).

Margot Grahame, an English rose in Hollywood's garden, returns from a London trip

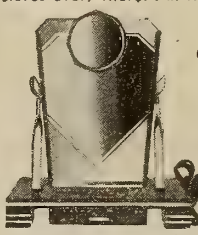
TOMORROW
You'll look like a different person

USING THE SAME COSMETICS YOU USE TODAY!

When rouge or lipstick looks too heavy or uneven . . . or powder shows . . . or lashes are too dark . . . 9 times out of 10 it's because the light threw shadows as you applied your makeup. Sad but true . . . one defect in makeup spoils your entire appearance.

THE SECRET OF HOLLYWOOD STARS

Emerge tomorrow . . . glamorously perfect! Follow the stars. . . use Hollywood Makeup Mirror. The *non-glare* light clearly reflects your features without shadows, permitting natural, uniform makeup. The *optical magnifying mirror* makes possible true line work on brows, lashes, eye shadows and lips. Thrill at the flawless *professional* beauty you are hiding today. At leading stores everywhere. An ideal gift.



Hollywood MAKE-UP MIRROR

De luxe model illustrated . . . Solid walnut and golden metal inlay . . . with automatic cosmetic drawer . . . $3.50

Utility model $1.95

AMERICAN AUTOMATIC DEVICES CO.
530 Throop Street, Chicago, Ill.

boyer MYSTERY CLEANSING CREAM

● The basis of all beauty is a clean skin. Try this smoother, softer, more penetrating cream, which removes all surface dirt and pore secretions. It's pink-tinted, alluringly scented. 50c at dealers or send for test jar. Enclose 10c for postage and packing.

ELEANOR HUNT
Co-Star with Conrad Nagel in "Yellow Cargo."

BOYER, *Society Parfumeur*
2702 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page 74*]

HOLLYWOOD'S still a bit taken aback at the runaround Binnie Barnes gave 'em. You remember?—I told you last month how, on top of rumors that all was haywire between her and Hubby Sam Joseph, the London art dealer, Binnie up and met him on his arrival for a Hollywood visit and greeted him with a hug and a public announcement that all the split-up talk was bosh!

And then what?—why, then she turned around and promptly sued him for divorce. And the other day, the California courts gave it to her because the marriage, she testified, was "all a mistake." And now Hollywood is betting that when the decree becomes final, Binnie and Don Alvarado, the Latin charmer, may take the altar-stroll together.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Henry Willson and Paula Stone
Coo lovely nothings over the phone.

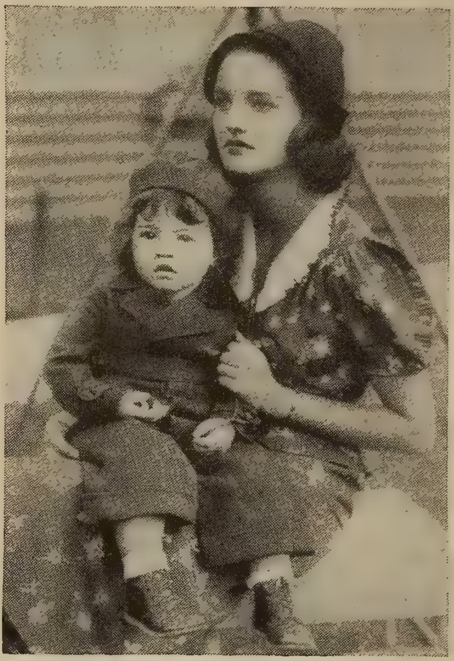
● ● ●

IMAGINE Edward Everett Horton's bewilderment! Of *all* people, he comes back to Hollywood from London and discovers that there are rumors that he and Mabelle Stanwyck, London stage star, were all aflutter about each other and that they were plotting matrimony.

"Me?" gasped Edward; "ME?! I'm going to be a bachelor FOREVER!"

H'm—remember them woids, Eddie; remember!

● ● ●



Copyrighted by 20th Century-Fox Pictures, Inc.

Rochelle Hudson plays the love interest in the Quins new feature, *Reunion,* and shows her loving interest in one of them

END-OF-THE-TRAIL report for the month—Stan Laurel may be just a big long ha-ha on the screen, but at home he's got a terrible temper and is hard to get along with, complains Wifie Virginia Ruth Laurel, suing for separate maintenance after three successive attempts at reconciliation had failed.

—Ted Healy's co-ed wife, Betty Hickman, got her divorce decree from the funny man after three months of marriage during which, she says, he humiliated her by refusing to eat with friends she brought in to dinner.

—Lionel Stander is in circulation again. He got an uncontested divorce from Mrs. Lucy Stander, who's back in New York.

—Cliff Edwards, once known as "Ukulele Ike" and more recently one of the film's funny men, isn't married any more. His wife, Nancy Dover, had the courts see to that, getting a decree on her complaint that he wouldn't let her continue her professional career.

—R-r-r-rosc-c-c-coe Ates g-g-g-got div-vor-vorced b-by his w-w-wife.

—Director William Hawks and his wife, Bessie Love, the former screen star, called it quits via the divorce court.

—Dolores Costello cut the final link that bound her to John Barrymore, when the court issued the final decree that dissolved their marriage. By the way, where's Elaine Barrie lately?

Merle Oberon and David Niven won't be going down to the sea to swim now. They've gone to England to make a picture—or two

The stepping Stones were on hand to greet Poppa Fred when he rolled into NYC from a personal appearance tour—also to salute Carol who plays the ingenue in *White Horse Inn.* Left to right: Mrs. Stone, Paula, Dorothy, Carol and Dorothy's hubby, Charles Collins

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Marjorie Lane and Brian Donlevy
Are keepin' dates that are puh-lenty
heavy!

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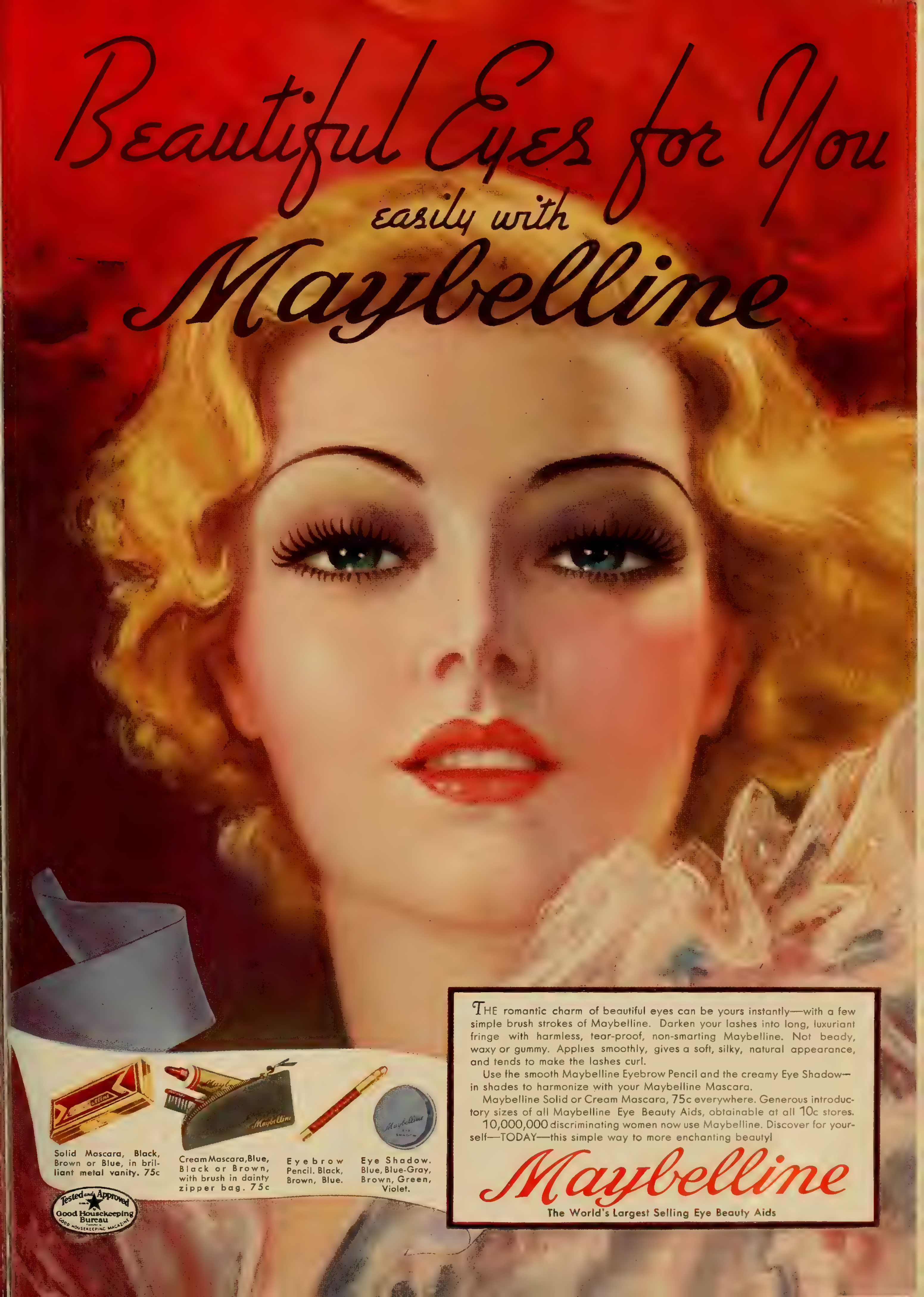


Solid Mascara, Black, Brown or Blue, in brilliant metal vanity. 75c

Cream Mascara, Blue, Black or Brown, with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c

Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.

Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

Tested and Approved ★ Good Housekeeping Bureau Good Housekeeping Magazine

THE romantic charm of beautiful eyes can be yours instantly—with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline. Darken your lashes into long, luxuriant fringe with harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting Maybelline. Not beady, waxy or gummy. Applies smoothly, gives a soft, silky, natural appearance, and tends to make the lashes curl.

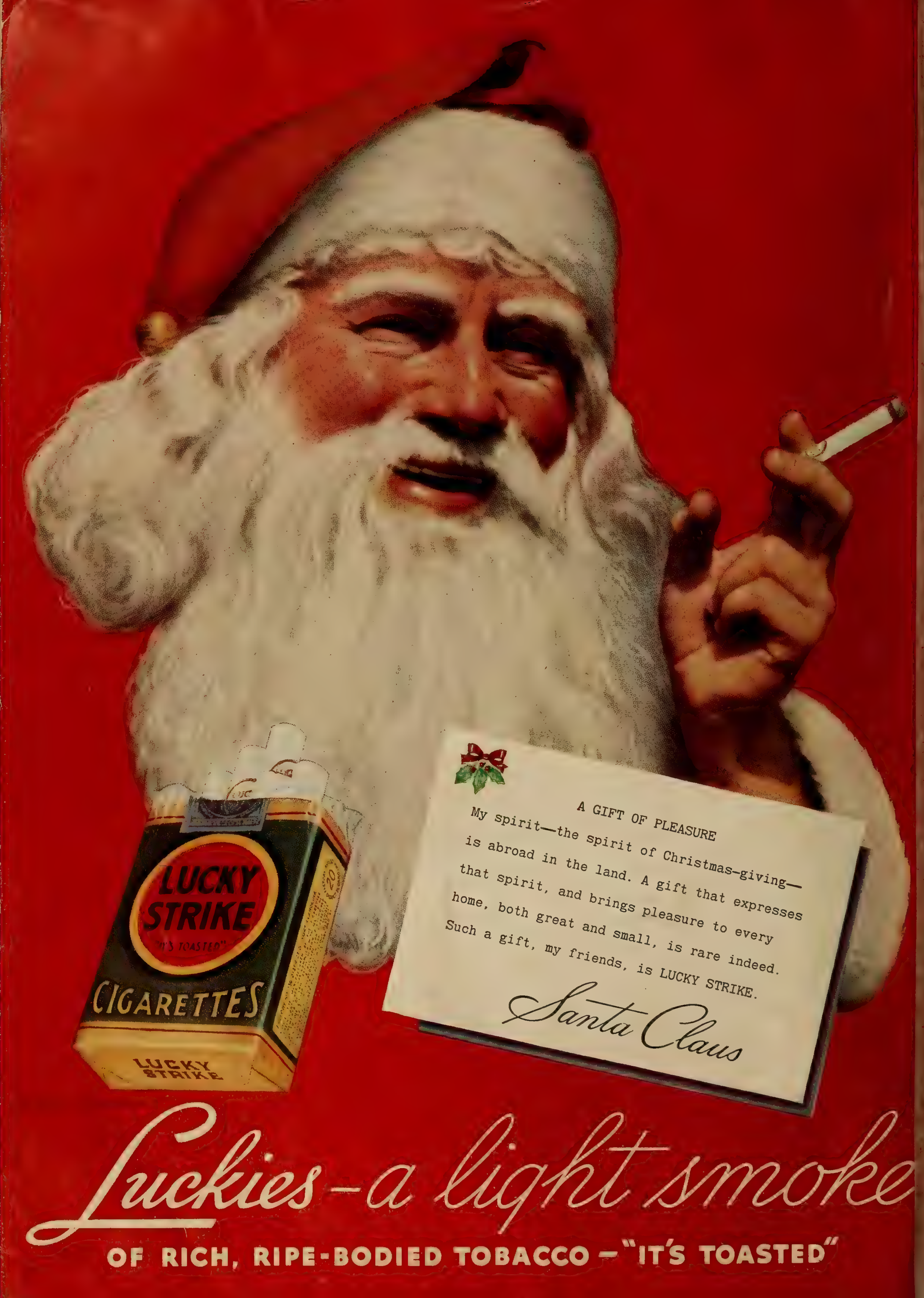
Use the smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and the creamy Eye Shadow—in shades to harmonize with your Maybelline Mascara.

Maybelline Solid or Cream Mascara, 75c everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, obtainable at all 10c stores.

10,000,000 discriminating women now use Maybelline. Discover for yourself—TODAY—this simple way to more enchanting beauty!

Maybelline

The World's Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE

A GIFT OF PLEASURE

My spirit—the spirit of Christmas-giving—is abroad in the land. A gift that expresses that spirit, and brings pleasure to every home, both great and small, is rare indeed. Such a gift, my friends, is LUCKY STRIKE.

Santa Claus

Luckies—a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"

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